LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 568
Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

Darwin and the Theory of Evolution

Carroll Lane Fenton

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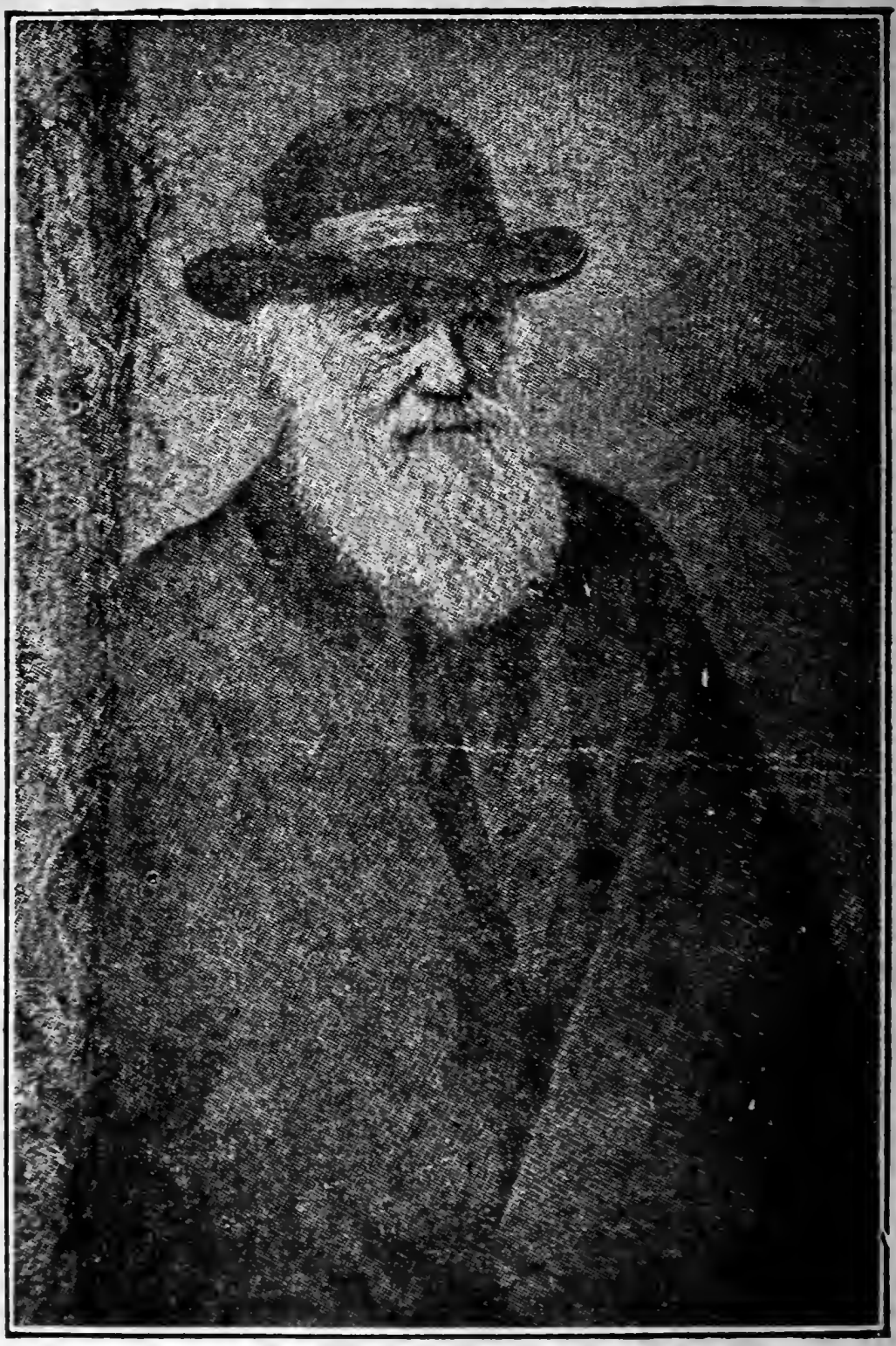

CHARLES DARWIN

INTRODUCTION

Although eminent in the fields of geology, botany, and systematic zoology, Charles Darwin's chief fame rests upon his part in the development of the theory of organic evolution. For decades this theory was considered to be almost inseparable from the man and his work; even today there are thousands of people who know nothing of it except as it is associated with Darwin. Their conception of evolution may be true, it may be partly true, or it may be as false as the combined forces of ignorance and distortion can make it; yet to them it is "Darwinism," to be accepted, tolerated, or attacked, as the case may be. What evolution may have been without Darwin it is useless to speculate; what its rate of progress would have been there is no need to wonder. The mere fact that there were no men of Darwin's generation who accomplished what he accomplished is enough to show that the theory would have had to wait decades had he been lacking. And that alone is enough to establish the importance of his work.

So we shall begin this volume with a study of his relation to, and his influence on, the theory of organic descent. Such an inquiry, compressed into fewer than three score pages obviously cannot do full justice to the subject, nor can it add a great deal that has not already been said in more pretentious criticisms. But it can ask, however, two questions that often are slighted, and by stressing the answers to them, give a background for further work. The first of these questions is, how much did Darwin owe to those who studied and speculated before him; the second, by what course of inquiry and thought did he arrive at his final position with regard to the origin and development of living things?

DARWIN AND THE THEORY OF EVOLUTION

CHAPTER I

THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES

Darwin owed more to the early workers in evolution than generally is admitted, or he himself supposed. To an even greater extent he paralleled the work of his predecessors, many of whose books he had not even read. Thus even the theory of natural selection was published while Darwin still believed in special creation, although the mention of it was buried in a huge volume of timber suitable for naval construction.

This does not, of course, show that Charles Darwin lacked originality, or that his work lacked merit. Man began to wonder about the origin of living things long before he had the slightest inkling of either science or philosophy, and it is only natural that the more he knew the more he would speculate about that which he did not know. The early speculations, which dealt with gods rather than with animals or plants, soon were subjected to scrutiny along with the facts that they attempted to explain. Twenty-four centuries before the birth of Darwin, the Greek philosopher Thales taught that all life originated in the sea, and developed in accordance with natural law rather than the wills of the gods. In the eighteenth century, Goethe, Erasmus Darwin, and Geoffroy St.

Hilaire came quite independently to the conclusion that species were not permanent, and each offered some explanation of the process of change. Following them came Lamarck, a leader of the French anti-creationists, who published, between the years of 1800 and 1815, a series of books, whose great thesis was that every living thing, including man himself, was descended from some earlier, and in most cases simpler living thing. These books attracted much attention, especially because of the opposition which they aroused, and undoubtedly did much to prepare continental Europe for the coming of evolution.

Inasmuch as Lamarck was the foremost evolutionist to precede Darwin, it is worth while to know what influence he may have exerted, and what his ideas were. In the first place, he saw clearly that species were not distinct units, as the earlier naturalist has supposed. Instead, they were more or less artificial definitions, applied to animals and plants that constantly varied, and among which there often was almost perfect graduation from one group to another. In addition, Lamarck saw that the domesticated species were not constant, and could be changed at will, even though they maintained fairly uniform distinctions. In explaining changes in form, color, and so on, he supposed that there was a very close correlation between the characters of a plant or animal and the conditions of its life, the circumstances of crossing with other species, and by habits causing an increase or decrease of certain parts—all underlain by a universal tendency for perfection. According to Lamarck, the giraffe has

a long neck because his ancestors used their necks to reach food, while the snake lacks legs because his ancestors crawled on their bellies until their legs disappeared. This was the theory of "inheritance of acquired characters"—a theory sponsored by Darwin's grandfather, and which even today is far from being settled either favorably or otherwise.

So far as we can tell, Lamarck did not go far to convince Charles Darwin that species were the product of natural forces, nor did he furnish much material for the young naturalist's study. Indeed, it seems probable that Darwin did not read Lamarck's books in the original French, for he had great difficulty with the language. This, perhaps, accounts for the slighting and even contemptuous references to the books which one may find in several of the letters. In the second edition of the *Journal of Researches*, he describes a South American animal, whose habits resemble those of the mole, and which frequently is blind, and comments, "Considering the strictly subterannean habits of the Tucutuco, the blindness, though so common, cannot be a very serious evil .... Lamarck would have been delighted with this fact had be known it when speculating (probably with more truth than usual with him) on the gradually *acquired* blindness of the Aspalax, a gnawer living underground, and of the Proteus, a reptile living in dark caverns filled with water, in both of which animals the eye is in an almost rudimentary state, and is covered with a tendinous membrane of skin. . . . no doubt Lamarck would have said that the Tucutuco was passing into the state of

Aspalax and Proteus." In another letter he describes his work on evolution to Hooker, and adds, "Heaven forefend me from Lamarck nonsense of a 'tendency to progression,' 'adaptations from the slow willing of animals,' etc!"

There is, of course, the possibility that by reading Lamarck, and noting his obvious errors, Darwin was stimulated to seek more facts, and better bases for interpreting them. When he first read the *Zoonomia*, the principal evolutionary work of his grandfather, he was not greatly impressed. Yet in his later judgment of this book, he says, "Nevertheless, it is probable that the hearing, rather early in life*, such views maintained and praised, may have favored my upholding them in a different form in my Origin of Species." It would not be hard to include Lamarck with Erasmus Darwin in this acknowledgment.

It is plain, therefore, that Darwin was acquainted with the general conception of the evolution of life some years before he went upon the *Beagle* as naturalist. That he did not consider the idea as either probable or even suggestive of truth is shown by his own statement that, while on the voyage, he accepted the Bible literally, and along with it, the theory of special creation. But the reading of Lyell's *Principles of Geology*—in which Lamarck's hypotheses are quite fully explained—and the study of similarities between living and fossil forms in South America combined to bring about uncertainty, and in the end, a complete

*Darwin was eighteen when he learned of Lamarck, and even younger when he read *Zoonomia*.

change of opinion. Thus in 1834, though still a believer in special creation, he was able to explain various facts only by admitting that species gradually became modified and, in his own words, "the subject haunted" him. Yet he was so unwilling to accept the evidence of his own observation that, in 1839, he sent his *Journal* to the printer with numerous references to special creation, and no mention of another explanation that seemed to him far more satisfactory.

Darwin seems to have accepted the idea of evolution, some time in 1836 or early in 1837, for he opened his first notebook in July of the latter year. Concerning his method he says, "I worked on true Baconian principles, and without any theory collected facts on a wholesale scale, more especially with respect to domesticated productions, by printed inquiries, by conversation with skillful breeders and gardeners, and by extensive reading. When I see the list of books of all kinds which I read and abstracted, including whole series of Journals and Transactions, I am surprised at my industry. I soon perceived that selection was the keynote of man's success in making useful races of animals and plants. But how selection could be applied to organism living in a state of nature remained for some time a mystery to me."

The reading and abstracting continued for fifteen months before Darwin found an answer to his question as to how a method of selection akin to that practiced by the breeder might be carried out among creatures not tampered with by man. While reading Malthus' now

famous essay on Population* the idea came that, inasmuch as the struggle for food and other necessities of life was just as pressing among all other organisms as among man, there was a ready explanation of the means by which a purely natural selection could be carried on age after age, without the slightest necessity for guidance by some superior intellect. Under such conditions it would be only natural that the favorable variations would tend to be preserved, while the unfavorable ones were destroyed. The result of this would be the formation of new species. "Here then," says Darwin, "I had at last got a theory by which to work; but I was so anxious to avoid prejudice, that I determined not for some time to write even the briefest sketch of it. In June, 1842, I first allowed myself the satisfaction

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*Thomas R. Malthus was an English clergyman who wrote on subjects of political economy. His most famous work, and the one which so aided Darwin is titled, *Essay on the Principles of Population as it Affects the Future Improvement of Society,* and was published in 1798. Malthus believed that "population unchecked goes on doubling itself every twenty-five years—or increases in geometrical ratio. The rate according to which the productions of the earth increase must be totally of a different nature from the ratio of the increase of population. . . . The power of propagation being in every period so much superior (to that of production), the increase of the human species can only be kept down to the level of the means of subsistence by the constant operation of the strong law of necessity, acting as a check on the greater power."

It is easy to see how this exposition applied to the problem on which Darwin was working, and the assistance it must have given him.

of writing a very brief abstract of my theory in pencil in 35 pages; and this was enlarged during the summer of 1844 into one of 230 pages, which I had fairly copied out and still possess.

"But at this time I overlooked one problem of great importance; and it is astonishing to me, except on the principle of Columbus and his egg, how I could have overlooked it and its solution. This problem is the tendency in organic beings descended from the same stock to diverge in character as they become modified. That they have diverged greatly is obvious from the manner in which species of all kinds can be classed under genera, genera under families, families under sub-orders and so forth; and I can remember the very spot in the road, whilst in my carriage, when to my joy the solution occurred to me; and this was long after I had come to Down. The solution, as I believe, is that the modified offspring of all dominant and increasing forms tend to become adapted to many and highly diversified places in the economy of nature."

It was at about this time that Darwin began to feel real confidence in the results of his reading and experimentation. In January of 1844, before writing out the second statement of his ideas, he wrote to Hooker:

. . . I have now been, ever since my return, engaged in a very presumptuous work, and I know no one individual who will not say a foolish one. I was so struck with the distribution of the Galapagos organisms, etc., and with the character of the American fossil mammifers, etc., that I determined to collect, blindly, every sort of fact, which could bear in any way on what are species. I have

read heaps of agricultural and horticultural books, and have never ceased collecting facts. At last gleams of light have come, and I am almost convinced (quite contrary to the opinion I started with) that species are not (it is like confessing a murder) immutable. . . I think I have found out (here's presumption!) the simple way by which species become exquisitely adapted to various ends. You will now groan, and think to yourself, 'on what a man I have been wasting my time and writing to.' I should, five years ago, have thought so. . . .*

This was the first time Darwin mentioned the subject to Hooker—or for that matter, to anyone outside of his own household. But the great botanist neither groaned nor regretted the time he had spent in writing; instead, he accepted the earliest possible invitation to meet Darwin at his brother's house in London. After that Hooker frequently came to Down, sometimes alone, and sometimes in the company of other naturalists. After the work of evolution became well established, visits became matters of scientific inquiry as well as friendship.

"It was an established rule," says Hooker, "that he every day pumped me, as he called it, for half an hour or so after breakfast in his study, when he first brought out a heap of slips with questions botanical, geographical, etc., for me to answer, and concluded by telling me of the progress he had made in his

*Here we have a conflict in dates. It is plain that Darwin did not trouble to decide definitely at what time he did begin to believe in evolution, or to admit its possibility, and the various dates depend upon the varying viewpoints from which he considered his attitude at the time he wrote.

own work, asking my opinion on various points. I saw no more of him till noon, when I heard his mellow ringing voice calling my name under my window—this was to join him in his daily forenoon walk round the sand-walk.* . . . our conversation usually ran on foreign lands and seas, old friends, old books, and things far off to both mind and eye."

Even after writing out his conclusions on the development of life, and the conditions underlying evolution, Darwin was not ready to publish. There were more facts to collect, and minor theories to verify, and he was unwilling to have his work appear before it was so complete as to be quite convincing. At the same time he realized that there was chance of his death, in which case the results of those years of patient labor might be lost, or used imperfectly. The following letter, written on July 5, 1844, and addressed to Mrs. Darwin, tells how highly the manuscript was prized:

I have just finished my sketch of my species theory. If, as I believe, my theory in time be accepted even by one competent judge, it will be a considerable step in science.

I therefore write this in case of my sudden death, as my most solemn and last request, which I am sure you will consider the same as if legally entered in my will, that you will devote 400 pounds to its publication. . . . I wish that my sketch be given to some competent person, with this sum to induce him to take trouble in its improvement and enlargement. I give to him all my books on

*See the account of the Home at Down, in "Darwin As a Naturalist," No. 567 in this Series.

Natural History, which are either scored or have references at the end of the pages, begging him carefully to look over and consider such passages as actually bearing, or by possibly bearing, on this subject. I wish you to make a list of all such books as some temptation to an editor. I also request that you will hand over to him all those scraps, roughly divided in eight or ten brown paper portfolios. The scraps, with copied quotations from various works are those which may aid my editor. . . As the looking over the references and scraps will be a long labour, and as the *correcting* and enlarging and altering my sketch will also take considerable time. I leave this sum of 400 pounds as some remuneration, and any profits from the work. I consider that for this the editor is bound to get the sketch published either at a publisher's or his own risk. . . .

With respect to editors, Mr. Lyell would be the best if he would undertake it; I believe he would find the work pleasant, and he would learn some facts new to him. As the editor must be a geologist as well as a naturalist, the next best editor would be Professor Forbes of London. The next best (and quite best in many respects) would be Professor Henslow. Dr. Hooker would be *very* good. . . . Should one other hundred pounds make the difference of procuring a good editor, request earnestly that you will raise 500 pounds.

This letter gives us, aside from a glimpse of the value which Darwin gave his "sketch," an interesting estimation of his various scientific friends, so far as their connection with evolution was concerned. The estimate changed in time, for ten years later another notation was made on the letter, reading, "Hooker by far best man to edit my species volume. August, 1854."

Fortunately Darwin's ill health, though painful and hampering in the extreme, did not seriously threaten his life, and there was no need

to follow out the directions of the letter. The work of reading, observing, and experimenting, went on year after year. The puzzling problem of variation among animals and plants yielded to a solution—not a complete one by any means, yet one that was sufficient for the time. The concept of selection grew in importance, until it became the principal feature of the work. Yet as the information accumulated the magnitude of the problem became more clear, and Darwin still hesitated to publish what he considered an incomplete statement of the question and its answer.

During these years of investigation, general interest in the beginning and development of life increased. The same year that Darwin wrote his much-prized sketch, there appeared an anonymous book called the *Vestiges of Creation*, which some people attributed to Darwin. The book was written in a brilliant style, but particularly in the earlier editions, contained a great number of inaccuracies. As Darwin wrote Hooker, "his geology strikes me as bad, and his zoology far worse," while the general tone of the book was far from philosophic. Yet it did expound *an* idea of evolution, even though a poor one, and had a very large sale. Even Darwin, devotee to accuracy and caution, admitted that the book did great service in calling attention to the subject, in removing a great deal of prejudice, and in preparing the popular mind for other and more accurate information in the same field.

Finally, in 1856, Lyell persuaded Darwin to prepare his work for publication, and he be

gan work on a scale that would have resulted in three or four volumes the sizes of the Origin of Species. The project was brought to a sudden halt, however, when in 1858 Alfred Russell Wallace, then a young man living in the Malay Archipelago, sent Darwin a manuscript entitled *On the Tendency of Varieties to Depart Indefinitely from the Original Type.* The matter was placed before Lyell and Hooker, who advised that, inasmuch as Darwin had been at work on his theory of species long before Wallace, it was only fair that steps should be taken to give proper credit for his pioneer work. Darwin objected to this, and was willing to leave Wallace the entire field, but his friends would not hear to it.

As a result of their persuasion, Lyell and Hooker sponsored the publication, in the *Journal of the Linnean Society* for June 30, 1858, a group of papers, including two short ones by Darwin* and Wallace's essay. With these went a statement as to the work done by each author, establishing clearly the priority of Darwin. The papers, however, did not attract much attention, for Darwin says, ". . . the only published notice of them which I can remember was by Professor Haughton of Dublin, whose verdict was that all that was new in them was false, and what was true was old."

In spite of the great similarity of ideas, as

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*One of these papers was a mere extract from Darwin's larger manuscript; the other was an abstract of a letter to Dr. Asa Gray, an American botanist. The whole took up a little more than six pages.

shown by their papers, Darwin and Wallace differed considerably in the attitude from which they approached and regarded the problem. As Dr. Osborn points out, "Darwin dwells upon *variations in single characters*, as taken hold of by Selection; Wallace mentions variations, but dwells upon *full-formed varieties*, as favorably or unfavorably adapted. It is perfectly clear that with Darwin the struggle is so intense that the chance of survival of each individual turns upon a single and even slight variation. With Wallace, Varieties are already presupposed by causes which he does not discuss, a change in the environment occurs, and those varieties which happen to be adapted to it survive." Needless to say, of the two methods of approach, that of Darwin is by far the more thorough-going.

Wallace resigned the work in favor of Darwin, who in 1858 set to work upon a book on the development of species, but was so interrupted by illness that more than a year was necessary to complete it. In the main it was a condensation of the work begun in 1856 and interrupted by the arrival of Wallace's paper—a condensation which Darwin did not desire, but undertook in order to prevent further difficulty in matters of priority, and to gratify his friends. Throughout the period of the work there are references to it in his letters—here the refusal to read a "heavy" book until the work on the "Abstract" is done—there a wish that the work would be completed, so he could rest. On January 25th, 1859, Darwin wrote Wallace, "... thank God I am in my last chapter but one," while on March 2d he asked Hooker

if he could look over the chapter on Geographical Distribution. There is an amusing note to a letter of March 28, where Darwin asks Lyell:

> Would you advise me to tell Murray (his publisher) that my book is not more *un*-orthodox than the subject makes inevitable. That I do not discuss the origin of man. That I do not bring in any discussion about Genesis, etc., etc., and only give facts, and such conclusions from them as seem to me fair.
>
> Or had I better say nothing to Murray, and assume that he cannot object to this much unorthodoxy, which in fact is not more than any Geological Treatise which runs slap counter to Genesis.

Evidently Mr. Murray did not have great doubts as to lack of orthodoxy—nor as to the probable sale of the book, for a few days later Darwin wrote, ". . . I wrote him and gave him the headings of the chapters, and told him he could not have the MS. for ten days or so; and this morning I receive a letter offering me handsome terms, and agreeing to publish without seeing the MS.! So he is eager enough...." Later on, three sample chapters were sent to Murray, who confirmed his acceptance of the book. The work of writing and copying went on, and various chapters were sent to specialists for comment and, if necessary, correction. There was much difficulty with style, and even Mrs. Hooker assisted in making corrections. Even after the manuscript went into the hands of the printer corrections were necessary after the material was "set up" in type. Probably Darwin became more and more dissatisfied as the work went on and his health became worse, for on June 22d he wrote Hooker, "....how can a man have anything to say, who spends every day in correcting accursed proofs; and such

proofs! I have fairly to blacken them, and fasten slips of paper on, so miserable have I found the style. You say you dreamt that my book was *entertaining;* that dream is pretty well over with me...." But gradually the work lessened; on September 30th the last of the regular pages were finished, and only the index remained to be done. It appears that it was handled by someone else, for in the same letter Darwin mentions the practical completion of the book and the plan to go to a hydropathic hospital on "Tuesday or Wednesday." When the next letters were written the *Origin of Species* was finished, and its author had spent a couple of weeks in rest. To him it was neither a great book, nor even a well-done one; after thirteen months of exacting labor he could see little in it that another could not have done with more success. Yet, even with his knowledge of its incompleteness and imperfections, Darwin was glad it was written—and impatiently eager for it to appear and meet the judgment of those who had taken no part in its production.

CHAPTER II

THE WAR OVER SPECIES

Darwin's diary, under the date of October 1, 1859, bears the entry, "Finished proofs (thirteen months and ten days) of Abstract on 'Origin of Species'; 1,250 copies printed. The first edition was published on November 24th, and all copies sold first day." On the 9th of December he and his family returned home from a visit to a water-cure establishment; the only later entry in the diary is, "During end of November and beginning of December, employed in correcting for second edition of 3,000 copies; multitude of letters."

There is a great deal implied in those two brief entries—more, even, than Darwin himself appears to have realized. In the first place, it is very unusual for an entire edition of a scientific book, even when that edition is only 1,250 copies, to be exhausted the day it appears. It is still more unusual for a second edition, nearly two and a half times as great as the first, to be called for within a month. Such things generally happen to but two classes of books: those that are very bad, such as most popular novels, and those that are almost unbelievably good. It is characteristic of the former that they are received with enthusiasm and acclaim; of the latter that they are welcomed by a few, suspected yet considered by many, and attacked by the majority of those who read them as well as by an equal or greater number who don't. And this is particu-

larly true when the substance of the really great book is also the substance of long established tradition and prejudice, and the conclusions drawn are such as to contradict or seriously modify other conclusions reached thouands of years before, and cherished dearly by the greater part of the human race.

Darwin was prepared for scepticism, disbelief, and attack, yet it is doubtful if he realized the magnitude of the upheaval that his book would cause. Even before the *Origin* officially was published the discussion began, for the paper of 1858 had aroused much interest. Everyone at all interested was impatiently waiting for the complete book; those who were on terms of friendship with the author, or had helped him in the work, received copies in advance. Of these Huxley in particular knew what was to come, perhaps with the instinct of a born fighter. On November 23, the day before the Origin of Species was put on sale, he wrote Darwin:

> I trust you will not allow yourself to be in any way disgusted or annoyed by the considerable abuse and misrepresentation which, unless I greatly mistake, is in store for you. Depend upon it you have earned the lasting gratitude of thoughtful men. And as to the curs which will bark and yelp, you must recollect that some of your friends, at any rate, are endowed with an amount of combativeness which (though you have often and justly rebuked it) may stand you in good stead.
>
> I am sharpening my claws and beak in readiness.

Reviews of the book began to appear in December, and continued in steadily increasing numbers. Some of them were favorable, such as the one three and a half columns long,

which Huxley got into the London *Times*. Others were tolerant, but more were opposed. As Huxley warned, there was to be a great barking and yelping, not from scientific opponents alone, but from great religious groups who knew hardly the first essentials of biology, and cared little more than they knew. Thus in February of 1860 Darwin wrote his friend Hooker, "The stones are begining to fly. But Theology has more to do with these two attacks than Science...." It was not long before almost every letter bore a reference to some review in which the critic had grossly misunderstood or wilfully distorted passage after passage of the *Origin*. In June the naturalist wrote Lyell that he was "weary of reviews."

The storm broke with full fury, however, at the June meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held at Oxford. On Thursday, June 28, there was an argument between Owen, the anatomist, and Huxley, in which the whole audience took sides. Owen was dogmatic and Huxley firm, even though he refrained from making any real attack on the opponents of Darwin. On Friday there was quiet—the quiet before a storm. Every one knew that the two factions would come to battle, and almost every one wanted to take part. All that was needed was an excuse.

That came on Saturday, when Dr. J. W. Draper* of New York, an evolutionist and mili-

*The author of *A History of the Conflict Between Religion and Science*, a book which, though nearly half a century old, contains a more thorough study of the subject from this particular angle than does any other work in English.

tant agnostic, read a paper on the "Intellectual development of Europe considered with reference to the views of Mr. Darwin." The paper itself appears not to have possessed any great importance, but several of the statements which Dr. Draper made, and the conclusions which he drew made the religious faction in the Association furious. The Bishop of Oxford announced that he would speak upon the theory of descent, and the fight was on.

The excitement was tremendous.* The Lecture Room, in which it had been arranged that the discussion should be held, proved far too small for the audience, and the meeting adjourned to the Library of the Museum, which was crammed to suffocation long before the champions entered the lists. The numbers were estimated at from 700 to 1000—a huge attendance for the British Association. Had it been during session of the University, or had the general public been admitted, it would have been impossible to have accommodated the rush to hear the oratory of the bold Bishop. Professor Henslow, who was president of the section, held the chair, and wisely announced at the beginning that none who had not valid arguments to bring forward on one side or the other would be allowed to address the meeting—a caution that proved necessary, for no fewer than four combatants had their utterances burked by him, because of their indulgence in vague declamation.

The Bishop was up to time, and spoke for fully half an hour with inimitable spirit, emptiness, and unfairness. It was evident from his handling of the subject that he had been "crammed" up to the throat, and that he knew nothing at first hand; in fact, he used no argument not to be found in his "Quarterly" article. He ridiculed Darwin badly, and Huxley savagely, but all in such dulcet tones,

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*The following account is paraphrased from the several given by Francis Darwin, *Life and Letters*, vol. 2, pp. 114-116 (American Edition).

so persuasive a manner, and in such well-turned periods, that I who had been inclined to blame the President for allowing a discussion that could serve no scientific purpose now forgave him from the bottom of my heart. Unfortunately the Bishop, hurried along on the current of his own eloquence, so far forgot himself as to push his attempted advantage to the verge of personality in a telling passage in which he turned round and addressed Huxley whether he was related by his grandfather's or his grandmother's side to an ape.

Huxley's reply was nearly as forceful and eloquent as was the attack of the Bishop, and much more firmly grounded in scientific knowledge. In concluding, he came to the Bishop's question about ancestry, and delivered a keen rejoinder. "I asserted," he said, "And I repeat, that a man has no reason to be ashamed of having an ape for his grandfather. If there were an ancestor whom I should feel shame in recalling, it would be a *man*, a man of restless and versatile intellect, who, not content with an equivocal success in his own sphere of activity, plunges into scientific questions with which he has no real acquaintance, only to obscure them by aimless rhetoric, and distract the attention of his hearers from the real point at issues by eloquent digressions, and skilled appeal to religious prejudice."

The excitement was then at its height. A woman fainted and had to be carried out, men gesticulated and shouted at each other. Fitz-Roy, Darwin's old friend, rushed about brandishing a bible and trying to make impassioned appeals to the authority of "The Book".* Finally things quieted down so that discussion

*Poulton, Darwin and the Origin of Species, p. 66.

could be resumed. Several of the members called for Hooker, the botanist and co-worker of Darwin, and Henslow invited him to give his view of the theory from the side of botany. Hooker complied willingly, showing that, by his own statements the Bishop had not understood even the simpler principles of Darwinism, and at the same time was thoroughly ignorant of the elementary facts of botany. The Bishop made no reply, so the meeting broke up.

Accounts of the meeting reached Darwin promptly, and on Sunday he wrote Hooker congratulating him for his triumph over the Bishop, and recognizing his own inability to take part in public arguments. A little later he expressed himself to Huxley, "From all I hear from several quarters, it seems that Oxford did the subject great good. It is of enormous importance, the showing the world that a few first-rate men are not afraid of expressing their opinion."

Such was the beginning of the scientific-religious war which for more than sixty years has raged with varying degrees of fury over the idea that one species arises from another. It spread throughout the civilized world—indeed, was in full progress in the United States at the time of the Oxford meeting, and the countries of continental Europe were reached a little later, when translations began to appear. For a time the opposition was conducted in part, at least, by scientists, who thought they could see real scientific reasons to advance against those set forth by Darwin. But gradually this party died out—and died off—

and the field was left to the religious group. But they, too, found themselves in difficulty. Not a few of the older, and therefore more reactionary theologians went the way of the older and more reactionary naturalists. They were replaced by younger men who, in spite of their training, were somewhat tolerant of the new ideas of the century. Not a few of them even possessed some knowledge of biology, so they set about the process of reconciling what they believed with what they, or their betters, knew. This was not extremely difficult; the old doctrine of theology was ready and, with a little remodeling, applied excellently. Evolution ceased to be a contradiction of God, and became merely his way of doing things. What Darwin himself thought of this idea, and the unreasoning dogmatisms to which it often leads, is shown in a later chapter, *Darwin and the Gods.*

There were, of course, plenty of irreconcilables. The Catholic Church would make no compromise with fact, when that fact in any way detracted from the finality of Catholic dogma. Other sects, without the power and dignity of the Church of Rome possessed even more virile enthusiasm for ancient creeds and writings of doubtful authority. Captain Fitz-Roy was not the only one who insisted on the authority of "The Book"; his cry was taken up by the majority of the Protestant sects. The leaders of this group, being as ignorant of evolution as was the Bishop of Oxford, did not hesitate to ascribe to that theory all manner of properties and implications which it did not possess. Indeed, it furnished them with a

ready explanation for all evils—political, social, economic, and religious, or rather, anti-religious. Did a new and not particularly desirable philosophy spring up, a social system give evidence of decay, or the Christian church show alarming signs of becoming as defunct as Zoroastrianism, these gentlemen had the true cause at their finger tips. That cause was the iniquitous Mr. Darwin, who believed that one species of plant-louse could arise from another without the intervention of God the Almighty.

And so the war goes on. German Kultur, Bolshevism, weakening morals of educated people—these and many other scarecrows are the latest to be put in the witness box against Darwin, his followers, and even those scientists who oppose him. Willful ignorance and distortion of facts continue, and orators go from state to state, and even nation to nation, urging people to use their political power to do away with the teaching of so wicked a doctrine as the origin of species. Indeed, under the impetus of reactionaries who, dull as they are, perceive the extinction which threatens them and their kind, the war against fact is becoming more fierce than almost ever before. Perhaps the legal steps taken by the opposition will succeed for a time, at least; perhaps they will meet well-deserved failure. At any rate, those who are inclined to deny that evolution, mental or physical, progresses at an almost unbelievably slow pace, may do well to consider these facts: In 1923, sixty-four years after Darwin published the Origin of Species an American legislature voiced its attitude by opposing books in which the theory of evolution

was even mentioned. And in 1922, four hundred thirty years after Columbus reached America, and four hundred years after Magellan's ship made the first circuit of the globe, a teacher in an Indiana school was threatened with discharge for telling her pupils that the earth was not flat, but round.

CHAPTER III

THE DESCENT OF MAN, AND OTHER BOOKS

When Darwin wrote the *Origin of Species* he considered it as little more than an abstract or outline of the subject, to be followed by a series of larger books giving in full the evidence for evolution which he possessed. One of these, "*Variations of Animals and Plants under Domestication*," he began on January 1, of 1860—less than six weeks after the publication of the *Origin*—but could not get on with it very rapidly. This partly was because of the great deal of work necessary to correct the successive editions of the *Origin*, but even more because of illness. At one time Darwin was unable to do anything for seven months, and shorter periods of disability were common. Also, conditions had shown that scientists were having trouble enough comprehending the preliminary book on evolution, so there was no pressing need for a series of larger treatises for a while, at least.

But perhaps the most important factor of all in the delay of the larger books was the great accumulation of data on lines other than evolution, which Darwin felt it his duty to publish. Thus as far back as 1839 he had begun to study the part which insects played in the cross-fertilization of flowers. Every summer he had devoted time to that work, and the accumulation of twenty years of investigation lay on his hands—valuable, indeed, yet doing no good

to anyone but himself. Plainly, therefore, it was his duty to publish this material, so that it could be examined by other naturalists and used by them in making still further researches.

Thus it was that in 1862 appeared the *Fertilization of Orchids*,* which two years later was described as the most masterly treatise in any branch of vegetable physiology that had appeared. The group of plants which it treated are remarkable for the devices by which they provide for cross-fertilization by means of the insects which visit them. These provisions were skilful enough in the English forms, but in foreign ones, and particularly those from tropical and semi-tropical countries, the mechanisms were still more highly developed. Thus Darwin found that among one group the various parts of the flower were so accurately developed for cross-fertilization that without the aid of insects not a single plant in the whole group of twenty-nine genera could produce seed. In most cases the insects which come to the flowers for food withdraw the pollen masses only when retreating from the blossom, and, by going to another plant or flower effect a union between the two. Commonly the pollen masses slowly change position while attached to the insects, so as to assume the position proper to contact with the stigma of another flower. During the time necessary for this change the insect almost certainly flies to another plant, so that the necessary cross is accomplished.

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*The full title is, *On the Various Contrivances by Which Orchids Are fertilised by Insects.*

The *Orchid* book was Darwin's first venture into botany and it established his position there as other books had established it in geology and zoology. In 1864 he published a paper on Climbing Plants—an effort which cost him four months of labor. Again illness interfered, and the paper was so badly written, and so obscurely phrased that it received little attention. Eleven years later it was rewritten into a book and became very popular.

In 1868 the first volume of the detailed studies of evolution appeared. Of it Darwin says, "It was a big book, and cost me four years and two months hard labour. It gives all my observations and an immense number of facts collected from various sources, about our domestic productions. In the second volume the causes and laws of variation, inheritance, etc., are discussed as far as our present state of our knowledge permits. Towards the end of the work I give my well abused hypothesis of Pangenesis." This, briefly stated, supposes that the countless cells which compose the body of an animal or plant are continually throwing off tiny granules, far too small to be seen even microscopically, that accumulate in the reproductive system. Instead of developing in the next generation they may be transmitted in an inactive or dormant state to several generations, and then suddenly become developed. Various combinations of these granules are supposed to influence their appearance or dormancy in the various generations. As a hypothesis Pangenesis was suggestive but not very satisfactory when put to practice, and

it has been discarded in favor of later and more probable ideas.

The next important evolutionary work was the *Descent of Man*, published in February, 1871. Inasmuch as there is some misunderstanding as to the motive which forced Darwin to say but little of man in the *Origin*, and delay twelve years before publishing a book on the subject, it is worth while to give his own statement of the case:

. . . As soon as I had become, in the year 1837 or 1838,* convinced that species were mutable productions, I could not avoid the belief that man must come under the same law. Accordingly I collected notes on the subject for my own satisfaction, and not for a long time with any intention of publishing. Although in the *Origin of Species* the derivation of any particular species is never discussed, yet I thought it best, in order that no honourable man should accuse me of concealing my views, to add that by the work "light would be thrown on the origin of man and his history." It would have been useless and injurious to the success of the book to have paraded, without giving any evidence, my convinction with respect to his origin.

But when I found that many naturalists fully accepted the doctrine of the evolution of species, it seemed to me advisable to work up such notes as I possessed, and to publish a special treatise on the origin of man. I was the more glad to do so, as it gave me an opportunity of fully discussing sexual selection—a subject which had always greatly interested me. This subject, and that of the varia-

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*There may be some doubt about the extent of Darwin's conviction at that time. Certain it is that his *Journal of Researches*, edition of 1839, contains several references to special creation, as is shown in "Darwin as a Naturalist," No. 567, in this Series.

tion of our domestic productions, together with the causes and laws of variation, inheritance, and the intercrossing of plants, are the sole subjects which I have been able to write about in full, so as to use all the materials which I have collected. The *Descent of Man* took me three years to write, but then as usual some of this time was lost by ill health, and some was consumed by preparing new editions and other minor works.

The Descent of Man created an even greater popular stir than did the *Origin*. The large first edition was quickly sold out; and discussion and ridicule of the book became the fashionable recreation for those who had read parts of it as well as those who had not. The comic paper *Punch* acted as a mirror of current opinion, which in the main was adverse. One of the Darwin ballads* calls to mind more recent things of the same sort in connection with the discovery of great fossil animals in our own country:

They slept in a wood,
Or wherever they could
For they didn't know how to make beds;
They hadn't got huts,
They dined upon nuts,
Which they cracked upon each other's heads.
They hadn't much scope
For a comb, brush, or soap,
Or towels, or kettle, or fire;
They had no coats nor capes,
For ne'er did these apes
Invent what they didn't require.

. . . . .

From these though descended,
Our manners are mended,
Though still we can grin and backbite;
We cut up each other,
Be he friend or brother,

*Quoted by Bettany, *Life of Darwin*, p. 124.

And tails are the fashion—at night.
This origination
Is all speculation—
We gamble in various shapes;
So Mr. Darwin
May speculate in
Our ancestors having been apes.

The main contention of Darwin, that man was developed from a lower stock, and so on back to the beginning of life, is too well known today to deserve a great deal of comment. How much natural selection may have affected that development cannot yet be said with certainty —there are too many other possible factors of which we are just beginning to learn. In that time, however, it was less known, and even more apt to excite prejudice. The mere conclusion that the minds of man and the lower animals were very similar was enough to set the theologians agog with excitement; to them it was a direct thrust at the "godliness" of the human intellect.

Indeed, the preachers did have cause for alarm. Not only was Darwin's general conclusion as to man's ancestry at direct variance with the tenets of "revealed" religion; some of his statements contradicted the strongest arguments on which religion is based. He sees no evidence that it had played, in the remote past, any important role in the development of humanity. "There is no evidence," he says, "that man was aboriginally endowed with the ennobling belief in the existence of an omnipotent God." This was not, of course, a proclamation of atheism or agnosticism; it was not even a question as to the truth of the conception of a god, or of gods. Yet it would cause others to

question, to examine the bases for their beliefs, and perhaps even to give some of them up. Of course, one might give up a great many beliefs and still be a Christian, a Mohammedan, or what not, but he could not be orthodox. And it was orthodoxy upon which the preachers depended for their power—or, in many cases, for their jobs.

But the most emphasized, if not the most important, feature of the *Descent of Man* was the section dealing with Darwin's hypothesis of sexual selection. This hypothesis held that animals of one sex held a definite preference for certain qualities in the opposite sex. Naturally, under this supposition, the predominant number of matings would be with those individuals possessing the favored characteristics, so that in time those qualities would become established. Thus among birds the more brilliant males, or those with superior voices, were the more successful in courtship, and so left more descendants than did the unfavored ones. Eventually the advantageous coloration would be established as the character of the species, or of a new species.

This hypothesis (it hardly deserves to be called a theory) became extremely popular with the followers of Darwin. It seemed to explain a great number of things, and required only a small acquaintance with the subject and an ordinary amount of common sense to manipulate. Evolutionists actually hunted for multiple examples of favorable characters; the most insignificant features of appearance or structure were assumed to be aids in the struggle for existence. From the arguments of these

enthusiasts one would gain the idea that there were no traits in animals that were either useless or harmful, but that every structure and habit had been carefully selected with regard to their usefulness. For a while evolutionists, and particularly amateur evolutionists, made a fad of sexual selection, and the more significant features of Darwin's work were slighted.

But the hypothesis contained a great weakness—it depended too much on the accuracy of the human mind as a gauge of the animal mind. It supposed that the thoughts of a man, looking upon the gorgeous plumage of a cock pheasant, were akin to those of the hen pheasant. It made possible the explanation of altogether too many things, and on a basis for which there was but the slightest psychological support. To hold that the minds of a beetle, a bird, an elephant, and a man were similarly affected by similar things was going too far, particularly when there was no way of proving the stand, or of testing it by experiment. Gradually sexual selection lost popularity, and in the reaction dragged with it the theory of natural selection. Indeed, though careful experiments in breeding have demonstrated too clearly for question the efficiency of selection, the part which selection, of whatever kind, played in evolution is far from settled. As Dr. A. F. Shull, one of the leaders among the younger zoologists of America, recently wrote, "There is no marked inclination among leading biologists to attribute to selection in nature, through the struggle for existence, anything but a minor and negative role in evolution."

In the years following 1874 Darwin wrote sev-

eral books, and in 1879 he supervised the publication of an English version of Dr. Ernst Krause's *Life of Erasmus Darwin*, adding a sketch of the poet-evolutionist's habits and character. But people were too much interested in the ideas of a living Darwin to devote much thought to those of a dead member of the same family, and fewer than a thousand copies of the book sold.

In 1881 the aged naturalist published his last book, *The Formation of Vegetable Mould, Through the Action of Worms.* More than forty years before he had written a preliminary sketch of the subject, and in December of the year he moved to Down he had begun an experiment which was to contribute greatly to the study. Twenty-nine years later, November, 1871, the experiment was completed. Darwin proved that bits of chalk and of harder rock could, in a period of three decades, be buried more than half a foot by the action of earthworms alone. Observations on the buried ruins of Roman towns of Britain showed that their condition was due largely to the action of these same earthworms, which year after year brought earth to the surface in the form of castings. Of the further work in this problem Mr. Bettany says:

> Earthworms were not only scrutinized in their out-of-door work, but were kept in confinement and studied. It appears that they swallow earth both to make their burrows and to extract all nutriment it may contain; they will eat almost anything they can get their skin over. From careful calculation it was shown that worms on an average pass ten tons of soil on an acre of ground through their bodies every year. It is, then, but a truism to say

that every bit of soil on the surface of the globe must have passed through their bodies many times. They were discovered to work mainly by night, when hundreds may with care be discerned, with tails fixed in their burrows, prowling round in circles, rapidly retreating into holes, and strongly resisting efforts to extract them. It was found . . . that they have no sense of hearing, but a most remarkable sensitiveness to vibrations of the earth or even to contact with air in motion.

This book which, like the others achieved a great and unexpected popularity, left Darwin exhausted. "I feel so worn out that I do not suppose I shall ever again give reviewers trouble," he wrote Hooker. Yet for several months he worked on, not with enthusiasm nor with the hope of carrying out another large project, yet with interest. In March and April, 1882, he felt poorly, and the action of his heart became so weak that he was unable to climb the stairs. On April 18 he was well enough to examine a specially interesting plant which had been brought him, but on the following day died.

CHAPTER IV

DARWIN AND THE GODS

It is a strange thing that Darwin, whose work has exerted the most profound influence on religious thought, neither wrote or said much on the subject. This was true in spite of the fact that, like most thoughtful people, he had religion often in mind, and had definite ideas regarding it. Darwin saw himself as a scientist, and a scientist only; he felt wholly at sea in matters of technical philosophy and theology. Apparently it did not occur to him that religion really had no need of high-sounding technicalities, and that a man could get quite as far by using common sense alone as by using common sense wrapped up in big words, and hollow formulæ. He knew that he lacked specialized training in fields of abstract thought, and therefore he considered his views on religion as being "of no real consequence" to anyone but himself.

That was a safe position, and perhaps a very just one, yet we are in no way obliged to adopt it. If for no other reason than to form a correct picture of the man, we should inquire as to his attitude on such subjects as gods, revelation, and teleology. Probably there is no better way to conduct this inquiry than to trace, as well as we can, the development of Darwin's opinion, from the time when he first began to analyze his belief to the time when he last stated it.

Darwin began, as did most of us, by accepting literally the English Bible, placing a child's faith in an all-powerful and all-seeing God, who could create worlds or help small boys get to school on time, just as the occasion demanded. By the time he left Edinburgh he had progressed far enough to question some things in the creed of the Church of England, and this caused some hesitation when his father urged him to go to Cambridge and become a preacher. But even then he did not question a word of the Bible, so that when he found an admirably written book, which showed, quite skillfully, that the dogmas of the church also were the "everlasting truths" of Christianity, his doubts were settled. That placid orthodoxy lasted almost throughout the *Beagle* voyage; the young man even got himself laughed at by the ship's officers for quoting the Bible as infallible evidence in argument.

But the large number of things seen on the world-trip could not fail to undermine orthodox faith, and particularly the orthodox faith of a young man fond of thinking things out for himself. Less than three years after his return to England he had come to the conclusion that the Old Testament was no more reliable than the sacred books of the Hindus. That admission brought another flood of doubts, this time about the New Testament. If there was a god, interested in the good of the Hindus, would he make a new revelation and permit it to be linked up with the old Hindu gods and heroes, as the revelation of Jesus is connected with the Old Testament and its obvious falsehoods. Would the bearer of this new revelation

believe in those ancient mythological characters? Such a condition was incredible, and so Christianity as well as Judaism went by the board.

"By further reflecting," says Darwin in his autobiography, "that the clearest evidence would be requisite to make any sane man believe in the miracles by which Christianity is supported—and that the more we know of the fixed laws of nature the more incredible do miracles become—that the men at that time were ignorant and credulous to a degree almost incomprehensible by us—that the Gospels cannot be proved to have been written simultaneously with the events—that they differ in many important details, far too important, as it seemed to me, to be admitted as the usual inaccuracies of eye-witnesses;* by such reflections as these, which I give not as having the least novelty or value, but as they influenced me, I gradually came to disbelieve in Christianity as a divine revelation. The fact that many false religions have spread over large portions of the earth like wild-fire had some weight with me.

"But I was very unwilling to give up my belief; I feel sure of this, for I can well re-

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*It is interesting to note how the later researches in this field have proved that the gospels were not written in Jesus' time. On the other hand, the most recent studies seem to have established the fact that Jesus (probably named Joshua) *did* live, —which appears to be questioned by Darwin in the next paragraph. The best discussion of this problem is to be found in Professor Case's book, *The Historicity of Jesus*, published by the University of Chicago Press, Chicago.

member often and often inventing day-dreams of old letters between distinguished Romans, and manuscripts being discovered at Pompeii or elsewhere, which confirmed in the most striking manner all that was written in the Gospels. But I found it more and more difficult, with free scope given to my imagination, to invent evidences which would suffice to convince me. Thus disbelief crept over me at a very slow rate, but was at last complete. The rate was so slow that I felt no distress.

"Although I did not think much about the existence of a personal God until a considerably later period of my life, I will here give the vague conclusions to which I have been driven. The old argument from design in Nature, as given by Paley, which formerly seemed to me so conclusive, fails, now that the law of natural selection has been discovered. We can no longer argue that, for instance, the beautiful hinge of a bivalve shell must have been made by an intelligent being, like the hinge of a door by man. There seems to be no more design in the variability of organic beings, and in the action of natural selection, than in the course the wind blows....*

*This same argument of design in evolution, and in all the universe, for that matter, is very popular today, particularly among naturalists and theologians who manage to believe in Jehovah and Darwin at the same time, and make a reconciliation of their beliefs. It is essentially a religious argument, or conception, and assumes a purpose,—a divinely guided, and *good* purpose in all things. One of the greatest defects of its followers is that they think nothing can be good, or valuable, or progressive, unless planned for. It is this error which leads them into such absurd positions as that of

Darwin then admits, and even goes out of his way to prove that pleasure exceeds suffering in the living world. Yet he does not underestimate the role of pain in life; his objection is

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Dr. Edwin Grant Conklin, a famous evolutionist, when he says: "If a man is the result of unintelligent forces and processes; . . . if men are born by millions only to be swept away by flood, famine, pestilence, and war; if they live and die like the beasts and leave only their bones and implements behind; if suffering and struggle are purposeless and lead to nothing—if this really were the teaching of evolution, then certainly it would be true that evolution debases man and destroys the hopes of mankind. But this is not true and it is not the teaching of evolution, but rather of pessimism and atheism.

"The blighting influence of atheism (with which Dr. Conklin seems to include agnosticism) is shown in just such conclusions as those mentioned, for it substitutes blind chance and necessity for plan and purpose, both in nature and in human life. If there is no teleology in nature, the course of evolution leading to man and to consciousness is the result of blind and blundering accident. If there is no purpose or value in human labor and suffering, life is not worth living."

It is such rhetorical generalizations as this, made by men who plainly know next to nothing about either atheism or agnosticism; who mistake prejudice for fact; who set up scarecrows of their own half superstitious imaginations for the joy of shooting them down; who even appear unable to separate two into one and one,—it is such generalizations, broadcasted from public platforms and university chairs, that help make clear thinking almost an impossibility in college "educated" circles. Indeed, those men almost make us admit the truth of their bugaboo picture as to the worthlessness of humanity, and agree with another biologist who has said that, "The evolution of consciousness is the greatest blunder in the universe." Surely no earthworm would tie himself into such a knot as does Dr. Conklin—and then be proud of it. **C. L. F.**

to a teleological interpretation of the universality of suffering. "Some," he says, "have attempted to explain this with reference to man by imagining that it serves for his moral improvement. But the number of men in the world is as nothing compared with that of all other sentient beings, and they often suffer greatly without any moral improvement. This very old argument from the existence of suffering against the existence of an intelligent First Cause seems to me a strong one; whereas, as just remarked, the presence of much suffering agrees well with the view that all organic beings have been developed through variation and natural selection.

"At the present day the most usual argument for the existence of an intelligent God is drawn from the deep inward conviction and feelings which are experienced by most persons.

"Formerly I was led by feelings such as those just referred to (although I do not think that the religious sentiment was ever strongly developed in me) to the firm conviction of the existence of God and the immortality of the soul. .... This argument would be a valid one if all men of all races had the same inward conviction of the existence of one God; but we know that this is very far from being the case. Therefore I cannot see that such inward convictions and feelings are of any weight as evidences of what really exists. The state of mind which grand scenes formerly excited in me, and which was intimately connected with a belief in God, did not essentially differ from that which is often called the sense of sub-

limity; and however difficult it may be to explain the genesis of this sense, it can hardly be advanced as an argument for the existence of God, any more than the powerful though vague and similar feelings excited by music.

"With respect to immortality, nothing shows me (so clearly) how strong and almost instinctive a belief it is, as the consideration of the view....that the sun with all the planets will in time grow too cold for life, unless indeed some great body dashes into the sun, and thus gives it fresh life. Believing as I do that man in the distant future will be a far more perfect creature than he now is, it is an intolerable thought that he and all other sentient beings are doomed to complete annihilation after such long-continued slow progress. To those who fully admit the immortality of the human soul, the destruction of our world will not appear so dreadful."

It is worthy of note, however, that Darwin did not let even this feeling, or prejudice; he wished he could believe in immortality, rather envied those who could, but maintained his own doubt. The same is true of his attitude on the problem of conceiving the universe, or the great group of universes, as the result of purely impersonal, unintelligent, natural forces. "When thus reflecting," he says, "I feel compelled to look for a First Cause having an intelligent mind in some degree analogous to man; and I deserve to be called a Theist. This conclusion was strong in my mind about the time, as far as I remember, when I wrote the 'Origin of Species'; and it has since that time, with many fluctuations, become weak-

er. But then arises the doubt, can the mind of man, which has, as I fully believe, been developed from a mind as low as that possessed by the lowest animal, be trusted when it draws such grand conclusions?

"I cannot pretend to throw the least light on such abstruse problems. The mystery of the beginning of all things is insoluble by us; and I for one must be content to remain an Agnostic."

Such is Darwin's position with relation to the problem of the existence or non-existence of a god. He flatly denies the existence of a personal deity, so far as his belief or knowledge goes. Nor does he have any desire to reconcile science and any form of religion, even that of his own country. "Science and Christ* have nothing to do with each other, except in so far as the habit of scientific investigation makes a man cautious about accepting any proofs. As far as I am concerned I do not believe that any revelation has ever been made with regard to a future life; every one must draw his own conclusions from vague and contradictory probabilities."

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*In modern usage, probably the equivalent of Jesus. Among the real critics of religion great care is being taken to use "Jesus" only as applying to the *man; "Christ"* is restricted to the religious legend and office which is associated with him. Thus one may believe thoroughly in the existence of Jesus while he disbelieves just as thoroughly in the existence of a Christ.

CHAPTER V

THE PERSONALITY OF DARWIN

Throughout "Darwin as a Naturalist," No. 567 in this series, we considered Charles Darwin primarily as a man—a boy, a youth, a father, a friend, as well as a scientist. In the present book we considered him rather as a worker, a philosopher, a student, and have for the time ignored, or at least slighted, the human side of him. And now, having viewed the more material angles of the man—for even natural philosophy is, to a considerable extent material, we may well consider him as a personality, and a personality alone. Just what kind of a man was Charles Darwin? How did he respond to praise and react to opposition? What was there about him that made friends and, on the other hand, occasionally made bitter enemies? How might he have impressed us, had we been able to meet him?

Appearance—feature, action, and even dress—plays a considerable part in personality, even if it serves as little more than a handy index for the casual observer. Darwin's face, however, is too well known to need description, and so we may pass at once to his action. He was a large man, about six feet in height, but looked less because of a stoop which increased much with age. He walked with a loose, swinging step that often was maintained with a good deal of effort, and used a heavy, iron-tipped stick when outside. Indoors, however, his step was often slow and weak, with the feet planted

heavily, as though each movement was an effort. "When interested in his work he moved about quickly enough, and often in the middle of dictating he went eagerly into the hall to get a pinch of snuff, leaving the study door open, and calling out the last words of his sentence as he went."

In spite of his natural activity and youthful strength, he had throughout life a clumsiness of movement. His hand was too unsteady and awkward to permit him to make usable drawings, and bothered him much in dissection of small animals and in sectioning plants. "When walking he had a fidgeting movement with his fingers, which he has described in

DARWIN'S STUDY

one of his books as the habit of an old man. When he sat he often took hold of one wrist with the other hand; he sat with his legs crossed, and from being so thin they could be crossed very far, as may be seen in one of the photographs. He had his chair, in the study and in the drawing-room, raised so as to be much higher than ordinary chairs; this was done because sitting on a low or even an ordinary chair caused him some discomfort." The family "used to laugh at him for making his tall drawing-room chair still higher by putting footstools on it, and then neutralizing the result by resting his feet on another chair."

Although his illness prevented Darwin from attending scientific meetings, or devoting much time to visits from other workers, he was a capable conversationist. His son says of him that when he was "excited with pleasant talk his whole manner was wonderfully bright and animated, and his face shared to the full in the general animation. His laugh was a free and sounding peal, like that of a man who gives himself sympathetically and with enjoyment to the person and the thing which have amused him. He often used some sort of gesture with his laugh, lifting up his hands or bringing one down with a slap. I think, generally speaking, he was given to gesture, and often used his hands in explaining anything ....in a way that seemed rather an aid to himself than to the listener. He did this on occasions when most people would illustrate their explanations by means of a rough pencil sketch.

"He wore dark clothes, of a loose and easy

fit. Of late years he gave up the tall hat even in London, and wore a soft black one in winter, and a straw hat in summer. His usual out-of-doors dress was a short cloak in which Elliot and Fry's photograph represents him leaning against the pillar of the verandah. Two peculiarities of his indoor dress were that he almost always wore a shawl over his shoulders, and that he had great loose cloth boots lined with fur which he could slip on over his indoor shoes. Like most delicate people he suffered from heat as well as from chilliness; it was as if he could not hit the balance between too hot and too cold; often a mental cause would make him too hot, so that he would take off his coat if anything went wrong in the course of his work."

Such, then was the appearance of the man who dominated the science of biology for three decades—tall, awkward, eager, and a little eccentric, but without pose or desire to be singled out from a crowd. His mental attitude was in keeping with his physical. Few men could do more, and call less attention to their achievements; few men so consistently belittled their own virtues and enlarged those of others. Darwin was one of those people who go to extremes in modesty; he refused to admit any special excellence in himself or his work, or to consider that he was above the run of scientific workers. Printed or spoken praise of the material set out in his books pleased him, but extravagant commendation of those books, or praise of himself rather than his work often caused him actual pain. Even recognition when in public distressed him; he

regretted that the abundance of magazine illustrations and photographs made his face known throughout England and Scotland. Even when he went to a water-cure establishment for a relief from illness he could not escape being gazed on, pointed at, and whispered of, as the great Mr. Darwin, who had done many fine things, but who nevertheless held the wicked belief that man was descended from apes and monkeys.

This modesty, coupled with an almost boundless generosity, made him almost a patron saint to those younger botanists and zoologists whose work lay in the same channels as his. He would learn of their work, and give them praise; he would ask for small favors and reproach himself for causing them so much trouble. Perhaps the next week he would take the work of one of these beginners, edit or even rewrite it, and then spend many of his precious work hours seeing the paper through the whole tedious process of publication. Of course, such acts put the enthusiasm of the younger men at the highest pitch, and gave them confidence in the value of the work they were doing. They would search their hardest for new facts to record for Darwin, and new specimens to send to him, even from such remote regions as South Africa and India. They felt that they were being of some use in the world of science, and they took long strides forward on the path that leads to achievement.

All this does not mean that Darwin was without critical ability, or inclined to accept everything as good. On the other hand he grasped

readily the defects of a piece of work, and resented unfair treatment at the hands of those who had little right to pass judgment. Thus when the Bishop of Oxford made a brilliant but intolerant address against evolution, and published an article containing the substance of his speech, Darwin wrote, "These very clever men think they can write a review with a very slight knowledge of the book reviewed or the subject in question"; another and favorable review he characterized as a well-done hash of his own words. Yet even when opposed to the ideas set forth in an article, he retained an even temper, and appreciated whatever of good there might be in the attack. Thus, in speaking of the Bishop's criticism he wrote a friend, "If you have not seen the last 'Quarterly,' do get it; the Bishop of Oxford has made capital fun of me and my grandfather."

This same freedom from prejudice, and ability to exercise his control over his ideas, even when in conflict with his own emotions is well shown in his attitude toward the anti-vivisectionists, who wished to prevent experimentation with living animals. Throughout all of his mature life Darwin had a horror of bloodshed; even a slight cut on the hand of one of his youngsters gave him pain. Naturally, the anti-vivisectionists sought to enlist his sympathies—an attempt that was capable of little but harm. To one friend Darwin wrote, in regard to the case, "It is a subject which makes me sick with horror, so I will not say another word about it, else I shall not sleep tonight." Yet he saw clearly the reasons why vivisection is necessary to the science of physiology, and

so he took a firm stand against those who would prevent scientists from experimenting with living animals. He was willing to conciliate, to speak as softly as possible in an argument, yet he would not confuse policy and prejudice. He could not fight for his stand because of the limitations imposed by illness, but he was not prevented from holding his own opinions.

The constant claim of ill health must have exerted a strong control over Darwin's personality. It prevented him from doing continuous work, yet work was essential for his health and mental balance. So for the sake of health all other activities were subordinated to work, while for the sake of the work which would make health possible, his physical condition was watched with endless care and anxiety.

In this connection we may return to a matter touched upon before—Darwin's loss of interest in the arts. It was a matter of great concern to him, and he made much of it in the autobiography. The passage is worth quoting, if only to show what the man thought of himself, and how he analyzed his condition.

"Up to the age of thirty, or beyond it," runs the autobiography, "poetry of many kinds, such as the works of Milton, Gray, Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge and Shelley, gave me great pleasure, and even as a schoolboy I took intense delight in Shakespeare. . . . But now for many years I cannot endure to read a line of poetry; I have tried lately to read Shakespeare, and found it so intolerably dull that it nauseated me. I have also almost lost my taste

for pictures or music. . . . On the other hand, novels which are works of the imagination, though not of a very high order, have been for years a wonderful relief and pleasure to me, and I often bless all novelists. A surprising number have been read to me, and I like all if moderately good, and if they do not end unhappily—against which a law ought to be passed. A novel, according to my taste, does not come into the first class unless it contains some person whom one can thoroughly love, and if a pretty woman all the better.

". . . My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for the grinding of general laws out of large collections of facts, but why this should have caused the atrophy of that part of the brain alone, on which the higher tastes depend I cannot conceive. A man with a mind more highly organized or better constituted than mine would not, I suppose, have thus suffered; and if I had to live my life again, I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once every week; for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept active through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature."

It is doubtful if a man ever gave a plainer diagnosis of his own failings than did Darwin in this passage. He does not reproach himself, nor does he make excuses. There are plenty of the latter to be made—the pressure of work,

the enthusiasm for things other than the arts, and the constant strain of ill health. As Poulton says, "Professor Bradley has spoken of the errors of interpretation due to the reading of Shakespeare with a slack imagination; and any literature worth calling literature demands effort on the part of the reader. Effort was the one thing Darwin could not give." The whole group of factors formed a vicious ring which was bound to exclude everything but work—a ring not very different from that which forms about the average graduate student in our modern colleges.* Perhaps had Darwin never given up literature it would have required less strain of him in later years, but that he did so was no sign, as he seemed to think, of a mind not highly organized.

A little farther on is another piece of self-analysis of equal candor, and perhaps even greater value as substantiating the claim that

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*Few people realize the approximate illiteracy of the American graduate student, just as they fail to understand the similar failing among the undergraduate body. I well remember that, even as a freshman, I was astonished at the slight knowledge of literature and painting shown by graduate students at the University of Chicago. Not only are they ignorant of the better modern artists, but they do not even know the names of many leaders of the last century. In music they are nearly as bad; they form their judgments in accordance with the Victrola advertisements; such music as that of Russia, which calls for thought as well as feeling, is beyond most of them. Yet the student is matched by some, at least, of the professors. Just this year (1923) a department head in one of the country's foremost universities confused Eugene O'Neill, America's leading playwright, with Edgar Rice Burroughs, of "Tarzan" fame.—C. L. F.

Darwin, though a great naturalist, was not a genius in the proper sense of that term. He says:

I have no great quickness of apprehension or wit which is so remarkable in some clever men, for instance, Huxley. I am therefore a poor critic: a paper or book, when first read, generally excites my admiration, and it is only after considerable reflection that I perceive the weak points. My power to follow a long and purely abstract train of thought is very limited; and therefore I could never have succeeded with metaphysics or mathematics. My memory is extensive, yet hazy; it suffices to make me cautious by vaguely telling me that I have observed or read something opposed to the conclusion which I am drawing, or on the other hand in favor of it; and after a time I can generally recollect where to search for my authority. So poor in one sense is my memory, that I have never been able to remember more than a few days a single date or a line of poetry.

Some of my critics have said, "Oh, he is a good observer, but he has no power of reasoning!" I do not think that this can be true, for the "Origin of Species" is one long argument from the beginning to the end, and it has convinced not a few able men. No one could have written it without having some power of reasoning. I have a fair share of invention, and of common sense or judgment, such as every fairly successful lawyer or doctor must have, but not, I believe, in any higher degree.

On the favorable side of the balance, I think that I am superior to the common run of men in noticing things which easily escape attention, and in observing them carefully. My industry has been nearly as great as it could have been in the observation and collection of facts. What is far more important, my love of natural science has been steady and ardent.

That is Darwin's opinion of himself—an opinion so moderate, so obviously made without

regard to anyone but himself, and without prejudice on one side nor the other, that one must venture much to disagree with it. Those who will compare the accomplishments of the man with his estimate of himself will see that there is but slight discrepancy. As Carlyle admitted, Charles Darwin was honest and hard-working, and had an unbreakable allegiance to facts. He was not greatly gifted in some respects, and lost some of the gifts which he did possess in youth. On the other hand, he possessed in abundance certain talents which are scanty in the average run of men, and often nearly absent in those of genius. He was a tireless worker, with boundless enthusiasm for his labor. He was patient and fair, willing to see every side of every question, even though it caused delays that ran into years. He had a boundless curiosity along those lines in which he was interested, and an irrepressible desire to theorize. He believed in the efficiency of the human mind to solve great problems, yet he realized only too clearly the errors into which the human mind may fall when it becomes over-hasty in drawing conclusions. He worked carefully and honestly, without thought of the cheaper fame or the practical value of his discoveries. As he wrote his old teacher, Henslow, "I believe there exists, and I feel within me, an instinct for truth, or knowledge, or discovery, of something the same nature as the instinct of virtue, and that our having such an instinct is reason enough for scientific researches without any practical value ensuing from them." It was in this spirit, and with these abilities, that Charles Darwin labored, and it

was because of them that his labors endured. Comparisons with other men of his own or earlier days are pointless; it makes little difference whether Darwin was greater than Newton or Newton greater than Darwin. What does count is the fact that Darwin *was* great, and that his work has increased in value and benefit to mankind with the passing of years.

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Dante's Inferno

Volume II

HALDEMAN-JULIUS COMPANY
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DANTE'S INFERNO.

CANTO XVIII.

There is a place within the depths of hell
Called Malebolge, all of rock dark-stained
With hue ferruginous, e'en as the steep
That round it circling winds. Right in the midst
Of that abominable region yawns
A spacious gulf profound, whereof the frame
Due time shall tell. The circle, that remains,
Throughout its round, between the gulf and base
Of the high craggy banks, successive forms
Ten bastions, in its hollow bottom raised.
As where, to guard the walls, full many a foss
Begirds some stately castle, sure defence
Affording to the space within; so here
Were modelled these: and as like fortresses,
E'en from their threshold to the brink without,
Are flanked with bridges; from the rock's low base
Thus flinty paths advanced, that 'cross the moles
And dikes struck onward far as to the gulf,
That in one bound collected cuts them off,

Such was the place, wherein we found ourselves
From Geryon's back dislodged. The bard to left
Held on his way, and I behind him moved.
On our right hand new misery I saw,
New pains, new executioners of wrath,
That swarming peopled the first chasm. Below
Were naked sinners. Hitherward they came,
Meeting our faces, from the middle point;
With us beyond, but with a larger stride,
E'en thus the Romans, when the year returns
Of Jubilee, with better speed to rid
The thronging multitudes, their means devise
For such as pass the bridge; that on one side
All front toward the castle, and approach
Saint Peter's fane, on the other towards the mount.
Each diverse way, along the grisly rock,
Horned demons I beheld, with lashes huge,
That on their back unmercifully smote.
Ah! how they made them bound at the first stripe!
None for the second waited, nor the third.
Meantime, as on I passed, one met my sight,
Whom soon as viewed, "Of him," cried I, "not yet
Mine eye hath had his fill." I therefore stayed
My feet to scan, and the teacher kind
Paused with me, and consented I should walk
Backward a space; and the tormented spirit,
Who thought to hide him, bent his visage down.
But it availed him naught; for I exclaimed:

"Thou who does cast thine eye upon the ground,
Unless thy features do belie thee much,
Venedico art thou. But what brings thee
Into this bitter seasoning?" He replied:
"Unwillingly I answer to thy words.
But thy clear speech, that to my mind recalls
The world I once inhabited, constrains me,
Know then 'twas I who led fair Ghisola
To do the Marquis' will, however fame
The shameful tale have bruited. Nor alone
Bologna hither sendeth me to mourn.
Rather with us the place is so o'erthronged,
That not so many tongues this day are taught,
Betwixt the Reno and Savena's stream,
To answer *Sipa* in their country's phrase.
And if of that securer proof thou need,
Remember but our craving thirst for gold."
Him speaking thus, a demon with his thong
Struck and exclaimed, "Away, corrupter! here
Women are none for sale." Forthwith I joined
My escort, and few paces thence we came
To where a rock forth issued from the bank.
That easily ascended, to the right
Upon its splinter turning, we depart
From those eternal barriers. When arrived
Where, underneath, the gaping arch lets pass
The scourged souls: "Pause here," the teacher said,
"And let these others miserable now
Strike on thy ken; faces not yet beheld,
For that together they with us have walked."
From the old bridge we eyed the pack, who came

From the other side toward us, like the rest,
Excoriate from the lash. My gentle guide,
By me unquestioned, thus his speech resumed:
"Behold that lofty shade, who this way tends,
And seems too woe-begone to drop a tear.
How yet the regal aspect he retains!
Jason is he, whose skill and prowess won
The ram from Colchis. To the Lemnian isle
His passage thither led him, when those bold
And pitiless women had slain all their males.
There he with tokens and fair witching words
Hypsipyle beguiled, a virgin young,
Who first had all the rest herself beguiled.
Impregnated, he left her there forlorn.
Such is the guilt condemns him to this pain.
Here too Medea's injuries are avenged.
All bear him company, who like deceit
To his have practised. And thus much to know
Of the first vale suffice thee, and of those
Whom its keen torments urge." Now had we come
Where, crossing the next pier, the straitened path
Bestrides its shoulders to another arch.
Hence, in the second chasm we heard the ghosts,
Who gibber in low melancholy sounds,
With wide-stretched nostrils snort, and on themselves
Smit with their palms. Upon the banks a scurf,
From the foul steam condensed, encrusting hung,
That held sharp combat with the sight and smell.

So hollow is the depth, that from no part,
Save on the summit of the rocky span,
Could I distinguish aught. Thus far we came;
And thence I saw, within the foss below,
A crowd immersed in ordure, that appeared
Draff of the human body. There beneath
Searching with eye inquisitive, I marked
One with his head so grimed, 'twere hard to deem
If he were clerk or layman. Loud he cried:
"Why greedily thus bendest more on me,
Than on these other filthy one, thy ken?"
"Because, if true my memory," I replied,
"I heretofore have seen thee with dry locks,
And thou Alessio art, of Lucca sprung.
Therefore than all the rest I scan thee more."
Then beating on his brain, these words he spake:
"Me thus low down my flatteries have sunk,
Wherewith I ne'er enough could glut my tongue."
My leader thus: "A little further stretch
Thy face, that thou the visage well mayst note
Of that besotted, sluttish courtezan,
Who there doth rend her with defiled nails,
Now crouching down, now risen on her feet.
Thais is this, the harlot, whose false lip
Answered her doting paramour that asked,
'Thankest me much!'—'Say rather, wondrously,'
And, seeing this, here satiate be our view."

CANTO XIX.

Woe to thee, Simon Magus! woe to you,
His wretched followers! who the things of God,

Which should be wedded unto goodness, them,
Rapacious as ye are, do prostitute
For gold and silver in adultery.
Now must the trumpet sound to you, since yours
Is the third chasm. Upon the following vault
We now had mounted, where the rock impends
Directly o'er the centre of the foss.
Wisdom Supreme! how wonderful the art,
Which thou dost manifest in heaven, in earth,
And in the evil world, how just a meed
Allotting by thy virtue unto all.
I saw the livid stone, throughout the sides
And in its bottom full of apertures,
All equal in their width, and circular each.
Nor ample less nor larger they appeared
Than, in Saint John's fair dome of me beloved,
Those framed to hold the pure baptismal streams,
One of the which I brake, some few years past,
To save a whelming infant; and be this
A seal to undeceive whoever doubts
The motive of my deed. From out the mouth
Of every one emerged a sinner's feet,
And of the legs high upward as the calf.
The rest beneath was hid. On either foot
The soles were burning; whence the flexile joints
Glanced with such violent motion, as had snapt
Asunder cords or twisted withs. As flame,
Feeding on unctuous matter, glides along
The surface, scarcely touching where it moves;
So here, from heel to point, glided the flames.
"Master! say who is he, than all the rest

Glancing in fiercer agony, on whom
A ruddier flame doth prey?" I thus inquired.
"If thou be willing," he replied, "that I
Carry thee down, where least the slope bank falls,
He of himself shall tell thee, and his wrongs."
I then: "As pleases thee, to me is best.
Thou art my lord; and know'st that ne'er I quit
Thy will: what silence hides, that knowest thou."
Thereat on the fourth pier we came, we turned,
And on our left descended to the depth,
A narrow strait, and perforated close,
Nor from his side my leader set me down,
Till to his orifice he brought whose limb
Quivering expressed his pang. "Whoe'er thou art,
Sad spirit! thus reversed, and as a stake
Driven in the soil," I in these words began;
"If thou be able, utter forth thy voice."
There stood I like the friar, that dost shrive
A wretch for murder doomed, who, e'en when fixed,
Calleth him back whence death awhile delays.
He shouted: "Ha! already standest there?
Already standest there, O Boniface!
By many a year the writing played me false.
So early dost thou surfeit with the wealth,
For which thou fearedst not in guile to take
The lovely lady, and then mangle her?
I felt as those who, piercing not the drift
Of answer made them, stand as if exposed
In mockery, nor know what to reply;

When Virgil thus admonished: "Tell him quick.
'I am not he, not he whom thou believest.'"
And I, as was enjoined me, straight replied,
That heard, the spirit all did wrench his feet,
And, sighing, next in woeful accent spake:
"What then of me requirest? If to know
So much imports thee, who I am, that thou
Hast therefore down the bank descended, learn
That in the mighty mantle I was robed,
And of a she-bear was indeed the son,
So eager to advance my whelps, that there
My having in my purse above I stowed,
And here myself. Under my head are dragged
The rest, my predecessors in the guilt
Of simony. Stretched at their length, they lie
Along an opening in the rock. 'Midst them
I also low shall fall, soon as he comes,
For whom I took thee, when so hastily
I questioned. But already longer time
Hath past, since my soles kindled, and I thus
Upturned have stood, than in his doom to stand
Planted with fiery feet. For after him,
One yet of deeds more ugly shall arrive.
From forth the west, a shepherd without law,
Fated to cover both his form and mine.
He a new Jason shall be called, of whom
In Maccabees we read; and favor such
As to that priest his king indulgent showed,
Shall be of France's monarch shown to him."
I know not if I here too far presumed,
But in this strain I answered: "Tell me now
What treasures from Saint Peter at the first
Our Lord demanded, when he put the keys

Into his charge? Surely he asked no more
But 'follow me!' Nor Peter, nor the rest,
Or gold or silver of Matthias took,
When lots were cast upon the forfeit place
Of the condemned soul. Abide thou then:
Thy punishment of right is merited:
And look thou well to that ill-gotten coin,
Which against Charles thy hardihood inspired.
If reverence of the keys restrained me not,
Which thou in happier time didst hold, I yet
Severer speech might use. Your avarice
O'ercasts the world with mourning, under foot
Treading the good, and raising bad men up.
Of shepherds like to you, the Evangelist
Was ware, when her, who sits upon the waves,
With kings in filthy whoredom he upheld;
She who with seven heads towered at her birth,
And from ten horns her proof of glory drew,
Long as her spouse in virtue took delight.
Of gold and silver ye have made your god,
Differing wherein from the idolater,
But that he worships one, a hundred ye?
Ah, Constantine! to how much ill gave birth,
Not thy conversion, but that plenteous dower,
Which the first wealthy Father gained from thee."

Meanwhile, as thus I sung, he, whether wrath
Or conscience smote him violent upsprang
Spinning on either sole. I do believe
My teacher well was pleased, with so composed
A lip he listened ever to the sound
Of the true words I uttered. In both arms
He caught, and, to his bosom lifting me,

Upward retraced the way of his descent.
Nor weary of his weight, he pressed me close,
Till to the summit of the rock we came,
Our passage from the fourth to the fifth pier.
His cherished burden there gently he placed
Upon the rugged rock and steep, a path
Not easy for the clambering goat to mount.
Thence to my view another vale appeared.

CANTO XX.

And now the verse proceeds to torments new,
Fit argument of this the twentieth strain
Of the first song, whose awful theme records
The spirits whelmed in woe. Earnest I looked
Into the depth, that opened to my view,
Moistened with tears of anguish, and beheld
A tribe, that came along the hollow vale,
In silence weeping: such their step as walk
Quires, chanting solemn litanies, on earth.
As on them more direct mine eye descends,
Each wonderously seemed to be reversed
At the neck-bone, so that the countenance
Was from the reins averted; and because
None might before him look, they were compelled
To advance with backward gait. Thus one perhaps
Hath seen by force of palsy clean transposed,
But I ne'er saw it nor believe it so.
Now, reader! think within thyself, so God
Fruit of thy reading give thee! how I long
Could keep my visage dry, when I beheld

Near me our form distorted in such guise,
That on the hinder parts fallen from the face
The tears down-streaming rolled. Against a rock
I leant and wept, so that my guide exclaimed:
"What, and are thou, too, witless as the rest?
Here pity most doth show herself alive,
When she is dead. What guilt exceedeth his,
Who with Heaven's judgment in his passion strives?
Raise up thy head, raise up, and see the man
Before whose eyes earth gaped in Thebes, when all
Cried out 'Amphiaraus, whither rushest?
Why leavest thou the war?' He not the less
Fell ruining far as to Minos down,
Whose grapple none eludes. Lo! how he makes
The breast his shoulders; and who once too far
Before him wished to see, now backward looks,
And treads reverse his path. Tiresias note,
Who semblance changed, when woman he became
Of male, through every limb transformed; and then
Once more behoved him with his rod to strike
The two entwining serpents, ere the plumes,
That marked the better sex, might shoot again.
"Aruns, with rere his belly facing, comes,
On Luni's mountains, midst the marbles white,
Where delves Carrara's hind, who wones beneath,
A cavern was his dwelling, whence the stars
And main-sea wide in boundless view he held.
"The next, whose loosened tresses overspread
Her bosom, which thou seest not (for each hair

On that side grows) was Manto, she who searched
Through many regions, and at length her seat
Fixed in my native land: whence a short space
My words detain thy audience. When her sire
From life departed, and in servitude
The city dedicate to Bacchus mourned,
Long time she went a wanderer through the world.
Aloft in Italy's delightful land
A lake there lies, at foot of that proud Alp
That o'er the Tyrol locks Germania in,
Its name Benacus, from whose ample breast
A thousand springs, methinks, and more between
Camonica and Garda, issuing forth,
Water the Apennine. There is a spot
At midway of that lake, where he who bears
Of Trento's flock the pastoral staff, with him
Of Brescia, and the Veronese, might each
Passing that way his benediction give.
A garrison of goodly site and strong
Peschiera stands, to awe with front opposed
The Bergamese and Brescian, whence the shore
More slope each way descends. There, whatsoe'er
Benacus' bosom holds out, tumbling o'er
Down falls, and winds a river flood beneath
Through the green pastures. Soon as in his course
The stream makes head, Benacus then no more
They call the name, but Minicus, till at last
Reaching Governo, into Po he falls.
Not far his course hath run, when a wide flat
It finds, which overstretching as a marsh

It covers, pestilent in summer oft.
Hence journeying, the savage maiden saw
Midst of the fen a territory waste
And naked of inhabitants. To shun
All human converse, here she with her slaves,
Plying her arts, remained, and lived, and left
Her body tenantless. Thenceforth the tribes,
Who round were scattered, gathering to that place,
Assembled; for its strength was great, enclosed
On all parts by the fen. On those dead bones
They reared themselves a city, for her sake
Calling it Mantua, who first chose the spot,
Nor asked another omen for the name;
Wherein more numerous the people dwelt,
Ere Casalodi's madness by deceit
Was wronged of Pinamonte. If thou hear
Henceforth another origin assigned
Of that my country, I forewarn thee now,
That falsehood none beguile thee of the truth."
I answered, "Teacher, I conclude thy words
So certain, that all else shall be to me
As embers lacking life. But now of these,
Who here proceed, instruct me, if thou see
Any that merit more especial note.
For thereon is my mind alone intent."
He straight replied: "That spirit, from whose cheek
The beard sweeps o'er his shoulders brown, what time
Græcia was emptied of her males, that scarce
The cradles were supplied, the seer was he
In Aulis, who with Calchas gave the sign
When first to cut the cable. Him they named
Eurypilus: so sings my tragic strain,

In which majestic measure well thou know'st,
Who know'st it all. That other, round the loins
So slender of his shape, was Michael Scot,
Practised in every slight of magic wile.
"Guido Bonatti see: Asdente mark,
Who now were willing he had tended still
The thread and cordwain, and too late repents.
"See next the wretches, who the needle left,
The shuttle and the spindle, and became
Diviners: baneful witcheries they wrought
With images and herbs. But onward now:
For now doth Cain with fork of thorns confine
On either hemisphere, touching the wave
Beneath the towers of Seville. Yesternight
The moon was round. Thou mayst remember well:
For she good service did thee in the gloom
Of the deep wood." This said, both onward moved.

CANTO XXI.

Thus we from bridge to bridge, with other talk,
The which my drama cares not be rehearse,
Passed on; and to the summit reaching, stood
To view another gap, within the round
Of Malebolge, other bootless pangs,
Marvellous darkness shadowed o'er the place.
In the Venetians' arsenal as boils
Through wintry months tenacious pitch, to smear
Their unsound vessels; for the inclement time

Sea-faring men restrains, and in that while
His bark one builds anew, another stops
The ribs of his that hath made many a voyage,
One hammers at the prow, one at the poop,
This shapeth oars, that other cables twirls,
The mizen one repairs, and main-sail rent;
So, not by force of fire but art divine,
Boiled here a glutinous thick mass, that round
Lined all the shore beneath. I that beheld,
But therein nought distinguished, save the bubbles
Raised by the boiling, and one mighty swell
Heave, and by turns subsiding fall. While there
I fixed my ken below, "Mark! mark!" my guide
Exclaiming, drew me towards him from the place
Wherein I stood. I turned myself, as one
Impatient to behold that which beheld
He needs must shun, whom sudden fear unmans,
That he his flight delays not for the view,
Behind me I discerned a devil black.
That running up advanced along the rock.
Ah! what fierce cruelty his look bespake.
In act how bitter did he seem, with wings
Buoyant outstretched and feet of nimblest tread.
His shoulder, proudly eminent and sharp,
Was with a sinner charged; by either haunch
He held him, the foot's sinew griping fast.
"Ye of our bridge!" he cried, "keen-taloned fiends!
Lo! one of Santa Zita's elders. Him

Whelm ye beneath, while I return for more.
That land hath store of such. All men are there,
Except Bonturo, barterers: of 'no'
For lucre there an 'ay' is quickly made."
Him dashing down, o'er the rough rock he turned;
Nor ever after thief a mastiff loosed
Sped with like eager haste. That other sank,
And forthwith writhing to the surface rose.
But those dark demons, shrouded by the bridge,
Cried, "Here the hallowed visage saves not: here
Is other swimming than in Serchio's wave,
Wherefore, if thou desire we rend thee not,
Take heed thou mount not o'er the pitch." This said,
They grappled him with more than hundred hooks,
And shouted: "Covered thou must sport thee here;
So, if thou canst, in secret thou mayst filch."
E'en thus the cook bestirs him, with his grooms,
To thrust the flesh into the caldron down
With flesh-hooks, that it float not on the top.
Me then my guide bespake: "Lest they descry
That thou art here, behind a craggy rock
Bend low and screen thee: and whate'er of force
Be offered me, or insult, fear thou not;
For I am well advised, who have been erst
In the like fray." Beyond the bridge's head
Therewith he passed; and reaching the sixth pier,

Behoved him then a forehead terror-proof.
With storm and fury, as when dogs rush forth
Upon the poor man's back, who suddenly
From whence he standeth makes his suit; so rushed
Those from beneath the arch, and against him
Their weapons all they pointed. He, aloud:
"Be none of you outrageous: ere your tine
Dare seize me, come forth from amongst you one,
Who having heard my words, decide he then
If he shall tear these limbs." They shouted loud,
"Go, Malacoda!" Whereat one advanced,
The others standing firm, and as he came,
"What may this turn avail him?" he exclaimed.

"Believest thou, Malacoda! I had come
Thus far from all your skirmishing secure,"
My teacher answered, "without will divine
And destiny propitious? Pass we then;
For so Heaven's pleasure is, that I should lead
Forthwith so fell his pride, that he let drop
The instrument of torture at his feet,
And to the rest exclaimed: "We have no power
To strike him." Then to me my guide: "O thou!
Who on the bridge among the crags dost sit
Low crouching, safely now to me return."
I rose, and towards him moved with speed; the fiends
Meantime all forward drew: me terror seized,

Lest they should break the compact they had made.
Thus issuing from Caprona, once I saw
The infantry, dreading lest his covenant
The foe should break; so close he hemmed them round.
I to my leader's side adhered, mine eyes
With fixt and motionless observance bent
On their unkindly visage. They their hooks
Protruding, one the other thus bespake:
"Wilt thou I touch him on the hip?" To whom
Was answered: "Even so, nor miss thy aim."
But he, who was in conference with my guide,
Turned rapid round; and thus the demon spake:
"Stay, stay thee, Scarmiglione!" Then to us
He added: "Further footing to your step
This rock affords not, shivered to the base
Of the sixth arch. But would ye still proceed,
Up by this cavern go: not distant far,
Another rock will yield you passage safe.
Yesterday, later by five hours than now,
Twelve hundred threescore years and six had filled
The circuit of their course, since here the way
Was broken. Thitherward I straight dispatch
Certain of these my scouts, who shall espy
If any on the surface bask. With them
Go ye: for ye shall find them nothing fell.
Come, Alichino, forth," with that he cried,
"And Calcabrina, and Cagnazzo thou!
The troop of ten let Barbariccia lead.
With Libicocco, Draghinazzo haste,
Fanged Ciriatto, Graffiacane fierce,

And Farfarello, and mad Rubicant,
Search ye around the bubblng tar. For these,
In safety lead them, where the other crag
Uninterrupted traverses the dens."
I then: "O master! what a sight is there.
Ah! without escort, journey we alone,
Which, if thou know the way, I covet not.
Unless thy prudence fail thee, dost not mark,
How they do gnarl upon us, and their scowl
Threatens us present tortures?" He replied:
"I charge thee, fear not: let them, as they will,
Gnarl on: 'tis but a token of their spite
Against the souls who mourn in torment steeped."
To leftward o'er the pier they turned; but each
Had first between his teeth prest close the tongue,
Toward their leader for a signal looking,
Which he with sound obscene triumphant gave.

CANTO XXII.

ARGUMENT.

Virgil and Dante proceed, accompanied by the Demons, and see other sinners of the same description in the same gulf. The device of Ciampolc, one of these, to escape from the Demons, who had laid hold on him.

It hath been heretofore my chance to see
Horsemen with martial order shifting camp,
To onset sallying, or in muster ranged,
Or in retreat sometimes outstretched for flight:
Light-armed squadrons and fleet foragers

Scouring thy plains, Arezzo! have I seen,
And clashing tournaments, and tilting jousts,
Now with the sound of trumpets, now of bells,
Tabors, or signals made from castled heights,
And with inventions multiform, our own,
Or introduced from foreign land; but ne'er
To such a strange recorder I beheld,
In evolution moving, horse nor foot,
Nor ship, that tacked by sign from land or star,
With the ten demons on our way we went;
Ah, fearful company! but in the church
With saints, with gluttons at the tavern's mess.
Still earnest on the pitch I gazed, to mark
All things whate'er the chasm contained, and those
Who burned within. As dolphins that, in sign
To mariners, heave high their arched backs,
That thence forewarned they may advise to save
Their threatened vessel: so, at intervals,
To ease the pain, his back some sinner showed,
Then hid more nimbly than the lightning-glance.

E'en as the frogs, that of a watery moat
Stand at the brink, with the jaws only out,
Their feet and of the trunk all else concealed,
Thus on each part the sinners stood; but soon
As Barbariccia was at hand, so they
Drew back under the wave. I saw, and yet
My heart doth stagger, one, that waited thus,
As it befalls that oft one frog remains,
While the next springs away: and Graffiacan,
Who of the fiends was nearest, grappling seized

His clotted locks, and dragged him sprawling up,
That he appeared to me an otter. Each
Already by their names I knew, so well
When they were chosen I observed, and marked
How one the other called. "O Rubicant!
See that his hide thou with they talons flay,"
Shouted together all the cursed crew.
Then I: "Inform thee, Master! if thou may,
What wretched soul is this, on whom their hands
His foes have laid." My leader to his side
Approached, and whence he came inquired; to whom
Was answered thus: "Born in Navarre's domain,
My mother placed me in a lord's retinue;
For she had borne me to a losel vile,
A spendthrift of his substance and himself.
The good king Thibault after that I served:
To peculating here my thoughts were turned,
Whereof I give account in this dire heat."
Straight Ciriatto, from whose mouth a tusk
Issued on either side, as from a boar,
Ripped him with one of these. 'Twixt evil claws
The mouse had fallen: but Barbariccia cried,
Seizing him with both arms: "Stand thou apart
While I do fix him on my prong transpierced."
Then added, turning to my guide his face,
"Inquire of him, if more thou wish to learn,
Ere he again be rent." My leader thus:
"Then tell us of the partners in thy guilt;
Knowest thou any sprung of Latan land

Under the tar?"—"I parted," he replied,
"But now from one, who sojourned not far thence;
So were I under shelter now with him,
Nor hook nor talon than should scare me more."
"Too long we suffer," Libicocco cried;
Then, darting forth a prong, seized on his arm,
And mangled bore away the sinewy part.
Him Draghinazzo by his thighs beneath
Would next have caught; whence angrily their chief,
Turning on all sides round, with threatening brow
Restrained them. When their strife a little ceased,
Of him, who yet was gazing on his wound,
My teacher thus without delay inquired:
"Who was the spirit, from whom by evil hap
Parting, as thou hast told, thou camest to shore?"—
"It was the friar Gomita," he rejoined,
"He of Gallura, vessel of all guile,
Who had his master's enemies in hand,
And used them so that they commend him well.
Money he took, and them at large dismissed;
So he reports; and in each other charge
Committed to his keeping played the part
Of barterer to the height. With him doth herd
The chief of Logodoro, Michel Zanche.
Sardinia is a theme whereof their tongue
Is never weary. Out! alas! behold
That other, how he grins. More would I say,
But tremble lest he mean to maul me sore."

Their captain then to Farfarello turning,
Who rolled his moony eyes in act to strike,
Rebuked him thus: "Off, cursed bird! avaunt!"
"If ye desire to see or hear," he thus
Quaking with dread resumed, "or Tuscan spirits
Or Lombard, I will cause them to appear.
Meantime let these ill talons bate their fury,
So that no vengeance they may fear from them,
And I, remaining in this self-same place,
Will, for myself but one, make seven appear,
When my shrill whistle shall be heard: for so
Our custom is to call each other up."
Cagnazzo at that word deriding grinned,
Then wagged the head and spake: "Hear his device,
Mischievous as he is, to plunge him down."
Whereto he thus, who failed not in rich store
Of nice-wove toils: "Mischief, forsooth, extreme!
Meant only to procure myself more woe."
No longer Alichino then refrained,
But thus, the rest gainsaying, him bespake:
"If thou do cast thee down, I not on foot
Will chase thee, but above the pitch will beat
My plumes. Quit we the vantage ground, and let
The bank be as a shield; that we may see,
If singly thou prevail against us all."
Now, reader, of new sport expect to hear.
They each one turned his eyes to the other shore.
He first, who was the hardest to persuade.
The spirit of Navarre chose well his time,
Planted his feet on land, and at one leap

Escaping, disappointed their resolve.
Them quick resentment stung, but him the most
Who was the cause of failure: in pursuit
He therefore sped, exclaiming, "Thou art caught."
But little it availed; terror outstripped
His following flight; the other plunged beneath,
And he with upward pinion raised his breast:
E'en thus the water-fowl, when she perceives
The falcon near, dives, instant down, while he
Enraged and spent retires. That mockery
In Calcabrina fury stirred, who flew
After him, with desire of strife inflamed;
And, for the barterer had 'scaped, so turned
His talons on his comrade. O'er the dike
In grapple close they joined; but the other proved
A goshawk able to read well his foe;
And in the boiling lake both fell. The heat
Was umpire soon between them; but in vain
To lift themselves they strove, so fast were glued
Their pennons. Barbariccia, as the rest,
That chance lamenting, four in flight despatched
From the other coast, with all their weapons armed.
They, to their post on each side speedily
Descending, stretched their hooks toward the fiends,
Who floundered, inly burning from their scars:
And we departing left them to that broil.

CANTO XXIII.

ARGUMENT.

The enraged Demons pursue Dante, but he is preserved from them by Virgil. On reaching the sixth gulf, he beholds the punishment of the hypocrites; which is, to pace continually round the gulf under the pressure of caps and hoods, that are gilt on the outside, but leaden within. He is addressed by two of these, Catalano and Loderingo, knights of Saint Mary, otherwise called Joyous Friars and Bologna. Caiaphas is seen fixed to a cross on the ground, and lies so stretched along the way, that all tread on him in passing.

In silence and in solitude we went,
One first, the other following his steps,
As minor friars journeying on their road.
The present fray had turned my thoughts to muse
Upon old Aesop's fable, where he told
What fate unto the mouse and frog befell;
For language hath not sounds more like in sense,
Than are these chances, if the origin
And end of each be heedfully compared.
And as one thought bursts from another froth,
So afterward from that another sprang,
Which added doubly to my former fear.
For thus I reasoned: "These through us have been
So foiled, with loss and mockery so complete,

As needs must sting them sore. If anger then
Be to their evil will conjoined, more fell
They shall pursue us, than the savage hound
Snatches the leveret panting 'twixt his jaws."
  Already I perceived my hair stand all
On end with terror, and looked eager back.
  "Teacher," I thus began, "if speedily
Thyself and me thou hide not, much I dread
Those evil talons. Even now behind
They urge us: quick imagination works
So forcibly, that I already feel them."
  He answered: "Were I formed of leaded glass,
I should not sooner draw unto myself
Thy outward image, than I now imprint
That from within. This moment came thy thoughts
Presented before mine, with similar act
And countenance similar, so that from both
I one design have framed. If the right coast
Incline so much, that we may thence descend
Into the other chasm, we shall escape
Secure from this imagined pursuit."
  He had not spoke his purpose to the end,
When I from far beheld them with spread wings
Approach to take us. Suddenly my guide
Caught me, even as a mother that from sleep
Is by the noise aroused, and near her sees
The climbing fires, who snatches up her babe
And flies ne'er pausing, careful more of him
Than of herself, that but a single vest
Clings round her limbs. Down from the jutting beach
Supine he cast him to that pendent rock,

Which closes on one part the other chasm.
Never ran water with such hurrying pace
Adown the tube to turn a land-mills' wheel,
When nearest it approaches to the spokes,
As then along that edge my master ran,
Carrying me in his bosom, as a child,
Not a companion. Scarcely had his feet
Reached the lowest of the bed beneath,
When over us the steep they reached: but fear
In him was none; for that high Providence,
Which placed them ministers of the fifth foss,
Power of departing thence took from them all.
There in the depth we saw a painted tribe,
Who paced with tardy steps around, and wept,
Faint in appearance and o'ercome with toil.
Caps had they on, with hoods, that fell low down
Before their eyes, in fashion like to those
Worn by the monks in Cologne. Their outside
Was overlaid with gold, dazzling to view,
But leaden all within, and of such weight,
That Frederick's compared to these were straw.
Oh, everlasting wearisome attire!
We yet once more with them together turned
To leftward, on their dismal moan intent.
But by the weight opprest, so slowly came
The fainting people, that our company
Was changed, at every movement of the step.
Whence I my guide addressed: "See that thou find
Some spirit, whose name may by his deeds be known;
And to that end look round thee as thou go'st."
Then one, who understood the Tuscan voice,
Cried after us aloud: "Hold in your feet,

Ye who so swiftly speed through the dusk air.
Perchance from me thou shalt obtain thy wish."
Whereat my leader, turning, me bespake:
"Pause, and then onward at their pace proceed."
I stayed, and saw two spirits in whose look
Impatient eagerness of mind was marked
To overtake me; but the load they bare
And narrow path retarded their approach.
Soon as arrived, they with an eye askance
Purused me, but spake not: then turning, each
To other thus conferring said: "This one
Seems, by the action of his throat, alive;
And, be they dead, what privilege allows
They walk unmantled by the cumbrous stole?"
Then thus to me: "Tuscan, who visitest
The college of the mourning hypocrites,
Disdain not to instruct us who thou art."
"By Arno's pleasant stream," I thus replied,
"In the great city I was bred and grew,
And wear the body I have even worn.
But who are ye, from whom such mighty grief,
As now I witness, courseth down your cheeks?
What torment breaks forth in this bitter woe?"
"Our bonnets gleaming bright with orange hue,"
One of them answered, "are so leaden gross.
That with their weight they make the balances
To crack beneath them. Joyous friars we were,
Bologna's natives; Catalano I,
He Loderingo named; and by thy land
Together taken, as men use to take
A single and indifferent arbiter,
To reconcile their strifes. How there we sped,
Gardingo's vicinage can best declare."

"O friars!" I began, "your miseries—"
But there brake off, for one had caught mine eye,
Fixed to a cross with three stakes on the ground:
He, when he saw me, writhed himself, throughout
Distorted, ruffling with deep sighs his beard.
And Catalano, who thereof was 'ware,
Thus spake: "That pierced spirit, whom intent
Thou view'st, was he who gave the Pharisees
Counsel, that it were fitting for one man
To suffer for the people. He doth lie
Transverse; nor any passes, but him first
Behoves make feeling trial how each weighs.
In straits like this along the foss are placed
The father of his consort, and the rest
Partakers in that council, seed of ill
And sorrow to the Jews." I noted then,
How Virgil gazed with wonder upon him,
Thus abjectly extended on the cross
In banishment eternal. To the friar
He next his words addressed: "We pray ye tell,
If so be lawful, whether on our right
Lies any opening in the rock, whereby
We both may issue hence, without constraint
On the dark angels, that compelled they come
To lead us from this depth." He thus replied:
"Nearer than thou dost hope, there is a rock
From the great circle moving, which o'ersteps
Each vale of horror, save that here his cope
Is shattered. By the ruin ye may mount:
For on the side it slants, and most the height
Rises below." With head bent down awhile

My leader stood; then spake: "He warned us ill,
Who yonder hangs the sinners on his hook."
To whom the friar: "At Bologna erst
I many vices of the devil heard;
Among the rest was said, 'He is a liar,
And the father of lies!'" When he had spoke,
My leader with large strides proceeded on,
Somewhat disturbed with anger in his look.
I therefore left the spirits heavy laden,
And, following, his beloved footsteps marked.

CANTO XXIV.

ARGUMENT.

Under the escort of his faithful master, Dante not without difficulty makes his way out of the sixth gulf; and in the seventh, sees the robbers tormented by venomous and pestilent serpents. The soul of Vanni Fucci, who had pillaged the sacristy of Saint James in Pistoia, predicts some calamities that impended over that city, and over the Florentines.

In the year's early nonage, when the sun
Tempers his tresses in Aquarius' urn,
And now towards equal day the nights recede;
When as the rime upon the earth puts on
Her dazzling sister's image, but not long
Her milder sway endures; then riseth up
The village hind, whom fails his wintry store,
And looking out beholds the plain around
All whitened; whence impatiently he smites
His thighs, and to his hut returning in,

There paces to and fro, wailing his lot,
As a discomfited and helpless man;
Then comes he forth again, and feels new hope
Spring in his bosom, finding e'en thus soon
The world hath changed its countenance, grasps his crook,
And forth to pasture drives his little flock:
So me my guide disheartened, when I saw
His troubled forehead; and so speedily
That ill was cured; for at the fallen bridge
Arriving, towards me with a look as sweet,
He turned him back, as that I first beheld
At the steep mountain's foot. Regarding well
The ruin, and some counsel first maintained
With his own thought, he opened wide his arm
And took me up. As one, who, while he works,
Computes his labor's issue, that he seems
Still to foesee the effect; so lifting me
Up to the summit of one peak, he fixed
His eye upon another. "Grapple that,"
Said he, "but first make proof, if it be such
As will sustain thee." For one capt with lead
This were no journey. Scarcely he, though light,
And I, though onward pushed from crag to crag,
Could mount. And if the precinct of this coast
Were not less ample than the last, for him
I know not, but my strength had surely failed.
But Malebolge all toward the mouth
Inclining of the nethermost abyss,
The site of every valley hence requires,
That one side upward slope, the other fall.

At length the point from whence the utmost stone
Juts down, we reached; soon as to that arrived,
So was the breath exhausted from my lungs
I could no further, but did seat me there.
"Now needs thy best of man;" so spake my guide:
"For not on downy plumes, nor under shade
Of canopy reposing, fame is won;
Without which whosoe'er consumes his days,
Leaveth such vestige of himself on earth,
As smoke in air or foam upon the wave.
Thou therefore rise: vanquish thy weariness
By the mind's effort, in each struggle formed
To vanquish, if she suffer not the weight
Of her corporeal frame to crush her down.
A longer ladder yet remains to scale.
From these to have escaped sufficeth not.
If well thou note me, profit by my words."
I straightway rose, and showed myself less spent
Than I in truth did feel me. "On," I cried,
"For I am stout and fearless." Up the rock
Our way we held, more rugged than before,
Narrower, and steeper far to climb. From talk
I ceased not, as we journeyed, so to seem
Least faint; whereat a voice from the other foss
Did issue forth, for utterance suited ill.
Though on the arch that crosses there I stood,
What were the words I knew not, but who spake
Seemed moved in anger. Down I stooped to look;
But my quick eye might reach not to the depth

For shrouding darkness; wherefore thus I spake:
"To the next circle, teacher, bend thy steps,
And from the wall dismount we; for as hence
I hear and understand not, so I see
Beneath, and naught discern."—"I answer not,"
Said he, "but by the deed. To fair request
Silent performance maketh best return."
We from the bridge's head descended, where
To the eighth mound it joins; and then, the chasm
Opening to view, I saw a crowd within
Of serpents terrible, so strange of shape
And hideous, that remembrance in my veins
Yet shrinks the vital current. Of her sands
Let Libya vaunt no more: if Jaculus,
Pareas and Chelyder be her brood,
Cenchris and Amphisbœna, plagues so dire
Or in such numbers swarming ne'er she showed,
Not with all Ethiopia, and whate'er
Above the Erythræan sea is spawned.
Amid this dread exuberance of woe
Ran naked spirits winked with horrid fear,
Nor hope had they of crevice where to hide,
Or heliotrope to charm them out of view.
With serpents were their hands behind them bound,
Which through their reins infixed the tail and head
Twisted in folds before. And lo! on one
Near to our side, darted an adder up,
And, where the neck is on the shoulders tied,

Transpierced him. Far more quickly than e'er pen
Wrote O or I, he kindled, burned, and changed
To ashes all, poured out upon the earth.
When there dissolved he lay, the dust again
Uprolled spontaneous, and the self-same form
Instant resumed. So mighty sages tell,
The Arabian Phoenix, when five hundred years
Have well nigh circled, dies, and springs forthwith
Renascent: blade nor herb throughout his life
He tastes, but tears of frankincense alone
And odorous amomum: swaths of nard
And myrrh his funeral shroud. As one that falls,
He knows not how, by force demoniac dragged
To earth, or through obstruction fettering up
In chains invisible the powers of man,
Who, risen from his trance, gazeth around,
Bewildered with the monstrous agony
He hath endured, and wildly staring sighs;
So stood aghast the sinner when he rose.
Oh! how severe God's judgment, that deals out
Such blows in stormy vengeance. Who he was,
My teacher next inquired; and thus in few
He answered: "Vanni Fucci am I called,
Not long since rained down from Tuscany
To this dire gullet. Me the bestial life
And not the human pleased, mule that I was,
Who in Pistoia found my worthy den."
I then to Virgil: "Bid him stir not hence;
And ask what crime did thrust him hither: once

A man I knew him, choleric and bloody."
The sinner heard and feigned not, but towards me
His mind directing and his face, wherein
Was dismal shame depictured, thus he spake:
"It grieves me more to have been caught by thee
In this sad plight, which thou beholdest, than
When I was taken from the other life.
I have no power permitted to deny
What thou inquirest. I am doomed thus low
To dwell, for that the sacristy by me
Was rifled of its goodly ornaments,
And with the guilt another falsely charged.
But that thou mayst not joy to see me thus,
So as thou e'er shalt 'scape this darksome realm
Open thine ears and hear what I forebode.
Reft of the Neri first Pistoia pines;
Then Florence changeth citizens and laws;
From Valdimagra, drawn by wrathful Mars,
A vapor rises, wrapt in turbid mists,
And sharp and eager driveth on the storm
With arrowy hurtling o'er Piceno's field,
Whence suddenly the cloud shall burst, and strike
Each helpless Bianco prostrate to the ground.
This have I told, that grief may rend thy heart."

CANTO XXV.

ARGUMENT.

The sacrilegious Fucci vents his fury in blasphemy, is seized by serpents, and flying is pursued by Cacus in the form of a Centaur, who is

described with a swarm of serpents on his haunch, and a dragon on his shoulders breathing forth fire. Our Poet then meets with the spirits of three of his countrymen, two of whom undergo marvellous transformation in his presence.

When he had spoke, the sinner raised his hands
Pointed in mockery, and cried: "Take them, God!
I level them at thee." From that day forth
The serpents were my friends; for round his neck
One of them rolling twisted, as it said,
"Be silent, tongue!" Another, to his arms
Upgliding tied them riveting itself
So close it took from them the power to move.
Pistoia! ah, Pistoia! why dost doubt
To turn thee into ashes, cumbering earth
No longer, since in evil act so far
Thou hast outdone thy seed? I did not mark,
Through all the gloomy circles of the abyss,
Spirit, that swelled so proudly 'gainst his God;
Not him, who headlong fell from Thebes. He fled,
Nor uttered more; and after him there came
A centaur full of fury, shouting, "Where,
Where is the caitiff?" On Maremma's marsh
Swarm not the serpent tribe, as on his haunch
They swarmed, to where the human face begins.
Behind his head, upon the shoulders, lay
With open wings a dragon, breathing fire
On whomsoe'er he met. To me my guide:

"Cacus is this, who underneath the rock
Of Aventine spread oft a lake of blood.
He, from his brethren parted, here must tread
A different journey, for his fraudful theft
Of the great herd that near him stalled; whence found
His felon deeds their end, beneath the mace
Of stout Alcides, that perchance laid on
A hundred blows, and not the tenth was felt."
While yet he spake, the centaur sped away:
And under us three spirits came, of whom
Nor I nor he was ware, till they exclaimed,
"Say who are ye!" We then brake off discourse,
Intent on these alone. I knew them not:
But, as it chanceth oft, befell, that one
Had need to name another. "Where," said he,
"Doth Cianfa lurk?" I, for a sign my guide
Should stand attentive, placed against my lips
The finger lifted. If, O reader! now
Thou be not apt to credit what I tell,
No marvel; for myself do scarce allow
The witness of mine eyes. But as I looked
Toward them, lo! a serpent with six feet
Springs forth on one, and fastens full upon him:
His midmost grasped the belly, a forefoot
Seized on each arm (while deep in either check
He fleshed his fangs); the hinder on the thighs
Were spread, 'twixt which the tail inserted curled
Upon the reins behind. Ivy ne'er clasped
A doddered oak, as round the other's limbs

The hideous monster intertwined his own.
Then, as they both had been of burning wax,
Each melted into other, mingling hues,
That which was either now was seen no more.
Thus up the shrinking paper, ere it burns,
A brown tint glides, not turning yet to black,
And the clean white expires. The other two
Looked on, exclaiming, "Ah! how dost thou change,
Agnello! See? Thou art nor double now,
Nor only one." The two heads now became
One, and two figures blended in one form
Appeared, where both were lost. Of the four lengths
Two arms were made: the belly and the chest,
The thighs and legs, into such members changed
As never eye hath seen. Of former shape
All trace was vanished. Two, yet neither seemed
That image miscreate, and so passed on
With tardy steps. As underneath the scourge
Of the fierce dog-star that lays bare the fields,
Shifting from brake to brake the lizard seems
A flash of lightning, if he thwart the road;
So toward the entrails of the other two
Approaching seemed an adder all on fire,
As the dark pepper-grain livid and swart.
In that part, whence our life is nourished first,
One he transpierced; then down before him fell
Stretched out. The pierced spirit looked on him,
But spake not; yea, stood motionless and yawned,

As if by sleep or feverous fit assailed.
He eyed the serpent, and the serpent him.
One from the wound, the other from the mouth
Breathed a thick smoke, whose vapory columns joined.
Lucan in mute attention now may hear,
Nor thy disastrous fate, Sabellus, tell,
Nor thine, Nasidius. Ovid now be mute.
What if in warbling fiction he record
Cadmus and Arethusa, to a snake
Him changed, and her into a fountain clear,
I envy not; for never face to face
Two natures thus transmuted did he sing,
Wherein both shapes were ready to assume
The other's substance. They in mutual guise
So answered, that the serpent split his train
Divided to a fork, and the pierced spirit
Drew close his steps together, legs and thighs
Compacted, that no sign of juncture soon
Was visible: the tail, disparted, took
The figure which the spirit lost; its skin
Softening, his indurated to a rind.
The shoulders next I marked, that entering joined
The monster's arm-pits, whose two shorter feet
So lengthened, as the others dwindling shrunk.
The feet behind then twisting up became
That part that man conceals, which in the wretch
Was cleft in twain. While both the shadowy smoke
With a new color veils, and generates
The excrescent pile on one, peeling it off
From the other body, lo! upon his feet

One upright rose, and prone the other fell.
Nor yet their glaring and malignant lamps
Were shifted, though each feature changed beneath.
Of him who stood erect, the mounting face
Retreated towards the temples, and what there
Superfluous matter came, shot out in ears
From the smooth cheeks; the rest, not backward dragged,
Of its excess did shape the nose; and swelled
Into due size protuberant the lips.
He, on the earth who lay, meanwhile extends
His sharpened visage, and draws down the ears
Into the head, as doth the slug his horns.
His tongue, continuous before and apt
For utterance, severs; and the other's fork
Closing unites. That done, the smoke was laid.
The soul, transformed into the brute, glides off,
Hissing along the vale, and after him
The other talking sputters; but soon turned
His new-grown shoulders on him and in few
Thus to another spake: "Along this path
Crawling, as I have done, speed Buoso now!"
So saw I fluctuate in successive change
The unsteady ballast of the seventh hold:
And here if aught my pen have swerved, events
So strange may be its warrant. O'er mine eyes
Confusion hung, and on my thoughts amaze.
Yet scaped they not so covertly, but well
I marked Sciancato: he alone it was
Of the three first that came, who changed not: tho'
The other's fate, Gaville! still dost rue.

CANTO XXVI.

ARGUMENT.

Remounting by the steps, down which they had descended to the seventh gulf, they go forward to the arch that stretches over the eighth, and from thence behold numberless ames wherein are punished the evil counsellors, each ame containing a sinner, save one, in which were Diomede and Ulysses, the latter of whom relates the manner of his death.

FLORENCE, exult! for thou so mightily
Hast thriven, that o'er land and sea thy wings
Thou beatest, and thy name spreads over hell.
Among the plunderers, such the three I found
Thy citizens; whence shame to me thy son,
And no proud honor to thyself redounds.
But if our minds, when dreaming near the dawn,
Are of the truth presageful, thou ere long
Shalt feel what Prato (not to say the rest)
Would fain might come upon thee; and that chance
Were in good time, if it befell thee now.
Would so it were, since it must needs befall!
For as time wears me, I shall grieve the more.
We from the depth departed; and my guide
Remounting scaled the flinty steps, which late
Among the crags and splinters of the rock,
Sped not our feet without the help of hands.
Then sorrow seized me, which e'en now revives,

As my thought turns again to what I saw,
And, more than I am wont, I rein and curb
The powers of nature in me, lest they run
Where Virtue guides not; that, if aught of good
My gentle star or something better gave me,
I envy not myself the precious boon.
As in that season, when the sun least veils
His face that lightens all, what time the fly
Gives way to the shrill gnat, the peasant then
Upon some cliff reclined, beneath him sees
Fire-flies innumerous spangling o'er the vale,
Vineyard or tilth, where his day-labor lies;
With flames so numberless throughout its space
Shone the eighth chasm, apparent, when the depth
Was to my view exposed. As he, whose wrongs
The bears avenged, at its departure saw
Elijah's chariot, when the steeds erect
Raised their steep flight for heaven; his eyes, meanwhile,
Straining pursued them, till the flame alone,
Upsoaring like a misty spect, he kenned:
E'en thus along the gulf moves every flame,
A sinner so enfolded close in each,
That none exhibits token of the theft.
Upon the bridge I forward bent to look,
And grasped a flinty mass, or else had fallen,
Though pushed not from the height. The guide, who marked
How I did gaze attentive, thus began:
"Within these ardors are the spirits, each
Swathed in confining fires."—"Master! thy word,"

I answered, "hath assured me; yet I deemed
Already of the truth, already wished
To ask thee who is in yon fire, that comes
So parted at the summit, as it seemed
Ascending from that funeral pile where lay
The Theban brothers." He replied: "Within,
Ulysses there and Diomede endure
Their penal tortures, thus to vengeance now
Together hasting, as erewhile to wrath.
These in the flames with ceaseless groans deplore
The ambush of the horse, that opened wide
A portal for that goodly seed to pass,
Which sowed imperial Rome; nor less the guile
Lament they, whence, of her Achilles 'reft,
Deidamia yet in death complains.
And there is rued the stratagem that Troy
Of her Palladium spoiled."—"If they have power
Of utterance from within these sparks," said I,
"O master! think my prayer a thousand-fold
In repetition urged, that thou vouchsafe
To pause till here the horned flame arrive.
See, how toward it with desire I bend."
He thus: "Thy prayer is worthy of much praise,
And I accept it, therefore; but do thou
Thy tongue refrain: to question them be mine;
For I divine thy wish; and they perchance,
For they were Greeks, might shun discourse with thee."
When there the flame had come, where time and place

Seemed fitting to my guide, he thus began:
"O ye, who dwell two spirits in one fire!
If, living, I of you did merit aught,
Whate'er the measure were of that desert,
When in the world my lofty strain I poured,
Move ye not on, till one of you unfold
In what clime death o'ertook him self-destroyed."

Of the old flame forthwith the greater horn
Began to roll, murmuring, as a fire
That labors with the wind, then to and fro
Wagging the top, as a tongue uttering sounds,
Threw out its voice, and spake: "When I escaped
From Circe, who beyond a circling year
Had me held near Caieta by her charms,
Ere thus Æneas yet had named the shore;
Nor fondness for my son, nor reverence
Of my old father, nor return of love,
That should have crowned Penelope with joy,
Could overcome in me the zeal I had
To explore the world, and search the ways of life,
Man's evil and his virtue. Forth I sailed
Into the deep illimitable main,
With but one bark, and the small faithful band
That yet cleaved to me. As Iberia far,
Far as Morocco, either shore I saw,
And the Sardinian and each isle beside
Which round that ocean bathes. Tardy with age
Were I and my companions, when we came
To the strait pass, where Hercules ordained
The boundaries not to be o'erstepped by man.

The walls of Seville to my right I left,
On the other hand already Ceuta past.
'O brothers!' I began, 'who to the west
Through perils without number now have
reached;
To this the short remaining watch, that yet
Our senses have to wake, refuse not proof
Of the unpeopled world, following the track
Of Phœbus. Call to mind from whence ye
sprang:
Ye were not formed to live the life of brutes,
But virtue to pursue and knowledge high.'
With these few words I sharpened for the
voyage
The mind of my associates, that I then
Could scarcely have withheld them. To the
dawn
Our poop we turned, and for the witless flight
Made our oars wings, still gaining on the left.
Each star of the other pole night now beheld,
And ours so low, that from the ocean floor
It rose not. Five times re-illumed, as oft
Vanished the light from underneath the moon,
Since the deep way we entered, when from
far
Appeared a mountain dim, loftiest methought
Of all I e'er beheld. Joy seized us straight;
But soon to mourning changed. From the
new land
A whirlwind sprung, and at her foremost side
Did strike the vessel. Thrice it whirled her
round
With all the waves; the fourth time lifted up
The poop, and sank the prow; so fate decreed:
And over us the booming billow closed."

CANTO XXVII.

ARGUMENT.

The Poet, treating of the same punishment as in the last Canto, relates that he turned towards a flame in which was the Count Guido da Montefeltro, whose inquiries respecting the state of Romagna he answers; and Guido is thereby induced to declare who he is, and why condemned to that torment.

Now upward rose the flame, and stilled its light
To speak no more, and now passed on with leave
From the mild poet gained; when following came
Another, from whose top a sound confused,
Forth issuing, drew our eyes that way to look.
As the Sicilian bull, that rightfully
His cries first echoed who had shaped its mould,
Did so rebellow, with the voice of him
Tormented, that the brazen monster seemed
Pierced through with pain; thus, while no way they found,
Nor avenue immediate through the flame,
Into its language turned the dismal words:
But soon as they had won their passage forth,
Up from the point, which vibrating obeyed
Their motion at the tongue, these sounds were heard:
"O thou! to whom I now direct my voice,

That lately didst exclaim in Lombard phrase,
'Depart thou; I solicit thee no more;' Though
somewhat tardy I perchance arrive,
Let it not irk thee here to pause awhile,
And with me parley: lo! it irks not me,
And yet I burn. If but e'en now thou fall
Into this blind world, from that pleasant land
Of Latium, whence I draw my sum of guilt,
Tell me if those who in Romagna dwell
Have peace or war. For of the mountains
there
Was I, betwixt Urbino and the height
Whence Tiber first unlocks his mighty flood."
Leaning I listened yet with heedful ear,
When, as he touched my side, the leader thus:
"Speak thou: he is a Latian." My reply
Was ready, and I spake without delay:
"O spirit! who art hidden here below,
Never was thy Romagna without war
In her proud tyrants' bosoms, nor is now:
But open war there left I none. The state,
Ravenna hath maintained this many a year,
Is steadfast. There Polenta's eagle broods;
And in his broad circumference of plume
O'ershadows Cervia. The green talons grasp
The land, that stood erewhile the proof so long
And piled in bloody heap the host of France.
"The old mastiff of Verruchio and the young,
That tore Montagna in their wrath, still make,
Where they are wont, an auger of their fangs.
"Lamone's city, and Santerno's, range
Under the lion of the snowy lair,
Inconstant partisan, that changeth sides,
Or ever summer yields to winter's frost.

And she, whose flank is washed of Savio's wave,
As 'twixt the level and the steep she lies,
Lives so 'twixt tyrant power and liberty.
"Now tell us, I entreat thee, who art thou:
Be not more hard than others. In the world,
So may thy name still rear its forehead high."
Then roared awhile the fire, its sharpened point
On either side waved, and thus breathed at last:
"If I did think my answer were to one
Who ever could return unto the world,
This flame should rest unshaken. But since ne'er,
If true be told me, any from this depth
Has found his upward way, I answer thee,
Nor fear lest infamy record the words.
"A man of arms at first, I clothed me then
In good Saint Francis' girdle, hoping so
To have made amends. And certainly my hope
Had failed not, but that he, whom curses light on,
The high priest again seduced me into sin.
And how, and wherefore, listen while I tell.
Long as this spirit moved the bones and pulp
My mother gave me, less my deeds bespake
The nature of the lion than the fox.
All ways of winding subtlety I knew,
And with such art conducted, that the sound
Reached the world's limit. Soon as to that part
Of life I found me come, when each behooves
To lower sails and gather in the lines;

That, which before had pleased me, then I rued.
And to repentance and confession turned,
Wretch that I was; and well it had bested me.
The chief of the new Pharisees meantime,
Waging his warfare near the Lateran,
Not with the Saracens or Jews, (his foes
All Christians were, nor against Acre one
Had fought, nor trafficked in the Soldan's land,)
He, his great charge nor sacred ministry,
In himself reverenced, nor in me that cord
Which used to mark with leanness whom it girded.
As in Soracte, Constantine besought,
To cure his leprosy, Sylvester's aid;
So me, to cure the fever of his pride,
This man besought: my counsel to that end
He asked; and I was silent; for his words
Seemed drunken: but forthwith he thus resumed:
'From thy heart banish fear: of all offence
I hitherto absolve thee. In return,
Teach me my purpose so to execute,
That Penestrino cumber earth no more,
Heaven, as thou knowest, I have power to shut
And open: and the keys are therefore twain,
The which my predecessor meanly prized.'
"Then, yielding to the forceful arguments,
Of silence as more perilous I deemed,
And answered: 'Father! since thou washest me
Clear of that guilt wherein I now must fall,

Large promise with performance scant, be sure,
Shall make thee triumph in thy lofty seat.'
"When I was numbered with the dead, then came
Saint Francis for me; but a cherub dark
He met, who cried, 'Wrong me not, he is mine,
And must below to join the wretched crew,
For the deceitful counsel which he gave.
E'er since I watched him, hovering at his hair.
No power can the impenitent absolve;
Nor to repent, and will, at once consist,
By contradiction absolute forbid.'
Oh misery! how I shook myself when he
Seized me, and cried, "Thou haply tought'st me not
A disputant in logic so exact!"
To Minos down he bore me; and the judge
Twined eight times round his callous back the tail,
Which biting with excess of rage, he spake:
'This is a guilty soul, that in the fire
Must vanish.' Hence, perdition-doomed, I rove
A prey to rankling sorrow, in this garb."
When he had thus fulfilled his words, the flame
In dolor parted, beating to and fro,
And writhing its sharp horn. We onward went,
I and my leader, up along the rock
Far as another arch, that overhangs
The foss, wherein the penalty is paid
Of those who load them with committed sin.

CANTO XXVIII.

WHO, e'en in words unfettered, might at full
Tell of the wounds and blood that now I saw,
Though he repeated oft the tale? No tongue
So vast a theme could equal, speech and thought
Both impotent alike. If in one band
Collected, stood the people all, who e'er
Poured on Apulia's happy soil their blood,
Slain by the Trojans, and in that long war,
When of the rings the measured booty made
A pile so high, as Rome's historian writes
Who errs not; with the multitude, that felt
The griding force of Guiscard's Norman steel,
And those the rest, whose bones are gathered yet
At Ceperano, there where treachery
Branded the Apulian name, or where beyond
Thy walls, O Tagliacozzo, without arms
The old Alardo conquered; and his limbs
One were to show transpierced, another his
Clean lopt away; a spectacle like this
Were but a thing of naught, to the hideous sight
Of the ninth chasm. A rundlet, that hath lost
Its middle or side stave, gaps not so wide
As one I marked, torn from the chin throughout
Down to the hinder passage: 'twixt the legs
Dangling his entrails hung, the midriff lay
Open to view, and wretched ventricle,

That turns the englutted aliment to dross.
Whilst eagerly I fix on him my gaze,
He eyed me, with his hands laid his breast bare,
And cried, "Now mark how I do rip me: lo!
How is Mohammed mangled: before me
Walks Ali weeping, from the chin his face
Cleft to the forelock; and the others all,
Whom here thou seest, while they lived, did sow
Scandal and schism, and therefore thus are rent.
A fiend is here behind, who with his sword
Hacks us thus cruelly, slivering again
Each of this ream, when we have compast round
The dismal way; for first our gashes close
Ere we repass before him. But, say who
Art thou, that standest musing on the rock,
Haply so lingering to delay the pain
Sentenced upon thy crimes."—"Him death not yet,"
My guide rejoined, "hath overta'en, nor sin
Conducts to torment; but, that he may make
Full trial of your state, I who am dead
Must through the depths of hell, from orb to orb,
Conduct him. Trust my words; for they are true."
More than a hundred spirits, when that they heard,
Stood in the foss to mark me, through amaze
Forgetful of their pangs, "Thou, who perchance
Shalt shortly view the sun, this warning thou
Bear to Dolcino: bid him, if he wish not,
Here soon to follow me, that with good store
Of food he arm him, lest imprisoning snows

Yield him a victim to Novara's power;
No easy conquest else:" with foot upraised
For stepping, spake Mohammed, on the ground
Then fixed it to depart. Another shade,
Pierced in the throat, his nostrils mutilate
E'en from beneath the eyebrows, and one ear
Lopt off, who, with the rest, through wonder stood,
Gazing, before the rest advanced, and bared
His wind-pipe, that without was all o'er-smeared
With crimson stain. "O thou!" said he, "whom sin
Condemns not, and whom erst (unless too near
Resemblance do deceive me) I aloft
Have seen on Latian ground, call thou to mind
Piero of Medicina, if again
Returning, thou behold'st the pleasant land
That from Vercelli slopes to Mercabó;
And there instruct the twain, whom Fano boasts
Her worthiest sons, Guido and Angelo,
That if 'tis given us here to scan aright
The future, they out of life's tenement
Shall be cast forth, and whelmed under the waves
Near to Cattolica, through perfidy
Of a fell tyrant. 'Twixt the Cyprian isle
And Balearic, ne'er hath Neptune seen
An injury so foul, by pirates done,
To Argive crew of old. That one-eyed traitor
(Whose realm, there is a spirit here were fain
His eye had still lacked sight of) them shall bring
To conference with him, then so shape his end,
That they shall need not 'gainst Focara's wind
Offer up vow nor prayer." I answering thus:

"Declare, as thou dost wish that I above
May carry tidings of thee, who is he,
In whom that sight doth wake such sad remembrance."
Forthwith he laid his hand on the cheek-bone
Of one, his fellow-spirit, and his jaws
Expanding, cried: "Lo! this is he I wot of:
He speaks not for himself: the outcast this,
Who overwhelmed the doubt in Caesar's mind,
Affirming that delay to men prepared
Was ever harmful." Oh! how terrified
Methought was Curio, from whose throat was cut
The tongue, which spake that hardy word. Then one,
Maimed of each hand, uplifted in the gloom
The bleeding stumps, that they with gory spots
Sullied his face and cried: "Remember thee
Of Mosca too; I who, alas! exclaimed,
'The deed once done, there is an end,' that proved
A seed of sorrow to the Tuscan race."
I added: "Ay, and death to thine own tribe."
When, heaping woe on woe, he hurried off,
As one grief-stung to madness. But I there
Still lingered to behold the troop, and saw
Thing, such as I may fear without more proof
To tell of, but that conscience makes me firm,
The boon companion, who her strong breastplate
Buckles on him, that feels no guilt within,
And bids him on and fear not. Without doubt
I saw, and yet it seems to pass before me,
A headless trunk, that even as the rest
Of the sad flock paced onward. By the hair

It bore the severed member, lantern-wise
Pendent in hand, which looked at us, and said,
"Woe's me!" The spirit lighted thus himself;
And two there were in one, and one in two.
How that may be, he knows who ordereth so.
When at the bridge's foot direct he stood,
His arm aloft he reared, thrusting the head
Full in our view, that nearer we might hear
The words, which thus it uttered: "Now behold
This grievous torment, thou, who breathing go'st
To spy the dead: behold, if any else
Be terrible as this. And that on earth
Thou mayst bear tidings of me, know that I
Am Bertrand, he of Born, who gave king John
The counsel mischievous. Father and son
I set at mutual war. For Absalom
And David more did not Ahithophel,
Spurring them on maliciously to strife.
For parting those so closely knit, my brain
Parted, alas! I carry from its source,
That in this trunk inhabits. Thus the law
Of retribution fiercely works in me."

CANTO XXIX.

So were mine eyes inebriate with the view
Of the vast multitude, whom various wounds
Disfigured, that they longed to stay and weep.
But Virgil roused me: "What yet gazest on?
Wherefore doth fasten yet thy sight below
Among the maimed and miserable shades?
Thou hast not shown in any chasm beside

This weakness. Know, if thou wouldst number them,
That two and twenty miles the valley winds
Its circuit, and already is the moon
Beneath our feet: the time permitted now
Is short; and more, not seen, remains to see."
"If thou," I straight replied, "hadst weighed the cause,
For which I looked, thou hadst perchance excused
The tarrying still." My leader part pursued
His way, the while I followed, answering him,
And adding thus: "Within that cave I deem,
Whereon so fixedly I held my ken,
There is a spirit dwells, one of my blood,
Wailing the crime that costs him now so dear."
Then spake my master: "Let thy soul no more
Afflict itself for him. Direct elsewhere
Its thought, and leave him. At the bridge's foot
I marked how he did point with menacing look
At thee, and heard him by the others named
Geri of Bello. Thou so wholly then
Wert busied with his spirit, who once ruled
The towers of Hautefort, that thou lookedst not
That way, ere he was gone."—"O guide beloved!
His violent death yet unavenged," said I,
"By any, who are partners in his shame,
Made him contemptuous; therefore, as I think,
He passed me speechless by; and, doing so,
Hath made me more compassionate his fate."
So we discoursed to where the rock first showed

The other valley, had more light been there,
E'en to the lowest depth. Soon as we came
O'er the last cloister in the dismal rounds
Of Malebolge, and the brotherhood
Were to our view exposed, then many a dart
Of sore lament assailed me, headed all
With points of thrilling pity, that I closed
Both ears against the volley with mine hands.
As were the torment, if each lazar-house
Of Valdichiana, in the sultry time
'Twixt July and September, with the isle
Sardinia and Maremma's pestilent fen,
Had heaped their maladies all in one foss
Together; such was here the torment: dire
The stench, as issuing streams from festered limbs.
We on the utmost shore of the long rock
Descended still to leftward. Then my sight
Was livelier to explore the depth, wherein
The minister of the most mighty Lord,
All-searching Justice, dooms to punishment
The forgers noted on her dread record.
More rueful was it not methinks to see
The nation in Aegina droop, what time
Each living thing e'en to the little worm,
All fell, so full of malice was the air,
(And afterward, as bards of yore have told,
The ancient people were restored anew
From seed of emmets,) than was here to see
The spirits, that languished through the murky vale,
Up-piled on many a stack. Confused they lay,
One o'er the belly, o'er the shoulders one
Rolled of another; sidling crawled a third
Along the dismal pathway. Step by step

We journeyed on, in silence looking round,
And listening those diseased, who strove in vain
To lift their forms. Then two I marked, that sat
Propt 'gainst each other, as two brazen pans
Set to retain the heat. From head to foot,
A tetter barked them round. Nor saw I e'er
Groom currying so fast, for whom his lord
Impatient waited, or himself perchance
Tired with long watching, as of these each one
Plied quickly his keen nails, through furiousness
Of ne'er abated pruriency. The crust
Came down from underneath in flakes, like scales
Scraped from the bream, or fish of broader mail.
"O thou! who with thy fingers rendest off
Thy coat of proof," thus spake my guide to one,
"And sometimes makest tearing pincers of them,
Tell me if any born of Latian land
Be among these within: so may thy nails
Serve thee for everlasting to this toil."
"Both are Latium,' weeping he replied,
"Whom tortured thus thou seest: but who art thou
That hast inquired of us?" To whom my guide:
"One that descend with this man, who yet lives,
From rock to rock, and show him hell's abyss."
Then started they asunder, and each turned
Trembling toward us, with the rest, whose ear
Those words redounding struck. To me my liege

Addressed him: "Speak to them what'er thou
list."
And I therewith began: "So may no time
Filch your remembrance from the thoughts of
men
In the upper world, but after many suns
Survive it, as ye tell me, who ye are,
And of what race ye come. Your punishment,
Unseemly and disgustful in its kind,
Deter you not from opening thus much to me."
"Arezzo was my dwelling," answered one,
"And me Albero of Siena brought
To die by fire: but that, for which I died,
Leads me not here. True is, in sport I told
him,
That I had learned to wing my flight in air:
And he, admiring much, as he was void
Of wisdom, willed me to declare to him
The secret of mine art; and only hence,
Because I made him not a Daedalus,
Prevailed on one supposed his sire to burn me.
But Minos to this chasm, last of the ten,
For that I practised alchemy on earth,
Has doomed me. Him no subterfuge eludes."
Then to the bard I spake: "Was ever race
Light as Siena's? Sure not France herself
Can show a tribe so frivolous and vain."
The other leprous spirit heard my words,
And thus returned: "Be Stricca from this
charge
Exempted, he who knew so temperately
To lay out fortune's gifts; and Niccolo,
Who first the spice's costly luxury
Discovered in that garden, where such seed
Roots deepest in the soil: and be that troop

Exempted, with whom Caccia of Asciano
Lavished his vineyards and wide spreading
woods,
And his rare wisdom Abbagliato showed
A spectacle for all. That thou mayst know
Who seconds thee against the Sienese
Thus gladly, bend this way thy sharpened sight,
That well my face may answer to thy ken;
So shalt thou see I am Capocchio's ghost,
Who forged transmuted metals by the power
Of Alchemy; and if I can scan thee right,
Thou needs must well remember how I aped
Creative nature by my subtle art."

CANTO XXX.

What time resentment burned in Juno's breast
For Semele against the Theban blood,
As more than once in dire mischance was rued;
Such fatal frenzy seized on Athamas,
That he his spouse beholding with a babe
Laden on either arm, "Spread out," he cried
"The meshes, that I take the lioness
And the young lions at the pass:" then forth
Stretched he his merciless talons, grasping one,
One helpless innocent, Learchus named,
Whom swinging down he dashed upon a rock;
And with her other burden, self-destroyed,
The hapless mother plunged. And when the
pride
Of all presuming Troy fell from its height,
By fortune overwhelmed, and the old king

With his realm perished; then did Hecuba,
A wretch forlorn and captive, when she saw
Polyxena first slaughtered, and her son,
Her Polydorus, on the wild sea-beach
Next met the mourner's view, then reft of sense
Did she run barking even as a dog;
Such mighty power had grief to wrench her soul.
But ne'er the Furies, or of Thebes, or Troy,
With such fell cruelty were seen, their goads
Infixing in the limbs of man or beast.
As now two pale and naked ghosts I saw,
That gnarling wildly scampered, like the swine
Excluded from his stye. One reached Capocchio,
And in the neck-joint sticking deep his fangs,
Dragged him, that, o'er the solid pavement rubbed
His belly stretched out prone. The other shape,
He of Arezzo, there left trembling, spake:
"That sprite of air is Schicchi; in like mood
Of random mischief vents he still his spite."
To whom I answering: "Oh! as thou dost hope
The other may not flesh its jaws on thee,
Be patient to inform us, who it is,
Ere it speed hence."—"That is the ancient soul
Of wretched Myrrha," he replied, "who burned
With most unholy flame for her own sire,
And a false shape assuming, so performed
The deed of sin; e'en as the other there,
That onward passes, dared to counterfeit
Donati's features, to feigned testament
The seal affixing, that himself might gain,
For his own share, the lady of the herd."

When vanished the two furious shades, on whom
Mine eye was held, I turned it back to view
The other cursed spirits. One I saw
In fashion like a lute, had but the groin
Been severed where it meets the forked part.
Swoln dropsy, disproportioning the limbs
With il-converted moisture, that the paunch
Suits not the visage, opened wide his lips,
Gasping as in the hectic man for drought,
One towards the chin, the other upward curled.
"O ye! who in this world of misery,
Wherefore I know not, are exempt from pain,"
Thus he began, "attentively regard
Adamo's woe. When living, full supply
Ne'er lacked me of what most I coveted;
One drop of water now, alas! I crave.
The rills, that glitter down the grassy slopes
Of Casentino, making fresh and soft
The banks whereby they glide to Arno's stream,
Stand ever in my view; and not in vain;
For more the pictured semblance dries me up,
Much more than the disease, which makes the flesh
Desert these shrivelled cheeks. So from the place,
Where I transgressed, stern justice urging me,
Takes means to quicken more my laboring sighs.
There is Romena, where I falsified
The metal with the Baptist's form imprest,
For which on earth I left my body burnt.
But if I here might see the sorrowing soul
Of Guido, Alessandro, or their brother,
For Branda's limpid spring I would not change

The welcome sight. One is e'en now within,
If truly the mad spirits tell, that round
Are wandering. But wherein besteads me that?
My limbs are fettered. Were I but so light,
That I each hundred years might move one inch,
I had set forth already on this path,
Seeking him out amidst the shapeless crew,
Although eleven miles it wind, not less
Than half of one across. They brought me down
Among this tribe; induced by them, I stamped
The florins with three carats of alloy."
"Who are that abject pair," I next inquired,
"That closely bounding thee upon thy right
Lie smoking, like a hand in winter steeped
In the chill stream?"—"When to this gulf I dropped,"
He answered, "here I found them; since that hour
They have not turned, nor ever shall, I ween,
Till time hath run his course. One is that dame,
The false accuser of the Hebrew youth;
Sinon the other, that false Greek from Troy.
Sharp fever drains the reeky moistness out,
In such a cloud upstreamed." When that he heard,
One, galled perchance to be so darkly named,
With clenched hand smote him on the braced paunch,
That like a drum resounded: but forthwith
Adamo smote him on the face, the blow
Returning with his arm, that seemed as hard.

"Though my o'erweighty limbs have ta'en from me
The power to move," said he, "I have an arm
At liberty for such employ." To whom
Was answered: "When thou wentest to the fire,
Thou hadst it not so ready at command,
Then readier when it coined the impostor gold."
And thus the dropsied: "Ay, now speak'st thou true:
But there thou gavest not such true testimony,
When thou wast questioned of the truth, at Troy."
"If I spake false, thou falsely stampedst the coin,"
Said Sinon: "I am here for but one fault,
And thou for more than any imp beside."
"Remember," he replied, "O perjured one!
The horse remember, that did teem with death;
And all the world be witness to thy guilt."
"To thine," returned the Greek, "witness the thirst
Whence thy tongue cracks, witness the fluid mound
Reared by thy belly up before thine eyes,
A mass corrupt." To whom the coiner thus:
"Thy mouth gapes wide as ever to let pass
Its evil saying. Me if thirst assails,
Yet I am stuft with moisture. Thou art parched:
Pains rack thy head; no urging wouldst thou need
To make thee lap Narcissus' mirror up."
I was all fixed to listen, when my guide
Admonished: "Now beware. A little more,
And I do quarrel with thee." I perceived

How angrily he spake, and towards him turned
With shame so poignant, as remembered yet
Confounds me. As a man that dreams of harm
Befallen him, dreaming wishes it a dream,
And that which is, desires as if it were not;
Such then was I, who, wanting power to speak,
Wished to excuse myself, and all the while
Excused me, though unweeting that I did.
"More grievous fault than thine has been, less shame,"
My master cried, "might expiate. Therefore cast
All sorrow from thy soul; and if again
Chance bring thee where like conference is held,
Think I am ever at thy side. To hear
Such wrangling is a joy for vulgar minds."

CANTO XXXI.

THE very tongue, whose keen reproof before
Had wounded me, that either cheek was stained,
Now ministered my cure. So have I heard,
Achilles' and his father's javelin caused
Pain first, and then the boon of health restored.
Turning our back upon the vale of woe,
We crossed the encircled mound in silence. There
Was less than day and less than night, that far

Mine eye advanced not: but I heard a horn
Sounded so loud, the peal it rang had made
The thunder feeble. Following its course
The adverse way, my strained eyes were bent
On that one spot. So terrible a blast
Orlando blew not, when that dismal rout
O'erthrew the host of Charlemagne, and quenched
His saintly warfare. Thitherward not long
My head was raised, when many a lofty tower
Methought I spied. "Master," said I, "what land
Is this?" He answered straight: "Too long a space
Of intervening darkness has thine eye
To traverse; thou has therefore widely erred
In thy imagining. Thither arrived
Thou well shalt see, how distance can delude
The sense. A little therefore urge thee on."
Then tenderly he caught me by the hand;
"Yet know," said he, "ere further we advance,
That it less strange may seem, these are not towers,
But giants. In the pit they stand immersed,
Each from his navel downward, round the bank."
As when a fog disperseth gradually,
Our vision traces what the mist involves
Condensed in air; so piercing through the gross
And gloomy atmosphere, as more and more
We neared toward the brink, mine error fled
And fear came o'er me. As with circling round

Of turrets, Mentereggion crowns his walls;
E'en thus the shore, encompassing the abyss,
Was turreted with giants, half their length
Uprearing, horrible, whom Jove from heaven
Yet threatens, when his muttering thunder rolls

Of one already I descried the face,
Shoulders, and breast, and of the belly huge
Great part, and both arms down along his ribs.

All-teeming Nature, when her plastic hand
Left framing of these monsters, did display
Past doubt her wisdom, taking from mad War
Such slaves to do his bidding; and if she
Repent her not of the elephant and whale,
Who ponders well confesses her therein

Wiser and more discreet; for which brute force

And evil will are backed with subtlety,
Resistance none avails. His visage seemed
In length and bulk, as doth the pine that tops
Saint Peter's Roman fane; and the other bones
Of like proportion, so that from above
The bank, which girdled him below, such height
Arose his stature, that three Frieslanders
Had striven in vain to reach but to his hair
Full thirty ample palms was he exposed
Downward from whence a man his garment loops.

"Raphel bai ameth, sabi almi:"
So shouted his fierce lips, which sweeter hymns
Became not; and my guide addressed him thus:
"O senseless spirit! let thy horn for thee
Interpret: therewith vent thy rage, if rage

Or other passion wring thee. Search thy neck,
There shalt thou find the belt that binds it on.
Spirit confused! lo, on thy mighty breast
Where hangs the baldrick!" Then to me he spake:
"He doth accuse himself. Nimrod is this,
Through whose ill counsel in the world no more
One tongue prevails. But pass we on, nor waste
Our words; for so each language is to him,
As his to others, understood by none."
Then to the leftward turning sped we forth,
And at a sling's throw found another shade
Far fiercer and more huge. I cannot say
What master hand had girt him; but he held
Behind the right arm fettered, and before,
The other, with a chain, that fastened him
From the neck down; and five times round his form
Apparent met the wreathed links. "This proud one
Would of his strength against almighty Jove
Make trial," said my guide: "whence he is thus
Requited: Ephialtes him they call.
Great was his prowess, when the giants brought
Fear on the gods: those arms, which then he plied,
Now moves he never." Forthwith I returned:
"Fain would I, if 'twere possible, mine eyes,
Of Briareus immeasurable, gained
Experience next." He answered: "Thou shalt see
Not far from hence Antaeus, who both speaks
And is unfettered, who shall place us there

Where guilt is at its depth. Far onward stands
Whom thou wouldst fain behold, in chains, and made
Like to this spirit, save that in his looks
More fell he seems." By violent earthquake rocked
Ne'er shook a tower, so reeling to its base,
As Ephialtes. More than ever then
I dreaded death; nor than the terror more
Had needed, if I had not seen the cords
That held him fast. We straightway journeying on.
Came to Antaeus, who, five ells complete
Without the head, forth issued from the cave.
"O thou, who in the fortunate vale, that made
Great Scipio heir of glory, when his sword
Drove back the troop of Hannibal in flight,
Who thence of old didst carry for thy spoil
An hundred lions; and if thou hadst fought
In the high conflict on thy brethren's side,
Seems as men yet believed, that through thine arm
The sons of earth had conquered: now vouchsafe
To place us down beneath, where numbing cold
Locks up Cocytus. Force not that we crave
Or Tityus' help or Typhon's. Here is one
Can give what in this realm ye covet. Stoop
Therefore, nor scornfully distort thy lip.
He in the upper world can yet bestow
Renown on thee; for he doth live, and looks
For life yet longer, if before the time
Grace call him not unto herself." Thus spake

The teacher. He in haste forth stretched his hands
And caught my guide. Alcides whilom felt
That grapple, straitened sore. Soon as my guide
Had felt it, he bespake me thus: "This way,
That I may clasp thee;" then so caught me up,
That we were both one burden. As appears
The tower of Carisenda, from beneath
Where it doth lean, if chance a passing cloud
So sail across that opposite it hangs;
Such then Antaeus seemed, as at mine ease
I marked him stooping. I were fain at times
To have past another way. Yet in the abyss,
That Lucifer with Judas low ingulfs,
Lightly he placed us; nor, there leaning, stayed;
But rose, as in a bark the stately mast.

CANTO XXXII.

Could I command rough rhymes and hoarse, to suit
That hole of sorrow o'er which every rock
His firm abutment rears, then might the vein
Of fancy rise full springing: but not mine
Such measures, and with faltering awe I touch
The mighty theme; for to describe the depth
Of all the universe, is no emprise
To jest with, and demands a tongue not used
To infant babbling. But let them assist
My song, the tuneful maidens, by whose aid
Amphion walled in Thebes; so with the truth
My speech shall best accord. Oh ill-starred folk,
Beyond all others wretched! who abide

In such a mansion, as scarce thought finds
words
To speak of, better had ye here on earth
Been flocks, or mountain goats. As down we
stood
In the dark pit beneath the giants' feet,
But lower far than they, and I did gaze
Still on the lofty battlement, a voice
Bespake me thus: "Look how thou walkest,
Take
Good heed, thy soles do tread not on the heads
Of thy poor brethren." Thereupon I turned,
And saw before and underneath my feet
A lake, whose frozen surface liker seemed
To glass than water. Not so thick a veil
In winter e'er hath Austrian Danube spread
O'er his still course, nor Tanais far remote
Under the chilling sky. Rolled o'er that mass
Had Tabernich or Pietrapana fallen
Not e'en its rim had creaked. As peeps the
frog
Croaking above the wave, what time in dreams
The village gleaner oft pursues her toils,
So, to where modest shame appears, thus low,
Blue pinched and shrined in ice the spirits
stood,
Moving their teeth in shrill note like the stork.
His face each downward held; their mouth the
cold,
Their eyes expressed the dolor of their heart.
A space I looked around, then at my feet
Saw two so strictly joined, that of their head
The very hairs were mingled. "Tell me ye,
Whose bosoms thus together press," said I

"Who are ye?" At that sound their necks they
bent;
And when their looks were lifted up to me,
Straightway their eyes, before all moist within,
Distilled upon their lips, and the frost bound
The tears betwixt those orbs, and held them
there.
Plank unto plank hath never cramp closed up
So stoutly. Whence, like two enraged goats,
They clashed together: them such fury seized.
And one, from whom the bold both ears had
reft,
Exclaimed, still looking downward: "Why on
us
Dost speculate so long? If thou wouldst know
Who are these two, the valley, whence his wave
Bisenzio slopes, did for its master own
Their sire Alberto, and next him themselves.
They from one body issued: and throughout
Caina thou mayst search, nor find a shade
More worthy in congealment to be fixed;
Not him, whose breast and shadow Arthur's
hand
At that one blow dissevered; not Foccaccia;
No, not this spirit, whose o'erjutting head
Obstructs my onward view: he tore the name
Of Mascheroni: Tuscan if thou be,
Well knowest who he was. And to cut short
All further question, in my form behold
What once was Camiccione. I await
Carlino here my kinsman, whose deep guilt
Shall wash out mine." A thousand visages
Then marked I, which the keen and eager cold
Had shaped into a doggish grin; whence creeps
A shivering horror o'er me, at the thought

Of those frore shallows. While we journeyed on
Toward the middle, at whose point unites
All heavy substance, and I trembling went
Through that eternal chillness, I know not
If will it were, or destiny, or chance,
But, passing 'midst the heads, my foot did strike
With violent blow against the face of one.
"Wherefore dost bruise me?" weeping he exclaimed,
"Unless thy errand be some fresh revenge
For Montaperto, wherefore troublest me?"
I thus: "Instructor, now await me here,
That I through him may rid me of my doubt:
Thenceforth what haste thou wilt." The teacher paused
And to that shade I spake, who bitterly
Still cursed me in his wrath. "What art thou, speak,
That railest thus on others?" He replied:
"Now who art thou, that smiting others' cheeks,
Through Antenora roamest, with such force
As were past sufferance, wert thou living still?"
"And I am living, to thy joy perchance,"
Was my reply, "if fame be dear to thee,
That with the rest I may thy name enroll."
"The contrary of what I covet most,"
Said he, "thou tender'st; hence! nor vex me more.
Ill knowest thou to flatter in this vale."
Then seizing on his hinder scalp I cried:
"Name thee, or not a hair shall tarry here."
"Rend all away," he answered, "yet for that
I will not tell, nor show thee, who I am,

Though at my head thou pluck a thousand
times."
Now I had grasped his tresses, and stript off
More than one tuft, he barking, with his eyes
Drawn in and downward, when another cried,
"What ails thee, Bocca? Sound not loud enough
Thy chattering teeth, but thou must bark out-
right?
What devil wrings thee?"—"Now," said I, "be
dumb,
Accursed traitor! To thy shame, of thee
True tidings will I bear."—"Off!" he replied;
"Tell what thou list: but, as thou scape from
hence,
To speak of him whose tongue hath been so
glib,
Forget not: here he wails the Frenchman's
gold.
'Him of Duera,' thou canst say, 'I marked,
Where the starved sinners pine.' If thou be
asked
What other shade was with them, at thy side
Is Beccaria, whose red gorge disdained
The biting axe of Florence. Further on,
If I misdeem not, Soldanieri bides,
With Ganelon, and Tribaldello, him
Who oped Faenza when the people slept,"
We now had left him, passing on our way,
When I beheld two spirits by the ice
Pent in one hollow, that the head of one
Was cowl unto the other; and as bread
Is ravened up through hunger, the uppermost
Did so apply his fangs to the other's brain,
Where the spine joins it. Not more furiously

On Menalippus' temples Tydeus gnawed,
Than on that skull and on its garbage he.
"O thou! who show'st so beastly sign of hate
'Gainst him thou prey'st on, let me hear," said I,
"The cause, on such condition, that if right
Warrant thy grievance, knowing who ye are,
And what the color of his sinning was,
I may repay thee in the world above,
If that, wherewith I speak, be moist so long."

CANTO XXXIII.

His jaws uplifting from their fell repast,
That sinner wiped them on the hairs o' the head,
Which he behind had mangled, then began:
"Thy will obeying, I call up afresh
Sorrow past cure; which, but to think of, wrings
My heart, or ere I tell on't. But if words,
That I may utter, shall prove seed to bear
Fruit of eternal infamy to him,
The traitor whom I gnaw at, thou at once
Shalt see me speak and weep. Who thou mayst be
I know not, nor how here below art come:
But Florentine thou seemest of a truth,
When I do hear thee. Know, I was on earth
Count Ugolino, and the Archbishop he,
Ruggieri. Why I neighbor him so close,

Now list. That through effect of his ill thoughts
In him my trust reposing, I was ta'en
And after murdered, need is not I tell.
What therefore thou canst not have heard, that is,
How cruel was the murder, shalt thou hear,
And know if he have wronged me. A small grate
Within that mew, which for my sake the name
Of famine bears, where others yet must pine,
Already through its opening several moons
Had shown me, when I slept the evil sleep
That from the future tore the curtain off.
This one, methought, as master of the sport,
Rode forth to chase the gaunt wolf, and his whelps,
Unto the mountain which forbids the sight
Of Lucca to the Pisan. With lean brachs
Inquisitive and keen, before him ranged
Lanfranchi with Sismondi and Gualandi.
After short course the father and the sons
Seemed tired and lagging, and methought I saw
The sharp tusks gore their sides. When I awoke,
Before the dawn, amid their sleep I heard
My sons (for they were with me) weep and ask
For bread. Right cruel art thou, if no pang
Thou feel at thinking what my heart foretold;
And if not now, why use thy tears to flow?
Now had they wakened; and the hour drew near
When they were wont to bring us food; the mind

Of each misgave him through his dream, and I
Heard, at its outlet underneath locked up
The horrible tower: whence, uttering not a word,
I looked upon the visage of my sons.
I wept not: so all stone I felt within.
They wept: and one, my little Anselm, cried:
'Thou lookest so! Father, what ails thee?"
Yet I shed no tear, nor answered all that day
Nor the next night, until another sun
Came out upon the world. When a faint beam
Had to our doleful prison made its way,
And in four countenances I descried
The image of my own, on either hand
Through agony I bit; and they, who thought
I did it through desire of feeding, rose
O' the sudden, and cried, 'Father, we should grieve
Far less, if thou wouldst eat of us: thou gavest
These weeds of miserable flesh we wear;
And do thou strip them off from us again.'
Then, not to make them sadder, I kept down
My spirit in stillness. That day and the next
We all were silent. Ah, obdurate earth!
Why open'dst not upon us? When we came
To the fourth day, then Gaddo at my feet
Outstretched did fling him, crying, 'Hast no help
For me, my father!' There he died; and e'en
Plainly as thou seest me, saw I the three

Fall one by one 'twixt the fifth day and the sixth;
Whence I betook me, now grown blind, to grope
Over them all, and for three days aloud
Called on them who were dead. Then, fasting got
The mastery of grief." Thus having spoke,
Once more upon the wretched skull his teeth
He fastened like a mastiff's 'gainst the bone,
Firm and unyielding. Oh, thou Pisa! shame
Of all the people, who their dwelling make
In that fair region, where the Italian voice
Is heard; since that thy neighbors are so slack
To punish, from their deep foundations rise
Capraia and Gorgona, and dam up
The mouth of Arno; that each soul in thee
May perish in the waters. What if fame
Reported that thy castles were betrayed
By Ugolino, yet no right hadst thou
To stretch his children on the rack. For them,
Brigata, Uguccione, and the pair
Of gentle ones, of whom my song hath told,
Their tender years, thou modern Thebes, did make
Uncapable of guilt. Onward we passed,
Where others, scarfed in rugged folds of ice,
Not on their feet were turned, but each reversed.
There, very weeping suffers not to weep;
For, at their eyes, grief, seeking passage, finds
Impediment, and rolling inward turns

For increase of sharp anguish: the first tears
Hang clustered, and like crystal visors show,
Under the socket brimming all the cup.
Now though the cold had from my face dislodged
Each feeling, as 'twere callous, yet meseemed
Some breath of wind I felt. "Whence cometh this,"
Said I, "my Master? Is not here below
All vapor quenched?"—"Thou shalt be speedily,"
He answered, "where thine eyes shall tell thee whence,
The cause descrying of this airy shower."
Then cried out one, in the chill crust who mourned:
"O souls! so cruel, that the farthest post
Hath been assigned you, from this face remove
The hardened veil; that I may vent the grief
Impregnate at my heart, some little space,
Ere it congeal again." I thus replied:
"Say who thou wast, if thou wouldst have mine aid;
And if I extricate thee not, far down
As to the lowest ice may I descend."
"The friar Alberigo," answered he,
"Am I, who from the evil garden plucked
Its fruitage, and am here repaid, the date
More luscious for my fig."—"Hah!" I exclaimed,
"Art thou too dead?"—"How in the world aloft
It fareth with my body," answered he,

"I am right ignorant. Such privilege
Hath Ptolomea, that oft-times the soul
Drops hither, ere by Atropos divorced.
And that thou mayst wipe out more willingly
The glazed tear-drops that o'erlay mine eyes,
Know that the soul, that moment she betrays,
As I did, yields her body to a fiend
Who after moves and governs it at will,
Till all its time be rounded: headlong she
Falls to this cistern. And perchance above
Doth yet appear the body of a ghost,
Who bear behind me winters. Him thou know'st,
If thou but newly art arrived below.
The years are many that have past away,
Since to this fastness Branca Doria came."
"Now," answered I, "methinks thou mockest me,
For Branca Doria never yet hath died,
But doth all natural functions of a man,
Eats, drinks, and sleeps, and putteth raiment on,"
He thus: "Not yet unto that upper foss
By th' evil talons guarded, where the pitch,
Tenacious boils, had Michel Zanche reached,
When this one left a demon in his stead
In his own body, and of one his kin,
Who with him treachery wrought. But now put forth
Thy hand, and ope mine eyes." I oped them not.
Ill manners were best courtesy to him.

Ah Genoese! men perverse in every way,
With every foulness stained, why from the earth
Are ye not cancelled? Such an one of yours
I with Romagna's darkest spirit found,
As, for his doings, even now in soul
Is in Cocytus plunged, and yet doth seem
In body still alive upon the earth.

CANTO XXXIV.

"The banners of Hell's Monarch do come forth
Toward us; therefore look," so spake my guide,
"If thou discern him." As, when breathes a cloud
Heavy and dense, or when the shades of night
Fall on our hemisphere, seems viewed from far
A windmill, which the blast stirs briskly round;
Such was the fabric then methought I saw.
To shield me from the wind, forthwith I drew
Behind my guide: no covert else was there.
Now came I (and with fear I bid my strain
Record the marvel) where the souls were all
Whelmed underneath, transparent, as through glass
Pellucid the frail stem. Some prone were laid;
Others stood upright, this upon the soles,

That on his head, a third with face to feet
Arched like a bow. When to the point we came,
Whereat my guide was pleased that I should see
The creature eminent in beauty once,
He from before me stepped and made me pause.
"Lo!" he exclaimed, "lo Dis; and lo the place,
Where thou hast need to arm thy heart with strength."
How frozen and how faint I then became,
Ask me not, reader! for I write it not;
Since words would fail to tell thee of my state.
I was not dead nor living. Think thyself,
If quick conception work in thee at all,
How I did feel. That emperor, who sways
The realm of sorrow, at mid breast from the ice
Stood forth; and I in stature am more like
A giant, than the giants are his arms.
Mark now how great that whole must be, which suits
With such a part. If he were beautiful
As he is hideous now, and yet did dare
To scowl upon his Maker, well from him
May all our misery flow. Oh what a sight!
How passing strange it seemed, when I did spy
Upon his head three faces: one in front
Of hue vermilion, the other two with this
Midway each shoulder joined and at the crest;

The right 'twixt wan and yellow seemed; the left
To look on, such as come from whence old Nile
Stoops to the lowlands. Under each shot forth
Two mighty wings, enormous as became
A bird so vast. Sails never such I saw
Outstretched on the wide sea. No plumes had they.
But were in texture like a bat; and these
He flapped i' th' air, that from him issued still
Three winds, wherewith Cocytus to its depth
Was frozen. At six eyes he wept: the tears
Adown three chins distilled with bloody foam.
At every mouth his teeth a sinner champed,
Bruised as with ponderous engine; so that three
Were in this guise tormented. But far more
Than from that gnawing, was the foremost panged
By the fierce rending, whence oft-times the back
Was stript of all its skin. "That upper spirit,
Who hath worst punishment," so spake my guide,
"Is Judas, he that hath his head within
And plies the feet without. Of th' other two,
Whose heads are under, from the murky jaw
Who hangs, is Brutus: lo! how he doth writhe
And speaks not. The other, Cassius, that appears
So large of limb. But night now re-ascends;

And it is time for parting. All is seen."
I clipped him round the neck; for so he bade:
And noting time and place, he, when the wings
Enough were oped, caught fast the shaggy sides,
And down from pile to pile descending stepped
Between the thick fell and the jagged ice.
Soon as he reached the point, whereat the thigh
Upon the swelling of the haunches turns,
My leader there, with pain and struggling hard,
Turned round his head where his feet stood before,
And grappled at the fell as one who mounts;
That into hell methought we turned again.
"Except that by such stairs as these," thus spake
The teacher, panting like a man forespent,
"We must depart from evil so extreme:"
Then at a rocky opening issued forth,
And placed me on the brink to sit, next joined
With wary step my side. I raised mine eyes,
Believing that I Lucifer should see
Where he was lately left, but saw him now
With legs held upward. Let the grosser sort,
Who see not what the point was I had passed,
Bethink them if sore toil oppressed me then.
"Arise," my master cried, "upon thy feet.
The way is long, and much uncouth the road;
And now within one hour and half of noon

The sun returns." It was no palace-hall
Lofty and luminous wherein we stood,
But natural dungeon where ill-footing was
And scant supply of light. "Ere from the abyss
I separate," thus when risen I began:
"My guide! vouchsafe few words to set me free
From error's thraldom. Where is now the ice?
How standeth he in posture thus reversed?
And how from eve to mourn in space so brief
Hath the sun made his transit?" He in few
Thus answering spake: "Thou deemest thou art still
On the other side the centre, where I grasped
The abhorred worm that boreth through the world.
Thou wast on the other side, so long as I
Descended: when I turned, thou didst o'erpass
That point, to which from every part is dragged
All heavy substance. Thou are now arrived
Under the hemisphere opposed to that,
Which the great continent doth overspread,
And underneath whose canopy expired
The Man, that was born sinless and so lived.
Thy feet are planted on the smallest sphere,
Whose other aspect is Judecca. Morn
Here rises, when there evening sets: and he,
Whose shaggy pile we scaled, yet standeth fixed,
As at the first. On this part he fell down

From heaven; and th' earth, here prominent before,
Through fear of him did veil her with the sea,
And to our hemisphere retired. Perchance,
To shun him, was the vacant space left here,
By what of firm land on this side appears,
That sprang aloof." There is a place beneath,
From Belzbub as distant, as extends
The vaulted tomb; discovered not by sight,
But by the sound of brooklet, that descends
This way along the hollow of a rock,
Which, as it winds with no precipitous course,
The wave hath eaten. By that hidden way
My guide and I did enter, to return
To the fair world: and heedless of repose
We climbed, he first, I following his steps,
Till on our view the beautiful lights of heaven
Dawned through a circular opening in the cave;
Thence issuing we again beheld the stars.

THE END

LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 843
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CAN THE INDIVIDUAL CONTROL HIS CONDUCT?

The Chairman: Can the Individual Control His Conduct? The affirmative will be sustained by Dr. Thomas V. Smith, Professor of Philosophy, Dean in the Colleges of Arts and Sciences in the University of Chicago, and also associate editor of the International Journal of Ethics.

OPENING ADDRESS OF DOCTOR SMITH

MR. SMITH: Mr Chairman, Mr. Darrow, Ladies and Gentlemen. It is highly complimentary to Mr. Darrow, one of the first citizens of Chicago, and highly gratifying to me, to see this theater groaning this afternoon under such a precious burden of human freight. Though I know Mr. Darrow would draw an audience even were he advertised for nothing except pantomime, I nevertheless, feel that I may claim in some small measure for philosophy joint honors upon this occasion.

Men are interested today, as men have always been interested, in these large questions that deal with the nature of human individuality, with the limitations under which we live, with the questions of human destiny. And we well know that no cause is too specific, no case at law is too small, for Mr. Darrow to put the universe itself on trial in the course of his professional duties. Indeed, I think it is obviously Mr. Darrow's preoccupation with his larger

type of question—with the relationship of the individual to his world—that has sent his name around the earth. And, certainly, it was his interest in such questions as this, that long ago, before I left the age of adolescence, had brought tidings to me of this great criminal lawyer. I well remember that many a hot afternoon between unending rows of glistening white cotton, below what someone has recently called the "Smith and Wesson" line, I lessened the monotony of cotton picking by reciting to myself excerpts from some of Mr. Darrow's early eloquence. It is such thoughts that have made him an inspiration for, I dare say, hundreds of thousands of boys and girls in America. I feel myself sympathetic now, as I felt myself intrigued then, with the general point of view which Mr. Darrow so often emphasizes.

In preparation for this debate, I have recently had the very great pleasure and satisfaction of reading or re-reading most of Mr. Darrow's published work; and I must say how heartily I have enjoyed it. His novel—*Farmington*—is a most delicately and artistically done idyll of American small town life. I enjoyed the novel more than anything else I read because Mr. Darrow writes fiction as though it were truth; and, as you shall soon see, he sometimes deals with truth as though it were fiction.

I have said that I have sympathy with Mr. Darrow's point of view. At its best life is hard; at its worst it is hell. For all of us some of the time, and for some of us all of the time,

the world is too much. There is no single iota of human energy expended that is not caught up by enveloping energies not our own and either hurried on to larger eventuations than we had meant or thrown back into our faces by natural counterblasts indifferent to our hopes. All of us know this. We constantly outbuild our knowledge; we outtalk our information. We sometimes dawdle into damnation, we sometimes blunder into bliss. In short, we live in a world in which, as Mr. Darrow has so often emphasized, we stand like piteous pigmies against the huge push of colossal power.

Now, this philosophy is of course not original with Mr. Darrow. Far from it. He himself would be the last to claim that. When men first came, in ancient Greece, into full possession of their powers, they went about awed by their world. A moment's time spent in orienting ourselves historically would not be wasted.

In that tragic drama of Sophocles—*Oedipus Rex*—one gets a fine classic statement of what fatalism—Mr. Darrow names his philosophy such—meant to the Grecian mind. There is born into a royal Grecian family a son, who, so said the oracle before his birth, was destined to kill his own father and marry his mother. In order to prevent these two hideous crimes, parricide and incest, the father decides to kill the child and orders him exposed on the mountainside. But the servant to whom the mournful task was entrusted thinks to combine mercy and obedience by giving the baby to certain ones who will take him to a far country to be reared. In the far country he is adopted as a

royal son and grows up in ignorance of his real parentage. Once grown he too learns the declaration of the oracle that he is fated to kill his father and marry his mother. Feeling that his foster parents are his real parents, the boy runs away from home in order to avoid the infamy; and, as fate would have it, runs back to his own land, meets the king, a stranger to him, kills his own father, goes up to the capital and, finding there a woman, who, though older than he, is a beautiful queen, marries her, has children by her—only to discover at last, in the merciless unfolding of fate, that he has done all that was to be done by him, though all men concerned had struggled to prevent the outcome.

Here is a touching picture of what fate has meant and what fatalism, as a philosophy, has meant in one form. The form in which we ourselves are more acquainted with fatalism as a philosophy, however, is in the type of Christian theology called Calvinism—specifically, the doctrine that God, the complete sovereign of the universe, arranged this whole cosmic scheme, including man's part in it, long before man was created, unconditionally ordaining a certain number to eternal bliss and the remainder to eternal damnation. A stage driver in the West of this persuasion once told me that he was among those who believed that what God had foreordained would happen whether it ever came to pass or not.

Mr. Darrow's type of fatalism is not exactly like either of these—the Greek or the Christian.

And yet it has points of kinship with both. Mr. Darrow, being himself a good man, cannot with the Calvinists implicate God in infamy, because he believes that if there is a god, God must be at least as good as civilized men. And, being a wise man, Mr. Darrow cannot return to Greek Mythologies. But he does agree with both in holding man somehow the victim of the cosmos—not of an overshadowing force outside our world, whether personal or impersonal, but the victim of heredity, pressing us from within, and of environment, pressing us from without. This is, as it were, a "home" type of fatalism, for in it we live and move and have our very being. Mr. Darrow's emphasis makes his philosophy sound more scientific for a scientific age and it certainly makes it also more defensible. But the large outcome of all three types of fatalism is to belittle man and to inhibit human effort. Goethe in *Faust* gives classic expression to this view of men when he has Mephistopheles appear before God in heaven and give this account of man in the world below:

The little god o' the world sticks to the same old way,
And is as whimsical as on Creation's day.
Life somewhat better might content him,
But for the gleam of heavenly light which Thou hast lent him:
He calls it Reason—thence his power's increased,
To be far beastlier than any beast.
Saving Thy Gracious Presence, he to me
A long-legged grasshopper appears to be,
That springing flies, and flying springs,
And in the grass the same old ditty sings!

I have always felt that fatalism has as a natural corollary a fine sense of humor. Have not the world's great fatalists been great humorists? Mr. Darrow is certainly both. They must laugh at themselves in order not to die of inconsistency. In low gear they talk like the rest of us; but in high gear they constantly contradict both their talk and their conduct. To see how true this is you need only watch Mr. Darrow as he speaks this afternoon.

Must not old Jonathan Edwards himself have smiled when he was alone in his closet with his God to think how he told people that, on one hand, they could do nothing until God touched them with his irresistible grace and that, on the other hand, they would be damned in hell—hell was hot in those days—if they did not do a lot and do it mighty quick? The humorous paradox of the whole position is well put in the story of the Calvinist missionary who was reproached by his wife for carrying firearms in his saddlebag as he rode his circuit. "You know," said she, "that the Indians cannot get you unless your time has come." "But," retorted he, "suppose I should meet an Indian whose time had come?"

Mr. Darrow, himself, shows something of this philosophic inconsistency. I have read his book called *Crime: Its Cause and Treatment*. To know that a practicing criminal lawyer could and would write such a book gave me new hope of the eventual humanizing of law and legal methods. But if you read that

book you will find that Mr. Darrow opens with the general sentiment that we are not different from criminals. Criminals cannot help being criminals, and we cannot help being what we are. But he does not close the book until, in as fine form as I have ever seen in the idealistic literature of my race, he points out to us that we ought to abolish capital punishment; that we ought to revise our conception of property and reform the laws governing property so that there will not be so many criminals; and that we ought so to individualize punishment as really to make it curative treatment for the unfortunate rather than an emotional splurge for our own satisfaction.

Now, what an inconsistency! We cannot do anything about it; and yet, for Heaven's sake, fellows, get your shoulders to the wheel and let us improve this world! Omar Khayyam got it pretty well—he was a fatalist of the literary type—when he said:

Ah, Love! could you and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then,
Remould it nearer to the Heart's Desire

But I am not prepared to emphasize too much Mr. Darrow's inconsistencies when I see him on every hand use them to make life more humane. For after all life is more important than logic. There is another reason I do not want to emphasize too much these inconsistencies, because I well know how difficult, not to say impossible, it is to be entirely consistent on this question whichever side you take! You

need not fear my inconsistencies, however; for if I do perpetrate an inconsistency Mr. Darrow is sure to catch it up on me before the debate is over.

The only point I care now to make regarding the inconsistency of fatalism is that an intellectual fatalist must be something of a humorist to keep from being logically driven to suicide. This humorous statement of fatalistic philosophy was published overseas during the war to comfort aviators:

> When you are in the air, you will either be flying straight or turning over. If you are flying straight, there is no cause to worry. If you are turning over, one of two things is true. You will either right the plane or fall. If you right the plane, there is no cause to worry. If you fall, one of two things is certain. You will either be injured slightly or injured seriously. If you are injured slightly, there is no cause to worry. If you are injured seriously, one of two things will happen. You will either die or recover. If you recover, there is no cause to worry; and if you die, you can't.

Mr. Darrow himself is a humorist, and I hope you will take some of the things he says this afternoon as humor rather than as fact. Seldom have I seen either in fiction or in writing purporting to be facts, a keener, finer, or more delightful sense of humor than in his books. And if he lives up to his reputation this afternoon, we have keen entertainment before us. But let us come to the question.

Can the individual control his conduct? In spite of my sympathy with Mr. Darrow's emphasis upon the universe I am willing to affirm that the individual can control his conduct.

Mr. Darrow is willing to deny that he can control his conduct. One of my students openly advised me this week in our college paper to bring brass knuckles down here this afternoon because, said he, Mr. Darrow didn't believe the individual could control his conduct, and that evidently he meant to prove it!

Ladies and gentlemen, I have no brass knuckles and I put Mr Darrow on his good behavior during this debate. No one could believe this genial weather-beaten man who rushes hither and thither, with or without pay, wherever men are in trouble, to defend the cause of the under dog, will fail to control himself. Beholding Mr. Darrow's conduct, I have sometimes wished that if it grows out of a lack of control, more men in the world were unable to control themselves. But of course Mr. Darrow's life refutes rather than illustrates his philosophy.

Mr. Darrow and I are sufficiently agreed upon the meanings of these several terms so that I need not take time for definitions. If definitions become needed, we can give them when the need arises.

Mr. Darrow admits that there is such a thing as control in that some parts of our physical environment control other parts of our physical environment. Mr. Darrow writes much in his book concerning social control. He admits that society can, always does, and in some measure ought to control the individual's conduct. Mr. Darrow also, apparently, is not reluctant to admit that one individual can con-

trol, up to a point at least, the conduct of another individual.

Now, starting with these admitted cases of control, I affirm that the individual can control his own conduct in precisely the same way that society controls his conduct and that he controls other people's conduct. Take Mr. Darrow himself as an example. All the world knows that Mr. Darrow can take almost any jury, at least any jury that he is willing to try a case before, and cause them to give, at the end of the case, the kind of a verdict which he wants given. That is influence; that is genuine control.

Now, how does Mr. Darrow do it? The way in which he does it I mean to affirm, ladies and gentlemen, if applied, can lead to the control of any individual by himself. If I were explaining this to you alone, ladies and gentlemen, I should say in general that the individual controls his conduct by thinking, by being intelligent. I mean by taking account of what he wants to do and by doing the sort of thing the consequences of which he likes. I should emphasize as the chief factor in human control intelligence in all its forms—insight, hind-sight, foresight. But I am not on this occasion accountable to you; but to Mr. Darrow.

Now, Mr. Darrow is not only a fatalist but a mechanist also. Then I must for his sake inquire what sort of mechanism man has for self-control. Let us not talk of free will. Let us not even talk of the spiritual nature of

man. Let us not talk too much in terms of thinking or intelligence because machines do not think. You would understand me even if I talked in such terms; but Mr. Darrow would not, for Mr. Darrow is a mechanist. We must show him a mechanism for self-control. Let us inquire what sort of mechanism it is by which Mr. Darrow controls his jurors? I should say that he controls them by the mechanism of speech by talking to them, by an endless flow of chatter. But *you* will say that Mr. Darrow has thought out his case before, that he is not only familiar with the case but also equipped with a well-thought-out philosophy of life which, when introduced at the proper time to the tired juror's mind, would make him willing to acquit the defendant of murder because it makes him willing to commit murder himself—almost! But Mr. Darrow influences his jurors by talking to them; and, frankly, that is the way we control one another. I come to you on a mission, I state my case to you. You say, from your point of view, "That is correct. That sounds reasonable. I will do that." Talk is the outstanding instrument through which we control one another's conduct, simply talking to each other. Both Mr. Darrow and I live by the sweat of our mouths. It is talk that makes the world go round.

Now, it happens that the same mechanism whereby we control other people's conduct we can use upon ourselves. We can talk to ourselves. Nature has built us curiously. It has given us not only a mouth, but ears also. My ears hear what my mouth says; and to argue

that my talk does not influence me as much as it does you, seems to say that I am more stupid than you. You know why I cannot admit such argument.

A friend of mine heard his little four-year old in a room talking to himself, and, looking through the keyhole, saw the child playing upon an imaginary piano. After each exertion, the child would say, "Do it again, do it again." All of us have seen children ordering themselves about, telling themselves what to do or what not to do, and then going ahead accordingly. Later on we cease talking out loud to ourselves, just as we reduce loud reading first to our lips and then to our larynx. We begin life as children talking to ourselves, ordering ourselves about. Later we internalize this talk. Mr. Darrow says to himself: "I will go to Detroit on another errand of mercy to defend that unfortunate Negro physician." Mr. Darrow will be there on time. There is not much difference after all in the way I am explaining this matter of self-control to you and the way I explain it to Mr. Darrow. To you I say, "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he." To Mr. Darrow I say, "As a man talketh to himself so acteth he." It may be of course that John B. Watson, the behaviorist psychologist, is right in teaching us that thinking is nothing but talking to oneself—sub-vocal articulation. But even if he be wrong, I can put my argument on Mr. Darrow's own ground and yet make out my case. We have in talking a veritable mechanism whereby we can control ourselves if we can control others. And Mr.

Darrow both admits and proves that we can control others.

Here is my case, then, regarding control. If society can control the individual's conduct, and if one individual can control another's conduct, they do it chiefly through the use of human speech. But one can use speech upon himself: and so if he can control others, he can control himself. That is not only logic but plain common sense. That is the actual way we do cause our conduct to be different from what it otherwise would be. If I thought I needed to emphasize this argument, why I should go on to point out more specifically how it is that this mechanism of talk produces results. Experimental evidence is available from psychological laboratories. I think I can show pretty conclusively, if it needs to be shown, how it happens that what Mr. Darrow will tell you is an external stimulus and which he admits controls conduct actually gets so inside us that we can with a mere word stimulate ourselves to the type of response that originally would have required external stimulation. Mr. Darrow himself illustrates this perfectly. He has so often told himself that the world is bad and life not worth living that he thus keeps himself happy whatever happens. He has actually written this secret into one of his books: teach yourself to expect little and you can be happy with what little comes to you. You see that Mr. Darrow's whole philosophy is a mechanism that he consciously uses to control not only juries but himself also.

You have, therefore, my argument for self-

control. But since a college professor never knows what to expect from a lawyer, especially from a criminal lawyer, I want to buttress my case with no more thought. Suppose Mr. Darrow admits all this I have been saying, but asks me, Where do you get these words? Don't you get them from your environment when you are young and growing up? I would reply, Surely, surely. I should not try to deny such a reasonable statement, even from a lawyer. But, ladies and gentlemen, the fact that speech is the effect of cause does not prove that it is not also the cause of effects. To be the son of your father does not keep you from being at the same time father of a son. Mr. Darrow of all men cannot argue against this: for if a given event—such as talking to oneself—cannot be actual cause of results in spite of its having been caused by other things, then there are no real causes, for Mr. Darrow denies a First Cause, i. e., an uncaused cause. Since, then, according to Mr. Darrow himself, every cause is caused, he cannot argue that because speech and thought spring out of heredity and environment they are not therefore real causes of conduct. If they are not real causes of conduct, then heredity and environment are not real causes of them.

Since I have now made out my case according to the statement of the proposition for debate, I may take the rest of my time to defend the real case that lies back of this proposition. Mr. Darrow and I both know that in spite of the specific statement of the question, what we are actually debating this afternoon

are the larger questions of human freedom and responsibility. Is man a victim of, or a participator in, his environment? Mr. Darrow's fatalistic philosophy makes man a victim. I maintain, on the other side, the efficacy of human effort even in such a world as this.

My conception of freedom is simple. We sometimes get, and sometimes do, what we want; sometimes we neither get nor do what we want. It is this matter of desire that makes all the difference. We feel free as long as we can do what we wish, and we feel either constrained or restrained when we cannot follow our desires. Since, then, the very notion of freedom rises from thwarted desires let us simply say that freedom means the ability to do what one wants to do in the light of the consequences of so doing.

But some metaphysical mind will ask at once whether one is free to want otherwise. I reply that he is if he *wants* to want otherwise. But can he want otherwise, persists the objector. Yes, if he *wants* to want to want otherwise. The moral of this is that however far back you push the inquiry, the last term will be a human want. Since one must begin with wants, why not do it frankly and gladly? Neither Mr. Darrow nor I believe in free will, because we both know that there is no will back of wants. Will is a name men long ago gave to the strongest wants, and later forgot what they had named.

I do not, therefore, depend upon free will to make out a case for freedom, neither do I talk

of the spiritual nature of man. Man is a creature of wants and wishes, and when he can follow these he is free. But another type of mind is sure to say that, if this be freedom, none of us are free. None of us, indeed, are wholly free, for none of us can do everything that we want to do. But some of us are much freer than others. One virtue of this conception of freedom I am proclaiming is that it makes freedom not a gift but an attainment.

Now with this conception, there are various stages of freedom. A man is free who gets drunk because he wants to get drunk. But this freedom does not reach far, for in doing one thing he wants to do, he makes it impossible to do many other things he wants to do. It is obvious that much freer than the drunkard is the man who has so harmonized his desires that he can satisfy any one without making impossible thereby the satisfaction of other desires. President Lowell at Harvard used to call students' attention to this point by advising them to do not what they wanted to do but what twenty years later they would want to have done. If I have so organized my desires that in following one I please my whole nature today and open up further possibilities of satisfaction tomorrow, then I am a long way on the highway to freedom. My journey on this highway is completed when I have so socialized my wants as to want to do what others want me to do. He who in doing what he wants to do can help others do what they want to do will in turn be further helped by them to do what he wants to do. That is, real

freedom demands sense enough to get our own desires harmonized and sympathy enough to further the needs of others in doing it. Lacking the one, we sell ourselves into bondage; lacking the other, society limits our freedom by snubbing us or fining us or imprisoning us or hanging us.

The conception of freedom discloses what are the real enemies of human freedom. They are ill health, poverty, ignorance, and selfishness: ill health injures our freedom by souring our normal wants; poverty ruins our chance at any large freedom because without money we cannot carry our plans into execution; ignorance commits us blindly to wants whose consequences later not only neutralize the satisfaction but defeat all other potential satisfactions, and selfishness causes us to overlook the joys of others as a necessary element in our own fullness of life.

This is no new conception of freedom. That the satisfaction of their wants is the real freedom that men have always sought can be indicated by the example of those who have most denied it. People who have said that "spiritual freedom," freedom of the "will," was dearer than economic and intellectual opportunities have always proceeded to use such so-called freedom to get them to heaven where *all their desires could be really and finally satisfied.* If satisfaction is what constitutes the glory of heaven, then satisfaction also constitutes the joy of earth. The tragedy of such misconceptions of freedom is that they have ignorant and poor men filling the coffers of

others with the wisdom and the wealth and the health that by all needs and rights were really their own. The man who has healthy wants, money enough to satisfy them, and education and sympathy enough to see in the light of distant consequences which wants he really prefers—that man, and he alone, is free.

This, then, is my conception of freedom; and I am willing to affirm that freedom so defined is, sometimes actually, always potentially, within human reach. How does this notion of freedom link up with the earlier affirmation of self-control? Control itself implies the bending of some process to some given end. We say that we control nature when we turn some of her vast energy to serve human needs, to satisfy human wants. We say that we control ourselves when we bend some of our desires into emotional channels that promise us and others more satisfaction in the long run. This control which is freedom we achieve—as you know, by thinking; as Mr. Darrow knows, by talking to ourselves.

This brings me to a concluding word regarding responsibility. If the individual is free and can control his conduct, what keeps him from being responsible? I do not feel nearly so certain of my ground here as in my other two affirmations: but I shall present my best thought before Mr. Darrow speaks and trust that he will set me right if I go too far astray in discussing a conception that belongs more to his field of law than to my field of philosophy.

I hold that men are responsible for their con-

duct, and I shall proceed as best I can to indicate what I mean. Responsibility has two primary meanings. In the first place, to be responsible means to be liable, to be answerable for conduct. This is purely the legal sense of the term: and in this sense it is of course true that every normal man is responsible. The very fact that society makes him answer for his conduct, by definition constitutes him responsible. That is the lawyer's way of looking at the matter and of settling it: but Mr. Darrow and I both wish to probe deeper than that. The second meaning emphasized by the dictionary connects the notion of being responsible with the notion of being responsive. When we say of a certain person that he is a responsible man, it is clear that we mean not only that he can and will pay damages for injuries done but also that in any situation he is likely to see all the elements involved and to respond to them all in making up his mind what to do. If he is responsive to all elements, especially to the rights of others, we call him a responsible man. If a man fails to see a child in the road because he is so intent upon the excitement of speeding, under what conditions do we say he is responsible for the death of the child? If he can be proved an escaped lunatic, we say he is not responsible. Why not? Primarily because he could not have been made responsive to the situation even if someone had pointed it out to him in advance, and nothing we can do to him now would make him any more responsive the next time. This seems to indicate that we can justly hold a man responsible when he

is capable of becoming responsive to what heretofore he overlooked. A man, then, is responsible for any past offense when any treatment we can give him now will prevent his doing the same thing next time.

Regardless, then, of whether a man could have done otherwise than the way he did do, he is responsible (that is, it is just for us to hold him liable) if we can now do something to him that will cause him to do better next time. In short, responsibility means the ability to improve by treatment. It gets its meaning from the forward rather than from the backward, look. I agree with Mr. Darrow that it is unworthy a civilized man to use the doctrine of responsibility to justify retributive punishment. Our very definition of responsibility as ability to respond to treatment indicates that it is the duty of civilized men to quit punishing blindly long enough to find out what treatment will enable men to become more generously responsive to the rights of others in every situation. Our holding a man responsible must be justified, if at all, by our actually making him more responsive. Our practice must be justified by its fruits, not by its roots.

May I illustrate the social utility of this conception of responsibility from my experience as dean in the University of Chicago? A year ago there came into my office a student who had been giving some trouble. I remonstrated with him regarding his conduct. He defended himself thus: "I am not responsible for what I have done. I am a determinist, and I know that I could not have done otherwise." "Well,"

I replied, "what you say may be true. Indeed, I am a determinist myself. And precisely because I know that human conduct can be determined I am going to do something to you now that will enable you to do differently next time." When I told him the treatment decided upon, he left school. A few days ago he returned, reminded me of the talk we had had when he left school, and said that he had come back now quite able to act otherwise. He asked for a letter of honorable dismissal in order to go to another university where he could start over under new circumstances. I gave him the letter. That the boy was responsible is proved by the fact that he did respond to treatment; my holding him liable led to his holding himself liable.

Ladies and gentlemen, I feel rather confident that I have made out my case for self-control by pointing out even to a mechanist a mechanism whereby he can, and does, control himself. As regards the larger values involved in this debate, I have declared myself as best I could upon the questions of freedom and responsibility. I have defined the concepts in the senses in which I could affirm them, and have reasons for thinking that my definitions are justified, and then have affirmed freedom and responsibility with whatever confidence my partial knowledge made possible. In a word, men are responsible insofar as they can enlarge their freedom through self-control.

MR. CLARENCE DARROW IN REPLY

Mr. Darrow: I am sure that this audience

will thank me for helping to present the scholarly and lovable man who has recently come to Chicago and has taken part in this debate. I never heard him speak before, but I have heard of him, and he has fulfilled all my expectations; not to my regret, because I am very glad that I have had the chance to hear him and that you have had the chance to hear him. I fancy he is like myself about this question; he does not take it as a matter of life or death with himself or with anybody else.

I am thoroughly open minded myself. I am willing to be convinced, but not likely to be. I have really greatly enjoyed his talk. If I had time to think it over I might be able to figure out exactly wherein we disagree. So, I will proceed to talk about free will and determinism and mechanism just as if I had not heard him. Then, after we get through we can decide whether we agree or disagree. I am sure that very few of you have listened to a teacher of philosophy with as much interest as you have listened to Dr. Smith. I scarcely knew the time was passing and I think I understood some of it, which is saying a good deal for philosophy and for me.

As nearly as I can follow the drift of the argument of Dr. Smith he believes that a man can choose to do what he wants to do when he wants to do the thing he chooses; at least, it comes pretty near to that. I am inclined to think he is right. I very seldom do anything that I do not want to, because I have found out pretty well that there are a lot of things I can not do and so I do not want to do them. If one

gets that mental attitude he is not apt to be disappointed by wanting the moon, or even wanting to be president, or some other useless thing. The one way I have found effective in this world in having my way is not to want a whole lot of things. That seems to me to be my friend's idea.

Dr. Smith says we have no will for a thing unless we desire that thing, or practically that. The desire comes first before the will to do it. I think he is right.

Then the question is, where does the desire come from? How much has a man to do with his own desire? I would assume he had nothing to do with it. Dr. Smith gave us a few illustrations about how men act and he spoke of me as winning cases with juries, which I sometimes do, and sometimes do not. There are always stupid juries. He says I talk to them. I do. I can lose a good many cases that way. But, he says, I convince, and reason that my side is right. No, Dr. Smith is not a good psychologist. I never try to convince anybody of anything by reason; I know that nobody acts in any important thing through his reason. I know that the decisions that make for life or death in this world are not arrived at by reason.

Dr. Smith has said there may be something due to the selection of jurors. There is a lot. Does any lawyer select a man because he is intelligent? No intelligent lawyer does. Does he select a juror because he is unintelligent? No. No intelligent lawyer does that. And, I most always find that, if I am on one side selecting a jury, the fellow on the other side

wants the jurors that I excuse. He wants one kind and I want another; and intelligence has little if anything, to do with it. If I am an attorney for the defendant—which I am if I am in a criminal case—I do not inquire whether a juror is intelligent. I want to know what kind of a machine he has. I want to know whether he is imaginative, whether he is idealistic, whether he is so made originally or so shaped by experience that he can put himself in another man's place. If he is intelligent, so much the better. There are emotional men and there are unemotional men who are intelligent. There are ignorant men who are sympathetic and kindly, and there are ignorant men who are stolid and cold. Why should I want that sort of a juror? Because I know that when you get down to the final conduct of men they act from feeling; they find reasons for doing the thing they want to do; and that applies just the same to intelligence as to ignorance and a little more so, because, as a rule, the intelligent man has the most sensitive nervous system. The imaginative man puts himself in the other fellow's place. Unless you can get him to do that he does nothing for you. I think my friend would agree with me that the conduct of individuals in most of the important things of life is not directed by reason and judgment but is controlled by the emotional part of life. I think everybody agrees with that nowadays.

Dr. Smith says that he has run across the statement somewhere from something I have said or done—you can run across all kinds of "fool" statements if you read all my stuff, and,

I hope, some intelligent ones; this was an intelligent one—that, while a man could not influence himself, he could influence someone else. Is that true or is it not? What have any of us to do with the making of our views of life? Something I may say might influence you people. It might not. It might influence a number of you and not the rest of you. It might influence some of you to accept the views I hold. It might influence some of you to accept the views Dr. Smith holds if you can tell what they are. You might have come in here believing you had free will and go out believing you had not.

Now, why? In case the debate changes you, then if you had not met either of us your present opinions on the subject would have remained entirely different. If you had gone away from this meeting, they would have been different. If I believe, as John Calvin believed, that up there somewhere is a Being that figured out each one of our lives, then I would say: "The Lord knew you were going to attend this meeting." He looked down through the ages and foresaw that you would be here, and that being here would affect your opinion and send you to heaven or hell, as the case might be, and that is the reason that God could make so close a guess as to where you are to go. You may have come here just because some fellow on the street asked you to, or because you had no other place to go, which is a very good reason, or because you read Dr. Smith's name or mine casually somewhere. But, the whole thing was the result of endless sequences—and a being

that could foresee it all and arrange it all knew that it would happen?

Now, of course, as Dr. Smith has said, my view of this subject is not the Calvinistic one. My friend falls into a slight error. I do not disbelieve in a first cause. I don't know anything about it. I have got one of those limited minds, if any, that cannot get so far back. So, whether there is a first cause or whether there is any such thing as a first cause, I have no opinion. I know there are circumstances and facts and events that operate as causes for each individual's conduct.

As we understand cause and effect, the first thing we need to take account of is what is a man, anyhow. He is an organism with a pi in origin. We know when he was born and when his life started and how long before his birth. We know what has entered into it. We know he has a certain strength and a certain weakness of the physical body. We know that he has a certain nervous system and that no two men are exactly alike. We know he has a certain size and sort of brain and no two brains are alike. We know that he had nothing whatever to do with this to start with.

There are very few advocates of the doctrine of free will who think a man is responsible for what happened before he was born. Dr. Smith is not one of them; neither is he an advocate of free will, as I am very glad to learn. But, what is going to happen to an individual at least is partly due to the kind of machine he has. If his nervous system is not too sensitive

and he is not too imaginative and sympathetic, he is liable to have some money left when he dies; if he is stolid, he has good judgment; so I am informed by the people who have money. If he has no imagination that puts himself in the place of other people, then he will not worry much about the world. It is unfortunate for the world—because it does it a lot of good to worry over it!

All of this, so far, is the result of the human machine, and there are no two alike, and up to that point certainly nobody is responsible; that is, the individual machine is not responsible. Other things happen after that. For the first part of his life he gets ideas and views of conduct from those about him; these enter into his machine and affect his machine, and how he develops these views is due to the machine's construction. Some are affected more and some less. Before the child has any chance to choose his teachers he has a mind pretty well set on all the ideas that he calls right and wrong. Sometimes he is shaken out of what he has his mind set upon and comes to a point where he feels called upon to judge questions; where he feels the necessity of action, and where he must do one thing or another. We will say he comes to a cross-roads in life. The question may come about in this way: on Sunday, which is the Sabbath day, here is a movie picture on this side of the street, and here is a church on the other. Which shall he go into? I do not imagine that Dr. Smith would go into either; he might take to the woods! I do not know which any one of you would go into. I do know

this: That in deciding that problem, each individual decides it according to the equipment he has when he makes the decision. He cannot decide it any other way. He decides it according to his machine. He may have a sensitive nervous system that would lend itself to pleasure; he may not. He decides according to his machine and according to what he has gathered in life, as he came along. If he believes in hell he would probably stay out of the movie because if he stayed out he could go to heaven and see better movies for less money. If he were doubtful about that, he would be the more apt to go. If he has a structure that calls for certain kinds of entertainment, and has enjoyed experiences that added to it, he would probably go to the theater. Two people might come along together; as they often do. One of them will go to church and the other will go to a theater. I have seen those things happen myself. I have seen people on their way to church when there was a theater nearby. What is the reason for the different action? It is a matter of judgment. How many infinite things determine what place you will go? Can any human being figure them out?

Suppose you stop at the outset to determine, then, what do you do? You bring up in your mind the reasons for going to church, if any. You marshal on the other side the reasons for going to the theater, and whichever are the stronger you follow. You do not go according to the weaker. You can not do it. And which are the strongest reasons to one person are

not the strongest to another person. That all depends, first, upon the kind of equipment one has and, secondly, upon the expression one has had in life.

I have said in picking a jury that the lawyer who is liable to take the side I take wants an imaginative person. From where does he get that idea? First, from his structure. But, that is not the only place. He can get it from the experiences he has had in life. Everything one meets and everything one feels enter into one's being, and whenever one makes a judgment one makes it in view of everything that has gone before. I have seen many a hard, unimaginative, cruel person, who when caught in what I will call the web of fate, has gotten into trouble. Almost universally, it has made him more kindly and sympathetic to others in trouble. He finds out how easy it is to get into trouble. Nobody is able to untangle all the threads with all their ramifications which ultimately lead or pull one here and there.

Nobody is the same at twenty as at ten. He may be worse; he may be better; he may be more emotional or less emotional. One is not the same at thirty as at twenty. One is not the same at fifty or sixty as at thirty. What difference is there? There are two kinds of differences or two that I can think of. First, the physical structure is not the same. The things that would attract one, the strong emotions that would lead one to love or to hate or to fear, may be deadened and modified. And, next, one's experiences in life have affected his

outlook on life. When one has run against a lot of things he looks out for them again. When he approaches that same kind of a thing again he approaches it not only with the machine but with the experiences that have gone into the machine. Life has made us what we were as we started; it has constantly shaped and re-shaped us over and over again, and when we approach a certain thing and seek a conclusion we approach it with our full equipment, whether it was with us at birth or has come to us through the countless experiences that most of us have met. I cannot see how it is possible for most of us to make conclusions without throwing into the scales the things that weigh for one side against the things that weigh for the other and then determine which side is heavier. I cannot see how it is possible to do anything else. And, one must determine it with the machine that Nature gave him, and with such experiences as life has thrust upon him. I can see no chance for him to do any other way.

Let me see how much chance we have. Now, my friend says that my doctrine is inconsistent with much of my life. Well, probably that is true, or apparently true. I probably do have a sensitive "fool" nervous system that makes me laugh and cry. I cannot help putting myself into the place of other people, if they get close enough to me so I listen to their troubles. Of course, I try to keep them away for the most part, because I know myself fairly well. Why do I do it? Isn't it plain? How much free will is there in any of us?

I know I have undertaken many things that I did not want to do; many things that gave no pleasure. In that instance I would weigh up the pain I would get in doing them against the pain I would suffer by not doing them. For instance, I am getting along in years, and, naturally, I have had a good deal of experience with dentists. Now, I never went to a dentist's office for pleasure. I know I am going to get a pain that begins sometime before and lasts for a while after I go. Why then do I go? I measure up the pain and discomfort the dentist will give me with the pain and discomfort I will have to endure if I stay away, and I choose the lesser evil, or at least I think I do. I may be mistaken, at that.

Is it an exercise of free will? With me, it is a necessity. So, I fancy it is with everybody. That is one reason why I never mean to judge people. Perhaps I do. If I do, I do not stand by my philosophy. Now, my friend says I am inconsistent in that I may take a person's case out of pure sympathy; true, I do, sometimes. But, is there anything inconsistent in it? Not at all. I do it because it hurts me if I do not. I do it, if not to get pleasure, to avoid pain, for myself.

Now, to get back to the jury, and I will follow it further; I try to convince a jury that they ought to do so and so. I say the jury has no more free will about it than I have. I could not help doing it. I cannot help giving them the reasons for doing what I think they ought to do. And, after they get the

reasons sometimes they cannot help acting. I have seen them try awfully hard not to do it. There is no mystery about it at all.

Is there a single step anywhere in the process where there is any chance for what is generally called free will? Just try yourself once in a while. Watch people on the street. Stop a few minutes some day when there is a one-legged beggar taking up a collection. He appeals to the same emotional side of you as he does to everyone else. Everybody who passes sees the same thing. Some people give him something and some do not. What is the difference? Sometimes you give him something and sometimes you do not. Why? Is there ever a time when there is not a reason? Sometimes you will pass him and come back. Why do you come back? Because you cannot get the fellow out of your mind; he bothers you. When you come back you can forget him. Is there anything else in it? Is there a chance for anything else being in it? You come back and give him a coin for exactly the same reason that I go to the dentist's; you get less pain by giving up the money than if you didn't do it, and had him on your mind all the rest of the day. You do not give to relieve the beggar; you give to relieve yourself. If giving will not relieve you, then you will not give. That is the universal experience; everybody can see it every day on the streets. You may go by one day, and give another day. Why? Is there a reason for it? Well, one reason might be that you did not have the money. Another reason might be that you had seen the

fellow before, and you thought it had come to be a habit with him. Another one might be. you had seen some others like him before; and another, that you were saving up your money to buy a Ford. There is a reason, anyway. Nobody can act without one. That does not mean that one acts through intellectual processes, but it means one balances up in one's mind the things that move one in one direction against the things that move the other way, and then acts according to the strongest urge.

I am glad to see in the talk of my able opponent here, that slowly the old idea of free will is getting out of the minds of the people who have minds. I am glad they are learning to see how far everybody is a creature of circumstances, and in the hand of what I might call "Fate." One need do nothing more than to examine oneself to know it: that is enough. Nobody can look over his own life and not understand why one wants this thing and that thing at the different cross-roads that mark one's path. All any one needs to do in judging others kindly is to use the same reasons in judging them as he uses in judging himself.

If man has anything that approaches free will then he stands alone in the universe. None would contend that the plants in their endless course go and come as they please. No one would contend that animal life below man has to any degree freedom of will or of choice. If man has anything else in him, he must be

different from all the rest of the universe. Science and life, and what we know of things as they are, show that man is subject to all the laws and all the rules of control that govern everything else in the universe.

DR. SMITH'S SECOND ADDRESS

The generosity with which Mr. Darrow began his refutation of my speech led me to think that he was going to agree with everything that I had said. Mr. Darrow is very cunning and has made a generous gesture of agreement. But, on the whole, he did not give nearly as much as I wish he had given and as some of you thought he was giving me. He is thrifty; and if he does not succeed, after all through his slow, careful, challenging periods in pounding home with sledgehammer blows the overwhelming atmosphere of the cosmic order, he certainly does succeed in dampening human hopes. He makes his point not so much by over-emphasizing the complexity of the world as by under-estimating the complexity of the human individual.

Indeed, Mr. Darrow's individual, as revealed in his speech, reminds me very much of the small school boy's composition on man. "Man is divided into three parts, the head, the chest, and the stomach. The head is composed of the eyes, ears, nose, mouth, and brains—if any. The chest contains the lights, lungs, and liver. The stomach is devoted entirely to the bowels, of which there are five, viz., a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y."

Mr. Darrow describes the human individual as one would describe a Ford car. Here it is. All ready. Pour gas into it, put oil into it, turn on the spark, and away you go! Mr. Ford, himself, has had some experience in treating men as if they were Ford cars, but somehow or other, because of a divine or devilish discontent in human beings, they do not respond best to such treatment. To think in terms of a simple mechanism is entirely to over-simplify the human being.

I am sure of that for this very concrete reason. If the human individual, sensitive as he is to so many agencies, did not from the very beginning select from this highly complex world the stimuli to which he responds. he would tear himself to pieces by jumping every way at once. At any moment we can respond to the smallest fraction of the innumerable stimulations that beat against the doors of our senses. You are not at this moment listening to anything except me, I hope. And yet there are in this theater noises enough to drive you to distraction if you should pay attention to them. Such selection on the part of the organism from its very birth is absolutely necessary if we are to live at all. This organic life becomes a participator in the environment: and this participation increases as protoplasmic sensitivity gives way to the selectivity of higher forms, and this grows to attention, and attention flowers at last into human purpose.

What is the principle underneath this entire

process? Well, it comes finally—I am quite as frank and as certain about this as is Mr. Darrow—it gets back to the matter of interest, of desire. I take no exception, though some of you did, to Mr. Darrow's emphasis upon desire—plain wants as over against imposing intellect. But don't you ever be fooled by Clarence Darrow's talk of this sort into believing that he deprecates the human intellect. When a man has made a career for himself against a reluctant social as well as physical environment, he has used his brains. Clarence Darrow has used brains constantly and effectively: and few men indeed are more completely sold than he upon the all-importance of the intellectual enterprise. Mr. Darrow from of old has gone over the land preaching against superstition; and I think we all owe him a debt of gratitude for his latest willing defense of science against honest sentimentalism. I hope we may never lack a Darrow for each new Bryan that arises.

When, therefore, Mr. Darrow seems to belittle intelligence, as he so recently did in discussing juries, we are to understand that he means that intelligence has no *independent* function. Properly understood, I agree with him that intelligence has no other function than to harmonize human wants and desires and to see that they get satisfaction. But that is a pretty big job when you stop to think about it; and Mr. Darrow showed as clearly as I could myself in his discussion of the dentist, for instance, how intelligence functions to control the individual's conduct so as to fill life

with as much pleasure and as little pain as possible. Mr. Darrow was inclined to make slight fun over my definition of freedom. But the man who can do what he wants to do is so much more free than the man who cannot that I am inclined to think it the part of wisdom to emphasize this attainable freedom rather than to mourn over some impossible freedom that lies back of desires.

The case for self-control seems to me also fairly well made out, unless Mr. Darrow has something else to say regarding it. I admit that we control ourselves in keeping with our wishes. But, pray tell me, what other sort of control would we want? If we were God and making a world ourselves, what would we want? Would we want to make ourselves such creatures as would not want to do what we most wanted to do? Wants remain the boundary of our personality as skin does of our body; and to try to avoid the one is as ridiculous as to try to jump out of the other. What puzzles me most about Mr. Darrow's address this afternoon and about his whole philosophy is that he is constantly inclined, after outlining in general the place of desire in human life and the function of reason in connection therewith, then to go on complaining as though somehow he was simply the victim of circumstances—even when the circumstances are what he wants. Verily, the pessimist is a man who, when confronted with a choice between two evils, takes both!

Somewhat solicitous over Mr. Darrow, I

have psycho-analyzed his case in this fashion. I think that he early got an over-dose of some indigestible type of religion. He dreamed of some lofty goal for human hope, of some elysium well outside our world, of some heaven in which we should attain everlasting bliss. When he arrived at intellectual maturity and saw this dream flee into oblivion with other dear but dead illusions, he suffered some emotional trauma from which he has never wholly recovered. Disgruntled over missing heaven, he has been raising hell on earth ever since!

MR. DARROW'S LAST SPEECH

Mr. Smith said that I compared man with the Ford car. I did not mean to; I have nothing against the Ford car.

I happened to be in the country one summer where we had an electric pump. We had to use it to get dinner or a bath, if we wanted it. but every time we wanted to use it the thing would not work. When we did not, it would work all right. According to my light, that was the greatest example of free will I have ever seen. Somebody who understood electricity might have known why it would or would not run, and somebody who understands the principles of human conduct might know why man acts as he does.

What is this discussion about, anyway? My friend says we have a certain freedom to do what we want to do. This ought to be a discussion then as to whether a person has free-

dom to want to do something. Where does the desire come from? It comes from the constitution of the body and from the experiences in life, doesn't it? There is nowhere else to get it. It is wished on us. That goes to make up our desires. Now, that makes our desire, and then we have the freedom to do what we desire. I want to get my dinner when I am hungry. I have the freedom to get it because I want it, and I do get my dinner if I am where there is anything to eat. That is true. I am thirsty, and I want a drink, I have the freedom to get a drink if I can find anything. I have no control of my desire. That comes from something else. What you mean by freedom is the power to get it if you want it, and can get it. That is all it means. If I desire something and desire it strongly, I may try to get it. I may know how impossible it is and not waste energy on trying, but take some lesser desire that I might possibly be able to fulfil.

This is what Dr. Smith seems to mean; if I am in jail, and am weary, I may want to sleep. I find a cot and lie down and sleep. I do as I wish for there is nothing else to do. What I really wish is to get out of jail. Because we do as we wish it does not follow that we control ourselves. It needs no control to do as we wish. The act automatically follows the wish.

I wonder which one of us will win this debate? Have any of you got a clear idea of how much of your conduct you can control? What is it that you can control? You can con-

trol yourself to do something that you want to do, if you can do it. Of course, an orthodox friend would say that was just the lack of controlling yourself because you never should do anything that you want to do because you could not go to heaven then. Dr. Smith found some fault with my statement of cause and effect, and perhaps he is right about it. We perhaps use these words rather carelessly. If there is a cause for what I do now, of course it follows logically that there was a cause for the cause, and a cause for that cause, and so on to the end—if there is an end—and there is no man who can follow it back to the end.

Is there any such thing as a cause? It seems to me perfectly plain that there is a sequence of events everywhere in life, and after one thing happens then another happens. It does not always follow that the events are in the direct relation of cause and effect, but usually they are so nearly so that we may call them cause and effect.

If I take hold of a wheelbarrow, which is standing perfectly still and behaving itself, and push it, it is perfectly plain that I am the immediate cause of the wheelbarrow moving. There are many things not so plain as that, but all of life and all of everything, so far as I know it, is a sequence of one thing following another thing in such a relation that it substantially amounts to cause and effect, if one can find the exact moving thing.

We suppose we had such a thing as free will? Suppose it was a universe of free will?

Suppose there was no room for anything which —for lack of a better world—we call "law," then, what kind of a universe would we have? No one could be in the least sure of another's conduct.

My friend said that wisdom is an advantage, for it allows you to tell what you would do twenty years from now. How can you tell what you will do twenty years from now? No matter how much wisdom you might have, would it be possible to tell; except that you could foresee the events and sequences that would cause you to do special things?

If you believe in free will there is no chance to prophesy anything. If there was free will in the physical world and one sowed wheat it might take a notion to grow down to China instead of growing up! If there was free will, human beings would not know how one single motive would affect another. It would not be worth while to talk to them; they would not be influenced by talk. It would not be worth while to teach them; it would not change their conduct. After all, they would do as they pleased before they got through with it.

The whole world and all of life is built upon the theory of cause and effect, and ruled on the theory of mechanism, which only means this: That, so far as we can get at it, man is made of the same stuff as all of the rest of the universe. He has a somewhat different structure; but he acts and reacts according to stimuli; the stimuli outside of him, and the stimuli that become part of him from his ex-

periences in life. There is nothing that exists without a cause, and there is nothing done without motive, and, therefore, you can, to a certain extent, bet on what will happen in the future, otherwise you could not even guess. Which is the most logical thing? And, after all, it is one of the subjects which, perhaps, is very difficult to prove. You may prove it in your own life as to why you did this and why you did that. Do any of you do anything without a cause? If you are a Christian would you be a Christian if you had been born in Turkey? If you are a Republican, would you have been that had you been born in Texas, or had intelligent parents, or anything like that? If you are a Methodist, how did that happen? If you are a Presbyterian, how did that happen? Did you do it yourself? No one in his own life ever explained himself in that way. Everyone gives a reason for his conduct. Everybody can show, probably, a number of things that caused them to do the things they have done. They may not show exactly, and they may not know exactly. But we know that there is no such thing as chance, unless it is the first great chance and of this we are too ignorant to know.

We never speak or think of freedom excepting as related to man, and, granting freedom, all animals and plants do as they wish and are the result of the wish.

I think that in the last analysis this question gets down to this proposition: Is it a monistic world? Is it one substance? Is it

one force operating on all things? I fancy nobody would pretend that in the physical world, outside of man, there is any such thing as choice. The earth has gone around the sun, so far as I know, forever and ever, and keeps on acting without any reason, so far as I can discover. We are informed that man does something to control the environment, and we are told that the environment does much to control him; Man, like everything else, is born out of the environment and is a product of it, and until the time came that man could be born out of the environment there was no such thing as man. We are part of all of it. There is not a single thing in any part of the human being that we know anything about that you cannot buy at the drug-store. There is not a thing on the earth, so far as we know, that is not found in the farthest planet that we can analyze. There is not a single thing in one form of animal life that is not in another. There is not a single thing in organic matter that is not in inorganic matter. So far as we can understand the universe, those various manifestations include human life; it is one thing and operates in the same way, in an endless succession of events under the relation of cause and effect, and if one believed in free will that belief would upset the scientific theory of the universe for him.

DR. SMITH'S CLOSING SPEECH

I think the question as to who won this debate can easily be answered. Mr. Darrow and

I have both won it against an absent opponent —the believer in free will! Mr. Darrow, of course, knows perfectly well that I do not believe in free will. He has not said that I did; but he has levied sledge-hammer blows against the doctrine of free will. So be it.

There is one error I should like to correct, and that is Mr. Darrow's use of the conception "law" as that term is used by science in speaking of the law of causation. Mr. Darrow seems to think that because law governs everything, everything, including human desire, is forced to be what it is. That is a very interesting and very natural error; for it is to understand the term like a lawyer rather than like a scientist. The lawyer means by "law" something laid down as a rule that must be obeyed on pains of punishment. In the last analysis coercion lies back of every human law. But the term "law" as used by science is wholly divorced from the notion of regulation. It does not say what ought to be done or must be done. It is merely and purely a description of how things have actually been acting. The scientist simply observes that bodies attract each other in a certain way; he describes the way; and, lo, we have the law of gravitation. If tomorrow Nature acts in a different way, then we shall describe that, and have another law of gravitation as good as the other one! The fact, then, that human conduct is surrounded by what the scientist calls law, far from taking away human freedom simply means that however we act, our actions will be described truly, and that description called a law. This

distinction could save all of us a lot of trouble if we kept it in mind. Mr. Darrow thinks it a law of our being that we choose in keeping with the strongest desire. So it is; but, in the light of our distinction, this means not that we are forced so to choose but that we so act because it is pleasant, because we want so to act. Instead of this being compulsion, as Mr. Darrow seems to feel, it is the simplest and soundest conception of freedom that one can find.

Where does this want come from? Who cares! Yes, it comes out of environment, it comes out of heredity. But let us see clearly that in answering Mr. Darrow's question as to where desire comes from, we are really answering the question as to where the individual comes from; for the individual is not one thing dominated by desire as something alien; but the individual is precisely the organization of the desires we loosely call his. In realizing his desires he does not lose, but actually gains, his freedom.

Even if then it be true, with Bertrand Russell, that "man is the product of causes that had no prevision of the end they were achieving; that his origin, his growth, his hopes and fears, his loves and his beliefs are but the outcome of accidental collocations of atoms; that no fire, no heroism, no intensity of thought and feeling can preserve an individual life beyond the grave; that all the labor of the ages, all the devotion, all the noonday brightness of human genius are destined to extinction in the vast death of the solar system; and

that the whole Temple of man's achievement must inevitably be buried beneath the debris of a universe in ruins"—even so man remains free during his little day if he can but follow the settled whims of his own heart. This he can do if he live at peace with his fellows and achieve an intelligent grasp of the causal order of which he is part.

I have been urging upon Mr. Darrow and his disciples that the part of wisdom is to leave off crying for the moon and cultivate in quiet gladness the little spot of freedom that lies at hand. I have even offered, almost without a "thank you" in return, to this fatalist and mechanist who goes about the world defending individual liberty, a simple mechanism whereby he can control his own conduct and thus enlarge his freedom. A man with a vocabulary as large and as lurid as that of my beloved opponent has closer than his heart a multiplex stimulus that will give him controlled power as great as his heart desires. With all these resources at hand, his minor key should turn to a pean of joy until in quiet dignity he goes below to bank his fires for the eternal night. In the light of all these disclosed resources, I prefer to close this debate upon a note struck long ago by Socrates. That we shall be better and braver and less helpless if we think that we can control our conduct than we should be if we engaged in the idle fancy that there is no self-control and no use in seeking to achieve it—that is a theme upon which I am ready to fight in word and deed to the utmost of my power!

A DAY WITH CLARENCE DARROW

By John W. Gunn

Clarence Darrow is a big, slow-moving, slow-talking, quick-thinking man: physically rugged and calm, mentally quick and sure and simple. He has a face that is thoughtful, that is marked with much living, without being old or commonly wrinkled—a face of strong, pleasant lines, the crag of a forehead overlooking the placid valley of a face: the aspect and the manner of a man who has traveled the ways of life with the bearing of a philosopher and who, spite of rough roads and sharp corners, still sits straight and looks with a level eye upon the world. A cynic, is Darrow, who does not fit the ordinary (and usually quite false) picture: a cynic with a warm heart, an easy and friendly demeanor, a sense of humor that bubbles like a mountain spring and that, with a Voltairean destructiveness toward sham, is refreshing always: a cheerful cynic (realist is a less alarming term) whose cynicism leads to understanding, toleration and humor. He is apparently tireless, too: after a long day's auto ride, interspersed with several visits, and filled with talk that was incessant and that ranged over many subjects, Darrow showed no hint of being tired. As E. H.-J. remarked to me, Darrow, unlike many celebrities, enjoys meeting people—enjoys talking—enjoys life, in a word.

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and is stimulated by contacts of thought and human nature. People do not bore him; ideas do not tire him. One reflects that Darrow knows how to combine rest and activity—that, while expending himself, he is constantly renewing himself. It is clear at a glance that Darrow is a young man at sixty-eight: young in body and young (without the support of pretty illusions) in mind.

It was a day of talk, with many glimpses into Darrow's philosophy of life. He had lectured in Kansas City the day before on the subject of crime, discussing it not simply as the greatest criminal lawyer in the world (who, in the Loeb-Leopold case, rounded out a career of forty-one years by winning the greatest criminal trial of history) but as a thinker with a rare scientific attitude of mind. He holds that it is useless to punish the criminal, and that men generally do so with no better object than revenge. Crime is a product of heredity and environment, and these are the conditions we must study, and with which we must deal if we expect results that will be really helpful —to society and to the criminal. Stupidly enough, Darrow has been regarded as one who would ignore the problems of crime and let criminals run free: rather, being an intelligent man and having observed crime and criminals closely throughout a long life, he knows that "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" is a rule that saves very few if any eyes and teeth: he believes that, in an age of science, man should adopt scientific methods of treating crime. The criminal should indeed be "treated."

Crime, like disease, should be studied with the object of prevention or cure. The rub, however, is that Darrow has sympathy for criminals; he regards them as human beings, not necessarily of "criminal tendency"—a loose, unscientific term—who have had a bad start of heredity and a bad chance of environment. Darrow would say that a man has a "weak" rather than a "criminal" tendency; and this weakness may lead to other things than crime. The fact that he is *anti-crime* rather than *anti-criminal* is what the quack anti-criminal school of pure-and-simple punishers cannot forgive in Clarence Darrow.

As he views crime, so, broadly speaking, does Clarence Darrow view life: sympathetically, candidly, realistically: convinced that reason with a sound basis in experience is our only guide: and always, in every thought and phrase, revealing the spirit of one who asks, who seeks, who thinks rather than one who positively knows. ("The more intelligent we become, the more we realize how ignorant we are," says Darrow. "Folly dogmatizes; wisdom doubts. The method of mental progress is a more careful examination, and a whittling down—often a blowing up—of beliefs.") Seated between E. H.-J. and myself, this steady bulk of a man, with a quiet voice as even as the humming of the motor, talked as E. H.-J. drove us through a rolling Kansas landscape to the little city of Lawrence, where is situated the State University. The talk began with reflections upon that endless and interesting and amusing subject: Bunk. (Darrow likes the word "bunk,"

characteristically Darrowian in its directness, and he uses it freely. He likes simple words, simple illustrations, simple thoughts that lie close to the surface of reality. He has the simplicity of a philosopher, and an elaborate theory or string of phrases does not impose upon his mind. He knows that what is called profundity is often reached by jumping over the evidence plainly before one into the field of speculation.)

Bunk suggests religion. Darrow spoke of his good fortune in having been raised in a free-thinking atmosphere. His father and mother were skeptics. "My parents didn't teach me to believe in religion," he said with a laugh. "When I grew up, I showed them how to disbelieve in religion more thoroughly." Speaking of the deathbed recantations that are charged to skeptics, he said: "They are lies, of course —certainly the more popular tales, about Voltaire, Paine and Ingersoll. But suppose they were true. They would prove nothing. A belief that is wrung from a dying man by the fear of hell is no more valid than a confession extorted by the third degree nor a title to property that is obtained at the point of a gun. An opinion that is not free is worthless. I can understand how a man who has been doped with religion in early life, and who gets it out of his system, may revert on his deathbed to this carefully implanted fear. Never having had any such fear, or any such belief, I am pretty certain that I shall go bunkless to the grave—though I may not escape the lies."

Immortality? It is the last thing men cling

to—as a vague hope or a kind of pathetic faith —when they have discarded the impediments of superstition. "Sometimes I am asked," Darrow smilingly observed, "if I'd like to believe in immortality. What a foolish question! We'd all like to believe in it. But there simply is no evidence for it. You have to be able to fool yourself—and some of us can't do that, or don't think it's worth while. It's not as if we were pulling away from belief or shutting our eyes to the evidence. The tendency is toward belief, if possible. But—if wishes were horses, beggars could ride."

"They say that the desire for immortality proves it to be true."

"It proves simply that a man who has a thing that seems good to him wants to keep it. A man who acquires wealth, wants to keep it. A healthy man doesn't want to be ill. Politicians who are in office want to stay there. Some persons, fascinated by the history of the past, wish they had lived in some other age—before Christianity, let us say. These desires are idle. Things are not proved true merely by wishing them. And it's not eternal life in heaven that people wish. They wish just life —the continuance of the kind of life they know —life of the earth earthy. It's no fun to think of being a spirit for eternity. We can only think of ourselves as we are now."

A reminder of the familiar sophistry that one can't prove a man is dead when he has breathed his last, any more than one can prove the theory of another life, brought a chuckle from Darrow.

"You can prove it if you can prove anything. Throw a cat into a furnace, and dump the remains into the ashcan, and nobody thinks of denying that the cat is dead. Shoot a horse, and let its carcass putrefy, and the vultures pick its bones bare, and men will admit that the horse is dead. The fiction of the soul, invented by priests, is applied only to man—in the past it was not even admitted as to woman. Yet a dead man, by every rule of rational evidence, is exactly like any other animal that once breathed and now is a heap of dust. It is the egotism of man that inspires his belief in the soul. And perhaps, if we but knew, a horse thinks that *it* is immortal. No—if you write something on a slate, and then rub it off, it is foolish to say you can't prove the writing has been destroyed."

A cynic, of course—a man whose words are destructive of deluded hope—and a man who happens to be truthful. And, by the way, Darrow can't abide the words, "destructive" and "constructive." They are silly words, he avows; they mean nothing; they are used to confuse thought, to obscure truth. It is delightful to hear Darrow, with a trace of emphasis not habitual with him, enunciate with droll scorn: "*Destructive! Constructive!*" His very mention of the words annihilates them. Darrow wants to be free to think in any direction that interests him, without running into a sign: "Think in the Other Direction—Be Constructive." An idea is reasonably true or false—interesting or not—agreeing with or opposing itself to the evidence: and it is in this wise

that a man of sense naturally examines the ideas of other men. There are many things in the world, including ideas, that should be destroyed. There is many a pile of bunk that should never have been constructed.

"The other day a friend came into my office in Chicago," said Darrow, "and he referred to some idea as not being constructive. I asked him if, when a man dug the weeds out of his corn, he should hasten to plant them again in his potato patch. And if a man has a headache, he simply asks the doctor to cure it—and doesn't bother him with the question of what he will 'put in its place.' A clear head is sufficient. And sound thinking, a seeking after truth, is the best we can ask intellectually."

E. H.-J. referred to the classic argument of the watch, that has dismayed many a doughty skeptic: it is argued that, if a savage came upon a watch lying in the wilderness, he would instantly realize that such a wonderful mechanism must have had a maker: ergo, we know that the Universe is the work of a mightily intelligent, ingenious Creator.

"The argument won't bear analysis. Those who have accepted it have failed to look closely at the premise. They have been too ready to admit that this hypothetical savage would wonder at the watch in a special way—that he would realize the intricacy and delicacy of this mechanism. The truth seems to me that a savage, finding a watch lying on a rock—and having seen neither object—would be no more impressed by the one than by the other. The

question of a maker wouldn't enter his head. He wouldn't ponder how watch or rock came to be. His first thought, if any, would be what he could use them for."

I asked what he thought of the notion that intolerance is an indifferent issue today—that the fight for freedom of belief was won long ago, substantially in Voltaire's day—that it is idle to raise the cry of "Toleration" when men can no longer burn, imprison or otherwise punish their fellows because of a difference in articles of faith.

"How do you know they can't?" came the deliberate, slow query. "They don't. Why not? Simply because they don't want to—the question of religious belief is not important in this day, not important as it was in the Middle Ages or in the days of heresy hunting and blue laws in New England. Of course, people are religious, or think they are. The Church and Puritanism rule the thought of the country. Intellectually, dogmatism is in the saddle. And there are groups of fanatics who would, if they had the power, go any length to compel the unbeliever—or crucify him. Society as a whole, however, does not bother sufficiently about the religious question to be in a killing or mobbing mood. Other questions are to the fore; and when you touch these questions, you find that intolerance—the physical side of it—is with us still. For example, property interests will agitate men today more quickly and deeply than all else. The man who attacks a property interest, even through the propaganda of an idea,

is not safe. He may be punished: even the propertyless mob may be incited to violence against him: and all this, on occasion, without regard for law. A law on the statute books does not guarantee safety. A law that does not conform to the customs, to the prejudices, of the people is practically a dead letter. If the medieval fanaticism on the subject of religion were to be suddenly and widely aroused, you would discover that laws for toleration would be a slender protection for heretics.. . . Take the race question, and you again observe the actual, horrible workings of intolerance. And patriotism—what outrages, proofs of the possibility of illegal intolerance, were committed in 'free America' within our recent memory! . . . 'Free America!' America doesn't know the meaning of liberty. Its ideal of liberty is the rule of the stupid majority and, one way or another, intolerance for the man who differs. . . . It is a fallacy to assume that only the violent type of intolerance should disturb the thoughtful man. We want life to be free. We want it to be civilized. We want ideas to be assured a decent hearing. We cannot be foolishly indifferent to what the mob thinks. We can never trust the mob until we destroy it by making it intelligent. Intolerance—mental intolerance, carrying no visible rope, and within the law—upholds today many evils that are not only painful for the sensitive man to behold but that are physically painful for many to endure who cannot escape them. We cannot have a peaceable, safe, happy world without free thought. I mean free thought

in all relations of life, a willingness to listen to the thinker, and the spirit of approaching things with reason. I realize perfectly well that I am talking now of the idea; and I am not so optimistic as to expect it the day after tomorrow—perhaps such a condition will never arrive: very probably, so far as we can see, it will not. And yet it is and that every blow in behalf of toleration, in behalf of liberty, should be regarded as necessary. After all, I am just enough of a cynic to believe that it will be a long time before any such blow will prove useless and a waste of energy. . . ."

Freedom is a favorite word with Darrow. It is what he believes in first and last and continually. I could not fail to note, and to me it was very significant, that when he wished to express a favorable opinion of some one, he would begin by saying, "He is for freedom." And by freedom he implies the widest kind of construction the word will bear. He does not mean that travesty, that hoax, that bastard of an idea—freedom to think as he thinks or do as he does or like what he likes. I recall an excellent aphorism of Mencken's, that freedom means the toleration of any action or idea that is at all consistent with the notion of a habitable world. Such is the conception of freedom that is vital to Clarence Darrow, and for which he is always speaking with a full breath of courage. . . . Another feature of the Darrowian vocabulary is a dislike of the word "guilty." The word is meaningless to Darrow. It connotes a thought of blame that he is not willing to pronounce upon

any man. Speaking of this case or that, he would say: "The man did it—whether 'guilty' or not, I don't know." Even Darrow, a lifelong student of crime, feels that he is never fully informed about the circumstances back of a man's deeds no less true that we must strike out for what we believe to be true, and therefore judgment—that commonest of vanities—is an attitude he abjures.

. . . Swinging again to religion, E. H.-J. remarked upon the hoary notion, so popular in the "great open spaces" of stuffy old-fashioned theology, that one should "play safe" by professing a belief in religion—of course (but why "of course"?) in Christianity. There may be another life, we are told: if so, the skeptic is the loser: on the other hand, if there is no life after death, the believer will be no deader than the skeptic—and he has, whatever befalls, insurance against damnation.

The devil entered Darrow—that is to say, a smile crinkled the cynic's eyelids ("People swear you're up to something devilish if you smile," says he), and he reflected with an effort, as it were mockingly, of profound thought.

"Now just suppose—this is all supposition anyway—that somebody—were to come along and invent something worse than hell: say we were told that we should be run through a sausage grinder for all eternity. Then, according to the 'play safe' theory, we'd have to join that religion too. Again, I am bound justly to ask myself: Can I trust God? And I say, I wouldn't put an ounce of faith in the promise

of a God who threatens to burn me in a hell if I refuse to believe in him. . . . The least any man can reasonably do, if he is going to take out a fire insurance policy, is to inquire what kind of a company he is dealing with. And he ought to demand a mighty good, sound policy. God's word isn't enough—not for me. If God will write a policy and the Devil will guarantee it, maybe I'll consider it. . . ."

Then came another question—a flying leap of speculation to the other end of the Unknown:

"Just how important is Heaven? Christians pretend to stress it above all earthly things. They depend upon it for their chance of eternal bliss. Yet what do they know about it? and what sensible, detailed inquiries do they make concerning it? If a man planned to spend the rest of his life in Kalamazoo—say, a little matter of twenty years—it is only natural that he'd want to know something definite about it. He'd ascertain the kind of people he was to live among: what the climate might be: how the people supported their existence, what were their habits, what kind of laws they were required to obey: and, first of all, he'd want to know in what direction Kalamazoo lay—whether north or south, up or down. Now, we observe a curious thing: that Christians, who declare a hope—even a firm intention—of spending eternity in heaven, know nothing about it and do not try very diligently and carefully to find out about it. They bank on heaven with the assurance of the slightest and

vaguest kind of evidence—no evidence really, and no direct unimpeachable testimony. They don't know where it lies—what it resembles—what sort of life it holds for them. They hear a fairy tale about it—and the rest is sheer, blind credulity. As I say, I'd like to believe in immortality—I'd like to believe in the right kind of a heaven—but I'd want to investigate it more carefully, and I'd be far more curious about it, than Christians. . . ."

Now Clarence Darrow—lawyer, criminologist, philosopher, artist—drops his hammer, well padded with humor. Slowly he crumbles a piece of toast (we are at lunch) that he has ordered and has not eaten. He is for a moment reminiscent about the law, which he has abandoned to write his philosophy of life, in the ways that are simple to his charmingly versatile and vivacious pen. He tells a story of subtle humor:

"A woman brought me the case of her son, thirteen years old, who was charged with rape: a foolish case. I saved the boy from the blindness and brutality of the law, and told the mother that she owed me nothing. She asked if there was anything in the world she could do for me. 'Nothing,' I replied, 'but you can just pass the favor along. Do something for somebody else, when you have the chance.' I had forgotten the incident when, about a year later, the woman appeared in my office. She reminded me what I had told her—about helping somebody else. Now, she informed me with an air of homely benevolence; the oppor-

tunity had come. A boy was in trouble over at the jail, and friendless and penniless, and she was bringing his case to my attention. If I helped the boy, she would feel that she had repaid her debt of kindness to me. . . . I meditated, recalling the old adage, that bread cast upon the waters will return. . . ."

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The Buddhist Philosophy of Life

H. M. Tichenor

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The Buddhist Philosophy of Life

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THE ESSENCE OF BUDDHISM

The essence of Buddhism is non-attachment; the world is an illusion; life here is but a phase of an infinite journey; and man, therefore, should not set his heart upon material things. It is the doctrine of the old Greek philosopher, Heraclitus, who taught that all existence is but a becoming.

"All things which exist in time must perish," says the Buddhist. "The forests, the mountains. all things that exist.

"The sun and moon, Sakra himself, with all the multitude of his attendants, will perish without exception; there is not one that will endure.

"It is different combinations that cause substance; for in Nature there is no uniform and constant principle.

"All component things must grow old. Even unto a grain of sesamum seed there is no such thing as a compound which is permanent. All are transient; all have the inherent quality of dissolution.

The law of karma applies to all. Karma is action, work, the results of deeds. "My action" we read in the Anguttara Nikaya, Pancaka Nipata, "is my possession; my action is my inheritance; my action is the womb which

bears me; my action is the race to which I am akin; my action is my refuge."

Huxley defines karma, as it relates to the processes of evolution: "In the theory of evolution, the tendency of a germ to develop according to a certain specific type, e. g., of the kidney bean seed to grow into a plant having all the characters of *Phaseolus vulgaris* is its 'karma'. It is 'the last inheritor and the last result' of all the conditions that have affected a line of ancestry which goes back for many millions of years to the time when life first appeared on earth."

The final refuge of all is Nirvana. Nirvana is defined as the "extinction of illusion," the "attainment of truth." This was the state that Buddha attained while still on earth. Buddha said:

"There are two aims which he who has given up the world ought not to follow after—devotion, on the one hand, to those things whose attractions depend upon the passions, a low and pagan ideal, fit only for the worldly-minded, ignoble, unprofitable; and the practice on the other hand of asceticism, which is painful, ignoble, unprofitable. There is a Middle Path discovered by the Tathagata (the Buddha)—a path which opens the eyes, and bestows understanding, which leads to peace, to insight, to the higher wisdom, to Nirvana. Verily! it is this Noble Eightfold Path; that is to say, Right Views, Right Aspirations, Right Speech, Right Conduct, Right Mode of Livelihood, Right Effort, Right Mindfulness, and Right Rapture."

Buddhism, in its originality, was more philosophical than religious in its character, and therefore did not appeal to the masses; later Buddhism has popularized the teachings so that they are more readily received.

From time to time there appears on earth a Buddha—the Enlightened; such is the teaching of Buddhism; the last historical Buddha being Siddhattha Gotama, born 568 B. C., son of the Sakya chief, Suddodana, and his wife, Maha Maya. As with other great religious teachers, legendary stories of a miraculous character gathered around Gotama—stories remarkably similar to those related of Jesus.

THE BIRTH OF BUDDHA

In Kapilavatthu there reigned a Sakya king, a descendant of the Okkakas, who are called Gotama, whose name was Suddhodana. Suddodana had a wife named Maha Maya, beautiful as the water-lily and pure in mind as the lotus. Maha Maya was the Queen of Heaven, living on earth, untainted by desire, honored in her immaculate holiness by her husband. The Spirit of Truth descended upon her; and when she realized that she was about to give birth, she requested to be sent to her parents, which request Suddhodana granted.

Maha Maya, on her journey, came to a beautiful grove, whose trees bore fragrant flowers and in whose branches myriads of birds sang. She left her golden palanquin, and wandered

through the shady walks, until she came to the great tree Sala, standing in the midst of the grove. Here she felt that her hour had come, and called to her attendants, who hung a curtain from the branches about her.

When the babe was born four angels of Heaven held a golden net to receive it, saying, "Rejoice, O Queen, a mighty son has been born unto thee." An aged woman standing by her side prayed that Heaven should bless the child.

At the birth of the babe all worlds were flooded with light. The blind received their sight at the coming glory of the Lord; the deaf and dumb spoke at the birth of the coming Buddha; the crippled became straight, the lame walked, the prisoners were set free.

The polluted streams became clear, celestial music filled the air, and the spirits of Heaven rejoiced with gladness.

The cries of beasts were hushed; all creatures were touched with love; peace on earth was proclaimed.

Only Mara, the Evil One, refused to rejoice.

The Naga kings came to greet the Buddha, bringing mandara flowers.

Suddhodana pondered over these signs, now filled with joy, now sorely distressed. Maha Maya, beholding her child, became heavy of heart.

In a grove near Lumbini, there dwelt a rishi, leading the life of a hermit, a Brahmin, famed for his wisdom, who came to see the child; and when he saw the babe he wept.

"Why has the sight of my son caused thee grief?" asked the king.

But Asita, the hermit, wept for joy, and not grief, and he said to the king:

"The king, like the moon when full, should feel great joy; for he has begotten a wondrous son. I do not worship Brahma, but I worship this child; and the gods in the temples will descend from their places of honor to adore him. Banish all fear. The child now born will bring deliverance to all the world.

"Knowing that I myself am old, I could not hold back my tears, for now my end is approaching and I shall not see the glory of this babe. For this thy son will rule the world. The sceptre of empire will be his; he will rule the lands of earth; he will become a Buddha; he is born for the sake of all that lives.

"His pure teaching will be like the shore that receives the shipwrecked. His thoughts will be as cool waters; and all who are parched with evil desires may freely drink thereof.

"On the raging fire of covetousness he will cause the clouds of love to rise, that the rain of righteous law may extinguish it; the gates of despair will he open; he will give deliverance to the captives of folly and ignorance. He comes to rescue from the bondage the poor, the desponding, the helpless."

When the king and queen heard the words of Asita, they rejoiced in their hearts, and called the child Siddhattha, that is, "He who has accomplished his purpose."

Then the queen said to her sister, Pajapati: "A mother who has given birth to a Buddha will never give birth to another child. I shall soon leave this world, my husband, the king, and Siddhattha, my child. When I am gone, be thou a mother to him."

And Pajapati wept and promised.

When the queen departed from the living, Pajapati took Siddhattha and reared him. And, as the light of the moon increases little by little, so the child grew daily in mind and body; and truth and love lived in his heart.

THE PRINCE SIDDHATTHA

When Siddhattha had grown to young manhood his father desired that he should marry; he therefore commanded all his kinsfolk, the chiefs, to bring their daughters, the princesses, that the prince might choose a wife. But the chiefs replied:

"The prince is young and delicate; also, he is not given to learning. He would not be able to maintain a princess, and should there be war he would not be able to cope with the enemy."

Siddhattha loved to sit under the great jambu-tree in the garden of the palace, and there meditate upon the ways of the world. He said to his father, "Invite our kinsfolk, that they may put a test to my learning;" and his father did as his son bade him.

When the guests arrived, and the people of the city of Kapilavatthu had assembled to test the prowess and learning of Siddhattha, he proved himself superior in all the exercises of both body and mind; so that there was no rival who could equal him. He replied wisely to the questions of the sages; and when he questioned them, the wisest among them were silent.

Then Siddhattha chose a wife. His choice fell upon his cousin, Yasodhara, the daughter of the King of Koli. To them was born a son whom they named Rahula, meaning a "fetter," or "tie," and Suddhodana the king said:

"The prince has begotten a son, whom I will love as I love the prince. This will be a tie to bind Siddhattha's heart to the interests of the world, and the kingdom of the Sakyas will remain under the sceptre of my descendants."

Unselfish in his aims, loving his child and the people, Siddhattha bathed his body in the Ganges and cleansed his heart in the waters of the law. Even as men desire to give happiness to their children, so did he long to give peace to the world.

THE THREE WOES

The king had given the prince a palace, resplendent with all the luxuries of India. All sorrowful sights, all scenes and knowledge of human misery, were hidden from the prince; for the king wished that no sorrows or evil should be known to him.

But as the chained elephant longs for the wilds of the jungle, so Siddhattha longed to see the world; and he asked his father for permission to do so. Suddhodana complied with his son's request, and ordered a chariot, drawn by four horses, to be in readiness, and commanded that the roads through which the prince would pass should be adorned.

The houses of the city were decorated with curtains and banners, and spectators arranged themselves on either side; and Siddhattha rode with Channa the charioteer through the streets, and into a country watered by rivers and covered with forests.

By the wayside they met an old man with bent body, wrinkled face and heavy brow; and Siddhattha asked Channa, "Who is this? His head is white, his eyes are sunken, his body is withered; he can barely support himself with his staff."

And Channa answered: "These are the marks of old age. This man was once a suckling babe, and then a youth, full of strength; now his youth is gone, and the strength of his body has departed."

Siddhattha meditated upon this strange sight. At length he said: "What joy can men take in life, if they must soon wither and waste away?"

As they passed on, a sick man was seen by the wayside, gasping for breath, and moaning with pain. Siddhattha asked Channa, "What kind of man is this?"

And Channa answered, "This man is sick.

All men are subject to sickness, the poor as well as the rich, the ignorant and the wise. All having bodies may become diseased."

And Siddhattha thought, "How vain are the pleasures of life."

A little further on they met four men carrying a corpse. Siddhattha, beholding for the first time a lifeless body, inquired: "What is this they carry? There are streamers and garlands of flowers, but the men are overwhelmed with grief."

Channa replied: "This is a dead man; life has gone from him; his lips are stilled; those who loved him will bury him."

"Is this the only dead man, or are there others in the world who are dead?"

"All over the world men die," answered Channa. "All who begin life must pass away. There is no escape from death."

At these words Siddhattha exclaimed: "O worldly men! How vain is your delusion! Your body will become dust, yet how thoughtlessly you live your lives!"

Observing the deep impression these sights had made on Siddhattha, Channa drove back to the city. As they passed by the palaces of the nobility, Kisa Gotami, a young princess and niece of the king, seeing Siddhattha, exclaimed:

"Happy the father that begot thee, happy the mother that nursed thee, happy the wife that calls thee husband!"

Hearing this greeting, the prince replied:

"Happy are they that have found deliverance. Longing for peace, I shall seek the happiness of Nirvana."

And Kisa Gotami asked: "How is Nirvana attained?" And then she went on: "When the fire of lust is overcome, then Nirvana is gained; when the fires of hatred are gone out, then Nirvana is gained; when the troubles and fears of the mind, arising from ignorance and credulity, and evil thoughts have ceased, then Nirvana is gained."

Siddhattha, impressed with her words, gave her his pearl necklace that he was wearing; and when he returned to his home, he looked with disdain upon the treasures of the palace. To his wife he said: "I have seen the law of constant change. Men grow old, sicken and die. Therefore of what avail is pleasure?"

THE RENUNCIATION OF THE PRINCE

It was night. The prince found no rest. He arose and went into the garden of the palace. "Alas!" he said, "the world is full of darkness and suffering."

Seating himself beneath the great jambu-tree he pondered on life and death. He saw the misery and sorrow in the world; and profound compassion came to his heart. Concentrating his thoughts upon life, evil desires vanished away.

Sitting under the jambu-tree there appeared to the Gotama a lofty figure, majestic, calm and dignified.

"Whence comest thou, and who art thou?" asked the prince.

And the vision said: "I am a samana (an ascetic). I seek the path of peace. All things pass to decay. Only the truth abideth forever. Everything changes; there is no permanency; only the words of the Buddhas never perish."

Gotama asked: "Can peace be found? I have seen the emptiness of pleasure, the poison of lust. The world oppresses me; life seems unbearable."

The samana replied: "Where heat is, there can also be cold; where pain is, there can also be pleasure; from evil, good may come. All things are correlative. Where there is suffering, there can likewise be happiness, if thou but seek it. As a man who has fallen into filth should seek the clear waters covered with the lotus, even so seek thou for the everlasting waters of Nirvana to cleanse thy soul."

The prince, hearing these words, was filled with joy.

"Thou bringest good tidings," he said, "for now I know that my purpose will be accomplished. Now is the hour come to sever all ties that restrain me, that I may seek the light; now is the time to seek the path of deliverance."

At these words the samana rejoiced, and spoke:

"Go, Siddhattha Gotama, and accomplish thy purpose. For thou art the Buddha, a light to

the world. Thou art Tathagata, the Great Teacher; thou wilt be Dharmaraja, the King of Truth. Thou art Bhagavat, the Blessed One; thou art chosen to be the Redeemer of the World. Go, seek the truth; and though the thunderbolt descend upon thy head, yield not to the temptations that lead from the path of truth. As the sun ever pursues his course, even so pursue thou the path of truth; for thou art Buddha, the Enlightened."

The vision vanished. Siddhattha's soul was filled with peace. That same night, with one farewell look upon his sleeping wife and child, leaving all behind, the prince left the palace through the garden gate. At the gate stood Mara, the Evil One, who said, "Depart not, O my Lord. In seven days from now the empire will come into thy hands."

And the prince replied: "It is not sovereignty that I desire. I will become a Buddha a light to the world."

THE WORDS OF THE GENTLE BUDDHA*

He who seeks truth, which is the highest treasure of all, must leave behind all that can draw him away from his search, and must be bent upon that one pursuit alone. He must free his soul from covetousness and lust, and from the desire for power.

Indulge in lust but a little, and lust, like

*From the Buddhist Scriptures.

a child, will grow. Wield worldly power, and you will be burdened with trouble.

Better than sovereignty over men, better than lordship over all the earth, is the fruit of righteousness.

Pity me not. Rather pity those who are burdened with power and riches.

My soul longs not for gain; my soul is free.

Like everything else in Nature, the life of man is subject to the law of cause and effect. The present reaps what the past has sown, and the future is the product of the present.

Ignorance only makes men hold religious festivals and offer sacrifices. Far better to revere the truth than try to appease the gods by the shedding of blood. Can a new wrong expiate old wrongs? And can the slaughter of an innocent victim blot out the evil deeds of mankind?

Purify your hearts and cease to kill; this is true religion.

Rituals have no efficacy; prayers are but vain words; incantations have no saving power. To abandon covetousness and lust, to become free from evil desires, to renounce hatred and ill-will, this is true worship.

Surely if men saw the results of their evil deeds they would turn away from them. They crave pleasure for themselves, and they cause pain to others; when death destroys their individuality, they find no peace; their self-hood reappears in new births. Thus they continue to move in the coil, and can find no escape from the sufferings of their own making. How

empty are their pleasures, how vain are their endeavors! Hollow like the plantain-tree, without contents like the bubble.

The world is full of evil and sorrow, because it is full of lust. Men follow after delusion rather than truth. Rather than truth they follow error, which is pleasing to look upon in the beginning, but in the end causes tribulation and unhappiness.

The truth remains hidden from him who is in the bondage of hate and lust. Nirvana remains incomprehensible to those beclouded with worldly interests.

Conquerors are those who have conquered self and the passions of self; victors are those who control their own minds and abstain from evil.

He who fills his lamp with water will not dispel the darkness, and he who tries to build a fire with rotten wood will fail.

Sensuality is enervating; the self-indulgent man is a slave to his passions; pleasure seeking becomes degrading. But to satisfy the necessities of life is not evil. To keep the body in good health is a duty. Otherwise we cannot trim the lamp of wisdom, and keep our minds strong and clear. Water surrounds the lotus-flower, but does not wet its petals.

There is a middle path, that keeps aloof from extremes.

He who recognizes the existence of suffering, its cause, its remedy, has found the four noble truths. He will walk in the right path. Right views will be the torch to light his way. Right

aspirations will be his guide. Right speech will be his dwelling-place. Right behavior will be the road he travels. The right way of earning his livelihood will be his refreshments. Right efforts will be his steps. Right thoughts his breath. Right contemplation will bring him peace.

A man that stands alone, having resolved to follow the truth, may be weak, and fall back into his old ways. Therefore stand ye together, help one another, strengthen one another's efforts; be like unto brothers.

The outward form does not constitute righteousness. The body of a samana (monk) may wear an ascetic's garb, while his mind is immersed in worldliness.

He who knows the nature of self and understands how the senses act finds no room for selfishness; and thus he will attain peace unending.

Self is an error, an illusion, a dream. Open your eyes and awaken. See things as they are.

The cleaving to things, covetousness, and sensuality, inherited from former existences, are the causes of misery and vanity in the world.

Abandon selfishness, that you may attain peace, goodness, and wisdom.

Comprehension of the truth leads to Nirvana; but greater than all is loving kindness.

All things around us come from a cause, as the plant comes from the seed; let us, then, abandon the heresy of worshiping Isvara (the Creator) and of praying to him; let us no longer lose ourselves in vain speculations of

profitless subtleties; let us surrender self and all selfishness, and as all things are fixed by causation, let us practice good, so that good may result from our actions.

The charitable man is loved by all; in death his heart is at rest, for he needs no repentance; he receives the opening flower of his reward, and the fruit that ripens from it.

By giving away our food, we receive more strength; by bestowing our goods on others, we gain more beauty; by donating abodes of purity and truth, we acquire great and lasting treasures.

We reach the immortal path only by acts of kindness; we perfect our souls only by love.

When a tree is burning with fierce flames, how can the birds congregate there? Truth cannot dwell where passion lives.

It is impossible to escape the results of our deeds; let us therefore practice good works.

Our good or evil deeds follow us continually like shadows.

That which is most needed is a loving heart.

As we sow, so shall we reap.

There are ways from light into darkness, and from darkness into light. These are ways, also, from the gloom into deeper darkness, and from the dawn into brighter light. The wise man will use the light he has to receive more light. He will continually advance in the knowledge of truth.

There is a state where there is neither earth, nor water, nor heat, nor air; neither infinity of space nor infinity of consciousness, nor

nothingness, nor perception, nor non-perception; neither this world, nor that world, neither sun nor moon. It is the Uncreate. It is the Eternal, which never originates, and never passes away. There is the end of sorrow.

Not by hatred is hatred appeased. Hatred is appeased by non-hatred. This is the eternal law.

Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you.

Truly, the body is full of impurity, and its end is the grave; it is mortal, and destined to be dissolved into the elements. But being the receptacle of karma, it lies in our power to make it a vessel of truth, and not of evil.

The lamp that is not cleansed and not filled with oil will be extinguished; and a body that is unkempt, unwashed, and weakened by penance will not be a fit receptacle for the light of truth.

Our mind shall not waver. No evil speech will we utter. Tender and compassionate will we abide, loving in heart, void of malice within. And we will be ever suffusing such a one with the rays of our loving thought. And with that feeling as a foundation we will ever be suffusing the whole wide world with thought of love far-reaching, grown great, beyond measure, void of anger or ill-will.

All the means that can be used as helps for doing right are not worth the sixteenth part of the emancipation of the heart through love. That takes all others up into itself, outshining them in radiance and glory. Just as whatever

stars there be, their radiance avails not the sixteenth part of the radiance of the moon. That takes all those up into itself, outshining them in radiance and glory—just as in the last month of the rain, at harvest time, the sun, mounting up on high into the clear and cloudless sky, overwhelms all darkness in the realms of space, and shines forth in radiance and glory—just as in the night, when the dawn is breaking, the morning star shines out in radiance and glory—just so all the means that can be used as helps towards doing right avail not the sixteenth part of the emancipation of the heart through love.

Life is instantaneous and living is dying. Just as a chariot wheel rolls only at one point of the tire, and in resting rests only at one point; in the same way, the life of a living being lasts only for the period of one thought. As soon as that thought has ceased the being may be said to have ceased. As it has been said, "The being of a past moment of thought has lived, but does not live, nor will it live. The being of a future moment of thought will live, but has not lived, nor does it live. The being of the present moment of thought does live, but has not lived, nor will it live."

OUR OWN BEING, WHICH IS CALLED NAME AND FORM.

As to Name and Form, we must understand how they interact. Name has no power of its own, nor can it go on of its own impulse, either to eat, or to drink, or to utter sounds, or to make a movement. Form also is without

power, and cannot go on of its own impulse. It has no desire to eat, or to drink, or to utter sounds, or to make a movement. But Form goes on when supported by Name, and Name when supported by Form. When Name has a desire to eat, or to drink, or to utter sounds, or to make a movement, then Form eats, drinks, utters sounds, makes a movement.

It is as if two men, the one blind from birth and the other a cripple, were desirous of going on a journey, and the man blind from birth were to say to the cripple:

"See here! I am able to use my legs, but I have no eyes with which to see the rough and the smooth places in the road."

And the cripple were to say to the man blind from birth:

"See here! I am able to use my eyes, but I have no legs with which to travel."

And the man blind from birth, pleased and delighted, were to mount the cripple upon his shoulders; and the cripple, sitting on the shoulders of the man blind from birth, were to direct him, saying, "Leave the left and go to the right; leave the right and go to the left."

The man blind from birth is without power of his own, and weak, and cannot go of his own impulse. The cripple also is without power of his own, and weak, and cannot go of his own impulse. Yet when they mutually support one another it is possible for them to go. In the same way Name is without power of its own, and cannot spring up of its own effort, nor perform any action. Form also is

without power of its own, and cannot spring up of its own effort, nor perform any action. Yet when they mutually support one another it is possible for them to do this.

There is no material that exists for the production of Name and Form. When Name and Form cease they do not go anywhere in space. After Name and Form have ceased, they do not exist anywhere in the shape of stored-up music material. As when a lute is played upon, there is no previous store of sound; and when the music ceases, it does not go anywhere in space. Having previously been non-existent, it came into existence by the structure and stem of the lute, and the work of the performer; and as it came into existence, so it passes away. In the same manner all the elements of being, both corporeal and non-corporeal, come into existence after having previously been non-existent; and having come into existence pass away.

There is not a "self" residing in Name and Form, but the co-operation of the conformations produces what we call a man. Just as the word "chariot" is but a mode of expression for axle, wheels, the chariot-body and other constituents in their proper combination, so a living being is the appearance of the groups with the four elements as they are joined in a unit. There is no "self" in the chariot and there is no "self" in man. This doctrine is true and eternal, that there is no self outside of its parts. This self of ours which constitutes Name and Form is a combination of the

groups with the four elements, but there is no ego entity, no self in itself.

Paradoxical though it may sound, there is a path to walk on, there is walking being done, but there is no traveler. There are deeds being done, but there is no doer. There is a blowing of the air, but there is no wind that does the blowing. The thought of self is an error and all existences are as hollow as the plantain tree and as empty as twirling water bubbles.

As there is no self, there is no transmigration of a self; but there are deeds and the continued effect of deeds. There is a rebirth of karma; there is reincarnation. This rebirth, this reincarnation, this reappearance of the conformations is continuous and depends on the law of cause and effect. Just as a seal is impressed upon the wax, reproducing the characters of its device, so the thoughts of men, their characters, their aspirations, are impressed upon others in continuous transference, and continue their karma, and good deeds will continue in blessings while bad deeds will continue in curses.

There is no entity here that migrates, no self is transferred from one place to another; but there is a voice uttered here, and the echo of it comes back. The teacher pronounces a stanza, and the disciple who attentively listens to his teacher's instruction repeats the stanza. Thus the stanza is reborn in the mind of the disciple.

Dismiss the error of the self, and do not cling to possessions which are transient, but

perform good deeds; for deeds are enduring, and in deeds your karma continues.

Since, then, there is no self, there cannot be any after life of self. Therefore abandon all thought of self. But since deeds continue, be careful with your deeds.

All beings have karma as their portion; they are inheritors of their karma; their karma is their refuge; karma allots beings to meanness or greatness.

All creatures are what they are through the karma of their deeds done in former and in present existences.

The rational nature of man is a spark of the true light; it is the first step on the upward road. But new births are necessary to insure an ascent to the summit of existence, the enlightenment of mind and heart, where the immeasurable light of understanding is gained, which is the source of all righteousness.

This is true deliverance; this is salvation; this is heaven, and the bliss of a life immortal.

THE TEN EVILS.

The Buddha said:

All acts of living creatures become evil by ten things, and by avoiding the ten things they become good.

There are three evils of the body, four evils of the tongue, and three evils of the mind.

The evils of the body are murder, theft and adultery; the evils of the tongue are lying, slander, abuse and idle talk; the evils of the mind are covetousness, hatred and error.

I exhort you to avoid the ten evils.

I. Kill not, but have regard for life.

II. Steal not, neither do you cheat; but help all to be the owner of the fruits of his labor.

III. Abstain from impurity; let your lives be chaste.

IV. Lie not, but be truthful. Speak the truth fearlessly, but with a loving heart.

V. Start no evil reports, neither repeat those heard. Slander not, but look for the good in your fellow-beings, so that you may defend them against their enemies.

VI. Swear not, but speak with dignity.

VII. Waste not your time with gossip; speak to a purpose, or remain silent.

VIII. Covet not, nor envy; but rejoice at the welfare of others.

IX. Cleanse your heart of malice, and cherish no hatred, not even against your enemies; treat all living creatures with kindness.

X. Become free from ignorance; learn the truth; that you may find the noble path that leads to life eternal.

THE DHAMMAPADA (PATH)

This is the Dhammapada—the path pursued by those who are followers of the Buddha.

Human beings derive their character from their mind. They are mind-made. Mind is the source of both good and evil.

You yourself must make the effort. The Buddhas are but teachers. The thoughtful who enter the path are freed from the bondage of evil.

He who does not rouse himself when it is time to rise; who, though young and strong, is slothful; whose mind and thoughts are weak; the slothful and idle man will not find the path to enlightenment.

The truth guards him who guards himself.

In order to teach others, first teach yourself.

He who conquers himself is the greatest of conquerors.

Fools do not care for the duty to be performed, or the aim to be reached. They think of self alone.

Bad deeds, hurtful to ourselves, are easy to do; good deeds, beneficial to ourselves, are difficult to perform.

Ere long this body will lie in the earth, without understanding; yet our thoughts will endure. They will be thought again, and will create action. Good thoughts will produce good actions, and bad thoughts will produce bad actions.

Earnestness is the path of immortality, thoughtlessness the path of death. Those who are in earnest do not die; those who are thoughtless are as though dead already.

Those who imagine they find truth in untruth, and see untruth in truth, will never arrive at truth.

As the rain breaks through a poorly thatched house, so passion breaks through an unreflecting mind.

Well-makers lead the water where they desire: fletchets bend the arrow, carpenters carve a log of wood; wise men fashion their own minds.

If a man speaks or acts an evil thought, evil follows him as the wheel follows the ox that draws the wagon.

Better to leave an evil deed undone, than to repent of it afterwards. A good deed calls forth no repentance.

If a man commits a wrong, let him not do it again. Suffering is the outcome of an evil deed. If a man does what is good, let him do it again. Happiness is the outcome of good deeds.

As by the falling of water-drops a pot is filled, so the fool becomes full of evil, though he gather it little by little.

He who lives for pleasure only, evil will overthrow, as the wind throws down a weak tree.

The fool who knows his foolishness may become wise; but the fool who thinks himself wise is a fool indeed.

To the evil-doer wrong appears sweet as honey; but when the fruit of wrong ripens, then he finds bitterness.

A hater may do great harm to a hater, and an enemy to an enemy; but a wrongly directed mind will do greater harm to itself.

As a creeper destroys the life of a tree upon which it finds support, so is the evil-doer his own greatest enemy.

The wicked man burns by his own deeds, as if burnt by fire.

As the fields are damaged by hurricanes and weeds, so is mankind polluted by passion, by hatred, by vanity and lust.

The love of pleasure begets grief, and the dread of pain causes fear. He who is free from the love of pleasure and the dread of pain knows neither grief nor fear.

He who gives himself to vanity, and does not give himself to meditation, will in time envy him who has given himself to meditation.

Men winnow their neighbors' faults like chaff, but their own faults they hide, as a cheat hides the false die from the gambler.

If a man looks after the faults of others, his own faults will grow.

Not about the faults of others, not about their sins, but about his own faults and misdeeds is the sage only worried.

Good deeds shine from afar, like the snowy mountains; evil deeds are concealed, like arrows shot by night.

Overcome hatred by love; overcome evil by good; overcome the greedy by liberality; overcome lies by the truth. For hatred does not cease by hatred; hatred ceases by non-hatred.

Speak the truth; do not yield to anger; give when thou art asked; by these three steps thou becomest divine.

The wise man blows away the impurities of self as the smith blows away the impurities of silver.

Lead others, not by force, but by justice and equity.

As the bee gathers nectar without injuring the flower, so the sage dwells among men.

If the traveler does not meet with one who is as good, or better, than himself, let him keep to his solitary journey; for there is no companionship with a fool.

Long is the night to him who cannot sleep; long is a mile to the weary; long is life to him who does not know the truth.

Better than living a hundred years, not finding the truth, is one day in the life of the man who has found it.

As the lily will grow full of sweet perfume and delight upon the earth, so the disciple of Buddha shines forth among the people that walk in darkness.

Let us live happily, then, not hating those who hate us.

Let us live happily, then, free from all ailments among the ailing!

Let us live happily, then, free from greed among the greedy!

The sun is bright by day, the moon shines by night; the warrior is bright in his armor, the thinker bright in his meditation; but the brightest among all, with splendor day and night is the Buddha, the Awakened, the Enlightened, the Blessed.

BUDDHA THE TEACHER

At one time, when the Teacher was stopping at the bamboo grove near Rajagaha, he met a householder, named Sigala, who, clapping his hands, turned to the four quarters of the earth, to the zenith above, and to the nadir below. And the Teacher, knowing that this

was done according to the religious superstition to avert evil, said: "Why performest thou these ceremonies?"

And Sigala replied: "Dost thou think it strange that I should protect my home against the influences of demons?"

Then the Teacher answered: "Ceremonies will not protect thy home. Thou must guard it with good deeds."

And Buddha taught the people, saying:

He who labors in the interest of self, so that he may become powerful, or rich, or renowned, will find no reward; but he who labors for righteousness and truth will find great reward, for even his worldly defeat will be a victory.

Self is not a fit vessel to receive lasting success. Self is small and brittle, and its contents will soon be spilt; but truth is large enough to hold the yearnings and aspirations of all selves, and its contents will be kept forever.

The overcoming of self is not to destroy the souls of men, but to preserve them.

He whose mind is free from the illusion of self, will stand and not fall in the battle of life.

He who follows after justice and truth will endure forever.

He who has in his heart the love of truth has drunk the water of immortality.

There is no self. He who says that the soul is his self and that the self is the thinker of our thoughts and the actor of our deeds, teaches a wrong doctrine, which leads to confusion and darkness.

There is mind. He who understands by soul mind, teaches the truth which leads to knowledge and light.

The bodhi (knowledge and enlightenment) is eternal and dominates all existence, as the good law guiding us in the search for truth. It changes brute instinct into mind.

THE STORY OF THE KUTADANTA THE BRAHMIN

Kutadanta, the leader of the Brahmins in the village of Danamati, said: "I am told that thou art the Buddha, the Enlightened. But if this were so wouldst thou not come as a king in glory and power?"

And the Teacher answered: "Thine eyes are holden. If the eyes of thy mind were undimmed thou wouldst see the glory and power of truth."

Said Kutadanta the Brahmin: "Thy doctrine is without consistency. If it were consistent, it would stand; but as it is not, it will pass away."

The Teacher replied: "The truth will never pass away."

Kutadanta said: "Thou tearest down religion. Thy disciples despise religious rites and refuse to offer sacrifice to the gods; and reverence for the gods can only be shown by worship and sacrifice. Religion consists in worship and sacrifice."

The Teacher said: "Greater than the sacrifice of bullocks is the sacrifice of self. Blood has no cleansing power. Better than worshipping the gods is righteousness among men."

Kutadanta said: "Thou believest that beings are reborn; that they migrate in the evolution of life; and that subject to the law of karma we reap what we have sown. Yet thou teachest self-extinction as the highest happiness of Nirvana."

The Teacher said: "Thou art concerned about thy soul. Yet is thy work in vain, because thou art lacking in the one thing needful. There is rebirth of character, but no transmigration of self. The thought-forms reappear, but there is no ego transferred. Only through delusion do men dream that their souls are self. Thy heart is cleaving to self. Thou art anxious about heaven, and therefore canst not discern the happiness of truth and the immortality of truth. The Buddha has not come to teach death, but to teach life; and thou seest not the nature of living and dying.

"This body will be dissolved, and no amount of worship and sacrifice will save it. Therefore seek thou the life that is of the mind. Where self is, truth cannot be; when truth comes, self disappears. Let thy mind rest in the truth; propagate the truth; put thy whole will in it, and let it spread. For in the truth thou shalt live forever. Self is death and truth is life. The cleaving to self is continual dying, while abiding in the truth leads to Nirvana, which is life everlasting."

Kutadanta said: "Where is Nirvana?"

The Teacher answered: "Wherever the precepts of truth are obeyed."

Kutadanta said: "Do I understand thee that Nirvana is not a place, and being nowhere it is without reality?"

The Teacher answered: "Thou dost not understand me aright. Listen, and answer me: Where does the mind dwell?"

"Nowhere," replied Kutadanta.

"Then," said the Teacher, "there is no such thing as mind.

"Where does wisdom dwell?"

"Wisdom has no given dwelling place," replied Kutadanta.

Said the Teacher: "Thinkest thou that there is no wisdom, no salvation, because Nirvana is not a place? As the mind passeth over in the heat of the day, so the Tathagata comes to blow over the minds of mankind with the breath of love."

"But tell me," said Kutadanta, "if there be no atman (self), how can there be immortality? The activity of the mind passeth, and we are gone when we cease thinking."

The Teacher said: "Our thinking is gone, but our thoughts continue; reasoning ceases, but knowledge remains. It is as when a man during the night desires to send a letter, and, after having called his scribe, has a lamp lit and the letter written. Then when that has been done, he extinguishes the lamp. But though the writing has been finished and the light has been put out, the letter is still there

Thus does reasoning cease and knowledge remain; mental activity ceases, but experience, and all the fruits of our acts endure."

Kutadanta said: "Tell me, where, if the sankharas (the elements of body and mind) are dissolved, is the identity of my self? If only my thoughts are propagated, and if my soul migrates, my thoughts cease to be my thoughts, and my soul ceases to be my soul. Where is the identity of my self?"

The Teacher said: "If a man were to light a lamp would it burn all night?"

"It might do so," answered Kutadanta.

The Teacher asked: "Is it the same flame that burns in the first watch of the night as in the second?"

Kutadanta replied: "Yes, it is the same flame." Then, on second thought, he said: "No, it is not."

"Then," said the Teacher, "there are flames, one in the first watch, and the other in the second watch."

"In one sense," answered Kutadanta, "it is not the same flame, in another sense it is. It burns the same kind of oil, it gives the same kind of light, it serves the same purpose."

The Teacher said: "Would you call those flames the same that have burned yesterday, and are again burning today in the same lamp, filled with the same kind of oil, illuminating the same room? Suppose the flame of the first watch had been extinguished during the second watch; would you call it the same if it burns again in the third watch?"

Kutadanta replied: "In one sense it is a different flame, in another it is not."

The Teacher asked: "Has the time that elapsed during the extinction of the flame anything to do with its identity or non-identity?"

Kutadanta said: "It has not. There is a difference and an identity, whether many years elapsed or only a second; and whether the lamp has been extinguished in the meantime or not."

"Then," said the Teacher, "the flame of today is, in a certain sense, the same as the flame of yesterday; and in another sense, at every moment it is different. Also the flames of the same kind, illuminating with equal power the same kind of rooms, are in a certain sense the same."

"True," said Kutadanta.

"Then," said the Teacher, "dost thou deny that the same reasoning holds good for thee that holds good for the things of the world?"

"No," answered Kutadanta, "I do not; the same reasoning holds good universally; but there is that about my self which makes it different from other things, as well as from other selves. There may be another who feels like me, thinks like me, and acts like me; but though he had my name, he would not be me."

"True," replied the Teacher, "he would not be thee. But tell me, is he who goes to school one, and when he has finished his schooling another? Is it one who commits a crime, and another who is punished?"

"They are the same," replied Kutadanta.

"Then sameness is constituted by continuity only!" asked the Teacher.

"Not only by continuity," said Kutadanta, "but also by identity of character."

"Then," said the Teacher, "thou agreest that persons can be the same, in the same sense as two flames of the same kind are called the same; and thou must recognize that in such sense another of the same character, and product of the same karma, is the same as thou."

"I must."

And the Teacher said: "In this same sense alone art thou the same today as yesterday. Thy nature is not constituted by the matter of which thy body consists, but by thy sankharas, the forms of the body, of sensations, of thoughts. Thy person is the combination of the sankharas. Wherever they are, thou art. Whithersoever they go, thou goest. Thus thou wilt recognize in a certain sense an identity of thy self, and in another sense a difference. But he who does not recognize the identity should deny all identity, and should say that the questioner is no longer the same person as he who a minute after receives the answer. Now consider the continuation of thy personality, which is preserved in thy karma. Is it death and annihilation, or life and continued life?"

"I would call it life and continued life," said Kutadanta. "It is the continuation of my existence, but I do not care for such continuation. I only care for the continuation of self

in the other sense, which makes of every one, whether identical with me or not, an altogether different person than myself."

"This," said the Teacher, "is the love of self. This is thine error. All things are transitory. They grow old and decay. Where is thy self? Thy self to which thou cleavest is a constant change. Years ago thou wert a babe; then thou wert a boy; then a youth, and now thou art a man. Is there any identity of the babe and the man? Which is thy self, that of yesterday, that of today, or that of tomorrow, for the preservation of which thou longest?"

"Thou hast confused me," said Kutadanta.

The Teacher said: "It is by the process of evolution that sankharas come to be. No sankhara has sprung into being without a gradual becoming. Thy sankharas are the product of thy deeds in former existences. The combination of thy sankharas is thyself. Wheresoever they go, thither thou goest. In thy sankharas thou wilt continue to live, and thou wilt reap in future existences the harvest sown now, and in the past."

(The literal Sanscrit definition of sankhara is "conformation," "disposition." It is the formative element in the karma as it has taken shape in bodily existence.)

Kutadanta said: "I cannot recognize the justice that others after me will reap what I am sowing."

The Teacher said: "Is this teaching in

vain? Know thou that those others are thyself. Thou thyself wilt reap what thou sowest. There is no salvation through worship or sacrifice. Verily I say unto thee: Not in the heavens, not in the midst of the sea, not if thou hidest thyself in the clefts of the mountains, wilt thou find a place where thou canst escape the fruit of thine actions, be they good or evil. The man who has long been journeying, and who returns home, finds the welcome of kinsfolk and friends. So do the fruits of good works bid welcome to him who has walked in the paths of love and truth, when he passes from the present life to the hereafter.

"Practice the truth, that declares that thy brother is the same as thou. Walk in the noble path of truth, and thou wilt understand that while there is death in self, there is immortality in truth."

WORDS SPOKEN TO KASSAPA.

Buddha said unto the venerable Kassapa, one of his disciples:

"All things are made of one essence, yet are different according to the forms which they assume under different impressions. As they form themselves so they act, and as they act so they are. It is as if a potter made different vessels of the same clay. There is no diversity in the clay; the diversity of the pots is only due to the moulding hands of the potter.

"And as all things originate from one essence, so they develop according to one law, and are destined to one aim, which is Nirvana."

THE STORY OF THE CELESTIAL DEVA.

It is told that a celestial deva (spirit, or messenger) once came to Buddha in the shape of a Brahmin, dressed in white garments.

The deva asked: "What is the sharpest sword? What is the deadliest poison? What is the fiercest fire? What is the darkest night?"

The Teacher replied: "A word spoken in anger is the sharpest sword; greed is the deadliest poison; passion is the fiercest fire; ignorance is the darkest night."

The deva said: "Who gains the greatest benefit? Who loses most? What armor is invulnerable? What is the best weapon?"

The Teacher replied: "He is the greatest gainer who helps others; he loses most who greedily receives; patience is the invulnerable armor; wisdom is the best weapon."

The deva said: Who is the greatest thief? What is the most precious treasure? Who is the most successful in gaining possessions? What is the securest reward?"

The Teacher replied: "Evil thought is the greatest thief; virtue is the most precious treasure; the mind is the most successful in gaining possessions; Nirvana is the securest reward."

The deva said: "What causes ruin in the world?"

The Teacher replied: "Ignorance causes the ruin of the world."

The deva said: "I have but one more question: What is it that fire cannot burn, nor dampness corrode, nor wind blow down, and which is able to redeem the world?"

The Teacher replied: "Neither fire, nor dampness, nor wind can destroy the blessing of a good deed; and by good deeds shall the world be redeemed."

And the deva, hearing the words of the Teacher, bowed down before him in reverence.

GOOD AND EVIL.

Buddha said to his disciples: "What is evil?

"Killing is evil; stealing is evil; yielding to sexual passion is evil; lying is evil; slandering is evil; abuse is evil; gossip is evil; hatred is evil; false teaching is evil.

"And what is the root of evil?

"Lust is the root of evil; hatred is the root of evil; illusion is the root of evil.

"What is good?

"Not to kill is good; not to steal is good; abstaining from sensuality is good; speaking only the truth is good; not to slander is good; kindness is good; not to gossip is good; not to envy is good; to love, and not hate, is good.

"And what is the root of good?

"Freedom from lust is the root of good; freedom from hatred and illusion is the root of good.

"What is suffering? What is the origin of suffering? What is the annihilation of suffering?

"Birth is suffering; old age is suffering; death is suffering; sorrow and pain are suffering; affliction and despair are suffering; to associate with loathsome things is suffering; the loss of that we love, and the failure to attain that which we long for are suffering.

"And what is the origin of suffering?

"It is lust, passion, and the thirst for existence that yearns for pleasure, that leads to continual rebirths. It is sensuality, desire, selfishness.

"And what is the annihilation of suffering?

"The liberation from desire, the deliverance from passion, is the annihilation of suffering.

"And what is the path that leads to the annihilation of suffering?

"It is the righteous eightfold path that leads to the annihilation of suffering—Right Views, Right Decision, Right Speech, Right Action, Right Living, Right Struggling, Right Thoughts, and Right Meditation.

PARABLES AND STORIES OF BUDDHA

The Buddha said: I have taught the truth. But, simple as it is, the people cannot understand it. I will speak to them in their own language. I will adapt my thoughts to their

thoughts. They are like unto children, and love to hear tales. I will tell them parables to show the glory of the Dharma (Truth).

THE MAN BORN BLIND.

There was a man born blind, and he said: "I do not believe in the world of light and color. There is no sun, no moon, no stars. No one has seen these things."

His friends, who could see, tried to convince him of his error, but without avail. "What you say you see," he said, "are illusions. If light and colors existed I should be able to touch and feel them."

There was a renowned physician, who was called to examine the eyes of the blind man; and when he had examined them, he put together four remedies, and applied them; and the eyes of the blind man were brought to sight.

The Tathagata (Buddha) is the physician, the blindness is the error of self, and the four remedies are the four noble truths.

THE LOST SON.

There was a householder's son who went away into a far country; and, while his father accumulated great wealth, the son became destitute.

And at last the son, searching for food, came to the country where his father lived; and his father saw him in his wretchedness, and ordered his servants to bring him to him.

When the son saw the place to which he was brought, he said to himself: "I surely have

caused the suspicion of some powerful chief to fall upon me, and he will throw me into prison." Therefore he made his escape without knowing where he was, or seeing his father.

Then the father sent other servants after him, who, having caught him, brought him back. And the father commanded all to deal kindly with the son; and he was given work to do, and also a teacher was employed to instruct him. And the son became pleased with his lot.

From the window of his palace the father watched the son; and as he saw him industriously laboring, he promoted him to higher and higher duties; and at last he sent for him, and disclosed to him who he was. And the son was exceedingly glad, and filled with joy.

Thus it is that little by little are our minds trained to receive the truth.

THE PARABLE OF THE FISH.

There was a certain bhikkhu (monk) who had great difficulty in holding his passions under control. Therefore he resolved to go back to the world, and came to the Buddha, asking to be released from his vows. And the Buddha said to him:

"Fall not a prey to thy passions. In former existences thou hast suffered from the consequences of lust, and unless thou canst control thy sensual desires, thou wilt, in this life, be ruined. Listen to the story of another existence of thine, when thou wert a fish:"

The fish, swimming lustily in the river, was playing with his mate. She, swimming ahead, perceived the meshes of a net, and changing her course escaped being caught; but he, blinded by his infatuation, swam straight into the mouth of the net. The fisherman pulled up the net, and the imprisoned fish, bemoaning his fate, said: "This, then, is the bitter fruit of my folly"; and would have died had not a Bodhisatta (one who has only to be born once more to enter Nirvana) chanced to pass that way, and took pity on him. He bought the fish from the fisherman, and said to him: "My good fish, had I not discovered thee, thou wouldst have lost thy life. I will save thee, but hereafter avoid the temptation of lust." With these words he threw the fish back into the river.

My son, make the best of the time that is offered to thee in thy present existence. Guard against the evils that lead only to suffering.

THE PARABLE OF THE CRANE.

A tailor, who prided himself on his ability to outwit his customers, entered upon a business transaction with a stranger, in whom he found his master in fraudulent practices, and suffered a heavy loss.

The Buddha said: In other incarnations this tailor had lived greedy lives, and suffered many losses. Many generations gone he had lived as a crane near a pond, and, when the dry season set in, he said to the fishes: "Are you not anxious for your future welfare? There

is now very little water, and very little food in this pond. What will you do should the pond become entirely dry?"

And the fishes replied: "What, indeed, should we do?"

Then the crane said: "I know of a large lake, which never goes dry. Would you not like to have me carry you there in my beak?"

But the fishes, knowing the habits of the crane, distrusted his honesty; until at last a large carp decided, for the sake of the others, to take the risk. The crane then carried him to a beautiful lake, and brought him back in safety. At this the other fishes gained confidence in the crane; and so he took them one by one in his beak, and devoured them on a big varana-tree.

Now there was also a lobster in the pond, which the crane had not taken; and when the fishes were all gone, the crane said to him: "I have taken all the fishes away and put them in a large lake. Come, and I will also take thee."

"But I am heavy," replied the lobster. "How wilt thou carry me?

"I shall take hold of thee with my beak," answered the crane.

"Thou wilt let me fall," said the lobster. "I will not go with thee."

"Thou needst not fear," said the crane. "I will hold thee tight all the way."

Then said the lobster to himself: "If this crane gets hold of a fish, he will never put him into a lake. Now if he should really put

me into a lake, it would be splendid; but if he does not, I will cut his throat." So he said to the crane:

"Thou wilt not be able to hold me tight enough; but we lobsters have a strong grip. If thou wilt let me take hold of thee around the neck with my claws, I will go with thee."

The crane, not realizing that the lobster was trying to outwit him, agreed to this; so the lobster took hold of his neck with his powerful claws, and thus the pair started towards the lake.

The crane showed him the lake, and then turned towards the varana-tree.

"My dear uncle," cried the lobster, "the lake lies that way, but thou art taking me another way!"

And the crane answered: "Thinkest thou so? Am I thy dear uncle? Thou meanest, I suppose, that I am thy slave, to carry thee where thou pleasest! Cast thine eye upon that heap of fish bones at the root of yonder varana-tree. As I have eaten those fish, so will I also devour thee!"

"Those fishes," replied the lobster, "got eaten through their own stupidity; but I am not going to let thee kill me. On the contrary, I shall kill thee. For thou, in thy greed, hast not seen that I have outwitted thee. If we die, we both die together; for I will cut off thine head with my claws!" Saying this the lobster gave the crane's neck a sharp pinch.

Gasping for breath and trembling with fear, the crane then besought the lobster, crying:

"O my Lord! I did not intend to eat thee! Spare thou my life!"

"Very well," said the lobster; "fly over and put me in the lake."

Upon this the crane flew to the edge of the lake, and stooped down to drop the lobster. Then the lobster cut through the crane's neck as clean as one would cut a lotus stalk with a knife, and entered the water.

Not only was the greedy tailor once outwitted in this manner, but in after existences likewise suffered from his greedy intrigues.

THE MAN OF GREAT RICHES.

When the Buddha was in the neighborhood of Savatthi, a man of great riches, who had lost his health, came to him and said: "I suffer greatly from bodily ills, so that I cannot move without pain."

The Buddha, observing the luxuries with which the man was surrounded, asked him: "Wouldst thou know the cause of thy troubles? There are five things which afflict thee: Overeating, love of ease, desire for pleasure, aversion to study, and lack of useful work."

The rich man profited by the words of the Buddha; and, regaining his health, came to him and said:

"Master, thou hast healed my body. I now come to thee to seek enlightenment of my mind."

And the Buddha replied: "The worldling nourishes his body, but the wise man nourishes

his mind. He who indulges his bodily appetites works his own destruction; but he who walks in the path of knowledge and truth saves himself."

PARABLE OF THE MUSTARD SEED.

There was a rich man whose gold was transformed into ashes; and he took to his bed and refused all nourishment. A friend, visiting him, said:

"Thou didst not make good use of thy wealth. In hoarding it, it was no better than ashes. Now heed this advice. Spread mats in the bazaar, and pile up these ashes, and offer to trade with them."

The man did as he was told, and when his neighbors inquired of him, he said, "I offer my goods for sale."

Now there was a young girl, Kisa Gotami, an orphan and very poor, who passed that way and said: "My lord, why pilest thou up this gold for sale?"

And the man said to her, "Wilt thou hand me that gold?" And Kisa Gotami took a handful of ashes, and it immediately changed into gold.

And the man gave her in marriage to his son, and said: "With many, gold is no better than ashes; but with Kisa Gotami ashes become pure gold."

And in due time Kisa Gotami gave birth to a son; and the son died, and in her grief she carried the dead child to the neighbors, asking for medicine. And the neighbors said,

"She has lost her senses; the child is dead."

But Kisa Gotami continued asking for medicine, until at length she met a man who said to her, "I cannot give what thou askest, but I know a physician who can."

And the girl said, "Pray tell me, sir, who he is."

And the man replied, "Go to Sakyamuni (the Sakya sage), the Buddha."

Then Kisa Gotami went to the Buddha, and beseeched him, saying: "Gentle Lord Buddha, pray give me medicine, that I may heal my boy."

And the Buddha said to her: "Bring me a handful of mustard seed.

But when in her joy Kisa Gotami promised to bring it, the Buddha said: "The mustard seed must be found at a house where no one has lost a child, or husband, or parent, or friend."

Kisa Gotami now went from house to house, and the people, pitying her, gladly offered the mustard seed; but when she asked, "Did a son, or daughter, or a father, or mother die in this house?" They answered her, "Alas! the living are few, but the dead are many." And she found no house wherein none had died.

Weary and hopeless, she sat down by the wayside. At last the darkness of night came upon her, and she thought of the darkness of death that comes to all; and she said to herself, "How selfish am I in my grief! Death is everywhere among the living." Then, put-

ting away thoughts of self, she buried her child in the forest, and returned to the Buddha; and the Buddha said to her:

"The life of mortals is troubled and brief. All who are born must die. As all vessels made by the potter are at last broken, so is the life of man. Young and old, fools and wise, all come to death. A father cannot save his child, nor kinsmen their relatives. As the world is full of death and decay, therefore the wise do not grieve, knowing that it is the law of life.

"Not from weeping nor grieving will any find peace of mind, nor are the dead returned by lamentations. We pass away, and our fate is according to our deeds. He who seeks peace must lose self; he who overcomes sorrow will be free from sorrow.

THE BUDDHA ALWAYS HERE.

The Buddha spoke to his disciples saying:

"Those who do not know me, call me Gotama; but you call me Buddha, the Enlightened. You do well, for in this life I have entered Nirvana, while the life of Gotama has been extinguished.

"Self has disappeared, and the truth has taken its abode in me. This body of mine is Gotama's body, and will be dissolved; and after its dissolution no one, neither God nor man, will see Gotama again. But the Buddha will remain; the Buddha will not die; it will be like a flame in a great body of fire; the

flame has ceased, it has vanished in the fire, but in the Dharma* the Buddha can be discerned.

"Being comforted, I comfort others; I lead them to a place of refuge; I fill with joy those who languish; I give happiness to those dying; I extend to them deliverance.

"I was born into the world for the salvation of the world. I meditate upon truth. I devote my mind to truth. I speak the truth to all. I have become the truth.

"Whosoever comprehendeth the truth will see the Buddha, for the truth has been told by the Buddha."

THE LAST DAYS OF BUDDHA

The Buddha went to the village of Nadika with a company of his disciples; and the venerable Ananda came to him, and told of the brothers and sisters who had died, and asked of their fate. And the Teacher said unto Ananda:

"Those who have died after the destruction of the bonds of lust, of covetousness and the cleaving to self, need not fear death. They will not be reborn in a state of suffering; their minds will not continue as a karma of evil deeds.

"When they die, nothing will remain of them but their good thoughts, their good deeds, and the happiness that comes from truth and

*Sanscrit, meaning the natural condition of beings, the law of existence, the truth.

righteousness. As rivers must at last reach the sea, so their minds will be reborn in higher states of existence and continue on to their ultimate goal, to the ocean of truth, to the everlasting peace of Nirvana."

AMBAPALI THE COURTESAN.

The Buddha, with his disciples, went to Vesali, and stayed at the grove of the courtesan Ambapali. When Ambapali heard that the Buddha was staying in her mango grove, she was greatly pleased, and drove in her chariot as far as the road permitted. Then she alighted and walked to the spot where the Buddha was, and seated herself at his feet. As a woman goes forth to perform worthy deeds, so Ambapali appeared in a simple garment, without ornaments; and she was beautiful to look upon. And the Buddha thought: "This woman is a favorite of princes, yet is her heart composed. She is prepared to hear the truth." And when she was seated, he instructed her in the way of life. And as she listened, the face of the courtesan became bright, and she said, "Will the Enlightened One do me the honor, with his brethren, of taking his meal tomorrow at my house?" And, in silence, the Buddha gave consent.

Now the Licchavi, a family of princely rank, hearing that the Buddha was staying at Ambapali's grove, drove there with their magnificent chariots and retinue, gorgeously dressed and decorated with costly jewels. And seeing them coming, Ambapali drove up against the

chariot of the youngest of the Licchavi, axle to axle, wheel to wheel, and yoke to yoke; and the Licchavi said to Ambapali the courtesan: "How is it that you drive up against us thus?

"My lord," she said, "I have just invited the Buddha and his brothers to dine with me tomorrow."

And the prince replied: "Give up this meal to us, and we will pay you well."

"My lord," answered Ambapali, "were you to offer all Vesali, I would not give up this honor."

Then the Licchavi went on to the grove.

When the Buddha saw the Licchavi approaching, he said to his disciples: "Let those who have never seen the gods gaze upon this company of the Licchavi."

When the Licchavi had come to the Buddha, they invited him to dine with them on the morrow; but the Buddha said: "I have promised to dine with Ambapali the courtesan."

And when the Licchavi had departed, and returned to their home, they said: "A woman of the world has outdone us; we have been left behind by a harlot."

The next day, Ambapali having prepared sweet rice and cakes, sent a messenger to the Buddha, who said: "The hour, gentle Lord, has come, and the meal is ready."

And the Buddha, together with his disciples, went to Ambapali's dwelling place; and when they had come they seated themselves at the places prepared for them. And Ambapali the courtesan set the sweet rice and cakes before

them, and waited upon until they refused to partake of more. And when they had finished the meal, Ambapali brought a stool and sat at the feet of Buddha, and said to him: "Gentle Lord Buddha, I give this mansion to the bhikkhus, of which the Buddha is chief."

And soon after this the Buddha said to his disciples: "Eat your food to satisfy your hunger, and drink to satisfy your thirst. Satisfy the necessities of life like the butterfly that sips the flower, without injuring its fragrance or its texture.

"Behold, the final extinction of the Teacher will soon take place. All component things must grow old and be dissolved again. Seek that which is everlasting, and work out your salvation through the truth. He who gives shall find gain. He who conquers himself shall be free."

Ananda said: "Deep darkness reigned for want of wisdom; the world of sentient creatures was groping for the light; then the Teacher lit the lamp of wisdom, and now it will be extinguished, ere he has brought it to all the world."

And the Buddha said to the venerable Ananda: "Let not thine heart be troubled; do not weep; it is in the nature of things that we must separate from those most near and dear unto us. The foolish man thinks only of self; the wise man renounces self, and realizes that all compounds amassed by sorrow will be dissolved again, but the truth will remain forever.

"Why should I preserve this body, when the body of the most excellent law will endure? Rather should I look for rest.

"I am not the first Buddha who came upon earth, neither shall I be the last. In due time another Buddha will arise in the world, a Supremely Enlightened One, endowed with wisdom, knowing the universe, an incomparable leader of men. He will reveal to mankind the eternal truths which I have taught."

Ananda said: "How shall the world know him?"

The Buddha said: "He will be known as Metteyya, which means, He whose name is kindness."

* * * * * *

Once more upon earth Buddha, the Enlightened of India, began to speak: "Behold decay is inherent in all component things, but the truth will remain forever! Work out salvation with diligence."

These were the last words of the gentle Lord Buddha. He fell into deep meditation; and having passed through the four jhanas,* entered Nirvana.

* * * * * *

In the Buddhist Books it is told that when the Buddha entered Nirvana there arose, as he passed from existence, a mighty earthquake, terrible and awe-inspiring; that the thunders of heaven burst forth, and that his disciples exclaimed: "Too soon has the Buddha died!

*Jhana (Sanscrit Dhyana), ecstasy, vision, the result of samadhi (self-control).

Too soon has the Teacher passed away! Too soon has the Light of the World gone out!"

And they burned the body of the Buddha, covered with garlands and wreaths; and when the funeral pyre was lit, the sun and moon withdrew their shining, the peaceful streams became torrent-swollen, the forests shook, while flowers and leaves fell upon the ground like scattered rain.

And Devaputta, one of the disciples, said to the multitudes that were gathered round the pyre:

"Behold, the earthly remains of the Enlightened One have been dissolved, but the truth that he taught us lives in our minds."

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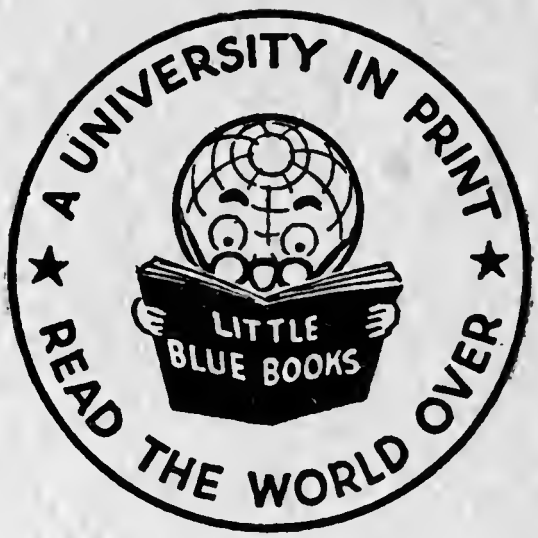
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Sex Life in Greece and Rome

G. Lowes Dickinson
and Others

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SEX LIFE IN GREECE AND ROME

THE GREEK VIEW OF WOMAN

G. Lowes Dickinson

Nothing more profoundly distinguishes the Hellenic from the modern view of life than the estimate in which women were held by the Greeks. Their opinion on this point was partly the cause and partly the effect of that preponderance of the idea of the State on which we have already dwelt, and from which it followed naturally enough that marriage should be regarded primarily as a means of producing healthy and efficient citizens. This view is best illustrated by the institutions of such a State as Sparta, where, as we saw, the woman was specially trained for maternity, and connections outside the marriage tie were sanctioned by custom and opinion, if they were such as were likely to lead to healthy offspring. Further, it may be noted that in almost every State the exposure of deformed or sickly infants was encouraged by the law, the child being thus regarded, from the beginning, as a member of the State, rather than as a member of the family.

The same view is reflected in the speculations of political philosophers. Plato, indeed, in his Republic, goes so far as to eliminate the family relation altogether. Not only is the whole connection between men and women to be regulated by the State, in respect both of the persons and of the limit of age within which they may associate, but the children as soon as they are born are to be carried off to a common nursery, there to be reared together,

undistinguished by the mothers, who will suckle indifferently any infant that might happen to be assigned to them for the purpose. Here, as in other instances, Plato goes far beyond the limits set by the current sentiment of the Greeks, and in his later work is reluctantly constrained to abandon his scheme of community of wives and children. Yet even there he makes it compulsory on every man to marry between the age of thirty and thirty-five, under penalty of fine and civil disabilities. Plato, no doubt, as we have said, exaggerates the opinions of his time; but the view, which he pushes to its extreme, of the subordination of the family to the State, was one, as we have already pointed out, which did predominate in Greece. It reappears in a sober form in the treatise of Aristotle. He, too, would regulate by law both the age at which marriages should take place and the number of children that should be produced, and would have all deformed infants exposed. And here, no doubt, he is speaking in conformity if not with the practice, at least with the feeling of Greece. The modern conception that the marriage relation is a matter of private concern and that any individual has a right to wed whom and when he will, and to produce children at his own discretion, regardless of all considerations of health and decency, was one altogether alien to the Greeks. In theory at least, and to some extent in practice (as, for example, in the case of Sparta), they recognized that the production of children was a business of supreme import to the State, and that it was right and proper

that it should be regulated by law with a view to the advantage of the whole community.

And if now we turn from considering the family in its relation to the State to regard it in its relation to the individual, we are struck once more by a divergence from the modern point of view, or rather from the view which is supposed to prevail, particularly by writers of fiction, at any rate, in modern English life. In ancient Greece, so far as our knowledge goes, there was little or no romance connected with the marriage tie. Marriage was a means of producing legitimate children; that is how it is defined by Demosthenes; and we have no evidence that it was ever regarded as anything more. In Athens we know that marriages were commonly arranged by the father, much as they are in modern France, on grounds of age, property, connection and the like, and without any regard for the inclination of the parties concerned. And an interesting passage in Xenophon indicates a point of view quite consonant with this accepted practice. God, he says, ordained the institution of marriage; but on what grounds? Not in the least for the sake of the personal relation that might be established between the husband and wife, but for ends quite external and indifferent to any affection that might exist between them. First, for the perpetuation of the human race; secondly, to raise up protectors for the father in his old age; thirdly, to secure an appropriate division of labour, the man performing the outdoor work, the woman guarding and superintending at home, and each thus fulfilling duly the func-

tion for which they were designed by nature. This eminently prosaic way of conceiving the marriage relation is also, it would seem, eminently Greek; and it leads us to consider more particularly the opinion prevalent in Greece of the nature and duty of women in general.

Here the first point to be noticed is the wide difference of the view represented in the Homeric poems from that which meets us in the historic period. Readers of the Iliad and the Odyssey will find depicted there, amid all the barbarity of an age of rapine and war, relations between men and women so tender, faithful and beautiful, that they may almost stand as universal types of the ultimate human ideal. Such, for example, is the relation between Odysseus and Penelope, the wife waiting year by year for the husband whose fate is unknown, wooed in vain by suitors who waste her substance and wear her life, nightly "watering her bed with her tears" for twenty weary years, till at last the wanderer returns, and "at once her knees were loosened and her heart melted within her . . . and she fell a-weeping and ran straight towards him, and cast her hands about his neck, and kissed his head;" for "even as the sight of the land is welcome to mariners, so welcome to her was the sight of her lord, and her white arms would never quite leave hold of his neck."

Such, again is the relation between Hector and Andromache as described in the well-known scene of the Iliad, where the wife comes out with her babe to take leave of the husband on his way to battle. "It were better for me,"

she cries, "to go down to the grave if I lose thee; for never will any comfort be mine, when once thou, even thou, hast met thy fate, but only sorrow. . . . Thou art to me father and lady mother, yea, and brother, even as thou art my goodly husband. Come now, have pity and abide here upon the tower, lest thou make thy child an orphan and thy wife a widow." Hector answers with the plea of honour. He cannot draw back, but he foresees defeat; and in his anticipation of the future nothing is so bitter as the fate he fears for his wife. "Yet doth the conquest of the Trojans hereafter not so much trouble me, neither Hekabe's own, neither King Priam's, neither my brethren's, the many and brave that shall fall in the dust before their foemen, as doth thine anguish in the day when some mail-clad Achaian shall lead thee weeping and rob thee of the light of freedom. . . . But me in death may the heaped-up earth be covering, ere I hear thy crying and thy carrying into captivity."

But most striking of all the portraits of women to be found in Homer, and most typical of a frank and healthy relation between the sexes, is the account of Nausicaa given in the Odyssey. Ulysses, shipwrecked and naked, battered and covered with brine, surprises Nausicaa and her maidens as they are playing at ball on the shore. The attendants run away, but Nausicaa remains to hear what the stranger has to say. He asks her for shelter and clothing; and she grants the request, with an exquisite courtesy and a freedom from all embarrassment which becomes only the more

marked and the more delightful when, as she sees him emerge from the bath, clothed and beautiful, she cannot restrain the exclamation, "would that such a one might be called my husband, dwelling here, and that it might please him here to abide." About the whole scene there is a freshness and a fragrance as of early morning, and a tone so natural, free and frank, that in the face of this rustic idyl the later centuries sicken and faint, like candlelight in the splendour of the dawn.

If we had only Homer to give us our ideas of the Greeks, we might conclude, from such passages as these, that they had a conception of woman and her relation to man, finer and nobler, in some respects, than that of modern times. But, in fact, the Homeric poems represent a civilisation which had passed away before the opening of the period with which at present we are chiefly concerned. And in the interval, for reasons which we need not here attempt to state, a change had taken place in the whole way of regarding the female sex. So far, at any rate, as our authorities enable us to judge, woman, in the historic age, was conceived to be so inferior to man that he recognised in her no other end than to minister to his pleasure or to become the mother of his children. Romance and the higher companionship of intellect and spirit do not appear (with certain notable exceptions) to have been commonly sought or found in this relation. Woman, in fact, was regarded as a means, not as an end; and was treated in a manner consonant with this view. Of this estimate many illus-

trations might be adduced from the writers of the fifth and fourth centuries. Plato, for example, classes together "children, women, and servants," and states generally that there is no branch of human industry in which the female sex is not inferior to the male. Similarly, Aristotle insists again and again on the natural inferiority of women, and illustrates it by such quaint observations as the following, "a man would be considered a coward who was only as brave as a brave woman, and a woman as a chatter-box who was only as modest as a good man." But the most striking example, perhaps, because the most unconscious, of this habitual way of regarding women is to be found in the funeral oration put by Thucydides into the mouth of Pericles, where the speaker, after suggesting what consolation he can to the fathers of the slain, turns to the woman with the brief but significant exhortation: "If I am to speak of womanly virtues of those of you who will henceforth be widows let me sum them up in one short admonition: To a woman not to show more weakness than is natural to her sex is a great glory, and not to be talked about for good or for evil among men."

The sentiments of the poets are less admissible as evidence. But some of them are so extreme that they may be adduced as a further indication of a point of view whose prevalence alone could render them even dramatically plausible. Such for example is the remark which Euripides puts into the mouth of his Medea, "Women are impotent for good, but clever contrivers of all evil," or that of one of

the characters of Menander, "A woman is necessarily an evil, and he is a lucky man who catches her in the mildest form." While the general Greek view of the dependence of woman on man is well expressed in the words of Aethra, in the "Suppliants" of Euripides—"It is proper for women who are wise to let men act for them in everything."

In accordance with this conception of the inferiority of the female sex, and partly as a cause, partly as an effect of it, we find that the position of the wife in ancient Greece was simply that of the domestic drudge. To stay at home and mind the house was her recognised ideal. "A free woman should be bounded by the street door," says one of the characters in Menander; and another writer discriminates as follows the functions of the two sexes: "War politics, and public speaking are the sphere of man; that of woman is to keep house, to stay at home and to receive and tend her husband." We are not surprised, therefore, to find that the symbol of women is the tortoise; and in the following burlesque passage from Aristophanes we shall recognize, in spite of the touch of caricature, the genuine features of the Greek wife, Praxagora is recounting the merits and services of women:

"They dip their wool in hot water according to the ancient plan, all of them without exception, and never make the slightest innovation. They sit and cook, as of old. They carry upon their heads, as of old. They conduct the Themophoriae, as of old. They wear out their

husbands, as of old. They buy sweets, as of old. They take their wine neat, as of old."

And that this was also the kind of ideal approved by their lords and masters, and that any attempt to pass beyond it was resented, is amusingly illustrated in the following extract from the same poet, where Lysistrata explains the growing indignation of the women at the bad conduct of affairs by the men, and the way in which their attempts to interfere were resented. The comments of the "magistrate" typify, of course, the man's point of view.

"Think of our old moderation and gentleness, think how we bore with your pranks, and were still,
All through the days of your former prognacity, all through the war that is over and spent:
Not that (be sure) we approved of your policy; never our griefs you allowed us to vent.
Well we perceived your mistakes and mismanmanagement.
Often at home on our housekeeping cares,
Often we heard of some foolish proposal you made for conducting the public affairs.
Then would we question you mildly and pleasantly, inwardly grieving, but outwardly gay;
'Husband, how goes it abroad?' we would ask of him; 'what have ye done in Assembly to-day?
What would ye write on the side of the Treatystone?'
Husband says angrily, 'What's that to you?

You hold your tongue!' And I held it accordingly.

STRATYLLIS.

That is a thing which I never would do!

MAGISTRATE.

Ma'am, if you hadn't you'd soon have repented it.

LYSISTRATA.

Therefore I held it, and spake not a word.
Soon of another tremendous absurdity, wilder and worse than the former we heard.
'Husband,' I say, with a tender solicitude, 'Why have you passed such a foolish decree?'
Viciously, moodily, glaring askance at me, 'Stick to your spinning, my mistress,' says he,
'Else you will speedily find it the worse for you! war is the care and the business of men!'

MAGISTRATE.

Zeus! 'twas a worthy reply, and an excellent!

LYSISTRATA.

What! you unfortunate, shall we not then,
Then, when we see you perplexed and incompetent, shall we not tender advice to the state!"

The conception thus indicated in burlesque of the proper place of woman is expressed more seriously, from the point of view of the average man in the "Œconomicus" of Xenophon. Ischomachus, the hero of that work, with whom we have already made acquaintance, gives an account of his own wife, and of the way in which he had trained her. When

he married her, he explains she was not yet fifteen, and had been brought up with the utmost care "that she might see, hear, and ask as little as possible." Her accomplishments were weaving and a sufficient acquaintance with all that concerns the stomach; and her attitude towards her husband she expressed in the single phrase: "Everything rests with you; my duty, my mother said, is simply to be modest." Ischomachus proceeds to explain to her the place he expects her to fill; she is to suckle his children, to cook, and to superintend the house; and for this purpose God has given her special gifts, different from but not necessarily inferior to those of man. Husband and wife naturally supply one another's deficiencies; and if the wife performs her function worthily she may even make herself the ruling partner, and be sure that as she grows older she will be held not less but more in honour, as the guardian of her children and the stewardess of her husband's goods—in Xenophon's view, in fact, the inferiority of the woman almost disappears; and the sentiment approximates closely to that of Tennyson—

> "either sex alone
> Is half itself, and in true marriage lies
> Nor equal, nor unequal; each fulfils
> Defect in each."

Such a conception, however, of the "complementary" relation of woman to man, does not exclude a conviction of her essential inferiority. And this conviction, it can hardly be disputed, was a cardinal point in the Greek view of life.

PROTESTS AGAINST THE COMMON VIEW OF WOMAN

Nevertheless, there are not wanting indications, both in theory and practice, of a protest against it. In Sparta, as we have already noticed, girls, instead of being confined to the house, were brought up in the open air among the boys, trained in gymnastics and accustomed to run and wrestle naked. And Plato, modelling his view upon this experience, makes no distinction of the sexes in his ideal republic. Women, he admits, are generally inferior to men, but they have similar, if lower capacities and powers. There is no occupation or art for which they may not be fitted by nature and education; and he would therefore have them take their share in government war, as well as in the various mechanical trades. "None of the occupations," he says, "which comprehend the ordering of a state, belong to woman as woman, nor yet to man as man; but natural gifts are to be found here and there, in both sexes alike; and, so far as her nature is concerned, the woman is admissible to all pursuits as well as the man; though in all of them the woman is weaker than the man."

In adopting this attitude Plato stands alone not only among Greeks, but one might almost say, among mankind, till we come to the latest views of the nineteenth century. But there is another Greek, the poet Euripides, who, without advancing any theory about the proper position of women, yet displays so intimate an

understanding of their difficulties, and so warm and close a sympathy with their griefs, that some of his utterances may stand to all time as documents of the dumb and age-long protest of the weaker against the stronger sex. In illustration we may cite the following lines from the "Medea," applicable, *mutatis mutandis*, to how many generations of suffering wives?

"Of all things that have life and sense we women are most wretched. For we are compelled to buy with gold a husband who is also —worst of all!—the master of our person. And on his character, good or bad, our whole fate depends. For divorce is regarded as a disgrace to a woman and she cannot repudiate her husband. Then coming as she does into the midst of manners and customs strange to her, she would need the gift of divination—unless she has been taught at home—to know how best to treat her bed-fellow. And if we manage so well that our husband remains faithful to us, and does not break away, we may think ourselves fortunate; if not, there is nothing for it but death. A man when he is vexed at home can go out and find relief among his friends or acquaintances; but we women have none to look to but him. They tell us we live a sheltered life at home while they go to the wars; but that is nonsense. For I would rather go into battle thrice than bear a child once."

Hitherto we have been speaking mainly of the position of the wife in Greece. It is necessary now to say a few words about that class of women who were called in the Greek tongue

Hetaerae; and who are by some supposed to have represented, intellectually at least, a higher level of culture than the other members of their sex. In exceptional cases, this, no doubt, was the fact. Aspasia, for example, the mistress of Pericles, was famous for her powers of mind. According to Plato she was an accomplished rhetorician, and the real composer of the celebrated funeral oration of Pericles; and Plutarch asserts that she was courted and admired by the statesmen and philosophers of Greece. But Aspasia cannot be taken as a type of the Hetaerae of Greece. That these women, by the variety and freedom of their life, may and must have acquired certain qualities of character and mind that could hardly be developed in the seclusion of the Greek home, may readily be admitted; we know, for example, that they cultivated music and the power of conversation; and were welcome guests at supper-parties. But we have no evidence that the relations which they formed rested as a rule on any but the simplest physical basis. The real distinction, under this head, between the Greek point of view and our own, appears to lie rather in the frankness with which this whole class of relations was recognised by the Greeks. There were temples in honour of Aphrodite Pandemos, the goddess of illicit love, and festivals celebrated in her honour; statues were erected of famous courtesans, of Phryne, for example, at Delphi, between two kings; and philosophers and statesmen lived with their mistresses openly, without any loss of public reputation. Every

man, said the orator Demosthenes, requires besides his wife at least two mistresses; and this statement, made as a matter of course in open court, is perhaps the most curious illustration we possess of the distinction between the Greek civilisation and our own, as regards not the fact itself but the light in which it was viewed.

MARRIAGE: AND THE ROMAN LADY

W. Warde Fowler, M. A.

In order to appreciate the position of women of various types in the society we are examining, it is necessary to make it clear what Roman marriage originally and ideally meant. In any society, it will be found that the position and influence of woman can be fairly well discerned from the nature of the marriage ceremony and the conditions under which it is carried out. At Rome, in all periods of her history, a *iustum matrimonium*, i. e. a marriage sanctioned by law and religion, and therefore entirely legal in all its results, was a matter of great moment, not to be achieved without many forms and ceremonies. The reason for this elaboration is obvious, at any rate to any one who has some acquaintance with ancient life in Greece or Italy. As we shall see later on, the house was a residence for the divine members of the family, as well as the human; the entrance, therefore, of a bride into the household,—of one, that is, who had no part nor lot in that family life—meant some straining of the relation between the divine and human members. The human part of the family brings in a new member, but it has to be assured that the divine part is willing to accept her before the step taken can be regarded as complete. She has to enter the family in such a way as to be able to share in its *sacra*, i. e. in the worship of the household spirits, the

ancestors in their tombs, or in any special cult attached to the family. In order to secure this eligibility, she was in the earliest times subjected to a ceremony which was clearly of a sacramental character, and which had as its effect the transference of the bride from the hand (*manus*) of her father, i. e. from absolute subjection to him as the head of her own family, to the hand of her husband, i. e. to absolute subjection to him as the head of her new family.

This sacramental ceremony was called *confarreatio*, because a sacred cake, made of the old Italian grain called *far*, and offered to Jupiter Farreus, was partaken of by bride and bridegroom, in the presence of the Pontifex Maximus, the Flamen Dialis, and ten other witnesses. At such a ceremony the auspices had of course been taken, and apparently a victim was also slain, and offered probably to Ceres, the skin of which was stretched over two seats (*sellae*), on which the bride and bridegroom had to sit. These details of the early form of patrician marriage are only mentioned here to make the religious character of the Roman idea of the rite quite plain; in other words, to prove that the entrance of a bride into a family from outside was a matter of very great difficulty and seriousness, not to be achieved without special aid and the intervention of the gods. We may even go so far as to say that the new mater-familias was in some sort a priestess of the household, and that she must undergo a solemn initiation before assuming that position. And we may still further

illustrate the mystical religious nature of the whole rite, if we remember that throughout Roman history no one could hold the priesthood of Jupiter (*flaminium diale*) or that of Mars or Quirinus, or of the Rex sacrorum, who had not been born of parents wedded by *confarreatio*, and that in each case the priest himself must be married by the same ceremony. This last mentioned fact may also serve to remind us that it was not only the family and its sacra, its life and its maintenance, that called for the ceremonies making up an *austum matrimonium*, but also the State and its *sacra*, its life and its maintenance. As *confarreatio* had as its immediate object the providing of a *Materfamilias* fully qualified in all her various functions, and as its further object the providing of persons legally qualified to perform the most important *sacra* of the state; so marriage, in whatever form, had as its object at once the maintenance of the family and its *sacra* and the production of men able to serve the State in peace and war. To be a Roman citizen you must be the product of a *iustum matrimonium*. From this initial fact flow all the *iura*, or rights which together make up citizenship; whether the private rights, which enable you to hold and transfer and to inherit property under the shelter of the Roman law, or the public rights, which protect your person against violence and murder, and enable you to give your vote in the public assembly and to seek election to magistracies.

Marriage then was a matter of the utmost importance in Roman life, and in all the forms

of it we find this importance marked by due solemnity of ritual. In two other forms, besides *confarreatio*, the bride could be brought under the hand of her husband, viz., *coemptio* and *usus*, with which we are not here specially concerned; for long before the last century of the Republic all three methods had become practically obsolete, or were only occasionally used for particular purposes. In the course of time it had been found more convenient for a woman to remain after her marriage in the hand of her father, or if he were dead, in the "*tutela*" of a guardian (tutor), than to pass into that of her husband; for in the latter case her property became absolutely his. The natural tendency to escape from the restrictions of marital *manus* may be illustrated by a case such as the following: a woman under the *tutela* of a guardian wishes to marry; if she does so and passes under the *manus* of her husband, her *tutor* loses all control over her property, which may probably be of great importance for the family she is leaving; he therefore naturally objects to such a marriage, and urges that she should be married without *manus*. In fact the interests of her own family would often clash with those of the one she was about to enter, and a compromise could be effected by the abandonment of marriage *cum manu*.

Now this, the abandonment of marriage *cum manu*, means simply that certain legal consequences of the marriage ceremony were dropped, and with them just those parts of the ceremony which produced these consequences.

Otherwise the marriage was absolutely as valid for all purposes private and public as it could be made even by *confarreatio* itself. The sacramental part was absent and the survival of the features of marriage by purchase, which we may see in the form of *coemptio*, was also absent; but in all other respects the marriage ceremony was the same as in marriage *cum manu*. It retained all essential religious features, losing only a part of its legal character. It will be as well briefly to describe a Roman wedding of the type common in the last two centuries of the Republic.

To begin with, the boy and girl—for such they were, as we should look on them, even at the time of marriage—have been betrothed, in all probability, long before. Cicero tells us that he betrothed his daughter Tullia to Calpurnius Piso Frugi early in 66 B. C.; the marriage took place in 63. Tullia seems to have been born in 76, so that she was ten years old at the time of betrothal and thirteen at that of marriage. This is probably typical of what usually happened; and it shows that the matter was really entirely in the hands of the parents. It was a family arrangement, a *mariage de convenance*, as has been and is the practice among many peoples, ancient and modern. The betrothal was indeed a promise rather than a definite contract, and might be broken off without illegality; and thus if there were a strong dislike on the part of either girl or boy a way of escape could be found. However this may be, we may be sure that the idea of the marriage was not that of a union for love, though it was

distinguished from concubinage of an "*affectio maritalis*" as well as by legal forms, and though a true attachment might, and often did, as in modern times in like circumstances, arise out of it. It was the idea of the service of the family and the State that lay at the root of the union. This is well illustrated, like so many other Roman ideas, in the *Æneid* of Virgil. Those who persist in looking on Æneas with modern eyes, and convict him of perfidy towards Dido, forget that his passion for Dido was a sudden one, not sanctioned by the gods or by favourable auspices, and that the ultimate union with Lavinia, for whom he forms no such attachment, was one which would recommend itself to every Roman as justified by the advantage to the State. The poet, it is true, betrays his own intense humanity in his treatment of the fate of Dido, but he does so in spite of his theme,—the duty of every Roman to his family and the State. A Roman would no doubt fall in love, like a youth of any other nation, but his passion had nothing to do with his life of duty as a Roman. This idea of marriage had serious consequences, to which we shall return later on.

When the day for the wedding arrives, our bride assumes her bridal dress, laying aside the *toga praetexta* of her childhood and dedicating her dolls to the Lar of her family; and wearing the reddish veil (*flammeum*) and the woolen girdle fastened with a knot called the knot of Hercules, she awaits the arrival of the bridegroom in her father's house. Meanwhile the auspices are being taken; in earlier times

this was done by observing the flight of birds but now by examination of the entrails of a victim, apparently a sheep. If this is satisfactory the youthful pair declare their consent to the union and join their right hands as directed by a *pronuba*, i. e. a married woman, who acts as a kind of priestess. Then after another sacrifice and a wedding feast, the bride is conducted from her old home to that of her husband, accompanied by three boys, sons of living parents, one carrying a torch while the other two lead her by either hand; flute-players go before, and nuts are thrown to the boys. This *deductio*, charmingly described in the beautiful sixty-fifth poem of Catullus, is full of interesting detail which must be omitted here. When the bridegroom's house is reached, the bride smears the doorposts with fat and oil and ties a woollen fillet round each: she is then lifted over the threshold, is taken by her husband into the partnership of fire and water —the essentials of domestic life—and passes into the *atrium*. The morrow will find her a *materfamilias*, sitting among her maids in that *atrium*, or in the more private apartments behind it:

> Claudite ostia, virgines
> Lusimus satis. At boni
> Coniuges, bene vivite, et
> Munere assiduo valentem
> Exercete iuventam.

Even the dissipated Catullus could not but treat the subject of marriage with dignity and

tenderness, and in this last stanza of his poem he alludes to the duties of a married pair in language which would have satisfied the strictest Roman. He has also touched another chord which would echo in the heart of every good citizen, in the delicious lines which just precede those quoted, and anticipate the child—a son of course—that is to be born, and that will lie in his mother's arms holding out his little hands, and smiling on his father. Nothing can better illustrate the contrast in the mind of the Roman between passionate love and serious marriage than a comparison of this lovely poem with those which tell the sordid tale of the poet's intrigues with Lesbia (Clodia). The beauty and *gravitas* of married life as it used to be are still felt and still found, but the depths of human feeling are not stirred by them. Love lies beyond, is a fact outside the pale of the ordered life of the family or the State.

No one who studies this ceremonial of Roman marriage, in the light of the ideas it indicates and reflects, can avoid the conclusion that the position of the married woman must have been one of substantial dignity, calling for and calling out a corresponding type of character. Beyond doubt the position of the roman *materfamilias* was a much more dignified one than that of the Greek wife. She was far indeed from being a mere drudge or squaw; she shared with her husband in all the duties of the household, including those of religion, and within the house itself she was practically supreme. She lived in the *atrium*, and was not shut away

in a women's chamber; she nursed her own children and brought them up; she had entire control of the female slaves who were her maids; she took her meals with her husband, but sitting, not reclining, and abstaining from wine; in all practical matters she was consulted, and only on questions political or intellectual was she expected to be silent. When she went out arrayed in the graceful *stola matronalis*, she was treated with respect, and the passers-by made way for her; but it is characteristic of her position that she did not as a rule leave the house without the knowledge of her husband, or without an escort.

In keeping with this dignified position was the ideal character of the *materfamilias*. Ideal we must call it, for it does not in all respects coincide with the tradition of Roman women even in early times; but we must remember that at all periods of Roman history the woman whose memory survives is apt to be the woman who is not the ideal matron, but one who forces herself into notice by violating the traditions of womanhood. The typical matron would assuredly never dream of playing a part in history; her influence was behind the scenes, and therefore proportionally powerful. The legendary mother of Coriolanus (the Volumnia of Shakespeare), Cornelia the mother of the Gracchi, Aurelia, Cæsar's mother, and Julia his daughter did indirectly play a far greater part in public life than the loud and vicious ladies who have left behind them names famous or infamous; but they never claimed the recognition of their power.

This peculiar character of the Roman matron, a combination of dignity, industry, and practical wisdom, was exactly suited to attract the attention of a gentle philosopher like Plutarch, who loved, with genuine moral fervour, all that was noble and honest in human nature. Not only does he constantly refer to the Roman ladies and their character in his *Lives* and his *Morals*, but in his series of more than a hundred "Roman questions" the first nine, as well as many others, are concerned with marriage and the household life; and in his treatise called *Coniugalia praecepta* he reflects many of the features of the Roman matron. From him, in Sir Thomas North's translation, Shakespeare drew the inspiration which enabled him to produce on the Elizabethan stage at least one such typical matron. In Coriolanus he has followed Plutarch so closely that the reader may almost be referred to him as an authority; and in the contrast between the austere and dignified Volumnia and the passionate and voluptuous Cleopatra of the later play, the poet's imagination seems to have been guided by a true historical instinct.

We need not doubt that the austere matron of the old type survived into the age we are specially concerned with; but we hardly come across her in the literature of the time, just because she was living her own useful life, and did not seek publicity. Chance has indeed preserved for us on stone the story of a wonderful lady, whose early years of married life were spent in the trying time of the civil wars of 49-43 B. C., and who, if a devoted husband's

praises are to be trusted, as indeed they may be, was a woman of the finest Roman cast, and endowed with such a combination of practical virtues as we should hardly have expected even in a Roman matron. But we shall return to this inscription later on.

The ladies whom we meet with in Cicero's letters and in the other literature of the last age of the Republic are not of this type. Since the second Punic war the Roman lady has changed, like everything else Roman. It is not possible here to trace the history of the change in detail, but we may note that it seems to have begun within the household, in matters of dress and expense, and later on affected the life and bearing of women in society and politics. Marriages *cum manu* became unusual: the wife remained in the *potestas* of her father, who in most cases, doubtless, ceased to trouble himself about her, and as her property did not pass to her husband, she could not but obtain a new position of independence. Women began to be rich, and in the year 169 B. C. a law was passed (*lex Voconia*) forbidding women of the highest census (who alone would probably be concerned) to inherit legacies. Even before the end of the great war, and when private luxury would seem out of place, it had been proposed to abolish the Oppian law, which placed restrictions on the ornaments and apparel of women; and in spite of the vehement opposition of Cato, then a young man, the proposal was successful. At the same time divorce, which had probably never been impossible though it must have been rare, began to be a

common practice. We find to our surprise that the virtuous Æmilius Paullus, in other respects a model *paterfamilias*, put away his wife, and when asked why he did so, replied that a woman might be excellent in the eyes of her neighbours, but that only a husband could tell where the shoe pinched. And in estimating the changed position of women within the family we must not forget the fact that in the course of the long and unceasing wars of the second century, B. C., husbands were away from home for years together, and in innumerable cases must have perished by the sword or pestilence, or fallen into the hands of an enemy and been enslaved. It was inevitable that as the male population diminished, as it undoubtedly did in that century, the importance of woman should proportionately have increased. Unfortunately too, even when the husbands were at home, their wives sometimes seem to have wished to be rid of them. In 180 B. C. the consul Piso was believed to have been murdered by his wife, and whether the story be true or not, the suspicion is at least significant. In 154 two noble ladies, wives of consulares, were accused of poisoning their husbands and put to death by a council of their own relations. Though the evidence in these cases is not by any means satisfactory, yet we can hardly doubt that there was a tendency among women of the highest rank to give way to passion and excitement; the evidence for the Bacchanalian conspiracy of 186 B. C., in which women played a very prominent part, is explicit, and shows that there was a "new woman" even then, who

had ceased to be satisfied with austere life of the family and with the mental comfort supplied by the old religion, and was ready to break out into recklessness even in matters which were the concern of the State. That they had already begun to exercise an undue influence over their husbands in public affairs seem suggested by old Cato's famous dictum that "all men rule over women, we Romans rule over all men, and our wives rule over us."

But it would be a great mistake to suppose that the men themselves were not equally to blame. Wives do not poison their husbands without some reason for hating them, and the reason is not difficult to guess. It is a fact beyond doubt that in spite of the charm of family life as it has been described above, neither law nor custom exacted conjugal faithfulness from a husband. Old Cato represents fairly well the old idea of Roman virtue, yet it is clear enough, both from Plutarch's *Life* of him and from fragments of his own writings, that his view of the conjugal relation was a coarse one, —that he looked on the wife rather as a necessary agent for providing the State with children than as a helpmate to be tended and revered. And this being so, we are not surprised to find that men are already beginning to dislike and avoid marriage; a most dangerous symptom, with which a century later Augustus found it impossible to cope. In the year 131, just after Tiberius Gracchus had been trying to revive the population of Italy by his agrarian law, Metellus Macedonicus the censor did what he could to induce men to marry

"*liberorum creandorum causa*"; and a fragment of a speech of his on this subject became famous afterwards, as quoted by Augustus with the same object. It is equally characteristic of Roman humour and Roman hardness. "If we could do without wives," he said to the people, "we should be rid of that nuisance: but since nature has decreed that we can neither live comfortably with them nor live at all without them, we must e'en look rather to our permanent interests than to a passing pleasure.'"

Now if we take into account these tendencies, on the part both of men and women in the married state, and further consider the stormy and revolutionary character of the half century that succeeded the Gracchi,—the Social and Civil Wars, the proscriptions of Marius and Sulla,—we shall be prepared to find the ladies of Cicero's time by no means simply feminine in charm or homely in disposition. Most of them are indeed mere names to us, and we have to be careful in weighing what is said of them by later writers. But of two or three of them we do in fact know a good deal.

The one of whom we really know most is the wife of Cicero, Terentia: an ordinary lady, of no particular ability or interest, who may stand as representative of the quieter type of married woman. She lived with her husband about thirty years, and until towards the end of that period, a long one for the age, we find nothing substantial against her. If we had nothing but Cicero's letters to her, more than

twenty in number, and his allusions to her in other letters, we should conclude that she was a faithful and on the whole a sensible wife. But more than once he writes of her delicate health, and as the poor lady had at various times a great deal of trouble to go through, it is quite possible that as she grew older she became short in her temper, or trying in other ways to a husband so excitable and vacillating. We find stories of her in Plutarch and elsewhere which represent her as shrewish, too careful of her own money, and so on; but facts are of more account than the gossip of the day, and there is not a sign in the letters that Cicero disliked or mistrusted her until the year 47. Had there really been cause for mistrust it would have slipped out in some letter to Atticus. Then, after his absence during the war, he seems to have believed that she had neglected himself and his interests: his letters to her grow colder and colder, and the last is one which, as has been truly said, a gentleman would not write to his housekeeper. The pity of it is that Cicero, after divorcing her, married a young and rich wife, and does not seem to have behaved very well to her. In a letter to Atticus (xii. 32) he writes that Publilia wanted to come to him with her mother, when he was at Astura, devoting himself to grief for his daughter, and that he had answered that he wished to be let alone. The letter shows Cicero at his worst, for once heartless and discourteous; and if he could be so to a young lady who wished to do her duty by him, what may he not have been

to Terentia? I suspect that Terentia was quite as much sinned against as sinning; and may we not believe that of the innumerable married women who were divorced at this time some at least were the victims of their husband's callousness rather than of their own shortcomings?

The wife of Cicero's brother Quintus does, however, seem to have been a difficult person to get on with. She was a sister of Atticus, but she did not share her brother's tact and universal goodwill. Marcus Cicero has recorded (*ad Att. v.* 1) a scene in which her ill-temper was so ludicrous that the divorce which took place afterwards needs no explanation. The two brothers were traveling together, and Pomponia was with them; something had irritated her. When they stopped to lunch at a place belonging to Quintus at Arcanum, he asked his wife to invite the ladies of the party in. "Nothing, as I thought, could be more courteous, and that too not only in actual words, but in his intention and the expression of his face. But she, in the hearing of us all, exclaimed, 'I am only a stranger here!'" Apparently she had not been asked by her husband to see after the luncheon; this had been done by a freedman, and she was annoyed. "There," said Quintus, "that is what I have to put up with every day!" When he sent her dishes from the *triclinium*, where the gentlemen were having their meal, she would not taste them. This little domestic contretemps is too good to be neglected, but we must turn to women of greater note and character.

Terentia and Pomponia and their kind seem to have had nothing in the way of "higher education," nor do their husbands seem to have expected from them any desire to share in their own intellectual interests. Not once does Cicero allude to any pleasant social intercourse in which his wife took part: and, to say the truth, he would probably have avoided marriage with a woman of taste and knowledge. There were such women, as we shall see, probably many of them; ever since the incoming of wealth and of Greek education, of theatres and amusements and all the pleasant out-of-door life of the city, what was now coming to be called *cultus* had occupied the minds and affected the habits of Roman ladies as well as men. Unfortunately it was seldom that it was found compatible with the old Roman ideal of the *mater-familias* and her duties. The invasion of new manners was too sudden, as was the corresponding invasion of wealth; such a lady as Cornelia, the famous mother of the Gracchi, who knew what education really meant, who had learned men about her and could write well herself, and yet could combine with these qualities the careful discharge of the duties of wife and mother,—such ladies must have been rare, and in Cicero's time hardly to be found. More and more the notion gained ground that a clever woman who wished to make a figure in society, to be the centre of her own *monde*, could not well realise her ambition simply as a married woman. She would probably marry, play fast and loose with the married state, neglect her chil-

dren if she had any and after one or two divorces, die or disappear. So powerfully did this idea of the incompatibility of culture and wifehood gain possession of the Roman mind in the last century B. C., that Augustus found his struggle with it the most difficult task he had to face; in vain he exiled Ovid for publishing a work in which married women are most frankly and explicitly left out of account, while all that is attractive in the other sex to a man of taste and education is assumed to be found only among those who have, so far at least, eschewed the duties and burdens of married life. The *culta puella* and the *cultus puer* of Ovid's fascinating yet repulsive poem are the products of a society which looks on pleasure, not reason or duty, as the main end of life,—not indeed pleasure simply of the grosser type, but the gratification of one's own wish for enjoyment and excitement, without a thought of the misery all around, or any sense of the self-respect that comes of active well-doing.

The most notable example of a woman of *cultus* in Cicero's day was the famous Clodia, the Lesbia (as we may now almost assume) who fascinated Catullus and then threw him over. She had been married to a man of family and high station, Metellus Celler, who had died, strange to say, without divorcing her. She must have been a woman of great beauty and charm, for she seems to have attracted round her a little cŏterie of clever young men and poets, to whom she could lend money or accord praise as suited the moment. Whether

Cicero himself had once come within reach of her attractions, and perhaps suffered by them, is an open question, and depends chiefly on statements of Plutarch which may (as has been said above) have no better foundation than the gossip of society. But we know how two typical young men of the time, Caelius and Catullus, flew into the candle and were singed; we know how fiercely she turned on Caelius, exposing herself and him without a moment's hesitation in a public court; and we know how cruelly she treated the poet, who hated her for it even while he still loved her.

Odi et amo. Quare id faciam, fortasse requiris;
Nescio, sed fieri sentio et excrucior.
Catull. 85.

She was, as M. Boissier has well said, the exact counterpart of her still more famous brother: "Elle apportait dans sa conduite privée, dans ses engagements d'affection, les mêmes emportements et les mêmes ardeurs que son frère dans la vie publique. Prompte a tous les excès et ne rougissant pas de les avouer, aimant et haissant avec fureur, incapable de se gouverner et détestant toute contrainte, elle ne démentait pas cette grande et fière famille dont elle descendait." All this is true; we need not go beyond it and believe the worst that has been said of her.

We have just a glimpse of another lady of *cultus*, but only a glimpse. The was Sempronia, the wife of an honest man and the mother of another; but according to Sallust, who introduces her to us as a principal in the

conspiracy of Catiline, she was one of those who found steady married life incompatible with literary and artistic tastes. "She could play and dance more elegantly than an honest woman should . . . she played fast and loose with her money, and equally so with her good fame. She had no scruples, he says, in denying a debt, or in helping in a murder: yet she had plenty of *esprit*, could write verses and talk brilliantly, and she knew too how to assume an air of modesty on occasion. Sallust loved to colour his portraits highly, and in painting this woman he saw no doubt a chance of literary effect; but that she was really in the conspiracy we cannot doubt, and that she had private ends to gain by it is also probable. She seems to be the first of a series of ladies who during the next century and later were to be a power in politics, and most of whom were at least capable of crime, public and private. There is indeed one instance a few years earlier of a woman exercising an almost supreme influence in the State, and a woman too of the worst kind. Plutarch tells us in the most explicit way that when Lucullus in 65 B. C. was trying to secure for himself the command against Mithridates, he found himself compelled to apply to a woman named Praecia, whose social gifts and good nature gave her immense influence, which she used with the pertinacity peculiar to such ladies. Her reputation, however, was very bad, and among other lovers she had enslaved Cethegus (afterwards the conspirator), whose power at the time was immense at Rome. Thus, says

Plutarch, the whole power of the State fell into the hands of Praecia, for no public measure was passed if Cethegus was not for it, in other words, if Praecia did not recommend it to him. If the story be true, as it seems to be, Lucullus gained her over by gifts and flattery, and thus Cethegus took up his cause and got him the command.

Even if we put aside as untrustworthy a great deal of what is told us of the relations of men and women in this period, it must be confessed that there is quite sufficient evidence to show that they were loose in the extreme, and show an altogether unhealthy condition of family and social life. The famous tigress of the story of Cluentius, Sassia, as she appears in Cicero's defence of him, was beyond doubt a criminal of the worst kind, however much we may discount the orator's rhetoric; and her case proves that the evil did not exist only at Rome, but was to be found even in a provincial town of no great importance. Husbands divorced their wives on the smallest pretexts, and wives divorced their husbands. Even the virtuous Cato seems to have divorced his wife Marcia in order that Hortensius should marry her, and after some years to have married her again as the widow of Hortensius, with a large fortune.

Cicero himself writes sometimes in the lightest hearted way of conjugal relations which we should think most serious, and we find him telling Atticus how he had met at dinner the actress Cytheris, a woman of notoriously bad character. "I did not know she was going to

be there," he says, "but even the Socratic Aristippus himself did not blush when he was taunted about Lais." Caesar's reputation in such matters was at all times bad, and though many of the stories about him are manifestly false, his conquest by Cleopatra was a fact, and we learn with regret that the Egyptian queen was living in a villa of his in gardens beyond the Tiber during the year 46, when he was himself in Rome.

It will be a relief to the reader, after spending so much time in this unwholesome atmosphere, to turn for a moment in the last place to a record, unique and entirely credible, of a truly good and wholesome woman, and of a long period of uninterrupted conjugal devotion. About the year 8 B. C., not long before Ovid wrote those poems in which married life was assumed to be hardly worth living, a husband in high life at Rome lost the wife who had for forty-one years been his faithful companion in prosperity, his wise and courageous counsellor in adversity. He recorded her praises and the story of her devotion to him in a long inscription, placed, as we may suppose, on the wall of the tomb in which he laid her to rest, and a most fortunate chance has preserved for us a great part of the marble on which this inscription was engraved. It is in the form of a laudatio, or funeral encomium; yet we cannot feel sure that he actually delivered it as a speech, for throughout it he addresses, not an audience, but the lost wife herself, in a manner unique among such documents of the kind as have come down to us. He speaks to her as

though she were still living, though passed from his sight; and it is just this that makes it more real and more touching than any memorial of the dead that has come down to us from either Italy or Greece.

In such a record names are of no great importance; it is no great misfortune that we do not know quite for certain who this man and his wife were. But there is a very strong probability that her name was Turia, and that he was a certain Q. Lucretius Vespillo, who served under Pompeius in Epirus in 48 B. C., whose romantic adventures in the proscriptions of 43 are recorded by Appian, and who eventually became consul under Augustus in 19 B. C. We may venture to use these names in telling the remarkable story. For telling it here no apology is needed, for it has never been told in English as a whole, so far as I am aware.

It begins when the pair were about to be married, probably in 49 B. C., and with a horrible family calamity, not unnatural at the moment of the outbreak of a dangerous civil war. Both Turia's parents were murdered suddenly and together at their country residence—perhaps, as Mommsen suggested, by their own slaves. Immediately afterwards Lucretius had to leave with Pompeius' army for Epirus, and Turia was left alone, bereft of both her parents, to do what she could to secure the punishment of the murderers. Alone as she was, or aided only by a married sister she at once showed the courage and energy which are obvious in all we hear of her. She seems to have succeeded in tracking the assassins and bringing

them to justice: "even if I had been there myself," says her husband, "I could have done no more."

But this was by no means the only dangerous task she had to undertake in those years of civil war and insecurity. When Lucretius left her they seem to have been staying at the villa where her parents had been murdered; she had given him all her gold and pearls, and kept him supplied in his absence with money, provisions, and even slaves, which she contrived to smuggle over sea to Epirus. And during the march of Caesar's army through Italy she seems to have been threatened, either in that villa or another, by some detachment of his troops, and to have escaped only through her own courage and the clemency of one whose name is not mentioned, but who can hardly be other than the great Julius himself, a true gentleman, whose instinct and policy alike it was throughout this civil war to be merciful to opponents.

A year later, while Lucretius was still away, yet another peril came upon her. While Cæsar was operating round Dyrrhachium, there was a dangerous rising in Campania and Southern Italy, for which our giddy friend Cælius Rufus was chiefly responsible; gladiators and ruffianly shepherd slaves were enlisted, and by some of these the villa where she was staying was attacked, and successfully defended by her,—so much at least it seems possible to infer from the fragments recently discovered.

One might think that Turia had already had her full share of trouble and danger, but there is much more to come. About this time she had

to defend herself against another attack, not indeed on her person, but as her rights as an heiress. An attempt was made by her relations to upset her father's will, under which she and Lucretius were appointed equal inheritors of his property. The result of this would have been to make her the sole heiress, leaving out her husband and her married sister; but she would have been under the legal *tutela* or guardianship of persons whose motive in attacking the will was to obtain administration of the property. No doubt they meant to administer it for their own advantage; and it was absolutely necessary that she should resist them. How she did it her husband does not tell us, but he says that the enemy retreated from his position, yielding to her firmness and perseverance (*constantia*). The patrimonium came, as her father had intended, to herself and her husband; and he dwells on the care with which they dealt with it, he exercising a *tutela* over her share, while she exercised a *custodia* over his. Very touchingly he adds, "but of this I leave much unsaid, lest I should seem to be claiming a share in the praise that is due to you alone."

When Lucretius returned to Italy, apparently pardoned by Caesar for the part he had taken against him, the marriage must have been consummated. Then came the murder of the Dictator, which plunged Italy once more into civil war, until in 43 Antony, Octavian and Lepidus made their famous compact, and at once proceeded to that abominable work of proscription which made a regin of terror at

Rome, and spilt much of the best Roman blood. The happiness of the pair was suddenly destroyed, for Lucretius found himself named in the fatal lists. He seems to have been in the country, not far from Rome, when he received a message from his wife, telling him of impending peril that he might have to face at any moment, and warning him strongly against a certain rash course—perhaps an attempt to escape to Sextus Pompeius in Sicily, a course which cost the lives of many deluded victims. She implored him to return to their own house in Rome, where she had devised a secure hiding-place for him. She meant no doubt to die with him there if he were discovered.

He obeyed his good genius and made for Rome, by night it would seem, with only two faithful slaves. One of these fell lame and had to be left behind; and Lucretius, leaning on the arm of the other, approached the city gate. Suddenly they became aware of a troop of soldiers issuing from it, and Lucretius took refuge in one of the many tombs that lined the great roads outside the walls. They had not been long in this dismal hiding when they were surprised by a party of tomb-wreckers—ghouls who haunted these roads by night and lived by robbing tombs of travellers. Luckily they wanted rather to rob than to murder, and the slave gave himself up to them to be stripped, while his master, who was no doubt disguised, perhaps as a slave, contrived to slip out of their hands and reached the city gate safely. Here he waited, as we might expect him to do, for his brave companion, and then succeeded in

making his way into the city and to his house, where his wife concealed him between the roof and the ceiling of one of their bedrooms, until the storm should blow over.

But neither life nor property was safe until some pardon and restitution were obtained from one at least of the triumvirs. When at last these were conceded by Octavian, he was himself absent in the campaign that ended with Phillippi, and Lepidus was consul in charge of Rome. To Lepidus Turia had to go, to beg the confirmation of Octavian's grace, and this brutal man received her with insult and injury. She fell at his feet, as her husband describes with bitter indignation, but instead of being raised and congratulated, she was hustled, beaten like a slave, and driven from his presence. But her perservance had its ultimate reward. The clemency of Octavian prevailed on his return to Italy, and this treatment of a lady was among the many crimes that called for the eventual degradation of Lepidus.

This was the last of their perilous escapes. A long period of happy life awaited them, more particularly after the battle of Actium, when "peace and the republic were restored." One thing only was wanting to complete their perfect felicity—they had no children. It was this that caused Turia to make a proposal to her husband which, coming from a truly unselfish woman, and seen in the light of Roman ideas of married life, is far from unnatural; but to us it must seem astonishing, and it filled Lucretious with horror. She urged that he should divorce her, and take another wife in the hope

of a son and heir. If there is nothing very surprising in this from a Roman point of view, it is indeed to us both surprising and touching that she should have supported her request by a promise that she would be as much a mother to the expected children as their own mother, and would still be to Lucretius a sister, having nothing apart from him, nothing secret, and taking away with her no part of their inheritance.

To us, reading this proposal in cold blood just nineteen hundred years after it was made, it may seem foolishly impracticable; to her, whose whole life was spent in unselfish devotion to her husband's interests, whose warm love for him was always mingled with discretion, it was simply an act of *pietas*—of wifely duty. Yet he could not for a moment think so himself; his indignation at the bare idea of it lives for ever on the marble in glowing words. "I must confess," he says, "that the anger so burnt within me that my senses almost deserted me: that you should ever have thought it possible that we could be separated but to death, was most horrible to me. What was the need of children compared with my loyalty to you: why should I exchange certain happiness for an uncertain future? But I say no more of this: you remained with me, for I could not yield without disgrace to myself and unhappiness to both of us. The one sorrow that was in store for me was that I was destined to survive you."

These two, we may feel sure, were wholly worthy of each other. What she would have

said of him, if he had been the first to go, we can only guess: but he has left a portrait of her, as she lived and worked in his household, which, mutilated though it is, may be inadequately paraphrased as follows:

"You were a faithful wife to me," he says, "and an obedient one: you were kind and gracious, sociable and friendly: you were assiduous at your spinning (*lanificia*): you followed the religious rites of your family and your state, and admitted no foreign cults or degraded magic (*supersitio*): you did not dress conspicuously, nor seek to make a display in your household arrangements. Your duty to our whole household was exemplary: you tended my mother as carefully as if she had been your own. You had innumerable other excellences, in common with all other worthy matrons, but these I have mentioned were peculiarly yours."

No one can study this inscription without becoming convinced that it tells an unvarnished tale of truth—that here was really a rare and precious woman; a Roman matron of the very best type, practical, judicious, courageous, simple in her habits and courteous to all her guests. And we feel that there is one human being, and one only, of whom she is always thinking, to whom she has given her whole heart—the husband whose words and deeds show that he was wholly worthy of her.

WOMAN IN HISTORY

LESTER F. WARD

The series of influences which we have been describing had the effect to fasten upon the human mind the habit of thought which I call the androcentric world view, and this has persistently clung to the race until it forms to-day the substratum of all thought and action. So universal is this attitude that a presentation of the real and fundamental relation of the sexes is something new to those who are able to see it and something preposterous to those who are not. The idea that the female is naturally and really the superior sex seems incredible, and only the most liberal and emancipated minds, possessed of a large store of biological information, are capable of realizing it. At the beginning of the historical period woman was under complete subjection to man. She had so long been a mere slave and drudge that she had lost all the higher attributes that she originally possessed, and in order to furnish an excuse for degrading and abusing her men had imputed to her a great array of false, evil qualities that tended to make her despise herself. All and books of law, all the traditional epics, all Oriental literature, all the ancient sacred books the literature of Greek and Roman antiquity and in fact all that was written during the middle ages, and much of the literature of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, teem with epithets, slurs, flings, and open con-

demnations of women as beings in some manner vile and hateful, often malicious and evil disposed, and usually endowed with some superstitious priests of a miracle-based cult. Near the end of the fifteenth century a certain book appeared, entitled, "The Witch Hammer," which received the sanction of Pope Innocent VIII, and formed the companion to a bull against witches issued by him. The following is a sample passage from this book:

"The old fathers have often said that there are three things that have no moderation in good or evil—the *tongue*, a *priest*, and a *woman*. Concerning woman this is evident. All ages have made complaints against her. The wise Solomon, who was himself tempted to idolatry by woman, has often in his writings given the feminine sex a sad but true testimonial; and the holy Chrysostom says: 'What is woman but an enemy of friendship, an unavoidable punishment, a necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable affliction, a constantly flowing source of tears, a wicked work of nature covered with a shining varnish?' Already had the first woman entered into a sort of compact with the devil; should not, then, her daughters do it also? The very word *femina* (woman) means *one wanting in faith;* for *fe* means 'faith' and *minus* 'less.' Since she was formed of a crooked rib, her entire spiritual nature has been distorted and inclined more toward sin than virtue. If we here compare the words of Seneca, 'Women either loves or hates; there is no third possibility,' it is easy to see that when she does not love God

she must resort to the opposite extreme and hate Him. It is thus clear why women especially are addicted to the practice of sorcery. The crime of witches exceeds all others. They are worse than the devil, for he has fallen once for all, and Christ has not suffered for him. The devil sins, therefore, only against the Creator, but the witch both against the Creator and Redeemer."

The Hebrew Bible myth of the rib has been made a potent instrument for the subjection of women. Bossuet in his "Élévations sur les Mystères," uttered the following classical note which had since been hurled at woman on every possible occasion:

"Let women consider their origin and not boast too much of their delicacy; let them remember that they are after all only a supernumerary bone, in which there is no beauty but that which God wished to put into it."

Among these characteristic fables we give the first place to the one that has been preserved for us by the Bible, and according to which woman was a secondary creation of God; she was formed out of a rib of man which justifies her domination by him. That is probably one of the most ancient examples proving that a *de facto* domination is never embarrassed in proving its "right."

The literature and thought of India is thoroughly hostile to woman. A large number of proverbs attest this widespread misogyny. "Woman is like a slipper made to order; wear it if it fits you, throw it away if it does not." "You can never be safe from the cunning

artifices of woman." "Woman is like a snake, charming as well as venomous." Hebrew literature breathes the same spirit, and the reading of the Bible often brings the colour to the cheeks of a liberal-minded person of either sex. Arabian magic is even worse in this respect, and is so erotic that it is next to impossible to obtain an unexpurgated text of the Arabian Nights Entertainments, about 75 per cent of the matter being expunged from all current editions. The androcentric world view may almost be said to have its headquarters in India. The "Code of Manu" reflects it throughout. According to it "Woman depends during her childhood upon her father; during her youth upon her husband; in her widowhood upon her sons or her male relatives; in default of these, upon the sovereign." "She should always be in good humour and revere her husband, even though unfaithful, as a god."

"If a widow she must not even pronounce the name of another man than her deceased husband." The husband always addressed his wife as servant or slave, while she must address him as master or lord. The same code declares that "it is in the nature of the feminine sex to seek to corrupt men," and forbids any man to remain in any place alone with his sister, his mother, or his daughter. Even at the present day in India, free choice, especially of the woman, has nothing to do with marriage, and parents and families arbitrarily dispose of the girls, often at a very tender age.

Modern countries differ somewhat in the pre-

vailing ideas about women. No statement is more frequently repeated than that in any country the treatment of women is a true measure of civilisation. It may now be added to this that the treatment of women is a true measure of the intensity of the androcentric sentiment prevailing in any country. It might be invidious to attempt to classify modern nations on this basis, especially as individuals in any country differ so widely in this respect. It is a measure of civilisation or civility in individuals as well as in nations, and in every nation there are thoroughly liberal and fully civilised individuals. Neither can the nineteenth and twentieth centuries claim them all, as we have seen in the noble sayings of Condorcet, who was probably the most civilised man of his time, far more so than Comte who made him his spiritual father, but did not share his liberality. In placing Germany at the bottom of the scale in this basis of classification, therefore, numberless shining exceptions must be made, and account taken only of the general spirit or public opinion relative to women in that country. The German attitude toward women was perhaps typified by the father of Frederick the Great, of whom it is related as among his sterling qualities, that when he met a woman in the street he would walk up to her with his cane raised, saying: "Go back into the house! an honest woman should keep indoors."

Spencer says:—

"Concerning the claims of women, as domestically associated with men, I may add that

here in England, and still more in America, the need for urging them is not pressing. In some cases, indeed, there is a converse need. But there are other civilised societies in which their claims are very inadequately recognised: instance Germany."

To which he appends the following footnote:—

"With other reasons prompting this remark, is joined the remembrance of a conversation between two Germans in which, with contemptuous laughter, they were describing how, in England, they had often seen on a Sunday or other holiday, an artizan relieving his wife by carrying the child they had with them. Their sneers produced in me a feeling of shame —but not for the artizan."

Germans as a rule detest American women for their initiative and boldness, daring to act and think independently of their husbands and of men generally, and they apply to them the strongest term of contempt that they have in their language in characterising them as *emanciprit*. Women is much more respected in France, but under Napoleon and his code there was a recoil toward barbarism. Napoleon said to the Council of State that "a husband should have absolute power over the actions of his wife." In the "Mémorial de Sainte-Hélène," he is quoted to the following effect:—

"Woman is given to man to bring forth children. Woman is our property; we are not hers; for she gives us children and man does not give

any to her. She is therefore his property, as the tree is that of the gardener. . . . A single woman cannot suffice for a man for that purpose. She cannot be his wife when she is sick. She ceases to be his wife when she can no longer give him children. Man, whom nature does not arrest either by age or by any of these inconveniences, should, therefore, have several wives."

Only a part of the oppressive laws of the code Napoleon have been repealed, but public opinion in France is far in advance of its laws, and judging from outward indications, I should be inclined to place that country next to the United States, as the most highly civilised nation of the globe. In this I am only uttering the views long ago put forth with large documentary support by Guizot.

Throughout the historic period woman has suffered from a consistent, systematic, and universal discrimination in the laws of all countries. In all the early codes she was herself a hereditament, and when she ceased to be a chattel she was not allowed to inherit property, or was cut down to a very small share in the estate. In this and many other ways her economic dependence has been made more or less complete. Letourneau has enumerated many of these discriminating laws, and we have only to turn the pages of the law books to find them everywhere. When a student of law I scheduled scores of them, and could fill a dozen pages with a bare enumeration of such as still form part of the common law of Eng-

land as taught to law classes even in the United States. All this is simply the embodiment in the jurisprudence of nations of the universal androcentric world view, and it has been unquestioningly acquiesced in by all mankind, including the women themselves.

The Anglo-Saxon word woman reflects this world view, showing that it is older than the stock of languages from which this word is derived. For although it is no longer believed by philologists that the first syllable of this word has anything to do with *womb*, still it is certain that the last syllable is the same as the German *Mann*, not *Mensch*, and that the rest signifies wife or female, as though man were the original and woman only a secondary creation. As regards the Latin *femina*, while, of course, it has no connection with *faith* or *minus*, as stated in the "Witch Hammer," still the syllable *fe* is the hypothetical root from which *fecundity* comes, and the word signifies the fertile sex. Primarily no such conceptions as beauty, grace, delicacy, and attractiveness are associated with woman, and all notions of dignity, honour, and worth are equally wanting from the conception of the female sex. On the contrary, we find many terms of reproach, such as wench, hag, etc., for which there are no corresponding ones applicable to man.

Notwithstanding all this vast network of bonds that have been contrived for holding woman down, it is peculiar and significant that everywhere and always she has been tacitly credited with a certain mysterious power in

which the world has, as it were, stood in awe and fear. While perpetually proclaiming her inferiority, insignificance, and weakness, it has by its precautions virtually recognised her potential importance and real strength. She is the cause of wars and race hostilities. There are always powerful female deities. Minerva is even made the goddess of wisdom. Ever and anon a great female personage, real or fictitious, appears, a Semiramis, a Cleopatra, a Joan of Arc, a Queen Elizabeth, or a Queen Victoria; Scheherazade with her thousand and one tales, Sibyls with their divinations and oracles, Furies and Gorgons; and finally the witches with all their powers for evil. Although woman is usually pictured as bad, still there is no uncertainty about the supposed possession by her of some occult power, and the impression is constantly conveyed that she must be strenuously kept down, lest should she by any accident or remissness chance to "get loose," she would certainly do something dreadful.

One of the arguments most relied upon for the justification of the continued subjection of woman is that, in addition to being physically inferior to man, the differences between the sexes have been widening during past ages and are greater in civilised than in savage peoples. The investigations of Professor Le Bon have been widely quoted by all writers on the general subject. He found that the difference between the respective weight of the brain in man and woman constantly goes on increasing as we rise in the scale of civilisation, so that as regards the mass of the brain,

and consequently the intelligence, woman becomes more and more differentiated from man. The difference which exists between the mean of the crania of contemporary Parisian men and that of contemporary Parisian women is almost double the difference which existed in ancient Egypt. Topinard finds the same to to be true of the fossil crania of prehistoric times. In certain South American tribes the sexes scarcely differ except in sex itself. According to Manouvrier, the cranial capacity of women has diminished from 1422 cubic centimeters in the stone age to 1338 cubic centimeters at the present day.

Accepting these statements as in all probability correct, what is the lesson that should really be drawn from them? Letourneau argues that the difference between the life that women must lead in roving hordes and bands, doing most of the work to relieve the men for hunting and war, necessitated stronger bodies than modern civilised life requires for women. This is also doubtless true, and civilised woman would quickly succumb to such hardships. But is this an adequate explanation? I think not. We must remember how much nearer savage man is to the gynaecocratic stage, in which there is every reason to believe woman was nearly equal in strength to man. If the prehuman or animal stage saw the excessive development of the male, the earliest human stage found woman unchanged and in the full vigour of her natural strength, still choosing her mates and governing the life of the horde. But with the advent of the androcratic stage,

while woman lost her power of selection, so that man could develop no farther, the abuses to which he subjected her soon began to tell upon her and produce degeneracy. In Chapter X we consider the effect of adverse conditions upon man in general, and saw how the status of a class might be lowered by insufficient nourishment and undue toil and exposure, which accounts for the superiority of the ruling and leisure classes. Now in the androcratic régime woman dropped into the condition of a subject class and was denied much that was necessary to maintain her normal existence. It is well known that savage women are usually underfed, that they are allowed no luxuries, made to subsist on the leavings of the men at whose table they are never permitted to sit, often have no meat or fish when the men have those articles, that they have little rest, must carry wood and water, drag lodge poles, and care for the children, besides preparing the meals for all, that they are insufficiently clothed in countries where clothing is needed, and that they are during their entire lives subjected to perpetual hardships and privations. Of course, as they bear the children, all this reacts upon both sexes, but in the long run it affects the women more than the men who have ways of offsetting it, and in the course of generations it arrests female development and stunts the growth of women.

When we come to the historic period we have seen how universal and systematic has always been the suppression of woman and her legal and social exclusion and ostracism from

everything that tends to build up either body or mind. When I reflect upon it the wonder to me is rather that women has accomplished anything at all. The small amount that she has been allowed to use her mind has almost caused it to be atrophied. This alone is sufficient to account for all the facts enumerated above as supporting the androcentric theory, so far as the intellectual achievements of women are concerned. M. Jacques Lourbet in his "Problème des Sexes" (Paris, 1900), says:

"Let no one insist longer on the modest contribution of woman to the creative work of art and science. She suffers to this day from the ostracism of centuries that man has imposed upon her, from the network of exclusions and prohibitions of every kind in which she has been enveloped and which have ended in producing that apparent inferiority, which is not natural but purely hereditary."

Professor Huxley, in a letter to the *London Times* relative to the failure of a certain lady in her examination, remarked:

"Without seeing any reason to believe that women are, on the average, so strong physically, intellectually, or morally, as men, I cannot shut my eyes to the obvious fact that many women are much better endowed in all these respects than many men, and I am at a loss to understand on what grounds of justice or public policy a career which is open to the weakest and most foolish of the male sex should be forcibly closed to women of vigour and capacity. We have heard a great deal lately about the physical disabilities of women.

Some of these alleged impediments, no doubt, are really inherent in their organization, but nine-tenths of them are artificial—the product of their mode of life. I believe that nothing would tend so effectively to get rid of these creations of idleness, weariness, and that 'overstimulatilon of the emotions,' which, in plainer-spoken days, used to be called wantonness, than a fair share of healthy work, directed toward a definite object, combined with an equally fair share of healthy play, during the years of adolescence; and those who are best acquainted with the acquirements of an average medical practitioner, will find it hardest to believe that the attempt to reach that standard is likely to prove exhausting to an ordinarily intelligent and well-educated young woman."

It would seem that the treatment that woman has received and still receives under the operation of the androcentric world view is amply sufficient of itself to account for all the observed differences between the sexes physically and mentally, and that the widening of those differences during the historic period is abundantly accounted for by the fact that the gynaecocratic stage persisted far into the human period, during which women were the equals of men except in respect of certain embellishments attending male afflorescence due to prolonged female sexual selection or gyneclexis. When this was withdrawn man ceased to advance and woman began to decline under the depressing effects of male abuse. But there was another element that contributed in the main to the same result. This was male sexual

selection or andrecloxis, which, as we have seen, was confined to physical characters, and while it has given to woman all the beauty and grace that she possesses, it tended rather to dwarf her stature, sap her strength, contract her brain, and enfeeble her mind. In these two principles, the first dating from the origin of the patriarchate during the protosocial stage, and the other dating from the origin of the leisure class early in the metasocial stage, and both therefore in operation at least twice as long, probably many times as long, as the entire historic period, we certainly have a surplus of influence bearing on the deterioration of woman, and a more than adequate cause for all inferiority ever claimed or alleged by the supporters of the androcentric theory. Indeed, as we contemplate these factors the wonder grows why woman did not sink still lower. The only possible reason is that, despite all, she is and remains the human race.

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Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENVENUTO CELLINI

The following account of Cellini's life has been compiled from several sources, but mainly from the excellent translation made by John Addington Symonds.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF BENVENUTO CELLINI

Once upon a time, there was a man in the city of Florence, in Italy, and he had reached the age of fifty-eight years. Nor had his been a blameless life. Reviewing the years, he remembered many things: furious quarrels and fights, wild deeds and dangerous, women betrayed and men wronged, imprisonments and banishments, gusts of temper unrestrained and passions uncontrolled and he was struck with terror and astonishment that he should, after so much, and in spite of all that had happened to him, have reached that age and should still be travelling forward properously.

Bethinking himself that all his doubts and fears, hopes and struggles, experiences and lessons gained, might, after all, be of no avail, he planned the writing of an autobiography, and set it down as his conviction that all others whose lives had not been dull and unprofitable should do the like. Said he:

"All men of whatsoever quality they be, who have done anything of excellence, or which may properly resemble excellence, ought, if they are persons of truth and honesty, to describe their life with their own hand; but they ought not to attempt so fine an enterprise till they have passed the age of forty."

Benvenuto Cellini was the man who wrote that, the opening paragraph of the most self-revealing document in the world.

Of course, the shelves of libraries are crowded with autobiographies, and, without doubt, locked in boxes and muniment rooms are tens of thousands of Confessions and Autobiographies which will never see the light of print, perhaps fortunately for the reading public as well as for the authors. For, the majority of people who go in for confessions, oral or written, have, as a general thing, had a keen eye to the reputable and dignified, have been highly discriminating. The puerilities, the petty meannesses they have carefully sponged out to the end that they may not be regarded as laughing stocks. Such are confessions doctored for public consumption, and being that, degenerate into something as unconvincing as the "open confessions" which may be heard at any Holy Roller experience meeting. For there is a false confession and a true confession, a confession in which there is manifest pride and a confession in which there is manifest humility.

If you are fortunate enough to have read the curious story written by H. G. Wells in the days when his imagination bubbled, which told of the day of Judgment, you will readily grasp

the difference between the posing confession and the real thing. In the story, when the Great Trumpet blew, the released souls sprang up to a great plain where were gathered all who had ever seen the light, and God sat alone, in full sight of all. Presently the recording angel opened a book and read a name, and there was lifted up to a puffy cloud at the very feet of God, "a stiff little figure, dressed in rich, outlandish robes and crowned, and it folded its arms and scowled," Playacting, of course. Living up to its reputation. Then: "Tell them what you have done," said the Lord God. Upon that the little figure commenced his recital. He had been a king, lustful, proud and cruel; he had made wars, had devastated countries, had built palaces with a mortar which was the blood of men. He had blasphemed, tortured prophets, caused himself to be worshipped and had played havoc generally with laws human and divine. "Most of that is from the Obelisk," said the Recording Angel, and at that the Ruler shrunk a little as it came to him that there had been things in his life of which he only knew. So God told the angel to read from the record. At that came odd things, petty meannesses, silly follies committed when he was irascible from over-eating. Soon every-

one in heaven was laughing at the Conqueror as a preposterous little fellow and the angel went on reading, hiding nothing, revealing all, baring the innermost secrets of the man's heart. At last the Conqueror could stand it no longer. He stood there, no bloodthirsty hero, but an ineffable ass. "O God!" he cried, "don't let them know that! I'll repent! I'll apologize!" and, stopping his ears, he ran up God's sleeve for shelter and hiding.

And, indeed, most human confessions, most self revealing autobiographies that do not reveal are like the confession of the blood-spilling hero told of by Mr. Wells. They portray, not at all the man as he was, but the man as he wished to appear before others. When, in a generation or so someone arises and reveals himself freely, frankly, honestly, concealing nothing, distorting nothing, we are struck dumb with astonishment. But our amazement arises, not at all from the fact that we see a man standing naked and alone on a height both bleak and terrifying, but because we recognize a vision of our own selves. "This man," we say in our hearts, "has done much as I have done. His faults are my faults. His meannesses are my meannesses and his follies are as mine." We are, indeed, startled

to see in black and white, our own unspoken thoughts and our own asininities, just as we are also full of a genial glow to see that others have been filled with the hopes and aspirations which we too had. In ourselves we find a kinship with Rousseau and Benvenuto Cellini. We may boast of our goodness of heart, but we know that we lie as Rousseau lied, and we play the game unfairly on occasion just as Cellini did. DeQuincey was not alone by any means in his hanging on to the skirts of a woman for his bread nor was Samuel Butler the only one who had a grudge against his father for bringing him into the world. A true autobiography, a real human document appeals to us because in it we recognize ourselves. All men are brothers born of the one flesh in more senses than one, and neither the poetic afflatus of Nietzsche nor the mysticism of William Blake separates either from us. We recognize a psychical resemblance to ourselves in Pascal, in Stirner, in Augustine, in Stendhal. They have done no more than utter those things which we have left unuttered, either because we dared not, or could not speak out. So it comes about that Benvenuto Cellini, desiring above all things to set down his life and himself in true fashion, eschewing alike false realism and false senti-

mentalism, gave the world a book that is simple, sincere and beautiful, a book that speaks directly to the conscience, the spirit, the religious life of each and every man by whatever creed he may be tagged.

Cellini records things at times which jolt us. He is by no means what might be called moral, using the word in its petty sense. To an illegitimate daughter he was heartlessly cruel and to a mistress-model he was more than unkind. He took his pleasures where he found them and went his way. He was brutal and he was cowardly, selfish and wicked. But, observe this: he sheds no false glamor. Here is right and there is wrong, he seems to say. Such and such a thing I did. I merely state the fact. Had I hidden this or that, falsified by so much as a hair's breadth, I would be a coward and a sneak and the whole book would be idle because of one lie.

Cellini then was neither coward, boaster, nor liar. To the best of his ability he set down things as they were. Yet, for all that, there are, here and there, incidents recorded which give us pause. We cannot accept them, cannot account for them, know, indeed, that in some cases they are impossible, yet we do not doubt his veracity. I copy the passage that

follows from the John Addington Symonds translation as a case in point:

"When I was about five years old my father happened to be in a basement chamber of our house, where they had been washing, and where a good fire of oak logs was still burning; he had a viol in his hand, and was playing and singing alone beside the fire. The weather was very cold. Happening to look into the fire, he spied in the middle of those most burning flames a little creature like a lizard, which was sporting in the core of the intensest coals. Becoming instantly aware of what the thing was, he had my sister and me called, and pointing it out to us children, gave me a great box on the ears, which caused me to howl and weep with all my might. Then he pacified me good humoredly, and spoke as follows: 'My dear little boy, I am not striking you for any wrong you have done, but only to make you remember that that lizard which you see in the fire is a salamander, a creature which has never been seen before by any one of whom we have credible information.' So saying, he kissed me and gave me some pieces of money."

Again, in later years, when he is prisoner in "a gloomy dungeon below the level of a garden which swam with water, and was full of big spiders and venemous worms," in utter desperation he falls back on the consolations of religion, commencing to read the Bible through from beginning to end. One day he

has a vision—not a dream. He tells it in language beautiful in its extreme simplicity:

"I had barely uttered these words, (of a prayer) when that invisible being, like a whirlwind, caught me up and bore me away into a large room, where he made himself visible to my eyes in human form, appearing like a young man whose beard is just growing, with a face of indescribable beauty, but austere, not wanton. He bade me look around the room, and said: 'The crowd of men thou seest in this place are all those who up to this day have been born and afterwards have died upon the earth.' Thereupon I asked him why he brought me hither, and he answered: 'Come with me and thou shalt soon behold.' In my hand I had a poinard, and upon my back a coat of mail; and so he led me through that vast hall, pointing out the people who were walking by innumerable thousands up and down, this way and that. He led me onward, and went forth in front of me through a little low door into a place which looked like a narrow street; and when he drew me after him into the street, at the moment of leaving the hall, behold I was disarmed and clothed in a white shirt, with nothing on my head, and I was walking on the right hand of my companion. Finding myself in this condition, I was seized with wonder, because I did not recognize the street; and when I lifted my eyes, I discerned that the splendor of the sun was striking on a wall, as if it were a house-front, just above my head. Then I said: 'Oh, my friend! what must I do in order to be able to ascend so high that I may gaze on the sphere

of the sun himself?' He pointed out some huge stairs which were on my right hand, and said to me: 'Go up thither by thyself.' Quitting his side, I ascended the stairs backwards, and gradually began to come within the region of the sunlight. Then I hastened my steps, and went on, always walking backwards as I have described, until I discovered the whole sphere of the sun. The strength of his rays, as is their wont, first made me close my eyes: but becoming aware of my misdoing, I opened them wide, and gazing steadfastly at the sun, exclaimed: 'Oh, my sun, for whom I have so passionately yearned! Albeit your rays may blind me, I do not wish to look on anything again but this!' So I stayed awhile with my eyes fixed steadily on him; and after a brief space I beheld in one moment the whole might of those great burning rays fling themselves upon the left side of the sun; so that the orb remained quite clear without its rays, and I was able to contemplate it with vast delight. It seemed to me something marvelous that the rays should be removed in that manner. . . . The sun without his rays appeared to me to be a bath of the purest molten gold, neither more nor less. While I stood contemplating this wondrous thing, I noticed that the middle of the sphere began to swell, and the swollen surface grew, and suddenly a Christ upon the cross formed itself out of the same substance as the sun. He bore the aspect of divine benignity, with such fair grace that the mind of man could not conceive the thousandth part of it: and while I gazed in ecstasy, I shouted: 'A miracle! a miracle! O God! O clemency Divine! O

immeasurable Goodness! what is it Thou hast deigned this day to show me!' While I was gazing and exclaiming thus, the Christ moved toward that part where his rays were settled, and the middle of the sun once more bulged out as it had done before: the boss expanded, and suddenly transformed itself into the shape of a most beautiful Madonna, who appeared to be sitting enthroned on high, holding her child in her arms with an attitude of the greatest charm and a smile upon her face. On each side of her was an angel, whose beauty far surpassed man's imagination. I also saw within the rondure of the sun, upon the right hand, a figure robed like a priest; this turned its back to me, and kept its face directed to the Madonna and the Christ. All these things I beheld, actual, clear and vivid. . . . The marvelous apparition remained before me little more than half a quarter of an hour; then it dissolved, and I was carried back to my dark lair."

There are other visions recorded, and there is every evidence that Cellini was serious in the telling of them, but the incident of the halo must be recorded.

"I will not omit to relate another circumstance also, which is perhaps the most remarkable which has ever happened to any one. I do so in order to justify the divinity of God and of His secrets, who deigned to grant me that great favor; for ever since the time of my strange vision until now an aureole of glory (marvelous to relate) has rested on my head. This is visible to every sort of men to whom I have

chosen to point it out; but those have been very few. This halo can be observed above my shadow in the morning from the rising of the sun for about two hours, and far better when the grass is drenched with dew."

Why Cellini's aureole should have caused any astonishment at all can only be accounted for on the score of the average man's lack of observation, for, as any one may test for himself, if he will but take the pains to go abroad at sunrise, all shadows have a similar ring of glory. It is a very natural phenomenon caused by the reflection of the direct rays of the sun from the wet surface of the blades of grass.

But the fact that Cellini was subject to hallucinations is no reason why his veracity should be impugned. Other men of genius have seen things with the mind's eye. Shelley could never be persuaded that he had not seen a child rise from the sea and clap its hands, Swedenborg was firmly convinced that he had visited heaven and seen God, Bunyan heard voices, Byron imagined that he was haunted by a spector and Blake thought that he actually perceived the fantastic images produced by his pencil. The visions of others spring to mind: of Brutus, of Caesar, Napoleon, Pope, Hobbes, Columbus, Oliver Cromwell. Or we

may find living men who very seriously hold that they have seen extraordinary things, without going to the spiritualists. Consider Yeats and his visions of fairies for example.

Naturally, a man believing himself to be chosen above other men, a man who is an initiator, a creator, must be self-assertive. That goes without saying. To the common man to whom life is a shapeless and a meaningless chaos, those who strive earnestly to know themselves, appear as creatures saturated with an absorbing egotism. Often they are condemned as mere egotists as was Rousseau, or De Musset when his Confessions appeared, or Hoffmann when he gave the world his Kreisler. So, also, has Cellini been condemned. But if ever two men who lived in far separated times understood one another, if ever two meeting beyond the Styx would rush to compare notes, it would be Cellini and Nietzsche. "In the end," said Nietzsche, "one experienceth nothing but oneself." And again, "The secret of a joyful life is to live dangerously." This too, "We have attained mastery when we neither mistake nor hesitate in the achievement." And, as a Cellini motto, "There could be no greater, no more fatal misunderstanding than if the happy, the well-constituted, the mighty in body and soul were to begin to doubt

their own right to happiness." With which in mind, consider the subject of

SELF ASSERTION IN CELLINI.

Cellini was born November 3rd, 1500. His father seems to have had his mind set on making a musician of the lad, but that was not to his liking. He cared nothing for music. "I had an inexpressible dislike for it," he says. In another place he calls it "that accursed art," and again, when his father writes him, bidding him not "lose the music" he had been taught with so much trouble, the bare mention of the art drives the young Cellini frantic and "on this, I suddenly gave up all wish to go back to him; so much did I hate that accursed music." From which it may be seen that the young Cellini was of an arrogance and outspokenness that would have delighted the heart of a Thoreau, a Butler or a Nietzsche. Against his fathers will he apprenticed himself to a goldsmith at the age of fifteen, finding his *metier* earlier than the most of us do. In the same year we find him, with drawn sword, standing off a gang of ruffians and banished for six months as punishment for disturbing the internal peace of the city of Florence. The young goldsmith was very

touchy about his honor, splendidly jealous of his dignity. Once, not long after he had returned from his banishment, a certain Gherardo Guasconti played a rough practical joke upon him. "Turning round suddenly and seeing him laughing, I struck him such a blow on the temple that he fell down, stunned, like one dead. Then I faced round to his cousins, and said: 'That's the way to treat cowardly thieves of your sort:' and when they wanted to make a move upon me, trusting to their numbers, I, whose blood was now well up, laid hands to a little knife I had, and cried: 'If one of you comes out of the shop, let the other run for the confessor, because the doctor will have nothing to do here.'" He was again arrested, taken before the council of eight and bound over upon bail.

For the ordinary man that would have been enough, but still the stars of Cellini forced his conduct. In the toils, he sent to a cousin, Maestro Annibale, asking that he go on the bond. That, Annibale refused to do and Cellini "fuming with fury, and swelling like an asp," escaped his guards, ran to his shop, seized a dagger and rushed to the house of his enemies. "I found them at table: and Gherardo, who had been the cause of the quarrel, flung himself

upon me. I stabbed him in the breast, piercing doublet and jerkin through and through to the shirt." Happily he did not kill him, but sufficient noise was made. The young tiger ran into the street, into the thick of a dozen men all armed oddly. "One had seized an iron shovel, another a thick iron pipe, one had an anvil, some of them hammers, and some cudgels. When I got among them, raging like a mad bull, I flung four or five to earth, and fell down with them myself, continually aiming my dagger now at one and now at another." Then followed flight, and young Benvenuto went to Rome where he found employment, presently especially pleasing the Bishop of Salamanca by the excellence of his work. But there were other furious rages and, believing that he was ill-paid, he quarrelled with the Bishop before long, obtained many commissions, became a member of Pope Clement's band and, having earned plenty of money, opened a shop of his own.

Doubtless, Cellini bothered very little with moral obligations. The work of other men interested him, but only because he wished to improve upon it. Did he see a masterpiece, then he made it his work to surpass it. Was there a branch of his art with which he was

not familiar, engraving, the making of coins or medals, enamelling, then there was neither eating, drinking nor sleeping until he had learned the mystery. A light word meant a blow, a criticism of Florence, a fight. A soldier had given vent to "opprobrious sarcasms upon the folk of Florence," and Cellini tackled him. "He answered, 'I am that man.' On this I raised my hand, struck him in the face and said: 'And I am *this* man.' Then we each of us drew our swords with spirit."

Nor is he more careful in other respects. Like Don Juan, he sees a woman, enjoys her and casts her aside with no further thought. When the war broke out between Charles V. and Francis I., Cellini was to the fore, taking charge of the artillery in the castle of Sant' Angelo. The lovable scoundrel claimed to have fired the shot that killed the Constable of Bourbon, and certainly came very near to killing Cardinals Farnese and Salviati. As artilleryman he delighted the Pope no less than as a delicate worker in gold. He tells the tale with fine artlessness.

"On one accasion the Pope was walking round the circular keep, when he observed a Spanish Colonel in the Prati; he recognized the man by certain indications, seeing that this officer had formerly been in his service; and while he fixed

his eyes on him, he kept talking about him. I . . . knew nothing of all this, but spied a fellow down there, busying himself about the trenches with a javelin in his hand; he was dressed entirely in rose-color; and so, studying the worst that I could do against him, I selected a gerfalcon which I had at hand; it is a piece of ordnance larger and longer than a swivel, and about the size of a demi-culverin. This I emptied, and loaded it again with a good charge of fine powder mixed with the coarser sort; then I aimed it exactly at the man in red, elevating prodigiously, because a piece of that calibre could hardly be expected to carry true at such a distance. I fired, and hit my man exactly in the middle. He had trussed his sword in front, for swagger, after a way those Spaniards have; and my ball, when it struck him, broke upon the blade, and one could see the fellow cut in two fair halves. The Pope, who was expecting nothing of the kind, derived great pleasure and amazement from the sight, both because it seemed to him impossible that one should aim and hit the mark at such distance, and also because the man was cut in two, and he could not comprehend how this should happen. He sent for me, and asked about it. I explained all the devices I had used in firing; but told him that why the man was cut in halves, neither he nor I could know. Upon my bended knees I then besought him to give me the pardon of his blessing for that homicide; and for all the others I had committed in the castle in the service of the church. Thereat, the Pope, raising his hand, and making a large, open sign of the cross upon

my face, told me that he blessed me and that he gave me pardon for all murders I had ever perpetrated, or should ever perpetrate in the service of the Apostolic Church."

Almost gayly he recounts some of the incidents in the little war. In one passage, we see him acting in the dual capacity of gunner and goldsmith. Time is too precious to use it on one thing at a time. So, when seeing a possible evil end to the war the Pope and his trusted groom confide in Cellini and set before him all the tiaras and jewels of the regalia, he first takes the gems out of the settings and sews them in the Pope's robes, then carries all the gold, about two hundred pounds of it to his lodging.

"There I built a little draught-furnace of bricks, with a largish pot, shaped like an open dish, at the bottom of it; and throwing the gold upon the coals, it gradually sank through and dropped into the pan. While the furnace was working, I never left off watching how to annoy our enemies; and as their trenches were less than a stone's throw right below us, I was able to inflict considerable damage on them with some useless missiles, of which there were several piles, forming the old munition of the castle. . . . I knot these pieces always going at the same time that the gold was being melted down . . . ."

Cellini, like Rousseau, was not proof against

temptation. Of the gold that he so melted, he awarded himself a commission, but stung with remorse, or shrewdly calculating, he confessed afterwards to the Pope himself, after assuring himself that there would be perfect privacy.

"He (The Pope) waved his hand, and the two prelates retired to a distance from us. I began at once to speak: 'Most blessed Father, from the time of the sack up to this hour, I have never been able to confess or to communicate, because they refuse me absolution. The case is this. When I melted down the gold and worked at the unsetting of the jewels, your Holiness ordered the Cavalierino to give me a modest reward for my labors, of which I received nothing, but on the contrary, he paid me rather with abuse. When then I ascended to the chamber where I had melted down the gold, and washed the ashes, I found about a pound and a half of gold in tiny grains like millet-seeds; and inasmuch as I had not money enough to take me home respectably, I thought I would avail myself of this, and give it back again when opportunity should offer. . . .'"

All went well, and the upshot of it was that Cellini was commissioned to design and make a button for a cope, "round like a trencher and big as a little trencher, one third of a cubit wide." Says Cellini, "I went off like a shot to set myself to work."

But the spirit of the Scandinavian Berserker

was strong within him. His was a craving for strife, a relish of danger. In a street brawl his brother had been killed by a soldier and Cellini had to advertise to the world that a sword was bright and ready to leap from its scabbard. Engraving a stone for his brother's tomb and using the family coat of arms which bore a lion's paw holding a lily, "instead of the lily I made the lion hold an axe, with the field of the 'scutcheon quartered; and I put the axe in solely that I might not be unmindful to revenge him." The honor of the family had been touched and, therefore, his honor; his honor was his life and if he could defend his life with his sword, then also he would defend his honor with his sword. So: "I continued working at the jewel and the dies for the Mint; but I also took to watching the arquebusier who shot my brother, as though he had been a girl I was in love with." It takes no vivid imagination to picture the formidable goldsmith at his bench, one eye on his work, the other on the window, his sword ever at hand. There would be the Nietzschean resolution: To live as I like, or to live not at all. Luckless arquebusier! Benvenuto Cellini one day came to the conclusion that he was thinking too much of revenge and that

the best way out was, not to forget his revenge, but to complete it.

"When I saw that the fever caused by always seeing him about was depriving me of sleep and appetite, and was bringing me by degrees to sorry plight, I overcame my repugnance to so low and not quite praiseworthy an enterprise, and made my mind up one evening to rid myself of the torment. The fellow lived in a house near a place called Torre Sanguiga, next door to the lodging of one of the most fasionable courtesans in Rome, named Signora Antea. It had just struck twenty-four, and he was standing at the house door, with his sword in hand, having risen from supper. With great address I stole up to him, holding a large Pistojan dagger, and dealt him a back handed stroke, with which I meant to cut his head off; but as he turned round very suddenly, the blow fell upon the point of his left shoulder and broke the bone. He sprang up, dropped his sword, half stunned with great pain, and took to flight. I followed after, and in four steps caught him up, when I lifted my dagger above my head, which he was holding very low, and hit him in the back exactly at the juncture of the nape bone and the neck. The poinard entered the point so deep in the bone, that, though I used all my strength to pull it out, I was not able. For just at that moment four soldiers with drawn swords sprang out from Antea's lodging, and obliged me to set hand to my own sword to defend my life. Leaving the poinard then, I made off, and fearing I might be recognized, took refuge in the palace of Duke Alesandro. . . . On my ar-

rival I asked to see the Duke; who told me that, if I was alone, I need only keep quiet and have no further anxiety but go on working at the jewel which the Pope had set his heart on, and stay eight days indoors. He gave the advice the more securely, because the soldiers had now arrived who interrupted the completion of the deed; they held the dagger in their hand and were relating how the matter happened, and the great trouble they had to pull the weapon from the neck and head bone of the man, whose name they did not know. Just then Giovan Bandini came up and said to them: 'That poinard is mine, and I lent it to Benvenuto who was bent on avenging his brother.' The soldiers were profuse in their expressions of regret at having interrupted me, although my vengeance had been amply satisfied."

Nothing came of that. The Pope frowned, hearing of the escapade, but Cellini's work delighted his artistic soul and there was an end of it. As for Cellini, not thinking himself to be wicked, he was not wicked. His may have been crimes, but they did not soil him. Cardinals, princes, popes all look alike to him. He picks up woman after woman and there are swift partings, sometimes with tears on the woman's side, laughter on his. When the Pope fails in liberality, Cellini refuses to deliver up the half finished work and defies the civil and ecclesiastical powers. The representative of Christ on earth deprives Cellini of his post in

the Mint, with a further hint that there might be a deprivation of "other things besides." But with Cellini, the man honors the office and not the office the man. "Tell his Holiness," he says to the messenger, "that he has deprived himself and not me, of the Mint, and that he will be doing the same with those other things of which he speaks; and that if he wants to confer the post on me again, nothing will induce me to accept it." When the fellow strikes, he knocks down. Of all men on earth, his type is most dangerous to constituted authority—the type that finds its happiness in overcoming resistance.

Arrested at last, by order of the Pope, he is taken before the Governor. But Benvenuto is no coward, wherefore to him what the world calls prudence is a thing unknown. There were official thunderings and threatenings in the hope that at the last moment the independent workman might be induced to deliver up to the Pope's messengers the chalice, so that another goldsmith might finish the job. "Benvenuto, Benvenuto," said the Governor, "you are going about to make me treat you as you deserve." Whereat the stout individualist made reply: "You will treat me with honor and courtesy if you wish to act as I deserve." Argument,

threatening, promising would not move him, could not shake him. "Go," he roared at last, "Go and say this to the Pope. Your threats do not frighten me at all; for I am an honest man, and stand in no fear of my sins." So he was left under guard while negotiations went forward and the flower of the city, merchants and influential men, implored him to cease contending with a Pope. To which: "I answered them that I had made up my mind quite well what I wished to do." At last, after much backing and filling, a message came from the Pope by the Governor:

"No sooner had the Governor returned . . . than he sent for me and spoke to this effect: 'Benvenuto, I am certainly sorry to come back from the Pope with such commands as I have received; you must either produce the chalice on the instant or look to your own affairs.' Then I replied that inasmuch as I had never to that hour believed a holy Vicar of Christ could commit an unjust act, so I should like to see it before I did believe it; therefore do the utmost that you can. The Governor rejoined: 'I have to report a couple of words more from the Pope to you, and then I will execute the orders given me. He says that you must bring your work to me here, and that after I have seen it put into a box and sealed, I must take it to him. He engages his word not to break the seal, and to return the piece to you untouched. But this much he wants done, in order to preserve his own honor in the affair. . . .'"

Benvenuto goes on to add that he was curious to know "for certain what a Pope's word was really worth." So

"Accordingly, I sent for my piece, and having had it sealed and described, gave it up to him. The Governor repaired again to the Pope, who took the box, according to what the Governor himself told me, and turned it several times about. Then he asked the Governor if he had seen the work; and he replied that he had and that it had been sealed up in his presence, and added that it struck him as a very admirable piece. Thereupon the Pope said: 'You shall tell Benvenuto that Popes have authority to bind and loose things of far greater consequence than this; and while thus speaking he opened the box with some show of anger, taking off the spring and seals with which it was done up. Afterwards he paid it prolonged attention; and, as I subsequently heard, showed it to Tobbia, the goldsmith, who bestowed much praise upon it."

Hearing which, Benvenuto, in open court, lifted up his voice and said with fine sarcasm, "I thank God that now I have learned and can report what the faith of Popes is made of." So, unscathed, Cellini went free to attend once more to his shop and his business, with an active side line of amorous adventures to give color to life. Nor were incidental adventures overlooked, as, for instance, a dip into black magic with a priestly sorcerer and a brawl with one

Benedetto, a notary in which the latter was left on the pavement stunned as one dead, by a blow on the forehead with a stone. By an error, it was reported to the Pope that it was Tobbia who had been slain and, angered, the order went forth that Cellini should be sought and hanged where found. At that Cellini fled to Naples, met by the merest chance his old Mistress Angelica, enjoyed her favors, and left her. But his work called him. In Rome, there were unfinished works of art, there were medals waiting for the finishing touch, his shop, bench and tools were there and these were close to his heart. The man seemed to be filled with a notion that he was his own judge, the avenger of his own law. His was that ideal selfishness, the everlasting care that his productiveness should come to a successful issue. So, before long, he met a party riding to Rome and a charming lady was of the band. At an inn, when he had torn his finger with an iron spike, she "took out a handkerchief richly embroidered with gold, wishing to make a bandage of it" and "in the gentlest manner" wrapped his hand. So, in the end he rode to Rome, and says:

"I rode at her side upon a pretty little horse of mine, making signs to my servant that he should keep apart, which gave us opportunity of discussing many things that are not sold by

the apothecary. In this way I journeyed to Rome with the greatest enjoyment I have ever had."

Pope Clement pardoned him, and, shortly afterwards died. For a time Cellini was worried, believing that he had lost a powerful patron, but if ever man believed that art alone gives value, that man was Benvenuto Cellini. "I plucked up courage," he says, "and told myself that these medals had won me so much celebrity, that any Pope who was elected would give me work to do, and peradventure bring me better fortune." So he paid his respects to the dead Pope and went to the street to look upon the great commotion which always happens on such occasions. But as luck would have it, an enemy of his, the powerful Pompeo, passed down the street and he was attended by ten men very well armed. Pompeo, being opposite Cellini, stopped "as though about to pick a quarrel with myself," says Cellini. There is no evidence at all that Pompeo had any evil design, but the fiery goldsmith sensed an insult. For a moment Cellini and his companions thought the mere stopping sufficient cause for a fight, but the fire eater considered that it would be better for him to risk his life alone. To make matters worse:

"When Pompeo had stood there time enough to say two Ave Marias, he laughed derisively in my direction; and going off, his fellows also laughed and wagged their heads, with many other insolent gestures."

At that, those about Cellini muttered and made signs, calling the attention of Cellini to the incipient insult. But Cellini was no gangster. "I told them," says he, "I was quite able to conduct my quarrels to an end by myself, and that I had no need of stouter fighters than I was; so that each of them might mind his own business." It is clear that the next most dangerous thing to being Benvenuto's enemy was to be his friend. Little cared he for praise or blame. So, having cut the bond that joined him to his party, he set off alone to find Pompeo and his armed guard.

". . . the street in which Pompeo's house stood was the one which leads straight to the Campo di Fiore. Some business or other made him enter the apothecary's shop which stood at the corner of Chiavica, and there he stayed while transacting it. I had just been told that he had boasted of the insult which he fancied he had put upon me; be that as it may, it was to his misfortune; for precisely when I came up to the corner, he was leaving the shop, and his bravi had opened their ranks and received him in their midst. I drew a little dagger with a sharpened edge, and breaking the line of his

defenders, laid my hands upon his breast so quickly and coolly, that none of them were able to prevent me. Then I aimed to strike him in the face; but fright made him turn his head round; and I stabbed him just underneath the ear. I only gave two blows, for he fell stone dead at the second. I had not meant to kill him, but, as the saying goes, knocks are not dealt by measure. With my left hand I plucked out the dagger, and with my right hand drew my sword to defend my life. However, all these bravi ran up to the corpse and took no action against me; so I went back alone through Strada Giula, considering how best to put myself in safety."

That his art would be his salvation Cellini knew. The new Pope, Paul III, was as eager to have Cellini in his service as Pope Clement had been, so the killing of Pompeo was overlooked. "Men like Benvenuto," said the Pope, "unique in their profession, stand above the law." Accordingly, Benvenuto was given a position in the Mint.

"When my enemies perceived that they were quite unable to devise the means of keeping me out of the Mint, they resorted to another expedient. The deceased Pompeo had left three thousand ducats as dowry to an illegitimate daughter of his; and they contrived that a certain favorite of Signor Pier Luigi, the Pope's son, should ask her hand in marriage through the medium of his master. Accordingly the match came off; but this fellow was an insig-

nificant country lad, who had been brought up by his lordship; and, as folk said, he got but little of the money, since his lordship laid his hands on it and had the mind to use it. Now the husband of the girl, to please his wife, begged the prince to have me taken up; and he promised to do so when the first flush of my favour with the Pope had passed away. Things stood so for about two months, the servant always suing for his wife's dowry, the master putting him off with pretexts, but assuring the woman that he would certainly revenge her father's murder. I obtained an inkling of these designs; yet I did not omit to present myself pretty frequently to his lordship, who made show of treating me with great distinction. He had, however, decided to do one or more of two things—either to have me assassinated, or to have me taken up by the Bargello. Accordingly he commissioned a certain little devil of a Corsican soldier in his service to do the trick as cleverly as he could; and my other enemies, with Messer Traiano at the head of them, promised the fellow a reward of one hundred crowns. He assured them that the job would be as easy as sucking a fresh egg. Seeing into their plot, I went about with my eyes open and with good attendance, wearing an undercoat and armlets of mail, for which I had obtained permission.

"The Corsican, influenced by avarice, hoped to obtain the whole sum of money without risk, and imagined himself capable of carrying the matter through alone. Consequently, one day after dinner, he had me sent for in the name of Signor Pier Luigi. I went off at once, be-

cause his lordship had spoken of wanting to order several big silver vases. Leaving my home in a hurry, armed however as usual, I walked rapidly through Strada Giulia toward the Palazzo Farnese, not expecting to meet anyone at that hour of day. I had reached the end of the street and was making toward the palace, my habit being always to turn the corners wide, I observed the Corsican get up and take his station in the middle of the road. Being prepared, I was not in the least disconcerted; but kept upon my guard, and slackening pace a little, drew nearer toward the wall, in order to give the fellow a wide berth. He on his side came closer to the wall, and when we were now within a short distance of each other, I perceived by his gestures that he had it in his mind to do me mischief, and seeing me alone thus, thought he should succeed. Accordingly, I began to speak and said: 'Brave soldier, if it had been night, you might have said you had mistaken me, but since it is full day, you know well enough who I am. I never had anything to do with you, and never injured you, but should be well disposed to do you service.' He replied in a high-spirited way, without, however, making room for me to pass, that he did not know what I was saying. Then I answered: 'I know very well indeed what you want, and what you are saying, but the job that you have taken in hand is more dangerous and difficult than you imagine, and may peradventure turn out the wrong way for you. Remember that you have to do with a man who would defend himself against a hundred; and the adventure you are on is not esteemed by

men of courage like yourself.' Meanwhile I also was looking black as thunder, and each of us had changed color. Folk too gathered round us, for it had become clear that our words meant swords and daggers. He then, not having the spirit to lay hands on me, cried out: 'We shall meet another time.' I answered: 'I am always glad to meet honest men and those who show themselves as such.'

"When we parted, I went to his lordship's palace, and found he had not sent for me. When I returned to my shop, the Corsican informed me, through an intimate friend of his and mine, that I need not be on my guard against him, since he wished to be my good brother; but that I ought to be much upon my guard against others, seeing that I was in the greatest peril, for folk of much consequence had sworn to have my life. I sent to thank him, and kept the best lookout I could. Not many days after, a friend of mine informed me that Signor Pier Luigi had given strict orders that I should be taken that very evening. They told me this at twenty; whereupon I spoke with some of my friends, who advised me to be off at once. The order had been given for one hour after sunset; accordingly at twenty-three I left in post for Florence."

This old time Pascal of pagans was never without his adventure. In Florence there are minor affairs, and in Venice troubles with gondoliers. The strangest adventure comes to the adventurer on his return to Florence. An inn

keeper demanded the price of lodging before Cellini went to bed, saying that it was the custom. However much Cellini was of the opinion that each man was a law to himself, he did not extend the privilege of law making to inn keepers. "I retorted," he says, "that men who wanted everything their own way ought to make a world after their own fashion, since things were differently managed here." The host was insistent, and, at last, Benvenuto paid the score in advance. He found the room good and the beds capital in every particular and as clean as they could be. But, as he conceived it, his honor had been attacked. A Cellini should not be asked for his money in advance, nor should an inn keeper have his own private rules and regulations especially when they conflicted with the notions of an egotist. So, through the night, Cellini could not sleep for thinking of the affront he had received. "At one time it came into my head to set fire to his house; at another to cut the throats of four fine horses which he had in the stable." So, the baggage was conveyed quietly to a waiting boat on the canal, and when the towing horses had been harnessed to the cable he warned the boat people to await him, and saying that he had left a pair of slippers in the bed room,

returned to the inn "and called the host, who told me that he had nothing to do with us, and that we might go to Jericho. There was a ragged stable boy about, half asleep, who cried out to me, 'The master would not move to please the Pope, because he has got a wench in bed with him, whom he has been wanting this long while.' Then he asked me for a tip . . . . I went upstairs, took out a knife sharp as a razor, and cut the four beds I found there into ribbons. I had the satisfaction of knowing I had done a damage of more than fifty crowns. . . ."

True to his theory that "art alone gives value," and that all things are forgiven the artist, Cellini returned to Rome, refused to deal with underlings, marched into the presence of the Pope, was pardoned for the murder of Pompeo and commissioned to do more work, especially a foil for the Pope's diamond. One incident is especially characteristic. A setting done by a famous jeweler named Miliano Targhetta having been much admired at court, Cellini with a flourish declared that he could improve upon it. He therefore took the foil and worked upon it with the result that the best judges declared that the famous foil of Miliano had been outdone by Cellini. Then up-

spoke Benvenuto, saying: "Now that I have surpassed Miliano, let us see if I can surpass myself," and soon produced a piece of work, the like of which astonished one and all. In the pages of the autobiography, you will search in vain for a clearer example of the fact that Cellini had a conscious realization of a master within himself. He was urged to aspire to a new mastery even though to do so he trampled on duties, refused services, dismissed responsibilities. His whole life was a becoming, a preparation, a bridge. Did he do something well, then there was no rest until he had bettered it. His ambition was to see his art below himself.

III.

When he was thirty-seven years of age, he smelt prison for the first time. He chanced to be passing the very spot where he had killed Pompeo when four officers arrested him by order of the Pope. He was taken to the great hall in the papal castle and there questioned. In the way of examiners in courts of justice from time immemorial, there was much beating about the bush, slanting attack and so on, for never yet was petty official who did not hold privately that he had deep and dark talent

for diplomacy. Then out broke the direct Benvenuto Cellini:

"My lords, it is more than half an hour now since you have been pestering me with questions about fables and such things, so that one may truly say you are chattering or prattling; by chattering I mean talking without reason, by prattling I mean talking nonsense; therefore I beg you to tell me what it really is you want of me, and to let me hear from your lips reasonable speech, and not jabberings or nonsense."

Then it came out. At the time of the melting of the jewels in the Castle of Sant' Angelo, Cellini was supposed to have taken not only the gold, the theft of which he had confessed, but valuable stones to the tune of eighty thousand crowns. At that Cellini was furious in denial, calling on his judges to check up their lists of jewels and make specific charges and so on. One on the bench brought up the matter of the men killed by Cellini, but the bold prisoner brushed that aside, saying it had nothing to do with the case. He was there on a charge of theft, and on that charge the case had to be judged. The long and the short of it was that a checking up revealed nothing, perhaps because there was nothing to reveal, perhaps be-

cause there was too much. Still, Cellini was kept within walls, although not locked in a cell. Of course there were endless plans of escape made. Having secured a great pair of pincers, he drew the nails from his door, fashioning false nail heads with wax which he stained and colored. With great patience he stole bed covers and made a rope. Then:

"On the evening of that feast day, I made my mind up to escape, come what might; and first I prayed most devoutly to God, imploring His Divine Majesty to protect and succor me in that so perilous a venture. Afterwards I set to work at all the things I needed, and labored all of the night. It was two hours before daybreak when at last I removed those hinges with the greatest toil; but the wooden panel itself and the bolt too offered such resistance that I could not open the door; so I had to cut into the wood; yet in the end I got it open, and shouldering the strips of linen that I had rolled up like bundles of flax upon two sticks, I went forth and directed my steps towards the latrines of the keep. Spying from within two tiles upon the roof, I was able at once to clamber up with ease. I wore a white doublet with a pair of white hose and a pair of half boots, into which I had stuck the poniard I have mentioned.

"After scaling the roof, I took one end of my linen roll and attached it to a piece of antique tile which was built into the fortress wall; it happened to jut out scarcely four fingers. In order to fix the band, I gave it the form of a

stirrup. When I had attached it to that piece of tile, I turned to God and said: 'Lord, give aid to my good cause; you know that it is good; you see that I am aiding myself.' Then I let myself go gently by degrees, supporting myself with the sinews of my arms, until I touched the ground. There was no moonshine, but the light of a fair open heaven. When I stood upon my feet on solid earth, I looked up at the vast height which I had descended with such spirit, and went gladly away, thinking I was free. But this was not the case; for the castillan on that side of the fortress had built two lofty walls, the space between which he used for stable and henyard; the place was barred with thick iron bolts outside. I was terribly disgusted to find there was no exit from this trap; but while I had paced up and down debating what to do, I stumbled on a long pole which was covered up with straw. Not without great trouble I succeeded in placing it against the wall, and then swarmed up it by the force of my arms until I reached the top. But since the wall ended in a sharp ridge, I had not strength enough to drag the pole up after me. Accordingly I made up my mind to use a portion of the second roll of linen which I had there; the other was left hanging from the keep of the castle. So I cut a piece off, tied it to the pole and clambered down the wall, enduring the utmost toil and fatigue. I was quite exhausted, and had, moreover, flayed the inside of my hands, which bled freely. This compelled me to rest awhile, and I bathed my hands in my own urine. When I thought that my strength was recovered, I ad-

vanced quickly towards the last rampart, which faced toward Prati. There I put my bundle of lines down upon the ground, meaning to fasten them round a battlement, and descend the lesser as I had the greater height. But no sooner had I placed the linen, than I became aware behind me of a sentinel, who was going the rounds. Seeing my designs interrupted and my life in peril, I resolved to face the guard. This fellow, when he noticed my bold front, and that I was marching on him with weapon in hand, quickened his pace and gave me a wide berth. I had left my lines some little way behind; so I turned with hasty steps to regain them; and though I came within sight of another sentinel, he seemed as though he did not choose to take notice of me. Having found my lines and attached them to the battlement, I let myself go. On the descent, whether it was that I thought I had really come to earth and relaxed my grasp to jump, or whether my hands were so tired that they could not keep their hold, at any rate I fell, struck my head in falling, and lay stunned for more than an hour and a half, so far as I could judge.

"It was just daybreak, when the fresh breeze which blows an hour before the sun revived me; yet I did not immediately recover my senses, for I thought that my head had been cut off and fancied that I was in purgatory. With time, little by little, my faculties returned, and I perceived that I was outside the castle, and in a flash remembered all my adventures. I was aware of the wound in my head, before I knew my leg was broken; for I put my hands up, and

withdrew them covered with blood. Then I searched the spot well, and judged and ascertained that I had sustained no injury of consequence there; but when I wanted to stand up, I found that my right leg was broken three inches above the heel. Not even this dismayed me: I drew forth my poniard with its scabbard; the latter had a metal point ending in a large ball, which had caused the fracture of my leg; for the bone coming into violent contact with the ball, and not being able to bend, had snapped at that point. I threw the sheath away, and with the poniard cut a piece of linen which I had left. Then I bound my leg up as well as I could, and crawled on all fours with the poniard in my hand toward the city gate. When I reached it, I found it shut; but I noticed a stone just beneath the door which did not appear to be very firmly fixed. This I attempted to dislodge, after setting my hands to it, and feeling it move, it easily gave way, and I drew it out. Through the gap thus made I crept into the town."

By the aid of a donkey driver, he gained the palace of Cardnial Cornaro who placed him in a secret chamber and ran off to ask pardon for him of the Pope, who said that Cellini was a little too violent in his behavior and timely rustication would do no harm. A short time after, the Governor of the castle assured Cellini that the Pope had pardoned him. His enemies, however, were unrelenting, and he was again taken to prison, the place in which he had what

he took to be a vision. A plot to kill him by means of diamond powder mixed with his food having failed by reason of the cupidity of the man engaged to grind the diamond, Cellini gained another hearing and was released by the Pope. Then it was that he considered himself one chosen above all others and discovered about him a halo. The Cardinal of Ferrara engaged him in his service and, for a time, all went well.

But peace and Cellini were strangers. On the Good Friday following, he had the ill luck to be charged with over-riding a horse belonging to the Postmaster at Siena. There were high words and challenges, and the postmaster "levelled his spontoon." The inevitable happened then. Where Cellini was concerned, a threat was as a deed.

"When I saw him determined to do some act of bestial violence, I pointed the muzzle of my arquebuse with the object only of keeping him at distance. Double enraged by this, he flung himself upon me. Though I had prepared the arquebuse for my defence, I had not leveled it exactly at him; indeed it was pointed too high. It went off of itself; and the ball, striking the arch of the door and glancing backwards, wounded him in the throat, so that he fell dead to earth."

Then there was trouble enough, others rush-

ing in, the sons of the postmaster taking a hand, mounting in hot haste with a wounded Milanese of the Cellini party moaning his woes. "A pox upon our peccadilloes! the sole cause of my misfortune was that I sinned by taking a little broth that morning, having nothing else to break my fast with." Benvenuto adds: "In spite of the great peril we were in, we could not help laughing a little at the donkey and his silly speeches. Then we set spurs to our horses. . . . ."

BENVENUTO CELLINI IN FRANCE.

The marvelous goldsmith was never the man to deal with subordinates and arriving at the city of Lyons, he planned a meeting with King Francis I. of France. He found the Court of the King at Fontana Belio and we have a curious sidelight on a royal epuipage in the autobiography.

"We were following the Court with the weariest trouble and fatigue; the reason of this was that the train of the King dragg itself along with never less than 12,000 horse behind it; this calculation is the very lowest; for when the Court is complete in times of peace, there are some 18,000 which makes 12,000 less than the average. Consequently we had to journey after

it through places where sometimes there were scarcely two houses to be found; and then we set up canvas tents like gipsies, and suffered at times very great discomfort."

Pre-Nietzschean though Cellini was, he favored no personal hardships. Moreover, the thought of his work was always uppermost in his mind. "I therefore kept urging the Cardinal to put the King in mind of employing me in some locality where I could stop and work," runs a passage. So, before long, he is installed in Paris in a house of the Cardinal of Ferrara. Meanwhile he has his eye on a castle, the Little Nello which the Provost of Paris was in possession of. The occupant was ejected by order of the King and

"The officer took me immediately to the castle, and there put me in possession, not, however, without violence; after that he warned me to take very good care I was not murdered. I installed myself, enrolled serving men, and bought a quantity of pikes and partisans; but I remained for several days exposed to grevious annoyances, for the Provost was a great nobleman of Paris, and all the other gentlefolk took part against me; they attacked me with such insults that I could hardly hold my own against them."

So, at the age of forty, in the year 1540, Benvenuto Cellini starts life anew in a strange

country and the first act in which he engages bids fair to start a hornet's nest about him. Nor was it long before there were stingings of a sort, for two days later, he and the King's secretary, Villerois, locked horns. There was dagger against rapier, but no blood was shed. Meanwhile, the King's heart was set on having Cellini make for him an immense salt cellar of gold and the Viscount of Orbec was commanded to weigh out to Cellini a thousand crowns of good weight and old gold when the goldsmith called for it. With the gold, well armed with shirt and sleeves of mail, and having sword and dagger at his side. Cellini set off for his workshop and thereupon charged headlong into another adventure.

"Just as I left the house, I observed some servants whispering among themselves, who also went off at a round pace in another direction from the one I took. Walking with all haste, I passed the bridge of the Exchange, and went up along a wall beside the river which led to my lodging in the castle. I had just come to the Augustines—now this was a very perilous passage, and though it was only five hundred paces from my dwelling, yet the lodging in the castle being quite as far removed inside, no one could have heard my voice if I shouted—when I saw four men with swords in their hands advancing to attack me. My resolution was taken in an instant. I covered the basket with my

cape, drew my sword, and seeing that they were pushing hotly forward, cried aloud: 'With soldiers there is only the cape and sword to gain; and these, before I give them up I hope you'll get not much to your advantage.' Then crossing my sword boldly with them, I more than once spread out my arms, in order that, if the ruffians were put on by the servants who had seen me take my money, they might be led to judge I was not carrying it. The encounter was soon over; for they retired step by step, saying among themselves in their own language: 'This is a brave Italian, and certainly not the man we are after; or if he be the man, he cannot be carrying anything.' I spoke Italian and kept harrying them with thrust and slash so hotly that I narrowly missed killing one or the other. My skill in using the sword made them think I was a soldier rather than a fellow of some other calling. They drew together and began to fall back, muttering all the while beneath their breath in their own tongue. I meanwhile continued always calling out, but not too loudly, that those who wanted my cape and blade would have to get them with some trouble. Then I quickened pace, while they still followed slowly at my heels; this augmented my fear, for I thought I might be falling into an ambuscade, which would have cut me off in front as well as rear. Accordingly, when I was at the distance of a hundred paces from my home, I ran with all my might, and shouted at the top of my voice, 'To arms! to arms! out with you! out with you! I am being murdered!' In a mo-

ment four of my young men came running, with pikes in their hands. They wanted to pursue the ruffians, who could still be seen; but I stopped them, calling back so as to let the villains hear. 'Those cowards yonder, four against one man alone, had not pluck enough to capture a thousand golden crowns in metal, which have almost broken this arm of mine. Let us haste inside and put the money away; then I will take my big, two handed sword, and go with you whithersoever you like.' We went inside to secure the gold; and while my lads expressed deep concern for the peril I had run gently chided me. . . ."

A SEA OF TROUBLES.

If you have not seen by now in Cellini a man ardent to beat down his foes, not at all to the end that he may be a mere physical conqueror, but that he may be free and unhampered in self-expression, your time in reading this has been wasted. Burning within him was a fierce fire to do certain things, and all about him were restrictions, little people, men who did not understand, ignoramuses, those with ulterior motives. Cellini was besieged and overpressed by brilliant ideas. His brain was forever boiling with magnificent notions. The cravings of the flesh were mere annoyances best gotten rid of by satisfaction. Did the thought

of a woman possess him, then he dismissed the matter by the shortest route, just as, when tormented by thoughts of revenge, he seized his dagger and despatched the fellow who had tormented him. A nude woman to him was much like a sunset of beauty is to the average man, or a group of swimming youths to Walt Whitman, or as a negro at the furnace mouth with the ruddy firelight playing on bunched muscles is to Carl Sandburg. Turn to Cellini's "Principles of the Art of Design" and see for yourself. He speaks of the curve of the backbone "which is magnificent," of the effect of an arm motion on the shoulder blades producing "an admirable effect." "You will," he tells students, "design the bone which is situated between the hips. It is very fine and is called the sacrum." Ponder a moment, and figure for yourself the gulf separating the mind of a Cellini and that of a President of some anti-vice society when looking at a nude woman in the light of these remarks. As for current moralities and conventions, he saw in them little beside foolish cloaks. Like Campanella, he saw in the mass of mankind a mere "beast with a muddy brain." His views would easily coincide with those of Benjamin De Casseres as expressed in Chameleon. "The masses are

the pandars to those notorious blackguards called great men. Their great men are their Cloaca Maxima. They are the incarnations of their criminal instincts, the clearing house of their hypocrisies." In the view of Cellini the peasant was not as good as his lord by any means, but he, Cellini, was several degrees better than his King or his Pope, and kings, popes and lords only existed as means for the production of his work. International affairs and disputes were mere nuisances likely to take the attention of the King from the artistic things that came from the workshop. "The deviltries of war between the Emperor and King had been stirred up again," he says, when he has his model for the door of the palace at Fontainebleau ready. Nevertheless he gets to the King, shows his model, explains it and tells us that "it restored him to cheerfulness, and distracted his mind from the fatiguing debates he had been holding." Nor does he greatly concern himself in the rendering of a strict account of the gold and silver weighed out to him. Lesser folk may balance ounces and drams and split hairs over pennies. "While I was at work upon the Jupiter, I noticed that I had plenty of silver to spare. So I took in hand, without consulting the King, to make a great two-handled vase,

about one cubit and a half in height." Cellini was no inhabitant of Luggnagg to crawl on his belly and eat the dust. Rather he was a Gulliver at Lilliput.

There is a picture of the man at work which is illuminating in every way. The local specialists seem to be making a mess of things, so he leaves them to muddle along alone, rolls up his sleeves and sets to work.

"I soon saw that they were going the wrong way about it, and began on my own account a head of Julius Caesar, bust and armour, much larger than the life, which I modeled from a reduced copy of a splendid antique portrait I had brought with me from Rome. I also undertook another head of the same size, studied from a very handsome girl, whom I kept for my own pleasures. I called this Fontainebleau, after the place selected by the King for his particular delight.

"We constructed an admirable little furnace for the casting of the bronze, got all things ready, and baked our moulds; those French masters undertaking the Jupiter, while I looked after my two heads. Then I said: 'I do not think you will succeed with your Jupiter, because you have not provided sufficient vents beneath for the air to circulate; therefore you are but losing your time and trouble.' They replied that, if their work proved a failure, they would pay back the money I had given on account, and recoup me for current expenses; but they bade me

give good heed to my own proceedings, for the fine heads I meant to cast in my Italian fashion would never succeed.

"At this dispute between us there were present the treasurers and other gentlefolk comissioned by the King to superintend my proceedings. Everything which passes by word or act was duly reported to his majesty. The two old men who had undertaken to cast my Jupiter postponed the experiment, saying they would like to arrange the moulds of my two heads. They argued that, according to my method, no success could be expected, and it was a pity to waste such fine models. When the King was informed of this, he sent word that they should give their minds to learning, and not try to teach their master.

"So, then, they put their own piece into the furnace with much laughter; while I, maintaining a firm carriage, showing neither mirth nor anger (though I felt it) placed my two heads, one on each side of the Jupiter. The metal came all right to melting, and we let it in with joy and gladness; it filled the mould of the Jupiter most admirably, and at the same time my two heads. This furnished them with matter for rejoicing and me with satisfaction; for I was not sorry to have predicted wrongly of their work, and they made as though they were delighted to have been mistaken about mine. Then, as the custom in France is, they asked to drink, in high good spirits. I was very willing, and ordered a handsome collation for their entertainment. When this was over, they requested me

to pay the money due them and the surplus I had promised. I replied: 'You have been laughing over what, I fear, may make you weep. On reflection, it seems to me that too much metal flowed into your mould. Therefore I shall wait till tomorrow before I disburse more money.' The poor fellows swallowed my words and chewed the cud of them; then they went home without further argument.

"At daybreak they began, quietly, to break into the pit of the furnace. They could not uncover their large mould until they had extracted my two heads; these were in excellent condition, and they placed them where they could be well seen. When they came to Jupiter, and had dug but scarcely two cubits, they sent up such a yell, they and their four workers, that it woke me up. Fancying it was a shout of triumph, I set off running, but my bedroom was at the distance of more than five hundred paces. On reaching the spot, I found them looking like the guardians of Christ's sepulchre in a picture, downcast and terrified. Casting a hasty glance upon my two heads, and seeing they were all right, I tempered my annoyance with the pleasure that sight gave me. Then they began to make excuses, crying: 'Our bad luck!' I retorted: 'Your luck has been most excellent, but what has been indeed bad is your deficiency of knowledge: had I only seen you put the soul into your mould, I could have taught you with one word how to cast the figure without fault. This would have brought me great honor and you much profit. I shall be able to make good

my reputation; but you will now lose both your honor and your profit. Let then this lesson teach you another time to work, and not to poke fun at your masters."

Keen, careful, jealous of his work was the man, and yet, contemptuous of that knowledge of state and politics which we of today pretend to believe is of the last importance. The King, pleased to have so skilled an artisan in his kingdom, grants and sends to Cellini as a special mark of favor, letters of naturalization, by the hand of his secretary. "But," says Cellini, "I begged the secretary to have the kindness to tell me what letters of naturalization meant." For his own ulterior motives, to be left to work in peace, he says flattering things to the King in the presence of Madame d'Etampes, the reigning mistress, and refers to his share of the talk as "comedy." The queen of the left hand let it be known that she was displeased with the craftsman, the King valuing him too highly. So Cellini, trying to avoid trouble calculated to take his mind from his work, took a handsome little vase he had made and went to the house of the King's mistress.

"With this in my hand, then, I announced my presence to her nurse, and showed the gift which I had brought her mistress; the woman received

me with demonstrations of good will and said that she would speak a word to Madame, who was still engaged on her toilette: I should be admitted on the instant when she had discharged her embassy. The nurse made her report in full to Madame, who retorted scornfully: 'Tell him to wait.' On hearing this I clothed myself with patience, which of all things I find the most difficult. Nevertheless I kept myself under control until the hour for dinner was past. Then, seeing that time dragged on, and being maddened by hunger, I could no longer hold out, but flung off, sending her most devoutly to the devil."

As might be expected, the incident made the king's mistress more angry against Cellini, and, as nothing in this world ends, brought trouble to the man. Other incidents looped in. For instance, in the castle in which Cellini lived, there was a "printer of books of much excellence in his own trade." Cellini gives him due credit. But, wanting to make use of his lodging, the egoist "turned him out, but not without some trouble." There was also. in another part of the castle, a maker of saltpetre, a man under the protection of the King's mistress. Him also, Cellini asked to vacate, but "The more moderately I spoke, the more arrogantly did the brute reply," says Cellini. For three days, the goldsmith kept his temper then, "took Germans, Italians and Frenchmen,

bearing arms, and many hand-laborers," and "in a short while gutted all his house and flung his property outside my castle!" Not only that, but the record tells us that: "I had to deal in like manner with another fellow, but I did not ruin his house; I only threw all his furniture out of doors." At that, Madame d'Etampes told the King: "I believe that devil will sack Paris one of these days," but the King stood fast in support of Cellini. But Benvenuto had angered a woman and so raised the devil. Enemies sprang around him like weeds. A commission given him to make a fountain was awarded, through the King's mistress to a rival workman and a law suit was brought against him by the saltpetre man he had ousted from his place, Cellini being charged with stealing household effects. So once more, Cellini found himself in a hall of justice, which, as he has it, "may be truly called a hell." His description is vivid and humorous. There is a realistic passage well worth quoting which follows:

"I made my appearance in the great hall of Paris, to defend my right. There I saw a judge . . . enthroned upon a high tribunal. He was tall, stout and fat, and of an extremely severe countenance. All round him on each side stood a crowd of solicitors and advocates,

ranging upon the right hand and the left. Others were coming, one by one to explain their several causes to the judge. From time to time, too, I noticed that the attorneys at the side of the tribunal talked all at once; and much admiration was roused in me by that extraordinary man, the very image of Pluto, who listened with marked attention first to one and then to the other, answering each with learning and sagacity. I have always delighted in watching and experiencing every kind of skill; so I would not have lost this spectacle for much. It happened that the hall being very large, and filled with a multitude of folk, they were strict in excluding every one who had no business there, and kept the door shut with a guard to hold it. Sometimes the guardian, in his effort to prevent the entrance of some improper person interrupted the judge by the great noise he made and the judge in anger, turned to chide him. This happened frequently, so that my attention was directed to the fact. . ."

From that passage, it can be seen by the most careless, that Cellini has the eye of a painter, sees things with the clearness of a Hogarth. He forgets altogether that he is there as one deeply concerned and is carried away with the picture before him.

However, he is brought back very sharply to reality, passes swiftly from Cellini the spectator to Cellini the very active star.

"When . . . I perceived that my cause had been unjustly lost, I had recourse for my defence to a great dagger which I carried; for I have always taken pleasure in keeping fine weapons. The first man I attacked was the plaintiff who had sued me; and one evening I wounded him in the legs and arms so severely, taking care, however, not to kill him, that I deprived him of the use of both his legs. Then I sought out the other fellow who had brought the suit and used him also in such wise that he dropped it.

"Returning thanks to God for this and every other dispensation, and hoping to be left awhile without worries, I bade the young men of my household, especially the Italians, for God's sake to attend each diligently to the work I set him, and to help me till such time as I could finish the things I had in hand."

A heavy hand and hot blood had this superman of the sixteenth century.

But no sooner was he out of one scrape than he fell into another. His model, Caterina, seemed about to have a child and he suspected her of duplicity. Her other lover was one of his own men, Pagolo, an impoverished nobleman but an excellent and courageous swordsman. Almost he caught the pair *in flagrante*, and, for a moment, not only Pagolo's life, but also that of Caterina and her mother hung by a thread. Luckily for them Cellini remem-

bered that he had "many acts of violence" on his hands and, instead of spilling blood, "drove the whole lot forth, lamming into them with fist and foot." At once the three of them accused him of a criminal offence in connection with Caterina, and he was summoned to court. Then followed a most extraordinary affair. For a time Cellini had a mind to fly to Italy but on second thought he decided to meet the issue, but in his own way. So he called together ten of his best men, and with this bodyguard set off to court, firmly resolved not to let himself be taken and imprisoned alive.

"When we appeared before the judge for criminal affairs, I found Caterina and her mother waiting; and on the moment of my arrival, the two women were laughing with their advocate. I pushed my way in, and called boldly for the judge, who was seated, blown out big and fat, upon a tribunal high above the rest. On catching sight of me, he threatened with his head, and spoke in a subdued voice: 'Although your name is Benvenuto, (Welcome one), this time you are an ill-comer.' I understood his speech, and called out the second time: 'Despatch my business quickly. Tell me what I have come to do here.'" (Then followed the testimony of the woman accusing Cellini of having had intercourse with her in a manner punishable with death.)

"When she had finished, I cried out with a loud voice: 'Lord judge, lieutenant of the Most

Christian King, I call on you for justice. Well I know that by the laws of his Most Christian Majesty both agent and patient in this kind of crime are punished with the stake. The woman confesses her guilt; I admit nothing whatsoever of the sort with her; her go-between of a mother is here, who deserves to be burned for either one or the other offence. Therefore I appeal to you for justice.' These words I repeated over and over again at the top of my voice, continually calling out: 'To the stake with her and her mother!' I also threatened the judge that, if he did not send her there to prison before me, I would go to the King at once, and tell him how his lieutenant in criminal affairs of justice had wronged me. When they heard what a tumult I was making, my adversaries lowered their voices, but I lifted mine the more. The little hussy and her mother fell to weeping, while I shouted to the judge: 'Fire, fire! to the stake with them!' The coward on the bench finding that the matter was not going as he intended, began to use soft words and excuse the weakness of the female sex. Thereupon I felt that I had won the victory in a nasty encounter; and, muttering threats between my teeth, I took myself off, not without great inward satisfaction. Indeed, I would have gladly paid five hundred crowns down to have avoided that appearance in court. However, after escaping from the tempest, I thanked God with all my heart, and returned in gladness with my young men to the castle."

Cellini, like the later Benjamin R. Tucker,

was firmly convinced that there was no valid principle of human society that forbids the invaded to protect themselves in whatever way they can.

But Cellini's *spottgeist* was in mischievous mood. "When I thought I had emerged from this tempestuous sea of troubles, and hoped my evil star would leave me quiet for a moment, it began to set two schemes in motion against me before I had recovered my breath from that great struggle. Within three days, two things happened, each of which brought my life into extreme hazard."

The first was in connection with the painter Bologna, the man whom the King's mistress had used as a foil for Cellini. All the orders given Cellini had been transferred to him. So, straight to Bologna went the bold Benvenuto with his good sword by his side. There were words which might have been warm, had it not been for the soft sayings of the painter. Consequently, the "good sword" remained in its scabbard. Cellini laid down his ultimatum.

"Messer Francesco, you know that I first received the work, and that the time has long gone by during which my right could be reasonably disputed by anyone. Now I tell you that I shall be satisfied if you will make a model while I make another in addition to the one I have

already shown. Then we will take them without any clamour to our great King: and whosoever in this way shall have gained the credit of the best design will justly have deserved the commission. If it falls to you, I will dismiss from my mind the memory of the great injury you have done me, and will bless your hands, as being worthier than mine of so glorious a performance. Let us bide by this agreement, and we shall be friends; otherwise we must be enemies; and God, who always helps the right, and I, who know how to assert it, will show you to what extent you have done wrong."

There was much of it with Cellini backing up his reasonable proposition with threats, and Cellini went his way to Paris.

No sooner had he alighted from his horse, when some of "those excellent people who delight in mischief making" told him that Pagolo had taken a house for "the little huzzy Caterina and her mother." The tale bearer had other things to say. Pagolo had said this and that and the other, had even touched his sword and threatened darkly. Says Cellini: "The scoundrel who reported this poisonous gossip spoke it with such good effect that I felt a fever in the instant swoop upon me: and when I say fever, I mean fever, and no mere metaphor. The insane passion which took possession of me might have been my

death, had I not resolved to give it vent as the occasion offered."

Straight to the Pagolo quarters he went as he had gone straight to Bologna. There he found his apprentice, girt with sword and dagger, sitting on a chest with his arm about Caterina.

"Pushing the door open, I drew my sword, and set the point of it at his throat, not giving him the time to think whether he too carried steel. At the same instant I called out: 'Vile coward! recommend your soul to God, for you are a dead man! Without budging from his seat, he called three times: 'Mother, mother, help me!' Though I had come there fully determined to take his life, half my fury ebbed away when I heard this idiotic exclamation. I ought to add that I had told Chioccia (his companion and body guard), not to let the girl or mother leave the house, since I meant to deal with these trollops after I had disposed of their bully. So I went on holding my sword at his throat, and now and then just pricking him with the point, pouring out a torrent of terrific threats at the same time. But when I found that he did not stir a finger in his own defence, I began to wonder what I should do next; my menacing attitude could not be kept up forever; so at last it came into my head to make them marry, and complete my vengeance at a later period. Accordingly I formed my resolution, and began: 'Take that ring, coward, from your finger, and marry her, that I may get sat-

isfaction from you afterwards according to your deserts.' He replied at once: 'If only you do not kill me, I will do whatever you command.' 'Then,' said I, 'Put that ring upon her hand.' When the sword's point was withdrawn a few inches from his throat, he wedded her with the ring. But I added: 'This is not enough. I will send for two notaries in order that the marriage may be ratified by contract.' Bidding Chioccia go for the lawyers, I turned to the girl and her mother, and, using the French language, spoke as follows: 'Notaries and witnesses are coming; the first of you who blabs about this affair will be killed upon the spot: nay, I will murder you all three. So beware, and keep a quiet tongue in your heads.' To him I said in Italian: 'If you offer any resistance to what I shall propose, upon the slightest word you utter, I will stab you till your guts run out upon this floor!' He answered: 'Only promise not to kill me, and I will do whatever you command.' The notaries and witnesses arrived; a contract, valid and in due form, was drawn up; then my fever and heat left me. I paid the lawyers and took my departure."

The peace of soul that Cellini tells us that came upon him after this most amazing marriage, is certainly a peace that passeth human understanding. Reflecting, he finds that it was a mistake to inflict so singular vengeance upon Pagolo. But he reengaged Caterina as a model, gave her thirty sous a day and made her serve his pleasure. For hours, he kept her

in position "greatly to her discomfort." "This," he says, "gave her as much annoyance as it gave me pleasure; for she was beautifully made and brought me much credit as a model." Meanwhile she taunted him, talking big in "her French way" about her husband, till the torturer became the tortured. Yielding myself up to blind rage, I seized her by the hair, and dragged her up and down my room, beating and kicking her till I was tired. . . . When I had well pounded her she swore that she would never visit me again."

The housekeeper Ruberta, helped the model to dress, then brought food and drink "to the miserable baggage" and after rubbing bacon fat into Caterina's worst wounds, "they ate what was left of the meat together." Then:

"On the following morning Caterina came to our door, and knocked so violently, that, being below, I ran to see whether it was a madman or some member of the household. When I opened, the creature laughed and fell on my neck, embracing and kissing me, and asked me if I was still angry with her. I said 'No!' Then she added: 'Let me have something good to break my fast on.' So I supplied her well with food, and partook of it at the same table in sign of reconciliation. Afterwards, I began to model from her, during which occurred some amorous diversions; and at last, just at the same hour as

on the previous day, she irritated me to such a pitch that I gave her the same drubbing. So we went on several days, repeating the old round like clockwork. There was little or no variation in the incidents."

Then Caterina left Paris with her husband and Cellini mentions her no more. In her place he engaged a "clean maid" of the age of about fifteen, a brunette with beautiful figure, "quick in movement, with a look of sullenness about the eyes." By her, Cellini had a daughter "the first child I ever had, so far as I remember," and the King's physician became her godfather. "I settled money enough upon the girl for dowry to satisfy an aunt of hers, under whose tutelage I placed her, and from that time forwards I had nothing more to do with her," says Benvenuto. But with Caterina and Jeanne as models, he had given perfect finish to the bronze Fontainebleau and also the two Victories. After all, to him, that was the main thing. All other happenings were merely anciliary, as it were.

" . . . an opportunity of mentioning my daughter having arisen," he says in the narrative, quite *en passant*, "I availed myself of it, so as not to interrupt the narrative of more important things." The attitude is not pose, nor is it coldblooded heartlessness. The man

was enwrapped in his art and paid as little attention to what the world called morality as he did to what the world called patriotism. The "most important things" occupied him to the exclusion of others. As De Casseres put it, "Could the crowd grasp them (the dreams of the artist), could the world enact in its drab, vulgar way the passion glozed hallucinations that are blown from the skulls of these men, life would lose its flavor, ideal transgression its fascination, and evil and good their aesthetic value." The attitude has been called supermorality, but it seems plain that the supermorality of Cellini did not comprehend the morality of the crowd. He was unmoral rather than immoral. He recognized neither duty nor discipline except in the world of art. Perhaps it would be fair to consider him as not being a wheel in the complex machinery of society. Incapable of social discipline, of self repression, or self-subordination he was, looked at from the common point of view, a danger to society. In a community of anarchists he would have been troublesome for when the practice of his art necessitated invasion, he would have trampled on the toes of anyone in his way.

At this time Cellini was at work upon a

bronze of Jupiter, and the King, well pleased, ordered a corresponding statue to be done in silver of Hercules. The path of Cellini might have been smooth, had it not been for the jealousy of the King's mistress. She considered herself to have been slighted and was implacable.

"Madame d'Etampes, when she heard how well my affairs were going, redoubled her spite against me, saying in her heart: 'It is I who rule the world today, and a little fellow like that snaps his fingers at me!' She put every iron into the fire which she could think of, in order to stir up mischief against me. Now a certain man fell in her way, who enjoyed great fame as a distiller; he supplied her with perfumed waters, which were very excellent for the complexion and hitherto unknown in France. This fellow she introduced to the King, who was much delighted by the processes for distilling which he exhibited. While engaged in these experiments the man begged his Majesty to give him a tennis court I had in my castle, together with some little apartments which he said I did not use. The good King, guessing who was at the bottom of the business, made no answer; but Madame d'Etampes used those wiles with which women know so well to work on men, and very easily succeeded in her enterprise; for having taken the King in a moment of amorous weakness, to which he was much subject, she wheedled him into conceding what she wanted."

The perfumier, with Treasurer Grolier, in

due course presented himself to take possession. To the accompanying officer Cellini said many things in objection, winding up with the threat that he would fling the perfumier out of the window if he could not show a warrant under the King's own hand and seal. The luckless distiller did not know his host, but Cellini was still the man of deeds.

"The next morning I had recourse to arms; and though the job cost me some trouble, I enjoyed it. Each day that followed, I made an attack with stones, pikes and arquebuses, firing, however, without ball; nevertheless, I inspired such terror that no one dared to help my antagonist. Accordingly, when I noticed one day that his defence was feeble, I entered the house by force, and expelled the fellow, turning all his goods and chattels into the street."

Nor did he halt there. A visit to the King followed, and the monarch "laughed at the matter," making out letters patent to secure Cellini against further molestation.

The incident of the exhibition of the statue of Jupiter, leads the careful reader to believe that there was more method than madness in Cellini's desire to have no one in the castle other than his own workmen. He was planning a surprise, and secrecy was highly necessary. An inquisitive babbler would have ruined his plans.

"In the meantime I brought my silver Jupiter to completion, together with its silver pedestal, which I placed on a wooden plinth that only showed a very little; upon the plinth I introduced four little round balls of hard wood, more than half hidden in their sockets, like the nut of a cross-bow. They were so nicely arranged that a child could push the statue forwards and backwards, or turn it round with ease. Having arranged it thus to my mind, I went with it to Fontainebleau, where the King was then residing.

"At that time, Bologna, of whom I have already said so much, had brought from Rome his statues, and had cast them very carefully in bronze. I knew nothing about this, partly because he kept his doings very dark, and also because Fontainebleau is forty miles distant from Paris. On asking the King where he wanted me to set up my Jupiter, Madame d'Etampes, who happened to be present, told him there was no place more appropriate than his own handsome gallery. This was, as we should say in Tuscany, a logia, or, more exactly, a large lobby; it ought indeed to be called a lobby, because what we mean by logia is open at one side. The hall was considerably longer than 100 paces, decorated, and very rich with pictures from the hand of that admirable Rosso, our Florentine master. Among the pictures were arranged a great variety of sculptured works, partly in the round, and partly in bas-relief. The breadth was about twelve paces. Now Bologna had brought all his antiques into this

gallery, wrought with great beauty in bronze, and had placed them in a handsome row upon their pedestals; and they were, as I have said, the choicest of the Roman antiquities. Into this same gallery I took my Jupiter; and when I saw that grand parade so artfully planned, I said to myself: 'This is like running the gauntlet; now may God assist me.' I placed the statue, and having arranged it as well as I was able, waited for the coming of the King. The Jupiter was raising his thunderbolt with the right hand in the act to hurl it; his left hand held the globe of the world. Among the flames of the thunderbolt I had very cleverly introduced a torch of white wax. Now Madame d'Etampes detained the King till nightfall, wishing to do one or two mischiefs, either to prevent his coming, or else to spoil the effect of my work by it being shown off after dark; but as God has promised to those who trust in Him, it turned out exactly opposite to her calculations; for when night came, I set fire to the torch, which, standing higher than the head of Jupiter, shed light from above and showed the statue far better than by daytime.

"At length the King arrived; he was attended by his Madame d'Etampes, his son the Dauphin and the Dauphiness, together with the King of Navarre his brother-in-law, Madame Marguerite his daughter, and several other great lords, who had been instructed by Madame d'Etampes to speak against me. When the King appeared, I made my apprentice Ascanio push Jupiter towards his Majesty. As it moved smoothly for-

wards, my cunning in its turn was amply rewarded, for this gentle motion made the figure seem alive; the antiques were left in the background, and my work was the first to take the eye with pleasure. The King exclaimed at once: 'This is by far the finest thing that has ever been seen; and I, although I am an amateur and no judge of art, could never have conceived the hundredth part of its beauty.' The lords whose cue it was to speak against me, now seemed as though they could not praise my master-piece enough. Madame d'Etampes said boldly: 'One would think you had no eyes! Don't you see all those fine bronzes from the antique behind there? In those consists the real distinction of this art, and not in that modern trumpery.' Then the King advanced, and the others with him. After casting a glance at the bronzes, which were not shown to advantage from the light below them, he exclaimed: 'Whoever wanted to injure this man has done him a great service; for the comparison of these admirable statues demonstrates the immeasurable superiority of his work in beauty and in art. Benvenuto deserves to be made much of, for his performances do not merely rival, but surpass the antique.' In reply to this, Madame d'Etampes observed that my Jupiter would not make anything like so fine a show by daylight; besides, one had to consider that I had put a veil upon my statue to conceal its faults. I had indeed flung a gauze veil with elegance and delicacy over a portion of my statue, with the view of augmenting its majesty. This, when she had finished speaking, I lifted from beneath, uncovering the handsome

genital members of the god; then tore the veil to pieces with vexation. She imagined I had disclosed those parts of the statue to insult her. The King noticed how angry she was, while I was trying to force some words out in my fury; so he wisely spoke, in his own language, precisely as follows: 'Benvenuto, I forbid you to speak; hold your tongue, and you shall have a thousand times more wealth than you desire.' Not being allowed to speak, I writhed my body in a rage; this made her grumble with redoubled spite; and the King departed sooner than he otherwise would have done, calling aloud, however, to encourage me: 'I have brought from Italy the greatest man who ever lived, endowed with all the talents.'"

Delighted with his success, Cellini set to work on his statue of Mars with a light heart. He gives no measurements, but relates an incident which is doubly interesting, giving as it does not only a notion of the size of the work, but casting a sidelight on the social life of the time. One of his apprentices, a lad named Ascanio, had a love affair with a girl of the neighborhood who left home to live with the lad. Finding difficulty in hiding her, he hit upon the plan of making a place for her in the head of the statue where she slept. Cellini, in his vanity, had the statue in such position that it could be seen from the street and house tops and at times, the movements of

the girl could be seen through the eye holes. The castle itself having the reputation of being haunted, the tale went about that the ghost had passed into the statue. Few guessed, says Cellini, "that there was a spirit there, and sound young flesh to boot."

With the King, Cellini seems to have got along very well, for Francis appears to have been a good natured fellow with a keen delight in things beautiful, a little worried perhaps because of the exuberant fertility of Cellini. For the goldsmith seems to have done very much as he pleased in the way of production. One plan was no sooner put into execution, than another came to torture him. The energy of the man was astounding to those who see in creative work a burden and a toil. Lesser minds accused him of ulterior motives, of mere money making, of a kind of greed. As a matter of fact, the man cared nothing for gold and silver except as a means. There is ample evidence that he used his own money at times in order to finish a piece of work. But the royal mistress does not seem to have had a soul above cheese paring. It troubled her to see works of art in precious metal following swiftly one on the heels of another, and she gave the King no rest until he had

promised to check Benvenuto. So to him one day Francis went, intending to reprimand the goldsmith. At once, like a good workman and art lover, Cellini hurried his monarch to the most interesting thing about the place, a wonderful door that he had planned and commenced. The King was disarmed immediately. Still, he had to unburden his soul in some wise and thus spoke:

"There is one most important matter, Benvenuto, which men of your sort, though full of talent, ought always to bear in mind; it is that you cannot bring your great gifts to light by your strength alone; you show your greatness only through the opportunities we give you. Now you ought to be a little more submissive, not so arrogant and headstrong. I remember that I gave you express orders to make me twelve silver statues; and this was all I wanted. You have chosen to execute a salt cellar, and vases and busts and doors, and a heap of other things which quite confound me, when I consider how you have neglected my wishes, and worked for the fulfilment of your own. If you mean to go in in this way, I shall presently let you understand what is my method of procedure when I choose to have things done in my own way. I tell you therefore, plainly; do your utmost to obey my commands; for if you stick to your own fancies, you will run your head against a wall."

At that Cellini explained, but without ex-

plaining the real truth which he, himself, probably was not aware of. That, of course, was that ideas bubbled up so fast, one driving the other out, and each more glorious than its predecessor. Doubtless in the interviews he had with the King, he had mentioned this and that as a dream, an idea or a possibility and had taken the royal encouragement for assent. However that may be, at the end of Cellini's explanations, the king turned to the half finished door and, like an amateur and a gentleman declared to the waiting courtiers, that "I verily believe that a finer door could not be made for paradise itself."

That Cellini was powerless in the toils of the inner man, the striving artistic spirit that urged him, we can have no doubt. The autobiography is full of proof of this. When the man is half sick with pain in the loins, he makes a little golden cup, and when time hangs heavy on his hands, he uses his own silver to make a medallion. In Florence, he had clay brought and modelled a portrait of the Duke of Florence "for pastime." After a slight rest in travel between Paris and Florence, he writes "Being now inflamed with a great desire to begin working, I told his Excellency that I had need of a house where I could install myself and erect furnaces, in order to

commence operations in clay and bronze." One thinks of Robert Burns incessantly producing poems while unyoking cattle, counting eggs and poultry, selling his hay for a penny a truss or thinking of the kinds of manure. "I pored over them (the collection of songs), driving my cart, or walking to labor, song by song, verse by verse, carefully noting the true, tender, sublime or fustian." So also it was with Cellini. His activity was the satisfaction of an instinct, an inborn and irresistible impulse which conduced to his happiness and the motive of material gain did not enter into consideration. The fact that his possessions increased with his activity does not seem to have struck him until he had to move from one place to another, so it is obvious that his instincts were not those of the bone burying dog. The exercise of his art was his enjoyment and the enjoyment was quite apart from the money making instinct. Perhaps the chief sensation he got from his life was a sense of efficiency. I emphasize all this, because without its acceptance, the man could not be understood. But that he was misunderstood by those in his immediate vicinity is certain: otherwise how account for the bickerings and tormentings, the plots and accusations of those

who forever suspected him of misappropriating the gold and silver given him?

In Florence there was a scene between him and the Duke who had ordered made a statue of Perseus. The little people about the Duke in charge of disbursements were niggardly. A complaint to the Duke in person followed. The Duke flew into the "greatest rage conceivable," says Cellini. "'This is just the same as with your Perseus, when you asked those ten thousand crowns. You let yourself be blinded by mere cupidity. Therefore I shall have the statue valued, and shall give you what the experts think it is worth.'" Then answered the artist and Whistler himself said no finer thing: "How is it possible that my work should be valued at its proper worth when there is not a man in Florence capable of performing it?"

No better example of the enthusiasm of the man in his work can be given than his account of the casting of the Perseus. You see him giving his own metal, his personal property, to ensure success at a critical moment, and you imagine him full of anxiety lest there should be a misstep here, an accident there, or that the workship itself should take fire.

"Accordingly I strengthened my heart, and

with all the forces of my body and my purse, employing what little money still remained to me, I set to work. First I provided myself with several loads of pinewood from the forest of Serristori, in the neighborhood of Montelupo. While these were on their way, I clothed my Perseus with the clay which I had prepared many months beforehand, in order that it might be duly seasoned. After making its clay tunic (for that is the term used in this art) and properly arming it and fencing it with iron girders, I began to draw the wax out by means of a slow fire. This melted and issued through numerous air-vents I had made; for the more there are of these, the better will the mould fill. When I had finished drawing off wax, I constructed a funnel-shaped furnace all round the model of my Perseus. It was built of bricks, so interlaced, the one above the other, that numerous apertures were left for the fire to exhale at. Then I began to lay on wood by degrees, and kept it burning two whole days and nights. At length when all the wax was gone, and the mould was well baked, I set to work at digging the pit in which to sink it. This I performed with scrupulous regard to all the rules of art. When I had finished that part of my work, I raised the mould by windlasses and stout ropes to a perpendicular position, and suspending it with the greatest care one cubit above the level of the furnace, so that it hung exactly above the middle of the pit, I next lowered it gently down into the very bottom of the furnace, and had it firmly placed with every possible precaution for its safety. When this delicate operation was ac-

complished, I began to bank it up with the earth I had excavated; and, ever as the earth grew higher, I introduced its proper air-vents, which were little tubes of earthenware, such as folk use for drains and such-like purposes. At length, I felt sure that it was admirably fixed, and that the filling-in of the pit and the placing of the air-vents had been properly performed. I also could see that my work-people understood my method, which differed very considerably from that of all the other masters in the trade. Feeling confident, then, that I could rely upon them, I next turned to my furnace, which I had filled with numerous pigs of copper and other bronze stuff. The pieces were piled according to the laws of art, that is to say, so resting one upon the other that the flames could play freely through them, in order that the metal might heat and liquefy the sooner. At last I called out heartily to set the furnace going. The logs of pine were heaped in, and, what with the unctuous resin of the wood and the good draught I had given, my furnace worked so well that I was obliged to rush from side to side to keep it going. The labour was more than I could stand; yet I forced myself to strain every nerve and muscle. To increase my anxieties, the workshop took fire, and we were afraid lest the roof should fall upon our heads; while, from the garden, such a storm of wind and rain kept blowing in, that it perceptibly cooled the furnace.

"Battling thus with all these untoward circumstances for several hours, and exerting my-

self even beyond the measure of my powerful constitution, I could at last bear up no longer, and a sudden fever, of the utmost possible intensity, attacked me. I felt absolutely obliged to go and fling myself upon my bed.

"No sooner had I got to bed, than I ordered my servant-maids to carry food and wine for all the men into the workshop; at the same time I cried: 'I shall not be alive tomorrow.' They tried to encourage me, arguing that my illness would pass over, since it came from excessive fatigue. In this way I spent two hours battling with the fever, which steadily increased, and calling out continually: 'I feel that I am dying.' My housekeeper, who was named Mona Fiore da Castel del Rio, a very notable manager and no less warm hearted, kept chiding me for my discouragement; but, on the other hand, she paid me every kind attention which was possible. However, the sight of my physical pain and moral dejection so affected her, that, in spite of that brave heart of hers, she could not refrain from shedding tears; and yet, so as she was able, she took good care that I should not see them. While I was thus terribly afflicted, I beheld the figure of a man enter my chamber, twisted in his body into the form of the letter S. He raised a lamentable, doleful voice, like one who announced their last hour to men condemned to die upon the scaffold, and spoke these words: 'O Benvenuto! your statue is spoiled, and there is no hope whatever of saving it.' No sooner had I heard the shriek of that wretch than I gave a howl which might have

been heard from the sphere of flame. Jumping from my bed, I seized my clothes and began to dress. The maids, and my lad, and every one who came around to help me, got kicks or blows of the fist, while I kept crying out in lamentation: 'Ah! traitors! enviers! This is an act of treason, done by malice prepense! But I swear by God that I will sift it to the bottom, and before I die will leave such witness to the world of what I can do as shall make a score of mortals marvel.'

"When I got my clothes on, I strode with soul bent on mischief toward the workshop; there I beheld the men, whom I had left erewhile in such high spirits, standing stupefied and downcast. I began at once and spoke; 'Up with you! Attend to me! Since you have not been able or willing to obey the directions I gave you, obey me now that I am with you to conduct my work in person. Let no one contradict me, for in cases like this we need the aid of hand and hearing, not advice.' When I had uttered these words, a certain Maestro Alessandro Lastricati broke silence and said: 'Look you, Benvenuto, you are going to attempt an enterprise which the laws of art do not sanction, and which cannot succeed.' I turned upon him with such fury and so full of mischief, that he and all the rest of them exclaimed with one voice: "On then! Give orders! We will obey your least commands, so long as life is left in us.' I believe they spoke thus feelingly because they thought I must fall shortly dead upon the ground. I went immediately to the furnace, and

found that the metal was all curdled; an accident which we express by 'being caked.' I told two of the hands to cross the road, and fetch from the house of the butcher Capretta, a load of young oak-wood, which had lain dry for above a year; this wood had been previously offered me by Madame Ginevre, wife of the said Capretta. So soon as the first armfuls arrived, I began to fill the grate beneath the furnace. Now oak wood of that kind heats more powerfully than any other sort of tree; and for this reason, where a slow fire is wanted, as in the case of gun-foundry, alder or pine is preferred. Accordingly, when the logs took fire, oh! how the cake began to stir beneath that awful heat, to glow and sparkle in a blaze! At the same time I kept stirring up the channels, and sent men upon the roof to stop the conflagration, which had gathered force from the increased combustion in the furnace; also I caused boards, carpets, and other hangings to be set up against the garden, in order to protect us from the violence of the rain. When I had thus provided against these several disasters, I roared out first to one man and then to another: 'Bring this thing here! Take that thing there!' At this crisis, when the whole gang saw the cake was on the point of melting, they did my bidding, each fellow working with the strength of three. I then ordered half a pig of pewter to be brought, which weighed about sixty pounds, and flung it into the middle of the cake inside the furnace. By this means, and by piling on wood and stirring now with pokers and now with iron

rods, the curdled mass rapidly began to liquefy. Then, knowing I had brought the dead to life again, against the firm opinion of those ignoramuses, I felt such vigor fill my veins, that all those pains of fever, all those fears of death, were quite forgotten.

"All of a sudden an explosion took place, attended by a tremendous flash of flame, as though a thunderbolt had formed and been discharged among us. Unwonted and appalling terror astonished everyone, and me more even than the rest. When the din was over and the dazzling light extinguished, we began to look each other in the face. Then I discovered that the cap of the furnace had blown up, and the bronze was bubbling over from its source beneath. So I had the mouths of my mould immediately opened, and at the same time drove in the two plugs which kept back the molten metal. But I noticed that it did not flow as rapidly as usual, the reason being probably that the fierce heat of the fire we kindled had consumed its base alloy. Accordingly I sent for all my pewter platters, porringers, and dishes, to the number of some two hundred pieces, and had a portion of them cast, one by one into the channels, the rest into the furnace. This expedient succeeded, and everyone could now perceive that my bronze was in the most perfect liquefaction, and my mould was filling; whereupon they all with heartiness and happy cheer assisted and obeyed my bidding, while I, now here, now there, gave orders, helped with my own hands, and cried aloud: 'O God! Thou that

by Thy glory didst ascend to heaven!' . . . even thus in a moment my mould was filled; and seeing my work finished, I fell upon my knees, and with all my heart gave thanks to God."

The Perseus he considered his masterpiece and after devoutly giving thanks, left Florence on a pilgrimage "continually singing psalms and prayers in His honour." Like his fellow diarist, Pepys, he found himself possessed of great desire to pass the rest of his days in the country, so he bought a farm, though the deal was not consummated without trouble. The diary, or rather autobiography, closes suddenly in the fall of 1562.

Cellini died eight years later, on the 13th of February, 1570, rich enough in money and lands, but a discontented man because, for some unaccountable reason, he was not employed upon any undertaking of public importance. Of his work but little remains, for in a world in which gold and silver play so important a part as ours, monuments made in such metals do not endure.

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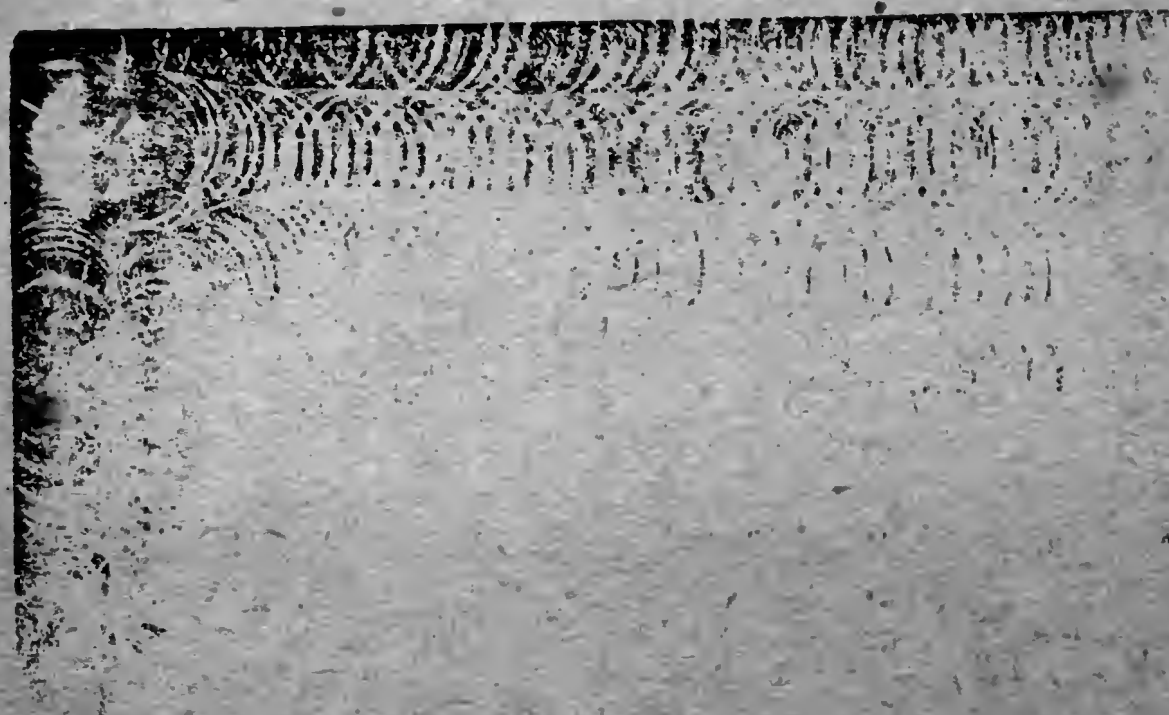

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Haldeman-Julius

What You Should Know About Poisons

Heinz Norden

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WHAT YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT POISONS

PART I. GENERAL TOXICOLOGY

HISTORY

The knowledge of poisons is quite old with the human race. Already the ancient Aryans of India had progressed beyond the instinctive avoidance of noxious plants so peculiar to many animals. The now almost extinct custom of burning a widow on her husband's funeral pyre is said to have been instituted by the Hindoo priesthood, in order to put an end to a vogue of husband-poisoning. Greek mythology, too, makes abundant reference to poisons, as in the case of Medea, Circe and the shirt of Nessus.

It is only natural that the ancient Egyptians with their highly developed art of embalming, and with the comparatively high state to which they had developed their knowledge of the external world, should also have a considerable knowledge of poisons. There is strong evidence that they were acquainted with prussic acid, for instance, for a papyrus preserved at the Louvre speaks of "the penalty of the peach," the plant from which this poison was originally distilled.

At the height of the Greek civilization prisoners condemned to capital punishment were executed by poison, as exemplified by Socrates who drank his draft of hemlock so heroically. The Greeks, too, gave us the first literature on poison. First came Apollodorus, who lived at the beginning of the third century B. C.

Nicander of Colophon (204-138 B. C.) already recommended the primitive antidotes that are still used today, and Dioscorides (40-90 A. D.) gave us the first classification of poisons. Pliny and Heraclitus derived most of their knowledge from Apollodorus.

From the Greeks and Egyptians the knowledge of poisons passed on to the Romans. Nero and other Roman emperors used it to get rid of undesirables, and even professional poisoners arose in the beginning of the Christian Era. At this time the infamous Locusta flourished. She supplied the poison by means of which Agrippina did away with Claudius. But later on during the Middle Ages the knowledge of poisons, together with most other knowledge, disappeared or was lost, and it is not until the Crusades that we again hear much of them. From the fifteenth to the seventeenth centuries poisoning was one of the fine arts in Italy, and it is well known how the Borgia, the Medici, and even the Popes themselves availed themselves of it. In Venice the governing "Council of Ten," solemnly deliberated and voted its use, and the records of these proceedings are still in existence.

Perhaps the most famous of all poisoners was Toffana who plied her iniquitous trade at Naples at the end of the seventeenth century. Toffana sold her "Acquetta di Napoli" in varying strengths to anybody who had the money to pay for it, and she is reputed to have been responsible for the death of more than 600 people. She was finally, in 1709, brought to justice. Another famous poisoner of this period

is Madame de Brinvilliers, about whom Victor Hugo writes.

But with the enlightenment and the growth of knowledge during the eighteenth century the heyday of poisoning was over. In its place arose the science of *toxicology*, which treats of the symptoms and detection of, in fact, everything in connection with, poisons. Scheele discovered prussic acid, probably the most swift and deadly poison of all; Lavoisier, Gay-Lussac, Davy, Marsh (the originator of the "Marsh" test for arsenic, which is still used) and many others all made valuable contributions; and finally along came Orfila, the father of modern toxicology. His great work, *Traité de Toxicologie*, appeared in 1814, and most of his processes, with improvements and modifications are still being employed today. From then on the science of toxicology has steadily developed and held pace with the other sciences, until today the skilled toxicologist can determine the nature and quantity of poisonous substances under the most adverse circumstances with almost absolute certainty.

CLASSIFICATION

Due to the fact that the chemistry of many poisons has not yet been completely worked out, toxicologists are not entirely agreed how they should be classified. Kobert divided poisons according to the symptoms they produced and this classification was simplified by Underhill into three great divisions: 1. Irritants (poisons that physically attack the portion of the body with which they come in contact); 2. Nerve

Poisons; and 3. Blood Poisons. Blyth makes the divisions according to the steps taken by the chemist to discover the poison. And, of course, one may divide according to the physical properties of the poisons themselves: Acids and Alkalies; Metals; Gases; Alkaloids; Volatile Organic Compounds, and Miscellaneous Poisons. For a booklet the size of this the matter of classification is relatively unimportant.

CONDITIONS MODIFYING THE EFFECTS OF POISON

Physical State—A gaseous poison is more readily absorbed than a liquid or solid one. It is also obvious that the toxic action of a poison depends largely on its solubility. No completely insoluble substance can be called a true poison. Except for the corrosives, dilution tends to hasten the absorption, and thus intensify the action, of poisons. Again, the larger the dose, the severer the effects will be, except where an overdose causes vomiting and thus elimination. Alcoholic solutions are more readily absorbed than those in water, and aqueous ones better than oily ones.

Path of Absorption—In general the manner in which a poison enters the body has little influence on its effects. The time after which symptoms appear is usually longer when poison is taken by mouth than when it enters through a lesion in the skin. Injection directly into the blood stream works most rapidly of all. Some poisons, however, (snake venom, arrow poison, toxic proteins) are entirely harmless when taken by way of mouth, as they are at once disintegrated by the gastric juices.

Qualities of the Organism—The action of the poison is materially affected by the characteristics of the subject to whom it is administered. Age seems to increase the body's powers of resistance against poison. Most sleep-inducing drugs act much more severely on children than on adults. Again in old age a dose of poison harmless to a person in his prime may be fatal.

Idiosyncrasy is a term applied to abnormal reactions of individuals to certain substances, toxic or not. Practically everybody is familiar with cases where certain people are unable to eat strawberries, eggs, etc., without more or less serious consequences. In extreme cases even the smell of the distasteful substance is sufficient to give rise to unpleasant symptoms. Idiosyncrasies in some people cause poisons to have effects opposite to those expected.

Habit is another factor influencing the action of poisons. If small doses are first given, and these gradually increased the body seems to develop some peculiar resistance against the poison. Just how this is effected is still somewhat of a puzzle, but it is a fact that habitual takers of drugs, in order to receive any stimulation at all, require doses that would be rapidly fatal to the normal being. This tolerance always has a definite limit beyond which death takes place even in the drug addict. Also, habit cannot be acquired with all poisons. Arsenic and alkaloids are the best examples of habit-forming poisons.

In some people it is not even necessary that they become accustomed to the poison. They exhibit a sort of natural immunity to it, which

is called tolerance. The cause of this peculiar phenomenon is as yet unknown. It is substantiated by many examples, some of them historical. Thus it is said that King Mithridates of Pontus was immune to poison, and, in more recent times, there is the famous case of Rasputin, the Russian miracle monk. Prince Youssoupoff and others conspired to kill him, but the poison had no effect and they had to resort to the gun.

Lastly the state of health of the subject affects the action of a poison. As is to be expected a poison makes headway more rapidly in a sick organism than in a healthy one. Over and above that, however, certain diseases and abnormal conditions are associated with either predisposition or increased resistance for certain poisons. We must be satisfied with merely noting this fact in passing, as the subject is too complicated to be treated here in full.

WHAT HAPPENS TO POISONS IN THE BODY

The body tends to eliminate noxious substances as quickly as possible by all means that are at its disposal. The kidney, the bowels, the lungs, the skin, all figure in this process of elimination and thus are sometimes seriously injured by the poison. Most organic compounds are chemically changed in passing through the body.

WHAT TO DO IN CASE OF POISONING

We shall not stop here to consider just how one may diagnose poisoning. Sometimes it is very difficult to distinguish between acute dis-

ease and poisoning. In general, however, when someone in apparently good health exhibits alarming symptoms after having taken in some suspicious substances, poisoning may always be suspected.

The most important and first thing to do is to call a reputable physican as quickly as possible. Speed is very essential because of the rapid action of some common poisons.

First aid consists of:

Removal of the Poison.—Where the poison has been externally applied the skin should be rinsed freely with water or alcohol (if the poison is not soluble in water). Antidotes (see further on) may be mixed with the fluid.

Most poisons, however, are taken by way of mouth, so cleansing the stomach is nearly always indicated. The only exceptions to this rule are the corrosives (strong acids and alkalies) where the mucous membranes have been injured, and strychnine. Evacuation of the stomach may be accomplished in two ways: by the administration of emetics (vomit-inducing substances) or by washing out with the stomach pump. The famous emergency emetic is ground mustard, about a teaspoonful to a cup of tepid water. Zinc or copper sulphate serve as safe and efficient emetics. The dose of zinc sulphate is 2 grams in a glass of water; for copper ½ gram at once, or three doses of 0.3 grams, fifteen minutes apart. If resistance is offered recourse must be taken to the only emetic that may be injected subcutaneously (*i.e.*, under the skin), apomorphine: 5 milligrams—one-tenth grain—in 1 percent solution, equal to 0.5 cubie

centimeters. Sometimes it is necessary to clean out the entire intestinal tract. "Salts" should be used for this purpose. Enemas are of little value.

To wash out the stomach a stomach pump is generally used, but in absence of one any long piece of thin rubber tubing will serve. The tube should be swallowed by the subject and slid down as far as possible. Then water is poured in with a funnel, to fill the tube, and the outer end lowered rapidly to a point *below* the subject's stomach. The contents will then run out of themselves.

Both stomach lavage and emetics should be repeated at proper intervals.

Antidotes—Antidoes are substances that neutralize a poison by altering its chemical or physical state. Since many antidotes are poisonous themselves, emetics must be given along, or immediately after them. The layman had best restrict himself to administering the simple household antidotes and let the physician do the rest. Antidotes are listed for each poison later in this book, so we need give only a short survey here. Strong tea is a good general antidote, because one of its constituents, tannin, acts as a precipitating agent. It may be given in quantities. Raw eggs, acacia, milk, boiled starch or flour also act by making poisons insoluble and thus harmless, or by enveloping them in an impenetrable membrane.

Akaloidal Poisons—15 drops of tincture of iodine in half a glass of water.

Barium—Glauber's salt or Epsom salt.

Oxalates—Chalk, lime water, whiting.

Phosphorus—Copper sulphate or old turpentine.

Acids—Weak alkalies like chalk, baking soda, soap, burnt magnesia. *Never give strong alkalies like lye or ammonia.*

Alkalies—Weak acids like lemon juice or vinegar. *Never give strong acids.*

Alkaloids, glucosides, phosphorus—Potassium permanganate, about 2 grains in a glass of water, repeatedly if vomiting occurs. *Take care to leave no crystals undissolved.*

There are many other antidotes, but most of them are dangerous, except in the hand of the physician. Hypodermic injections of oxidizing agents are indicated in hydrocyanic acid poisoning. Water or salt solution is often injected to cause urination. Bloodletting may be of value in some cases. Then there is a whole group of drugs that are distinctly antagonistic to certain poisons, although poisonous in themselves. Thus atropine is antagonistic to pilocarpine, caffeine to morphine, strychnine to nicotine, chloral to strychnine, atropine to morphine, chloroform to strychnine, etc.

Treatment of Symptoms—Respiration is one of the first functions to fail in poisoning, and great care should be taken to maintain it. Smelling salts, ammonia, whipping with wet towels, mustard plasters, hot coffee, etc., will serve this purpose. If all this fails artificial respiration must be resorted to or oxygen administered.

The heart may be stimulated by suitable drugs. Convulsions are counteracted by chloroform, and pain is controlled by anodynes.

Many poisons, besides producing the usual symptoms when suddenly taken into the body *once*, also produce symptoms that are sometime entirely different, when the individual is exposed to them *constantly*. In the former case we speak of *acute*, in the latter of *chronic* poisoning. The treatment of chronic poisoning consists of removal from the injurious influence and treatment of the various symptoms. In the next part of this book some of the chronic symptoms are given along with the acute ones.

PART II. SPECIFIC POISONS

The following individual discussions of specific poisons do not claim to be exhaustive. They are largely based on the short *Toxicology* by F. P. Underhill. Fatal periods and fatal doses have, for the most part been omitted, because they vary within such great limits. It should be distinctly understood that the symptoms listed need not all be present and that the treatment outlined should be directed by an experienced and reputable physician.

CORROSIVE ACIDS

In this group belong the mineral acids, as sulphuric, nitric, hydrochloric, hydroflouric acid, the fluorides and potassium chlorate. Pure glacial acetic acid, though not in the same chemical group causes very much the same symptoms. These substances are rarely encountered in intentional poisoning.

Symptoms—These acids destroy the tissues wherever they come in contact with them. Intense pain is felt along the gullet and in the

stomach. The mouth, tongue and throat appear highly inflamed. There may be difficulty with speech and breath due to the swelling. The vomit is black, brown or bloody. There is thirst, little urination and defecation. The stomach and intestines may become perforated. Death occurs generally from shock or from suffocation, due to the swelling of the lung tissue. Retching, vomiting, increased salivation, convulsions, are all common symptoms.

Treatment—Neutralization and dilution of the acid by means of antidotes. Weak alkalies, like carbonates, calcined magnesia, soap suds whiting, are given to neutralize. In an emergency plaster may be scratched off the wall. All antidotes must be given suspended in large volumes of fluid, water, or milk. In case no neutralizing agents are available give raw eggs with large amounts of water. Operations may be necessary to treat the injured portions of the mucous membrane and to avert the danger of asphyxiation. *Do not give emetics!*

CORROSIVE ALKALIES

In this group belong all forms of soda, potash and ammonia. The symptoms to which they give rise, greatly resemble those produced by the corrosive acids.

Symptoms—The tissues that have come in contact with the alkali present a whitish, gelatinous appearance. There is a nauseating soapy taste in the mouth. Severe pain in the mouth throat and stomach, which later becomes of a colicky nature. The abdomen is very tender. The vomit contains blood and mucous shreds. Respiration and speech may be difficult. The

face has an extremely anxious expression. The pulse is rapid and feeble and the body bathed in perspiration although cold to the touch. Death occurs from the same causes as with the acids, or by starvation, due to obstruction of the esophagus.

Treatment—Neutralization of the alkali by means of weak acids: lemon juice and vinegar, given in large quantities of liquid. *It is dangerous to use the stomach pump or to give an emetic!* Injuries should be treated in the usual manner.

PHOSPHORUS

Only the waxy yellow phosphorus which is kept under water (to avoid spontaneous combustion—it takes fire at 50° C.) is poisonous. The red, amorphous variety is harmless. Phosphorus poisoning is much less common today than it used to be in the days of phosphorus-matches. It is nearly always accompanied by jaundice and changes in the blood.

Symptoms—Garlic-taste in the mouth, burning sensation in the throat, pains in the stomach and thirst. There may be vomiting and purging and the breath may be phosphorescent (shine in the dark). The vomit, too, may emit light in the dark, and contain blood and mucus. There is much perspiration and weakness and death may result at this early stage from collapse. Mostly, however, an apparent recovery takes place. Jaundice soon sets in, there are frequent hemorrhages, headaches, sleeplessness, itching skin-eruptions, subnormal temperature, great prostration, rapid, feeble pulse, abnormal urine, delirium, convulsions, and coma which

finally ends in death. Very small quantities of phosphorus already are fatal. The fatal period is from one hour to many weeks.

Treatment—Stomach tube and lavage with 1 percent potassium permanganate solution. A 1 to 3 percent solution of hydrogen peroxide is even better. Oil and old turpentine should be given, the latter about one dram to a pint of water, frequently repeated. All these substances tend to render the ingested phosphorus harmless. Copper sulphate is also of value but must be used with caution so as not to aggravate the inflammation of the stomach.

CARBON MONOXIDE

Carbon monoxide is one of the most insidious of all poisons. It is a colorless, odorless gas, arising from incomplete combustion. It is present in considerable quantities in illuminating gas and in the exhaust gases of explosive motors and is frequently encountered in badly burning stoves. Its action is swift and without warning. The unsuspecting victim becomes unconscious and may never wake up again.

Symptoms—There may at first be a short period of stimulation. This is followed by headache, giddiness, throbbing of the temples, nausea. The heart first beats very violently, then the pulse becomes rapid and small. Breathing is deep and difficult. Unconsciousness sets in very rapidly. The muscles are partly paralyzed, the face red. If death does not occur, the symptoms resemble those of a violent infectious fever, or of drunkenness. There is loss of memory and intellect, weakness, fainting, perhaps convulsions. Red spots show on the

skin, and there are extended patches of bluish-red color. The body temperature may be subnormal. The blood may assume a peculiar cherry-red color, due to the fact that carbon monoxide unites chemically with the blood. Sometimes there is instantaneous recovery with no memory of his condition on the part of the subject. Local inflammations which pass into gangrene may result. Pneumonia is also frequently a sequel. With chronic poisoning the symptoms are largely those of anemia.

Treatment—In order to be effective treatment must take place at once. Remove the patient to the fresh air. *Do not be alarmed if breathing should stop for a short period.* Administer oxygen with 10 percent carbon dioxide. If this is not available resort to artificial respiration. Blood transfusion has proved very effective. Chances for recovery are usually slim if unconsciousness persists for more than two days and if patches appear on the skin.

Even a small car produces 1, and a large car or truck 2 to 3 cubic feet of carbon monoxide a minute in a small garage. This may charge the atmosphere of a closed garage to a deadly extent within a very few minutes. Always remember that there is no warning with carbon monoxide. The first thing you know is when your legs give way beneath you, and if chance doesn't bring someone along you are lost. *Moral: Never let your car run idle in a closed garage!*

WAR GASES

Into this group belong chlorine, phosgene, chlorpicrin, mustard gas, palite and superpalite

or diphosgene. Some of these gases are liquid at ordinary temperatures, and those that are gaseous are much heavier than air—a necessary quality to make them suitable for warfare. There is not enough space here to describe them individually and in detail. They all effect the respiratory tract. Mustard gas also produces skinburns.

Symptoms—The symptoms vary slightly with the various gases. Chlorine irritates the eyes and all mucous membranes, causing sneezing, copious salivation and urination, retching and vomiting. Death results from asphyxiation when the respiratory tract closes because of the swelling. Phosgene causes coughing already in very small doses. There is dizziness and blueness of the face on exertion. Symptoms are delayed sometimes for several hours. Otherwise it acts much like chlorine, only causing somewhat less distress. Chlorpicrin, too, acts much like chlorine. It may cause unconsciousness, bronchitis, shortness of breath, weak, irregular heart.

Mustard gas does not produce symptoms until 4 to 16 hours after exposure and in addition to the respiratory disturbances causes ugly burns on the skin. The pathology of war gases, as it has been worked out from the experiences of the late war, is a voluminous subject. Three distinct stages of poisoning are recognized, but, again, we must, because of lack of space, forego a detailed treatment. Some of the peculiar phenomena exhibited are first a dilution and consequently a concentration of the blood.

Treatment—Treatment consists largely in re-

lief from respiratory distress. In fact it is often a case of saving the patient from drowning in the water that accumulates in his lungs (edema). Where the blood is diluted blood-letting will help, and, on the other hand, injection of salt solutions counteracts too great a concentration of the blood. These measures have to be taken promptly to promise any success. Oxygen is sometimes, but not generally, of value.

The skin-burns produced by mustard gas are scrubbed with soap and kerosene. Soap, particularly, proved itself to be an efficient remedy. Compresses of Dakin's solution of chlorinated soda, or, if that is too painful, of alum or aluminum acetate, are applied. Petrolatum dressings and baths are of help.

IODINE

Symptoms—Pain following the passage of the iodine down the alimentary tract. Vomiting, purging, extreme thirst, fainting, collapse. Look for the characteristic brown stain. One fluid dram has caused death. The fatal period varies from 1 to 6 days.

Treatment—Dilute the stomach contents with large volumes of water. Induce vomiting or use stomach tube. The specific antidote is starch which should be administered in the form of laundry starch, boiled rice, barley water, etc., as long as it is still colored blue by the stomach contents.

LEAD

The salts of this metal that most commonly cause poisoning are the acetate, ("sugar of

lead"), the carbonate ("white lead"), and the sulphate. Acute poisoning from lead is much rarer than chronic poisoning which is caused by exposure in the many industries using the metal (smelting, painting, etc.).

Acute Lead Poisoning

Symptoms—Metallic taste, intense thirst, dryness of throat. Nausea and vomit that may be milky (lead chloride). There is abdominal pain, paralysis of the gullet and stomach, either constipation or diarrhea with black stools (lead sulphide). The face is anxious, the skin dry, the breath foul, the tongue coated. The brain remains clear but there are cramps and palsies in the extremities, particularly the forearm ("wrist drop"). Perhaps the most characteristic symptom is the "blue line" on the gums. Death at this stage occurs in deep coma. Where there is apparent recovery, the symptoms of chronic lead poisoning soon set in, since lead is a cumulative poison, and is very slowly eliminated.

Treatment—Stomach lavage and emetics. Morphine and atropine to control colic and vomiting.

Chronic Lead Poisoning

Symptoms—The onset of the symptoms is very subtle, generally colic and a feeling of debility and loss of appetite. The breath is foul and the skin sallow and parched. Anemia, "blue line," "wrist drop," are other symptoms. There may be fatty degeneration of the muscles. Peculiar, so-called "basophilic" granules in the red blood corpuscles, and the presence of lead in the urine, clinch the diagnosis for the phy-

sician. Chances for recovery are good, unless there are cerebral symptoms. These consist of hallucinations, illusions, delirium, convulsions, melancholia, etc.

Treatment—The treatment is largely one of symptoms, with removal of the patient from the source of the poison. Free bowel movements must be maintained, hot baths and applications, massages and electricity are of use. Potassium iodide is used to hasten the elimination of the lead in the body. Good diet and tonics also are of service. Of late some very elaborate dietetic treatments of chronic lead poisoning have been devised, and these have shown some very promising successes.

MERCURY

Practically all the compounds of mercury are poisonous under certain conditions, but the most common sources of mercury poisoning are corrosive sublimate or bichloride of mercury and calomel. Mercury poisoning may be acute, sub-acute or chronic. Absorption may take place even through the skin.

Symptoms—Fetid breath, metallic taste, sore gums, excessive salivation. If the poisoning is caused by repeated therapeutical administration of mercury, the edges of the gums turn black, and the teeth loosen. Infection sets in, and the teeth, even the entire jaw may decay. Symptoms of corrosion are also present in the very acute cases: burning sensation, swelling, abdominal pain, vomiting white or bloody mucous matter. Death usually follows within a week, without convulsions and with consciousness maintained. There may be grave internal

symptoms: degeneration of the liver and kidneys, hemorrhages, vasomotor disturbances, etc. If the acute stage of poisoning is not fatal, it passes into the sub-acute, which is only little less serious.

Treatment—Treatment of mercury poisoning is too complicated a matter to be adequately discussed here. White of egg or milk should be given and the poison removed from the stomach. "Stomatitis," the condition of the mouth described above, should be prevented by keeping the mouth and teeth scrupulously clean with hydrogen peroxide or potassium chlorate. Chronic mercury poisoning is not discussed here at all, because it is doubtful whether any treatment has much effect on it.

ARSENIC

Arsenic was one of the earliest, and still is one of the commoner poisons. All its compounds are more or less toxic. The ones most frequently encountered are Scheele's green, Paris green, realgar, "white arsenic," or ratsbane, Pearson's and Fowler's solutions, and numerous other insecticides, rat poisons and therapeutical prescriptions. The poisoning may be of three kinds: acute, nervous and chronic.

Symptoms—The acute symptoms appear about ½ hour after ingestion and are of an inflammatory nature, difficulty in swallowing and general discomfort in the stomach. Later there is violent pain with nausea and vomiting. The vomit may be clear or contain bile and blood. Stools are first as in simple diarrhea, but later consist of small particles or shreds of mucous matter in a serous fluid. The urine may be

bloody. The skin and the extremities are cold and damp. There is headache, dizziness and cramps in the limbs. The face may be blue, the pulse feeble and the respiration weak. The patient finally passes into coma and dies from exhaustion more than anything else. If he recovers the symptoms of chronic poisoning set in. These may also be caused by repeated administrations of small doses. The chronic symptoms are: swelling and inflammation of the eyelids, a condition resembling the common cold, jaundice, skin eruptions, falling out of hair and nails, black discoloration of the skin, intestinal catarrh which may lead to ulceration. The poisoning may pass into a third stage, where general inflammation of the nerves, atrophy of the muscles, and paralysis are involved. There may even be blindness and numerous other serious symptoms. But even at this stage recovery may be possible if the poison is removed.

Nervous arsenic poisoning is quite rare, but it is so different from the usual forms that it is worth mentioning. In it the gastro-intestinal symptoms may be almost entirely absent. Instead there is a marked effect on the nervous system, manifesting itself by sleep, paralysis, mania, delirium and convulsions.

Treatment—Stomach lavage with warm water or, where that is not possible, emetics. Purging with "salts" is also recommended. The so-called "arsenic antidote" is of doubtful value. Collapse should be treated with stimulants such as caffeine and digitalis, or with warmth. Large volumes of fluid should be administered

to make up for the water lost by vomiting. In the treatment of chronic arsenic electricity is of value in combatting paralysis. The compounds of the so-called "arsphenamine" group produce effects that are not entirely understood. Treatment of these is too complicated to be included here.

ALKALOIDS

Alkaloids are complex chemical compounds derived for the most part from plants and extensively employed in therapy. They possess certain characteristics as a group although individual alkaloids may have opposite physiological effects. All of them form insoluble compounds with certain "alkaloidal reagents," chief among which is tannic acid. Alkaloids have a toxic effect particularly in regard to the nervous system.

In this group belong: coniine (hemlock), nicotine (tobacco), opium, morphine, codeine and heroine (all derived from poppy), strychnine and brucine (nux vomica), aconitine (monkshood), atropine, hyoscyamine and scopolamine (derived from plants of the potato family) veratrine, physostigmine (calabar bean), pilocarpine (jaborandi), colchicine (saffron), cocaine, ipecac, ergot (the mildew on rye), adrenalin (occurring in the suprarenal gland of animals), gelsemium (jasmine), and many other less important ones.

The complete toxicology of the alkaloids would take up too much space here. But, while their effects are quite varied, the method of

treatment is very similar: lavage of the stomach with tannic acid or other suitable reagents. Treatments of the symptoms, stimulants, etc. Many of the alkaloids are specifically antagonistic toward, and thus used against, each other.

PRUSSIC ACID

Prussic acid is probably the most deadly of all poisons. It has been known to kill in less than ten seconds. The mortality is very high—95%, and hope for recovery lies only in the greatest speed. The acid itself very rarely causes poisoning as it is hardly encountered outside the laboratory. Of its salts the most common one is potassium cyanide which is still frequently employed for purposes of suicide.

Symptoms—Where a large dose is taken there is generally no time for symptoms to manifest themselves. The individual utters a cry, falls to the ground, undergoes one or two shuddering convulsions (these even may be absent) and dies. The odor of almonds or peach blossoms is very noticeable in the breath, in fact in all the organs of a person stricken with cyanide poisoning.

Where the dose is small a number of symptoms appear but these are hardly worth mentioning since they are so rarely encountered.

Treatment—In order to have any chance of success treatment must be very swift. It consists of evacuation of the stomach and support of respiration at any cost. Antidotes usually have little effect, because the poison acts so rapidly.

CARBOLIC ACID

Symptoms—Externally applied carbolic acid turns the skin first white, then brown, also producing eczema. Internally, it causes burning pain in the mouth, throat and stomach. There may or may not be vomiting. Very characteristic is the speedy collapse which results within a few minutes. The face is pale and covered with cold sweat. There is unconsciousness, weak and rapid pulse, irregular breath, sometimes convulsions and twitchings. The pupils contract and high temperature is followed by subnormal temperature. The urine is smoky and may contain blood or bile. In the lighter forms of carbolic acid poisoning there may be excitement and slight delirium. Death may occur within a few minutes or be delayed up to 24 hours.

Treatment—The burns are washed with alcohol and oil dressings applied. The stomach should be washed out first with 10 percent alcohol, then with warm water. Potassium permanganate should be administered (*no undissolved crystals!*). White of egg may also help. Collapse should be treated with heat.

ACETANILID, PHENACETIN, ANTIPYRIN

These three drugs are very similar in action and therefore may be treated together. All of them are frequently encountered in "pain relievers."

Symptoms—Profuse perspiration, cyanosis (blueness of the skin), weakness, collapse, weak pulse, shallow breath (with difficulty), subnormal temperature. There may be uncon-

sciousness, convulsions and delirium, even acute jaundice. Death results from circulatory failure, either suddenly or after several days.

Treatment—Stomach evacuation and purging with "salts." Give stimulants such as strychnine, camphor, brandy, ammonia, warmth. Blood-letting with later injection of salt solution may be resorted to. Heart stimulants and artificial respiration may be necessary.

WOOD ALCOHOL

The effects of ordinary (ethyl) alcohol are too well known to merit special mention in a work of this scope, but since the introduction of prohibition in the United States, poisoning from wood (methyl) alcohol, which is much more toxic, has become quite common. Sad to relate much of the bootleg whiskey sold contains this insidious poison in appreciable quantity. Every once in a while the papers are full of an epidemic of wood alcohol poisoning.

Symptoms—Instead of the usual alcoholic exaltation there is depression and weakness. Other symptoms are headache, nausea, vomiting, violent abdominal pains, muscular incoordination, weak and rapid pulse, difficulty in breathing, dilated pupils, low temperature, cold, moist skin. Generally there is coma, sometimes delirium, rarely convulsions. The eyes generally become affected after two days. The eyes are painful and sensitive to pressure; there is fear of light, blurred vision, or sudden complete blindness. Vision may be regained, but is frequently again permanently lost. Death may be delayed for several days.

Treatment—Evacuation of the stomach and repeated lavage with warm water. Stimulants and anodynes are indicated. The eye symptoms are supposed to be relieved by pilocarpine, potassium iodide, strychnine and purgatives. Mania may be controlled with hyocine. Bloodletting may relieve congestion of the lungs.

CHLORAL

Chloral and its more common hydrate are used in sleep-inducing drugs and also in the so-called "knock-out drops." Poisoning has frequently resulted. Chloral is a habit-forming drug.

Symptoms—These are generally absent, because a heavy sleep, from which he never awakens, engulfs the victim. Sometimes there is nausea, vomiting, delirium, convulsions and the by now familiar set of poison symptoms.

Treatment—Evacuation of the stomach (emetics are doubtful because of the depression caused by chloral). Injection of strychnine, atropine or camphor is indicated. Coffee by mouth and rectum is useful. The low temperature caused by chloral must be counteracted by hot applications. Artificial respiration may be necessary.

DIGITALIS

Digitalis is derived from the foxglove and consists of a mixture of various complex chemical compounds known as *glucosides*. In this same group belong strophanthin and oubain. These compounds are of the greatest value in treating various afflictions of the heart. Their value is so great that sometimes poisoning is

deliberately risked in order to obtain the beneficial effects on the heart that only digitalis and its allies can produce. Therefore poisoning from digitalis is not by any means rare.

Symptoms—Nausea, general ill-feeling, severe headache, diarrhea, slow and irregular heart beat, lassitude, sensory and muscular disturbances. Death does not generally occur until after a week, and is quite characteristic in respiratory convulsions.

Treatment—Stopping the drug, administration of atropine sulphate (1/65 grain—0.001 grams), sodium bromide (1 to 2 drams—4 to 8 grams), morphine sulphate (½ grain—0.015 gram). Excessive irritability may be reduced by hot water or ice over the heart. Absolute quiet and freedom from exertion *must* be maintained.

VERONAL AND LUMINAL

These two drugs which closely resemble each other are frequently used to induce sleep. They are safer, but slower, than chloral. Veronal, the more common of the two, is quite frequently used for purposes of suicide, because of the painless way in which it kills.

Symptoms—Coma, low blood pressure, weak pulse, shallow breath, increased irritability, suppressed urine, skin eruptions, asphyxia. In cases of chronic veronal poisoning there may be confusion, staggering gait, loss of memory, delusions, general debility.

Treatment—Evacution of the stomach, purging with "salts," administration of large vol-

umes of fluid to stimulate urination, camphor to raise blood pressure, bandaging of extremities, artificial respiration, if necessary.

CANTHARIDES

Cantharides is the commercial name for the drug made of the dried or the dried and powdered, blister beetle, perhaps better known as the "Spanish Fly." Its reputed "aphrodisiac" (*i. e.*, stimulating the sexual feeling) properties are doubtful, and it is rather certain that cantharidin, the active principle of cantharides, has no such effect. Cantharides is very poisonous.

Symptoms—Local irritation at the place of administration, blistering, etc. (Cantharides is also used for plasters.) If taken by mouth, burning, dryness, thirst, swelling, difficulty in swallowing. There may be salivation, nausea and vomiting, abdominal pain, blood diarrhea, pain in the sexual regions, abortion in pregnant women. The pulse is weak and slow, and there may be delirium and convulsions. Death is preceded by collapse and coma.

Treatment—The stomach must be emptied, but if the esophagus is injured so that the stomach tube cannot be passed without danger, apomorphine (the only emetic that may be given hypodermically) should be administered. Demulcent drinks and opiates to soothe pain. *No oils or fats!* Maintain body temperature and administer much fluid.

OXALIC ACID

Oxalic acid is the poison of rhubarb leaves, sorrel, dock, etc. It is familiar to most house-

wives as a remover of ink and rust strains. Owing to its swift action in large doses, and to the fact that it may be easily mistaken for other drugs, (Epsom salts, tartrate), many cases of accidental poisoning and suicide have occurred from it.

Symptoms—In large doses oxalic acid acts so rapidly that symptoms have little time to develop and treatment is hopeless. There is an acid taste and the usual symptoms of corrosion. The vomit looks like coffee-grounds. Pulse is very weak. Smaller doses act largely on the nervous system: headache, cramps, convulsions, delirium, coma, etc.

Treatment—Unlike the corrosive mineral acids, dilution does not lessen the effects of oxalic acid. Alkalies and water cannot be used, because both increase the toxicity of the poison. Powdered chalk, burnt magnesium, whiting (from the wall) may be given in water. Evacution of the stomach is necessary but the tube must be used carefully. If it cannot be used, apomorphine is indicated. Treatment must be very swift to have a chance for success.

PTOMAINE POISONING

This term is now frowned upon by scientific authorities. "Food poisoning," is suggested as more accurate. The public, however, still sticks to "ptomaine," so it is used here. Ptomaine poisoning is caused by noxious germs in the food. There are two distinct types: one caused by organisms of the paratyphoid group, and the other by *Bacillus botulinus* (sausage poisoning).

Food Poisoning by Organisms of the Paratyphoid Group

Symptoms—Gastro-intestinal disturbance, nausea, vomiting, abdominal pain, diarrhea, fever, mental depression.

Treatment—Evacution of the stomach, purging, stimulants.

Botulism

Symptoms—Indisposition, fatigue, giddiness, muscular weakness, eye disturbances, constriction of the throat, coated tongue, disturbed speech, semi-coma, loss of memory and hearing, hard and dry skin, rapid pulse, subnormal temperature. Convalescence is slow and the period of sickness may be of considerable length.

Treatment—Treatment is not very effective and the mortality very high—64%. The diagnosis of botulism is difficult as the symptoms are easily confused with those of other disturbances.

Stomach lavage and purging is indicated. The patient should be kept quiet, with simple diet and plenty of water. Strychnine, pilocarpine, digitalis and strophanthine may be used as stimulants. Oxygen administration and artificial respiration may be of help.

MUSHROOM POISONING

The fact that mushrooms are poisonous has been known from time immemorial and there are many historical instances of it. The number of mushrooms that may cause unpleasant symptoms is very great, but for our purposes it will be sufficient to discuss the two that are most common and dangerous: *Amanita Phalloides*, the "toadstool," and *Amanita Muscaria*, the "fly mushroom."

Symptoms—Phalloides does not cause symptoms for several hours. Then there is great abdominal pain, vomiting and diarrhea. The vomit and stool contains blood. These symptoms may disappear for brief pauses, only to reappear stronger than before. The suffering is very severe and leads to loss of strength. The urine is generally suppressed, there may be jaundice, cyanosis, subnormal temperature. Death is preceded by deep coma. Convulsions and delirium occur in some cases. Convalescence is slow.

Muscaria poisoning is more readily diagnosed. Soon after eating the mushrooms there is salivation, perspiration, weeping, thirst and general gastro-intestinal disturbance. The pulse is slow and irregular, the breath quick and difficult. Sometimes there are symptoms greatly resembling those of alcoholic intoxication, even delirium, convulsions and coma in some cases. In non-fatal cases sleep overtakes the patient, from which he awakens greatly weakened, but out of danger. A fact important in the diagnosis of *Muscaria* poisoning is that the pupils of the eye are contracted.

Treatment—It is important to know what type of mushroom caused the symptoms, but in any case the stomach should be washed out, or enemas given. Atropine is a specific antidote against *Muscaria*, and, since it does no harm in other cases, should be administered or enemas given. Atropine is a specific against *Phalloides*. Heat, volumes of fluid, stimulants like digitalis and strychnine are indicated.

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Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

Trial and Death of Socrates

Edited, with an Introduction, by
Lloyd E. Smith

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The Trial and Death of Socrates

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THE TRIAL AND DEATH OF SOCRATES

I. INTRODUCTION.

1. HISTORICAL SETTING.

Far back in the twilight-obscurity before the dawn of history (about fifteen centuries Before Christ), one of many Aryan-speaking tribes spread southward into the Balkan peninsula and usurped for their own the mountainous lands of the Ægean. These were the Greeks, divided into three main tribes or groups. They possessed scarcely no unity save that of spirit —they had their *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, which, however, were not written down until the eighth century B. C.—until, gradually through the years, they came to acquire a religion, to build cities, and to widen their intellectual and physical horizon.

Mountains prevented the early Greek cities from uniting in a federation that level lands might have inspired. Not until invaded by the world-conquering Persians, and forced by the harsh lash of necessity, did they come to perceive the real advantages of union. But the dim wisps of darkness were blown from their minds—as early as the sixth century B. C. Greece was "awakening" as though to its ultimate destiny. Men were curious about their world: how came it into being, what existed before it, how far did it extend? About this time, too, Buddha was "teaching in India and Confucius and Lao Tse in China. From Athens to the Pacific the human mind was astir."

Came the advance of the power-hungry Darius, head of the far-flung Persian Empire, to be ignominiously defeated, in the memorable year of 490 B. C., on the field of Marathon at Athens. A runner was sent to Sparta (Athens' chief rival) for aid, and he made some one hundred miles in about forty-eight hours, and that over an uneven country! Sparta responded to the call, but the reinforcements arrived to find the field strewn with the remnants of the Persian army. (The origin of the present Marathon races is a commemoration of the run made by a messenger from the battlefield to Athens, announcing the Athenian victory; somewhat over twenty-six miles.)

A second Persian invasion, under Xerxes, forced the pass of Thermopylæ after a gallant resistance by its defenders and advanced to find Athens deserted. They reduced the city to ruins—but the Greek fleet rallied against the Persian ships and defeated them in the naval battle of Salamis. This marked the end of the Persian menace.

There followed the Age of Pericles (466-428 B. C.), during which the inspiration and dominance of Pericles' powerful personality made for the beautiful rebuilding of Athens. As a crown for the glory of this Golden Age, the Acropolis at Athens was made so marvelous a citadel of architectural and sculptural splendor that its very ruins stand high in the achievements of art! In the enlightened spirit of the times genius was loosed on all sides; men of ability were provided opportunities for their art, and many were attracted from other cities;

indeed, the mistress of Pericles was a woman from an adjoining city, whom he could not marry because of the law that made an Athenian choose his mate from among the native-born—by name, Aspasia, her education and intellectual powers enabled her to acquire the respect of the greatest men of the age.

But in considering the enlightenment of Athens, it is well to remember that, then as today, this enlightenment was restricted to a comparatively small group at the very upper end of the scale of society. The streets of Athens had their rabble, and pettiness, squalor, stupidity, hypocrisy, Philistinism—in short, all the evils of the "morons" against whom there is such violent agitation in the twentieth century A. D. had their place in the Athens of glorious Greece. This, not to detract from the really great and significant qualities of the age of Pericles, but to demonstrate the futility of that philosophy which seeks to restore the glory of Greece as the divine perfection of some vanished Utopia.

Indeed, the "common" men of Athens grew weary of Pericles. He was caricatured in comedies; rumors of the domestic iniquities of Aspasia were common property in the streets; Phidiás, the master sculptor, was imprisoned for putting the portrait of Pericles on the shield of Athena—he was charged with impiety. Pericles himself was thus not immune from the trials of all great men—"Fame blowing out from her golden trumpet a jubilant challenge to Time and to Fate; Slander, her shadow, sow-

ing the nettle on all the laurel'd graves of the Great;" (Tennyson).

Petty quarrels and "pigmy spites" culminated in the long and weary strugle of the Peloponnesian War (431-404 B. C.), which was in reality the internal struggle of the Greeks toward political unity. First one city and then another triumphed—Athens, Thebes, Sparta. In 404 Athens was overcome by Sparta, and was subjected to rule of the Thirty Tyrants—soon to be overthrown by the democracy of Athens.

Such was the time of Socrates. Probably at the time of Pericles' decline and death this philosopher was a familiar figure on the streets of Athens.

2. SOURCES.

The Athenian State of those days had no single man at its head. Following the overthrow of the Thirty Tyrants, the city was ruled by an Assembly, made up of citizens. Slaves, freedmen, and aliens (anyone unable to prove Athenian descent on both sides, maternal and paternal) were barred from citizenship, and hence, from a part in the government. In time, there came to be groups, corresponding to committees, that took departments of government under their individual tutelage. These were generally selected, not by vote, but by lot. In complaints, or lawsuits, each citizen could indict any other, and each citizen must plead or defend his own case.

Thus there grew up a need for ability in argument. Juries of Athens numbered no paltry twelve men, carefully selected by the lawyers—the dicasts that tried cases sat in

assemblies numbering anywhere from 401 to 1001 (an odd number probably to prevent a tie vote). It became an advantage to know something of oratory, or clever verbal tricks, in short, of cross-examination. For this purpose, or partly because of this need, the Sophists came into prominence. They attacked, verbally, the established beliefs of the age, and taught young men in the art of debate, for pay. Their teachings were fallacious, and deliberately so. They utilized skill in argument, at the expense of accuracy and logic, to "put over" the opinions they desired.

Into this Athens walked Socrates (a native, born about 469 B. C.) to expose the bad arguments of the Sophists. Not particularly for that purpose, to be sure, but incidentally—for the province of Socrates was truth. Sublime disillusionment was his goal, and to that end he sacrificed all else—"a clumsy and slovenly figure, barefooted, gathering about him a band of admirers and disciples." By a method of cross-examination, or asking questions, Socrates exposed the wrong-thinking of the time, striving after accurate definitions of common terms, and seeking to benefit every man by demonstrating to him his utter ignorance. His method, entirely verbal, has been perpetuated by Plato in the immortal *Dialogues*.

But Socrates never wrote a word. All we know of him has come down to us in the writings of others, and that, almost exclusively, in the works of two men: Plato and Xenophon, one an idealistic philosopher, the other a practical, hard-headed soldier. And our knowledge

is, again almost exclusively, confined to the last years of his life. It is possible to assume that he was beginning to be prominent at the time of Pericles' death (428 B. C.), and five years later (423 B. C.) his prominence is confirmed by Aristophanes' caricature of him in a public comedy—for to burlesque a man is to recognize his prominence.

In utilizing the sources for knowledge of Socrates difficulties at once arise. Plato, his pupil, idealized the man and put into his mouth much of his, Plato's, philosophy. The *Apology*, for example, records the supposed words of Socrates at his trial—supposed, because, although Plato was present and heard the actual words, he took no notes and had no means of recording Socrates' speeches exactly. Furthermore, as Plato has transcribed them, the speeches show a preparation and knowledge of oratory that Socrates was very likely incapable of. But the fact nevertheless remains that the picture Plato has drawn of the man, as a portrait, is essentially accurate: the use of Socrates as a character in the *Dialogues* being analogous, in a large degree, to the use of historical figures in modern drama (John Drinkwater's *Abraham Lincoln* is a recent example).

On the other hand, Xenophon probably, with the contempt of the soldier for high flights of the imagination, obscured much of the real Socrates under his passion for recording only the essential facts, minus verbal adornment. So, somewhere between Plato and Xenophon the real Socrates is to be found—it is enough,

after all, to know the best of the man and be denied the rest.

The principal Platonic sources for the trial and death scenes of Socrates' life are the *Apology*, *Crito*, and *Phaedo*. Xenophon, in his *Memorabilia*, records further information. He also wrote an *Apology*, or "Defense of Socrates," of which the authenticity is sometimes doubted.

3. THE MAN.

For a contemporary portrait of Socrates, it is possible to turn to the passage known as Alcibiades' Praise in the *Banquet* of Plato. In the words of Percy Bysshe Shelley's translation:

"I will begin the praise of Socrates by comparing him to a certain statue. Perhaps he will think that this statue is introduced for the sake of ridicule, but I assure you that it is necessary for the illustration of truth. I assert, then, that Socrates is exactly like those Silenuses that sit in the sculptor's shops, and which are carved holding flutes or pipes, but which, when divided in two, are found to contain the images of the gods. I assert that Socrates is like the satyr Marsyas. That your form and appearance are like these satyrs, I think that even you will not venture to deny; and how like you are to them in all other things, now hear. Are you not scornful and petulant? If you deny this, I will bring witnesses. Are you not a piper, and far more wonderful a one than he? For Marsyas, and whoever now pipes the music that he taught,

for that music which is of heaven, and described as being taught by Marsyas, inchants men through the power of the mouth. [F. J. Church corrects this meaningless sentence to read: For Marsyas, and whoever now pipes the music that he taught, (for it was Marsyas who taught Olympus his music), enchants men through the power of the mouth.] For if any musician, be he skilful or not, awakens this music, it alone enables him to retain the minds of men, and from the divinity of its nature makes evident those who are in want of the gods and initiation. You differ only from Marsyas in this circumstance, that you effect without instrument, by mere words, all that he can do. For when we hear Pericles, or any other accomplished orator, deliver a discourse, no one, as it were, cares anything about it. But when anyone hears you, or even your words related by another, though ever so rude and unskilful a speaker, be that person a woman, man, or child, we are struck and retained, as it were, by the discourse clinging to our mind.

"If I was not afraid that I am a great deal too drunk, I would confirm to you by an oath the strange effects which I assure you I have suffered from his words, and suffer still; for when I hear him speak, my heart leaps up far more than the hearts of those who celebrate the Corybantic mysteries; my tears are poured out as he talks, a thing I have seen happen to many others besides myself. I have heard Pericles and other excellent orators, and have been pleased with their discourses, but I suffered nothing of this kind; nor was my soul ever on

those occasions disturbed and filled with self-reproach, as if it were slavishly laid prostrate. But this Marsyas here has often affected me in the way I describe, until the life which I lead seemed hardly worth living. Do not deny it, Socrates, for I well know that if even now I chose to listen to you, I could not resist, but should again suffer the same effects. For, my friends, he forces me to confess that while I myself am still in want of many things, I neglect my own necessities, and attend to those of the Athenians. I stop my ears, therefore, as from the Sirens, and flee away as fast as possible, that I may not sit down beside him and grow old listening to his talk. For this man has reduced me to feel the sentiment of shame, which I imagine no one would readily believe was in me; he alone inspires me with remorse and awe. For I feel in his presence my incapacity of refusing to do that which he directs; but when I depart from him, the glory which the multitude confers overwhelms me. I escape, therefore, and hide myself from him, and when I see him I am overwhelmed with humiliation, because I have neglected to do what I have confessed to him ought to be done; and often and often have I wished that he were no longer to be seen among men. But if that were to happen, I well know that I should suffer far greater pain; so that where I can turn, or what I can do with this man, I know not. All this have I and many others suffered from the pipings of this satyr.

"And observe, how like he is to what I said, and what a wonderful power he possesses.

Know that there is not one of you who is aware of the real nature of Socrates; but since I have begun, I will make him plain to you. You observe how passionately Socrates affects the intimacy of those who are beautiful, and how ignorant he professes himself to be; appearances in themselves, excessively Silenic. This, my friends, is the external form with which, like one of the sculptured Sileni, he has clothed himself; for if you open him, you will find within admirable temperance and wisdom. For he cares not for mere beauty, but despises more than anyone can imagine all external possessions, whether it be beauty, or wealth, or glory, or any other thing for which the multitude felicitates the possessor. He esteems these things and us who honor them, as nothing, and lives among men, making all objects of their admiration the playthings of his irony. But I know not if any one of you have ever seen the divine images which are within, when he has been opened and is serious. I have seen them, and they are so supremely beautiful, so golden, so divine, and wonderful, that everything which Socrates commands surely ought to be obeyed, even like the voice of a god."

Alcibiades goes on to describe Socrates' hardihood as a soldier—like every good citizen, Socrates had served in the army, saving Alcibiades' life in an early battle. His endurance was phenomenal: he endured privations with a fortitude unequaled by any other man, and he never knew the meaning of fear. In appearance he was much as Alcibiades has pic-

tured him—"his flat nose, thick lips, and prominent eyes, like a satyr, or silenus." The satyrs and Sileni were woodland followers of the wine-god Bacchus, and had the almost gross characteristics of feature that made Socrates far from handsome to look upon. But the one or two images that remain of him show that in his homeliness he had more than a rugged dignity.

Socrates took to his heart the Greek doctrine, "Know thyself." He believed that to begin to have knowledge, a man must first realize his ignorance. Proceeding from this, he taught that "Virtue is knowledge" and "Vice is ignorance"—that is to say, if a man knows what is right, he will do right, and he cannot do right unless he knows. In this, Socrates was, as we know, but half possessed of the truth: his philosophy failed to take into account the natural, spontaneous right-doing that comes from conscience, or, if you will, innate goodness.

Socrates was born, as near as can be estimated, about 468 B. C. His father was a sculptor, and his mother a midwife. Socrates served in the profession of his father for some little time before he abandoned it for the philosophical teachings, without pay, to which he devoted the rest of his vigorous life. He was always financially poor, caring little for money, and striving to reduce his needs to primary essentials, to be as near like the gods (who require nothing) as possible. But he was none the less a citizen of Athens (the Athenians were neither snobs nor prudes), and served in this

capacity as senator and juryman (dicast). His soldiering has already been mentioned. He is generally described as having twice married; his first wife, Xantippe, having been somewhat of a shrew. Since Socrates deserted his domestic duties as he did all other things that occupied the attention of ordinary men, he probably suffered little from Xantippe's irascibility, although his married life is usually recorded as unhappy.

George Grote, in his *History of Greece*, summarizes the man thus: "Three peculiarities distinguish the man. 1. His long life passed in contented poverty, and in public, apostolic dialectics. 2. His strong religious persuasion, or belief, of acting under a mission and signs from the gods; especially his dæmon, or genius; the special religious warning of which he believed himself to be frequently the subject. 3. His great intellectual originality, both of subject and of method, and his power of stirring and forcing the germ of inquiry and ratiocination in others. Though these three characteristics were so blended in Socrates that it is not easy to consider them separately; yet, in each respect, he stood distinguished from all Greek philosophers before or after him."

The second point, that of Socrates' special genius, deserves elaboration. A divine intervention, or inner premonition, always stopped him when he was about to do something at variance with his true destiny—or so he believed and often stated. This "mantic" sign forbade him to enter public life, for example. He came to have such faith in it that when

it did not manifest itself he was confident that his course was the right one. Thus, when he faced death and could have escaped, since the "sign" did not warn him, he assumed that his death was ordained and approved by the gods. The possession of this special favor, probably no more than a psychological premonition arising out of a combination of desires and beliefs (but a battleground of authorities on the philosopher and his life), was one of the points on which Socrates was accused and obliged to face the death penalty.

4. SIGNIFICANCE.

"He was thoroughly convinced of the inherent vice and hollowness of what passed for knowledge at that time." Compared with the Sophists, his object "was to reform what they were content merely to formulate." Socrates was the source of that intellectual vigor which brought into being the idealistic philosophy of Plato, his pupil, and through Plato, the cold and logical principles of Aristotle. He was a beginning and an inspiration; he was killed, says H. G. Wells, "for disturbing people's minds," and yet "the disturbance of people's minds went on in spite of his condemnation. His young men carried on his teachings."

Socrates has been called the world's greatest cross-examiner. His dialectical methods have become immortal—by asking a series of questions, and scarcely making a statement himself, he was enabled to refute arguments and prove propositions out of his opponents' own mouths. This was a striving toward definition, some-

thing that men had never thought of before. They used the commonest terms, such as holiness, love, right, justice, and so on, daily, with the glib assurance of familiarity, but when called upon by Socrates for definitions, the best of them were at a loss to reply. This much of Socrates is of especial importance today, as it was then. He serves to make us gird up our mental loins, and look to our verbal weapons with a keen eye of appraisal. Do we, after all, know much better than he what love is? Or piety? Or justice?

Will Durant, in his *Guide to Plato* (Little Blue Book No. 159), which, by the way, makes an excellent supplementary text to any study of Socrates, summarizes thus: ". . . the great Socrates himself . . . like the Sophists was a perambulating teacher of wisdom; but with sly modesty he called himself not *sophistes* (one versed in wisdom) but simply *philosophos* (a lover of wisdom); he was a pursuer rather than a possessor of truth; 'one thing I know,' he would say, 'and that is that I know nothing'. Yet he was decisive enough in his way; and when it came to political theory he was even more ruthless and fearless in his criticism of democracy than any of the Sophists; he was never tired of laughing at the democratic demagogues—'they go ringing on in long harangue, like brazen pots which, when they are struck, continue to sound until some one puts his hand on them'. Only the intelligent should rule, said Socrates; and unfortunately, intellects are not as numerous as noses"

II. THE TRIAL.

1. ACCUSATION.

The wording of the indictment is given in Diogenes Laertius' *Life of Socrates*, Bohn's translation: "Meletus, the son of Meletus of Pittea, impeaches Socrates, son of Sophroniscus of Alopece: Socrates is guilty inasmuch as he does not believe in the gods which the state worships, but introduces other strange deities: he is also guilty, inasmuch as he corrupts the young men; and the punishment he has incurred is death".

These charges are analyzed and answered by Xenophon in his *Memorabilia*. Of the first count, that of not paying respect to state-recognized gods, Xenophon acquits Socrates in several ways: "no one ever either saw Socrates doing, or heard him saying, anything impious or profane"; and in another place (Book I, Chapter 3), "he evidently acted and spoke in conformity with the answer which the priestess of Apollo gives to those who inquire how they ought to proceed with regard to a sacrifice, to the worship of their ancestors, or to any such matter; for the priestess replies that *they will act piously, if they act in agreement with the law of their country;* and Socrates both acted in this manner himself and exhorted others to act similarly; and such as acted in any other way he regarded as doing what was not to the purpose, and guilty of folly". But Socrates did take exception to some of the polytheistic myths that were a part of

the Greek religion—"It was incredible, he argued, that the gods should have committed acts which would be disgraceful in the worst of men". On some such statement as this, doubtless, Meletus based his charge.

As for introducing new divinities, Socrates' only offense was the acknowledgment of the genius or special premonition which warned him of danger, and this, indeed, was supposedly a personal manifestation to Socrates of the recognized gods, so that his obedience to it was in itself a proof of his belief in those gods.

The charge of corrupting the young is more serious, for, although Socrates was certainly not guilty, he could very easily be made to appear guilty in the eyes of men he had offended. Xenophon divides this charge into four parts: (1) that Socrates inveighed against established institutions, (2) that Critias and Alcibiades, who had become both dissipated and corrupt, were among his early pupils, (3) that he influenced children against their parents, and (4) that he quoted immoral passages from the poets. That he did none of these things, Xenophon goes on to prove, and to prove satisfactorily, at least to modern judges.

Socrates never endorsed the Athenian practice of electing political officials by lot, any more than he would have endorsed a similar practice of selecting physicians, sculptors, or military strategists by lot: to hold public office a man should be appointed according to his ability. In this, however, he spoke against established institutions.

Critias and Alcibiades were, truly enough, numbered among Socrates' pupils at one time. The philosopher had saved the nearly worthless life of the latter at the battle of Potidea, and Alcibiades, when he was not too drunk, was loyal to Socrates insofar as he could be without relinquishing his extravagant orgies of pleasure. Critias ultimately became one of the Thirty Tyrants that in 404 B. C. oppressed Athens, but he, because of severe criticism from Socrates, had become the philosopher's bitter enemy. That but two of Socrates' pupils should have turned out so badly, and these two, indeed, were corrupted after they left his company, was hardly a just basis for the charge of corrupting the young.

Xenophon comments thus: "'But,' said the accuser, 'Critias and Alcibiades, after having been associates of Socrates, inflicted a great number of evils on the state; for Critias was the most avaricious and violent of all that composed the oligarchy, and Alcibiades was the most intemperate, insolent, and turbulent of all those in the democracy'. For whatever evil they did the state, I shall make no apology; but as to their intimacy with Socrates, I will state how it took place. These two men were by nature the most ambitious of all the Athenians, and wished that everything should be done by their means, and that they themselves should become the most celebrated of all men. But they knew that Socrates lived with the utmost contentment on very small means, that he was most abstinent from every kind of pleasure, and that he swayed those with whom he

conversed just as he pleased by his arguments; and, seeing such to be the case, and being such characters as they have just been stated to be, whether will anyone say that they sought his society from a desire to lead such a life as Socrates led, and to practice such temperance as he practiced, or from an expectation, that if they associated with him, they would become eminently able to speak and act? . . . I know, too, that those men exercised self-control as long as they conversed with Socrates, not from fear lest they should be fined or beaten by him, but from a persuasion at the time that it was best to observe such conduct".

That he persuaded children to disobey their parents is but half of the probable truth. It was Socrates' aim to do good, and one way was to show how every so-called pupil of his might come to "know himself" and his abilities. Thus, if a boy's father decided that the son should become a tanner, and Socrates was able to show the boy that his true destiny was to become, instead, an orator, it might be said that he had "corrupted the young" by teaching this lad to disobey his father. But if he taught the son to be wiser than the father, was it not a benefit rather than an evil? Indeed, should he be blamed for it?

He was known to quote the poets often, but the chances are very much in favor of his use of such quotations being misunderstood. Even if he did utilize an occasional taboo passage, it was hardly an offense deserving of the serious charge of "corrupting the young."

Under these circumstances, it would appear

that the prosecution had no strength. But it must be remembered that the perspective of today was not that of Athens in 399 B. C. To those on the scene, Socrates must have seemed, undoubtedly did seem, guilty of at least a portion of the charges brought against him. He was an innovator, and of all such the populace is suspicious. It has been demonstrated, too, that he was of a political persuasion opposed to that of Meletus and his fellow-accusers, so that "politics," even in that far-away time, entered into the case. Again, he had made enemies by his incisive questions into the nature of this and the nature of that —a man is not to be held up as an example of the Ignorant masquerading in the garb of the Knowing, and then be expected to walk away gladdened thereby. And many were the men whose sham knowledge Socrates exposed before their friends, and before their enemies, too. To scores of these the experience was galling in the extreme.

Consider, too, that Socrates' defense, which follows, was not calculated to soothe any of the ire that had been aroused against him. Had he made any consistent attempt to plead his case —which, of course, being the man he was, he would not do—he might have been acquitted.

2. DEFENSE.

Socrates' defense has come down to us in the words of Plato's *Apology* (the origin of Xenophon's similar work, mentioned in the Introduction, is doubtful, and it cannot be depended upon as an authority). It is an inter-

esting speculation whether the words as Plato has recorded them were actually spoken by Socrates, but the balance of opinion seems to favor that they were not. By his own admission, Socrates prepared no definite speech, and this speech of Plato's shows no little preparation. On the other hand, it is intensely characteristic of Socrates, and on that score it presents an authentic portrait of the philosopher at his trial. The arguments used, or some very similar to them, were doubtless used by Socrates in his real defense. Quibble is idle, anyway, for Plato is our only source.

The versions of the *Apology* and the *Dialogues* which are presented in this booklet are all hig[illegible]abridged and adapted, due to the limitat[illegible]of space, and follow the exact form of neit[illegible]the original Greek nor of any one translation. The argument and development have always been preserved, and it is hoped that the spirit, the sense, or the character of the speakers has nowhere been lost. The [illegible]en to offer something more [illegible] than a [illegible]mary, and much less voluminou[illegible] than the[illegible]plete texts.

The fir[illegible]part of Plato's *Apology* gives Sc[illegible] rates' de[illegible]e before the verdict:

"I cann[illegible]know, Athenians, what impress[illegible] m[illegible]; have made upon you; indeed, so plausible were their arguments, though they spoke not one word of truth, that I did forget myself. And the worst of their lies was their warning to you not to be influenced by my eloquence—when they must surely be confuted the moment I opened my mouth to

speak. For I am no orator, unless he be eloquent who speaks truth: even then I am not the orators they are, for they lie. I shall give you, Athenians, the whole truth in simple words and in arguments to which I am accustomed and which I have not prepared in advance. Do not be surprised if I speak in the manner I have often used in the streets of Athens, for I am a stranger to this place and its customs—though I am, indeed, no less than seventy years of age, in all that time I have never before had a lawsuit. Give all your attention, Athenians, to deciding whether my plea is just or not, for such is the purpose of a judge."

Socrates endeavors first to refute the charges of those people who, throughout his later life, have been building up a well-defined prejudice against him and his teachings, the prejudice that emboldened Meletus to make his accusation. To do this, he announces that the oracle at Delphi has pronounced him the wisest of living men. Doubting this, he went the rounds of the supposed wise men of Athens, seeking to discover some one of them really wiser than himself, and finding only men who thought they were wise and yet knew nothing. Therefore, he concludes, the oracle means that in realizing his own ignorance he is wiser than any other man. This quizzing of the wise men earned him much enmity, for men do not like to be made ridiculous before their fellows. His methods converted many young men who went about imitating him, so that the men whose sham knowledge was thus exposed be-

gan to circulate calumnies against him, asserting that he corrupted the young.

Socrates then turns to Meletus. He shows that Meletus' charge that he, Socrates, has been corrupting the young is of no consequence, by asking, first, who makes the young better? Meletus is unwarily led to assert that every man in Athens, save only Socrates, makes the young better. This is obviously absurd. He asks, second, whether men prefer to receive good or evil from their fellows, and whether wickedness is not to be expected from a wicked man and goodness from a good man. Meletus admits that men prefer to receive good, and that good always comes from the hands of good men. Socrates thereupon insists that he has been interested, for his own sake, in doing good to the young that he may receive good in return, or if he has corrupted them, he has done so unintentionally, and is not liable to the charge Meletus has brought against him. Socrates suggests further that Meletus perhaps believes he corrupts the young by teaching them new ideas about the gods. Meletus agrees. Socrates elicits from Meletus an accusation that he, Socrates, is an atheist—that he believes in no gods whatsoever. This is refuted by the demonstration that a man who believes in human things must believe human beings exist, or, similarly, that a man who believes spiritual things exist, must believe in spirits, or demons—the Greek word *daimon* having no malicious sense. Socrates, in the indictment, was accused of teaching different gods, or things about the gods, hence

he must believe that gods exist, and cannot be an atheist. Socrates goes on to state that his defense requires no lengthy argument, and that if he is convicted, it will not be by Meletus or his associates, but by this nameless prejudice which has sprung up in the minds of many Athenians—the suspicion with which all men regard an innovator among them.

"Perhaps some will ask me, 'Are you not ashamed, Socrates, of leading a life that may now bring you to your death?' But I answer them, 'Do you think any truly honest and virtuous man would balance life and death, or consider anything save whether he acts rightly or wrongly?'

"Consider, Athenians, how I risked death at Potidea and Amphipolis and Delium [battles in which Socrates served as a hoplite] as a soldier ought. Should I then, when it became my lot to live a life of philosophy, fear death as a consequence of my discourses, when I did not fear it as a consequence of my fighting? Especially since my life was ordered by the very gods; indeed, had I allowed fear of death to dissuade me, then might I truly have been accused of not believing in the gods or their oracles. And who knows whether death is an evil to be feared, whether it is not perhaps among the greatest goods? What I do not know, I do not claim to know, so why should I, for fear of that of which I know nothing, disobey the mandates of the gods? Even, Athenians, if you should release me on condition that I cease my philosophy, on pain of death, it could not stop me. In face of this I would say, 'Men

of Athens, listen to Anytus or not, acquit me or acquit me not, but remember that I will do nothing else, not if I were to die a hundred deaths!'

"Yet a little, Athenians; I beseech you, hear me to the end. If you put me to death, you will harm me less than you harm yourselves; indeed, Meletus cannot harm me, for it is beyond the power of a bad man to injure a good man. I plead not for myself now, but for you, lest you sin against that divine oracle which has sent me among you. For surely I, who care nothing for the properties or benefits of this earth, as my life amply indicates, must be the true agent of God. Your State is as some great and noble steed, grown languid with long resting, and I am the buzzing insect to incite it to worthy action. If you dispose of me, it will be hard to find another so unselfish and sacrificing, to fill my place. Do not be angry with me, Athenians, for saying this: it is merely as I see the matter, and as I have said, I have no reason to distort the facts. You are displeased with me for arousing you from your lethargy, as any sleeper hates the noise that wakes him. But my motives have been quite disinterested—you all know that I accept no payment for my philosophy. Even Meletus has not dared to bring forward a witness to contradict that. My own poverty is sufficient evidence.

"No doubt you have wondered, though, why I have always taught in private, and have never come before you to argue in public life, mayhap in the Assembly. Remember, if it please

you, the divine sign that governs all my actions, which never urges me to any course, and yet forbids anything that may do me harm. This sign, a divine visitation from heaven itself, warned me against public life. Surely you can see, Athenians, that politics would have been fatal to me ere this: no man can, with impunity, openly denounce the frailties and injustices of the State. To fight for true justice, and live, a man must proceed privately.

"Nor shall I let this rest on mere words. You value deeds. I shall give you deeds. When I held the only office I ever had in the State, that of Senator, and those generals were tried for deserting the crews of their ships, after the battle of Arginusæ, in a body, which according to the laws of Athens was illegal, I was the only President to oppose you—the fury of all Athens was unable to shake me in my firm resolve not to do wrong."

At Arginusæ, one of the last naval engagements of the Peloponnesian War, the accused generals left men to die, supposedly, when they might have at least rescued their bodies, and, the rites of burial being especially sacred among the ancients, the citizens were highly incensed and visited stern punishment upon them, in spite of Socrates. To understand the position Socrates held, it must be remembered that the Athenian Senate was made up of 500 citizens, elected annually by lot, 50 from each of the 10 tribes. Those from each tribe held what was called the Prytany, or conduct of business, for periods of 35 days each, and 10 of each 50 were known as Presidents, holding

the positions for 7 days at a time. It was the duty of these Presidents to examine every bill or motion to determine whether it accorded with existing law before submitting it to a vote in the Assembly. One of the Presidents, called Epistates, presided over the Senate and Assembly each day, and for that day only, and it was his particular duty to put valid questions to a vote. On the day that Socrates happened to be Epistates, the conviction of the generals came up, and he refused to put it to a vote. The next day, however, the succeeding Epistates did not hesitate.

"In addition, during the rule of the Thirty [Tyrants, 404 B. C.], when a group of five, I among them, was called upon to bring Leon from Salamis that he might be put to death, those four feared death for themselves if they disobeyed, and performed the mission, but as for me, I went home. Not then, or ever, Athenians, has the fear of death ever interfered with my sense of right and wrong, or my actions toward the right. That last act of insubordination might very easily have cost me my life, had not the oligarchy been overthrown soon after.

"But had I taken such a defiant attitude in a public career, I would long since have been done away with, Athenians, as you know. Through all my life, public or private, I have never yielded to any man against right and justice, be he even one of those my accusers call my pupils. For I have taught no man. Only this have I done: allowed any man, rich or poor, low or high, to listen to me and dis-

cuss with me, answer my questions, or ask me questions to be answered, and all this whether he could pay me or no, and none ever did pay me. If any have suffered harm from such proceedings, the blame surely is not mine. I never promised instruction, and if any man has the effrontery to say that he has ever heard one word from my lips in private which I would not have said to all the world had it paused to listen, I tell you that he does not speak the truth.

"And you wonder why men find enjoyment in my company. It is that same exposure of false knowledge, Athenians, that I told you of a little back. Surely it is amusing to see a man who thinks he knows much discover he knows nothing at all. And this, as I believe, God has commanded me to do, in dreams and oracles and other means of communication between heaven and earth. It is the truth, and not hard to verify. If I had corrupted young men, why are not some of them here, grown older and vengeful, perhaps, to accuse me? Or why are not some of their kinsmen at hand to tell of my treacherous teachings? But those who are here, are here to tell you I am innocent of such a charge.

"Thus ends my defense, Athenians. There are those among you who may be surprised, disappointed even, that I have not pleaded with you, supplicated you with tears in my eyes, in behalf of my wife and children, that I did not bring my sons even into this courtroom to touch you with merciful compassion. My reasons for not doing all these things are

honorable: they concern my honor and yours. For so to influence you, against the better judgment of your reason, is to use stratagems in the place of truth, to make women of our men, and to soil the purity of the honor of Athens.

"To win you by entreaties, indeed, were to accuse myself of that impiety for which Meletus has brought me here. If I did not believe in the gods, I should attempt, perhaps, to win your favor by entreaty, and not by the true judgment of this court. But it is far from being like this, my good Athenians; I believe, as I can say not one of my accusers believes, and to you and to God I commit myself to be judged as is best for you and for me."

3. VERDICT.

Socrates is found guilty by a vote of 281 to 220, showing that his case is by no means as bad as might have been expected. The second part of the *Apology* gives his speech after the verdict:

"Your verdict, Athenians, scarcely distresses me at all, and for many reasons. Indeed, I had not expected the vote to be so close—had but thirty more of you turned in my favor I surely would have been acquitted. At any rate, I seem to have escaped Meletus, for it is certain that had not Anytus and Lycon also come forward to accuse me, Meletus would have been fined for not obtaining a fifth part of the votes. [To prevent men with very poor cases from bringing action, a fine of 1000 drachmæ was imposed if the prosecutor did not get a fifth of the votes in his favor.]

"So Meletus proposes death as a penalty.

Very well. And you must know my counter-penalty? [In the Athenian court the accused had the privilege of suggesting an alternative to the penalty proposed by the accuser, and the dicasts chose between them.] Naturally, it should be based on what I deserve, should it not? What, then, do I deserve for abandoning the things most men care for—public life, family life, money-making, and such—to devote my time to men privately, persuading them to think of themselves before their affairs, to think of what they are, and what the city is, rather than what they have or what the city has. For this I should receive not a penalty but a reward, men of Athens. A public benefactor such as I am should receive no less than a public maintenance in the Prytaneum [colloquially, the Hall of Presidents] and I deserve such a place far more than the mere winner of a chariot-race, who only makes you seem happy, while I make you really happy: he does not need it, and I do. Such, Athenians, is what I can be said to deserve.

"I do not speak thus from pride, citizens of Athens. I am convinced that I have never wronged any man intentionally, but because the time I have with you is so short I may not, probably shall not, be able to convince you of that. Being so sure of this, I can hardly suggest a means of wronging myself, and to propose a punishment where I deserve a reward would be to wrong myself. But what of Meletus' penalty, you say? I have told you that I know not whether death is good or bad: to accept imprisonment or a fine I know to be bad, and we should surely be governed by what we know. Shall I propose exile? No, for if the men of Athens fear me and seek to banish me, men of other lands will do likewise; the young, at least, will listen to me, and their elders will

drive me away, or if I refuse to talk to the young, they will enlist their elders against me for revenge. Certainly I could not suffer exile and agree to hold my peace; though I can scarcely convince you of it, such is the truth—if I live, I must continue my examination into virtue and the truths of life. Were I rich, I might propose a fine; to suggest one within my means would be to name one mina [roughly, $20]; but my friends here, Plato, and Crito, and Critobulus, and Apollodorus, beg me to suggest thirty minæ, and they will stand surety for the payment. Though I am not accustomed to think myself deserving of punishment, I fix my counter-penalty, Athenians, at this sum."

4. SENTENCE.

Socrates is condemned to death. Logically, the Athenians could do little else, and, to make matters worse, the old philosopher's speech after the verdict turned many of his 220 votes against him—he made it clear that nothing save death could subdue him. The third part of the *Apology* gives his reply to the sentence of death:

"After all, Athenians, you but hasten matters a little—had you waited, I, with my seventy years, might have departed hence without your help. Now you but earn for yourselves the name of the Murderer of Socrates the Wise, from all who seek to find wickedness in your city—they, certainly, will call me wise whether I am so or not. If you think I have been convicted because I lacked arguments, you are more than wrong. What I lacked was boldness, audacity to appeal to you with weeping and wailing, men of Athens. It is far better to die worthily, than to earn one's life unworthily, for many are the ways to escape death here, or

on the field of battle, for such men as will accept any and every way. What it is hard to escape is wickedness—indeed, I find myself overtaken by wickedness in this very court of Athens, for you, citizens, will go forth sentenced, not to death as I am, but to the banner of injustice and evil.

"I shall now prophesy to you, men of Athens, for, since I am about to die, to foretell the future is in my power. You shall not escape the consequences of this deed, Athenians, however much you may think so. Men will come after you to reproach you, younger men, whose accusations will be very hard to bear. You cannot escape blame by putting men to death; no, for the only and sure way is not to silence reproaches, but to live a life so perfect that it is above reproach. To you who have condemned me, then, I give this, my prophecy.

"To you who voted to acquit me, I have more to say. Remain with me until I go hence: we have much to speak of together. I want, above all, to explain to you what has happened to me. A wonderful thing it is, my judges—for now I may call you judges—a very wonderful thing has befallen me. The warning that has often and often come to me in life, that spiritual sign you all know of, has not this time restrained me. Not this morning on my way here, and at no time during my speaking—and it often warned me at other times when I was about to speak—has it forbade me to proceed. This means one thing only: what has happened to me is not harm, but good. This is a proof indeed, for if harm was to befall me, the sign would surely warn me.

"If you yet doubt, let us consider death. It must be one of two things: either an eternal sleep with loss of all consciousness, or a change or journey of the soul from one world to an-

other. If it is the first, a dreamless sleep, I say to you that it is well. Think well—select the night of slumber you remember above all others, and surely it is the night of unbroken rest, untroubled by dreams, undisturbed by consciousness of any sort. Those nights are few and cherished: even the King of Persia would find them of rare remembrance. If death is like that, surely it is no evil, for all eternity would scarcely seem a single night.

"But if death is that other, a migration into some land where all the dead have gone before us, what then? It is as well, my friends, for there we would find not the self-styled judges of this earth, but the true judges, Minos and Rhadamanthus, Æacus and Triptolemus [reputed judges of the dead in Hades], and all the sons of the gods who behaved rightly in life. We would find and converse with Orpheus and Hesiod and Homer. Would this be ill, my friends? I will die a hundred times to attain such a blessing! For me, especially, 'twould be a pleasure, to meet there Palamedes and Ajax, and compare their experiences with my own. I could go among them as I have gone among the men of this world, seeking out truth among them, and questioning and querying away the shells of sham knowledge. This would be happiness, indeed, my friends; to send a man to such a land by condemning him to death is far from evil.

"When you, my judges, face death, remember that no evil can befall a good man in life or in death. The good are never forgotten by the gods; my own fate is not one of chance, for the divine sign has not warned me that it is evil. Thus it is that I cannot be angry with those who have condemned me; yet because they

think and intend to do me harm thereby, they are to be blamed.

"One request I will make. When my sons grow up, if they prefer riches to virtue, if they have the appearance of being what they are not, reprove them and punish them as I have reproved and punished you. If you but do this, both myself and my sons shall have received the highest justice at your hands.

"Now the time is at hand: we must go, I to die, you to live, which of us to the better state is known only to God."

Xenophon comments thus: "But if anyone thinks that he was convicted of falsehood with regard to his Dæmon, because sentence of death was pronounced on him by the judges although he said that the Dæmon admonished him what he ought and what he ought not to do, let him consider, in the first place, that he was already so advanced in years, that he must have ended his life, if not then, at least not long after; and, in the next, that he relinquished only the most burdensome part of life, in which all feel their powers of intellect diminished, while, instead of enduring this, he acquired great glory by proving the firmness of his mind, pleading his cause above all men, with the greatest regard to truth, ingenuousness, and justice, and bearing his sentence at once with the utmost resignation and the utmost fortitude."

III. THE PENALTY.

1. INTERIM.

"It is indeed acknowledged that no man, of all that are remembered, ever endured death with greater glory; for he was obliged to live thirty days after his sentence, because the Delian festival happened in that month, and

the law allowed no one to be publicly put to death until the sacred deputation should return from Delos; and during that time he was seen by all his friends living in no other way than at any preceding period; and, let it be observed, throughout all the former part of his life, he had been admired beyond all men for the cheerfulness and tranquillity with which he lived. How could anyone have died more nobly than this? Or what death could be more honorable than that which any man might most honorably undergo? Or what death could be happier than the most honorable? Or what death more acceptable to the gods than the most happy?" (From Xenophon's *Memorabilia*, as are also all the preceding passages from Xenophon, all being quoted from Rev. J. S. Watson's translation.)

The festival mentioned was an annual religious rite of the Athenians, in honor of Apollo—the island of Delos was Apollo's legendary birthplace—supposedly in thanksgiving-commemoration of the expedition of Theseus to Crete, where he killed the Minotaur and released Athens from the annual tribute of virgin youths and maidens. While the voyage was in progress no criminals were punished in Athens, and, happening at this time, the trip gave Socrates an additional month of life.

In the words of Phædo, in Plato's dialogue of that name, as he explains the matter to his friend, Echecrates (Henry Cary's translation): "An accidental circumstance happened in his favor, Echecrates; for the poop of the ship which the Athenians send to Delos, chanced to be crowned on the day before the trial. It is the ship, as the Athenians say, in which Theseus formerly conveyed the fourteen boys and girls to Crete, and saved both them and

himself. They, therefore, made a vow to Apollo on that occasion, as it is said, that if they were saved they would every year despatch a solemn embassy to Delos; which from that time to the present, they send yearly to the god. When they begin the preparation for this solemn embassy, they have a law that the city shall be purified during this period, and that no public execution shall take place until the ship has reached Delos, and returned to Athens: and this occasionally takes a long time, when the winds happen to impede their passage. The commencement of the embassy is when the priest of Apollo has crowned the poop of the ship. And this was done, as I said, on the day before the trial: on this account Socrates had a long interval in prison between the trial and his death."

Plato has recorded the conversation of Socrates on the day before his death in the dialogue known as the *Crito*. The scene is the prison cell of Socrates.

Socrates. Why are you here at such an hour, Crito? Isn't it very early? How early is it?

Crito. It is just dawn.

Socrates. I am surprised that the jailer admitted you.

Crito. I have come so often, Socrates, that he knows me.

Socrates. Did you just arrive, Crito.

Crito. No; I have been here some little while, amazed at the tranquillity of your sleep. It convinces me, Socrates, of the happy temper in which you have always lived.

Socrates. But why came you so early?

Crito. To bring sad tidings, Socrates—sad, at least, for me and all your friends. The ship from Delos is all but returned. It will surely be in today, and tomorrow, Socrates, you must die.

Socrates. Yes, Crito. Let us hope it is for the best.

Crito. But, Socrates, my friend, I beg you to listen to my pleas and save yourself. If you die, I shall not only lose a very dear friend, but think, Socrates,—people will suppose I refused to aid you. The world will never believe we tried to save you, that you yourself would not yield.

Socrates. But, dearest Crito, what does their opinion matter? Those whose respect we value will know the truth.

Crito. Yet, Socrates, your present plight is a result of their power—the power of the majority to do harm.

Socrates. If they only could do the greatest harm, Crito, they could also do the greatest good. But they cannot make one brilliant or dull—they are controlled quite by chance.

Crito. Very well. But tell me, Socrates, are you concerned for us, lest your escape cause us to be punished, as your accomplices? Dismiss all such fears; many are the friends standing ready to buy agents and their silence with ample funds. My own fortune is at your service. And don't think that if you should escape you wouldn't know what to do with yourself. In many, many places men will love you, Socrates,—indeed, if you'll choose Thessaly, my friends there will esteem you and keep you safe.

Further, Socrates, you are merely aiding your enemies by laying down your life so meekly. You are deserting your sons. Whereas it is a father's duty to train his heirs, you are choosing the easier course. We are ashamed that you, a man cherishing virtue above all else, should have submitted from the very first when all—even the trial itself—might have been avoided. It gives your friends the appearance

of base cowardice. Consider—but there is no time: everything must be done tonight. To delay longer is folly. I beseech you, Socrates, do not say No.

Socrates. Ah, Crito, you are overwrought. What we must consider is whether we ought to do this thing or not. Because I face death is no excuse for me to distort reason. Let us look into the matter. We thinkers used to say, Crito, that of men's opinions some should be valued, and others not. Isn't this right? Since you are not to die, your judgment cannot be influenced. Tell me.

Crito. It is certainly right, Socrates.

Socrates. We should value the good opinions, and not the bad? Those of the wise are good, and of the foolish bad?

Crito. Of course.

Socrates. Suppose, then, that a man is learning gymnastics. Does he heed the voice of all men, or only the words of one man alone, his trainer?

Crito. Of his trainer only.

Socrates. Therefore he dreads the censure and yearns for the praise of that one man?

Crito. Naturally.

Socrates. He performs, eats, and behaves as that man directs, who knows what is right?

Crito. Of course.

Socrates. Good. But if he disobeys his trainer, and listens to the majority, who do not know—will he suffer for it?

Crito. Surely; he must suffer. His body will be injured.

Socrates. Quite right. Now is it not the same with everything else, with good and evil, ugliness and beauty, justice and injustice? Should we follow the opinion of the majority, or of that one, if there is such, who knows, and whom we ought to respect and fear above all

others? For if we disobey him, we shall harm that part of us which is strengthened by right and weakened by wrong. Is it not so?

Crito. It is, Socrates.

Socrates. Then if we destroy the wholesome in us by listening to the multitude, who do not understand the right of such matters, are we not crippled? And this is the body, is it not? Can we live properly when the body is maimed?

Crito. No, surely not, Socrates.

Socrates. Do we value that part of us which is concerned with right and wrong less than our body? Or more?

Crito. Much more, Socrates.

Socrates. Therefore you were wrong in the first place, Crito, when you said that we should heed the voice of the multitude rather than of him who knows what is good and what is bad. Though the majority might still put us to death.

Crito. Surely it might.

Socrates. True. Yet that does not change matters. Should we desire most living well, or just living?

Crito. Living well, most certainly.

Socrates. Which is the same as living honorably and rightly?

Crito. The very same.

Socrates. Then our question is not whether I am to die or to live, but whether it is right or wrong for me to escape. If it is right, I shall go with you; if it is wrong, I shall remain. All your considerations of expense, reputation, and the training of children, Crito—do you not think they are properly considerations for that multitude which sentences men to death, and would, perhaps, if they could, bring them back to life again?

Crito. I believe you are right, Socrates. But what shall we do?

Socrates. We shall discuss it together, dear good Crito. Now, should we never do wrong, or may we do wrong under some circumstances and not under others? We always used to say that it was never right to do evil, Crito. Doesn't this stand—whether the majority thinks so or not, and no matter what we suffer, should we not always do right and never commit any injustice or evil?

Crito. Most assuredly.

Socrates. Nor should we return evil for evil, since we should never do wrong at all.

Crito. So it appears.

Socrates. And it is not right to harm anyone, ever? The world is mistaken to repay wrong with wrong?

Crito. Certainly, Socrates. Wrong is always wrong.

Socrates. Think carefully, dear Crito. Few men believe that to return evil for evil is wrong. And there is no halfway point, either, for those who believe as we do must hold in contempt those who revenge themselves for harm done them. I still believe that to return evil for evil is very wrong, and never right. Do you, Crito?

Crito. I agree with you, Socrates. Go on.

Socrates. Listen closely: if I escape, am I not injuring some who least of all should be harmed? Are we not evading what we have agreed to be just and right?

Crito. I do not understand.

Socrates. Suppose, then, that as we were escaping, or running away, the State should appear and say to us: "What are you doing, Socrates? Do you mean to overthrow this city and its laws? Or do you think a government can exist when its judgments are held so lightly?" What should we answer, dear good Crito?

Shall I say that the State has injured me, that it has condemned me unjustly?

Crito. Surely, Socrates, that is what you will say.

Socrates. Then may the State reply: "Did you not swear to abide by the decisions of the city? Is not the State your true father, since under its laws your father married your mother, and it bade your father protect you and educate you? Since you are our child, our servant, do you think you can strike at us, Socrates? Can a child place himself on a par with his father, or a slave return the lashes of his master? Have you a right, then, to do to us whatever we do to you, to destroy us because we destroy you? You, the lover of virtue, should have the wisdom to see that the State is above all else, for in war or in peace one must do as the State requires, before even the entreaties or commands of one's father or mother. If it is wrong to retaliate on one's father, surely it is more wrong to retaliate where that higher authority, the State, is concerned." Is not this so? What shall we say, Crito?

Crito. It seems all as you relate, Socrates.

Socrates. And the State may go on: "You know, Socrates, that when a man has reached maturity and has seen how the State administers its laws, he is free to depart if he dislikes the State and its methods. If he stays, therefore, he binds himself to abide by the State's decisions. Or, should he disagree, he is free to persuade the State otherwise, in the open court. If he cannot or does not persuade, he must submit, by his own promise in remaining in the city, for if he disobeys, he breaks that promise.

"And you, Socrates, above all other men, would be guilty of breaking faith if you ran away. Never have you left Athens, scarce even

on a pilgrimage, so well have you liked our city. All your life you have remained, content to abide by the city's laws: you married and brought up children here, showing how much you approved. Besides, had you wished so earnestly to depart, you might have suggested exile at your trial, and thus have gained the State's consent for what you now seek to do unlawfully. Yet you expressed a willingness to die, preferring death to exile. Is the State right or wrong, then, in assuming that you have agreed to obey its laws and abide by its judgments?" What are we to say to that, Crito? Do we not agree?

Crito. We agree.

Socrates. The State, indeed, could say further: "How ridiculous you would appear, Socrates, if you were to escape! To whatever city you came for shelter, if that city were governed by good laws, might you not be regarded as a palpable danger to their stability? Could you go there and discourse on virtue and justice as you have done here, when you yourself could not abide by legal justice? After your seventy years of life here, without complaint, how base it would appear for you to evade the laws in order to save a life of which so little yet remains to you! And by so doing, you would confirm the crime of which you have been accused, Socrates, for a man who evades the laws may well be a corrupter of the youth. And your children—shall you take them away to be educated in a strange land? If you die, your friends will care for them.

"Listen, then, Socrates. Do not value your children, your life, or anything above righteousness and justice, so that when you come into the next world you will have that much in your favor. It cannot make you or your friends permanently any happier for you to

escape this, the State's decision. If you go, you will render evil for evil, striking back at the State that h s struck at you, and breaking your own promise to that State to do as it might bid you. Therefore you must not allow Crito to persuade you against us."

These things, dear good Crito, I seem to hear as some divine music in my ears. I can listen to naught else. So, as long as the matter appears so to me, you speak but in vain. Still, Crito, if you think you may yet change me, say on.

Crito. No, Socrates, good friend. There is nothing more for me to say.

Socrates. Let it rest, then, Crito, for this is the way God has ordained for us.

2. DEATH.

In a painting of Jacques Louis David, the death of Socrates is depicted with vivid dignity. It is a sad, but by no means a tearful or hysterical scene. Four of the philosopher's friends have turned away their heads or covered their eyes; one sits stolidly apart. Of the others, one old man appears somewhat distraught; one man, seated, is vaguely alarmed and half-remonstrating; two youths are intently watchful. Socrates himself is perched calmly erect on the edge of his couch, in a sitting posture, one leg carelessly extended, the other with toes braced against the prison floor. All are garbed in the simple Athenian chiton, or tunic, which is merely an oblong of woolen cloth large enough to be wrapped about the body somewhat closely from the neck down to the knees, and is held together at the middle by a girdle; and two, at least, are wearing the outer cloak, or himation. Socrates' mantle has fallen to his waist, exposing his robust chest and shoulders, appearing sturdy as in the prime of life, for all

his seventy years. His right hand is stretched out to receive the cup of hemlock, and his left is pointing upward, reassuringly and encouragingly, to heaven. It is perhaps an occasion for thanks that the Fates, in the persons of the dicasts of Athens, enabled this man to die so nobly.

"In many respects the end of Socrates may indeed be regarded as a euthanasia. There was nothing like the shame of a public execution, or the horror of a violent death, to be endured. In privacy, amid a circle of friends and admirers, the cup of hemlock was to be drunk which would extinguish the vital powers, and that too at a period of life when of themselves they might soon have ceased. Such were the mitigating external circumstances; while inwardly there was 'the royal heart of innocence,' the high enthusiasm which has enabled so many to meet with cheerfulness a martyr's death, and the philosophic reason which entirely triumphed over the animal instincts, which saw things as a whole, and which counted the loss a gain. When Apollodorus, one of his disciples, said, 'I grieve most for this, Socrates, that I see you about to die undeservedly.' He answered, stroking the head of his pupil with a smile, 'My dearest Apollodorus, would you rather see me die deservedly?'" (From Sir Alexander Grant's *Xenophon*, J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.)

On his last day in prison, Socrates indulged in the dialectic form of discourse which has become his monument. An imaginary transcription of his words is recorded by Plato in the *Phædo*.

The *Phædo* is a dialogue within a dialogue. It opens at Phlius, with Phædo telling Echecrates about Socrates' death, resulting finally in Phædo's reporting Socrates' entire conversation

during his last day of life. For present purposes it has been found advisable to change the dialogue to a more direct presentation than that used by Plato: the person of the narrator, or Phædo, being dispensed with almost entirely.

There is no doubt that Socrates was attended by several friends on this, his last day among them, and that he continued, perhaps in a slightly more serious vein than common, the discourses that he had developed throughout the latter years of his life. But the philosophy in Plato's *Phædo* is largely metaphysical, dealing with the immortality of the soul, and it presupposes in Socrates a knowledge of metaphysics and of the doctrine of Ideas, whereas the latter especially is purely Platonic. Thus Plato, using Socrates as the leading character in the dialogue, makes him at times serve as his own mouthpiece, eliciting from his lips not only Socratic but Platonic philosophy. This Socrates, but thirty days removed from the Socrates of the *Apology*, is quite a different personage. But the beauty and dignity of the death scene as here recorded by Plato is ample compensation for whatever liberties Plato has taken with the dialogue. No record of what was actually said by Socrates on this day survives.

Phædo begins by telling Echecrates of the sacred ship's pilgrimage to Delos, which delayed Socrates' execution for thirty days. The friends of Socrates, knowing by the ship's return that this day Socrates must die, have gathered before the prison early. When they are admitted, they find Socrates' wife, Xantippe, already there with a young son—though she is almost at once led away, weeping and lamenting. Socrates makes an observation on the inseparable qualities of pain and pleasure, rubbing his limbs from which the prison chains

have just been removed, and the dialogue has begun.

Socrates. Bid Evenus farewell from me, Cebes, and tell him to follow me as soon as he can, for, as is the will of the Athenians, I depart today.

Simmias. What strange advice for Evenus! If I know him, he'll not follow it.

Socrates. Is not Evenus a philosopher?

Simmias. So he seems.

Socrates. Then will he wish to die, though he will not take his own life, for that, they say, is wrong.

Cebes. What do you mean, Socrates? How can a man abhor suicide, and yet wish to die?

Socrates. Why, Cebes, have not you and Simmias heard about these things?

Cebes. Nothing definite.

Socrates. Well, I speak only from hearsay, but I may tell you what I have heard. Indeed, since I am about to journey hence, what better to do than talk of that next world while we linger here?

Cebes. Why is it wrong for a man to kill himself, Socrates?

Socrates. You may be surprised, yet this is an absolute law and without exception. These men, for whom it may be better to die, may not attain this good for themselves, but must await a benefactor from without.

Cebes. Indeed.

Socrates. I agree it does seem unreasonable, Cebes. They say that the reason is that men's bodies are prisons, from which the spirit must escape or be freed, and yet from which we may not free ourselves. This is not easy to understand, certainly. But it is clear that we belong to the gods, and that they protect us, is it not?

Cebes. That is clear

Socrates. If one of your slaves, say, killed himself without your order, or consent, you would be angry, would you not, and punish him if you could?

Cebes. Assuredly.

Socrates. Then, since we are possessions of the gods, it appears that we should not kill ourselves until the deities command us to do so, as they have virtually commanded me.

Cebes. This much is probable. But you said the philosopher must desire death. If we are indeed property of the gods, would it not be the greatest folly to seek to leave the service of those who protect us? Should a slave foolishly leave a kind and good master? The wise man ought to be loath to leave the company of those better than himself, hence, if what we have said is true, a wise man should grieve to die. 'Tis the fool should rejoice.

Socrates. Cebes is always examining arguments, and that is good. He is never convinced easily or at once.

Simmias. But there is something in what Cebes says. He levels his shaft at you, Socrates, who seem so ready to leave, not only the gods who care for you, but us who love you.

Socrates. You speak justly. I must defend myself, as in a court.

Simmias. Exactly.

Socrates. Then shall I try to do better than I did before the dicasts. I should also grieve to die, were I not to join an assembly of good gods and men who have died before me. I hope I am to go among good men, though I cannot be sure of that. But I am confident of some sort of existence, among gods who are good masters, and regard death not as an evil.

Simmias. Won't you share this belief with us? 'Twill serve to excuse your readiness to leave us.

Socrates. I'll try. But first Crito desires to speak.

Crito. The administrator of the poison, Socrates, says you must not talk too much, for talking heats people, and heat may counteract the poison.

Socrates. Let him warn: I will drink the poison twice or thrice if need be. I must turn now to our problem. A man who spends his life in philosophy deals, primarily, with the study of dying and death, so why, when death comes upon him at last, should he be grieved for that which has been his aim so long?

Simmias. You amuse me, Socrates, though this is no time for amusement. If the people heard you say this, they would surely agree that philosophers are eager to die, and further, that they know right well that philosophers deserve death.

Socrates. Right, Simmias, save that they do not know in what sense a philosopher desires death, or in what sense he deserves death, or what sort of death. Forget the people. Do we think death is anything?

Simmias. Of course we do.

Socrates. What? The separation of the soul from the body?

Simmias. Precisely that.

Socrates. Well, then, does a philosopher yearn for bodily pleasures, such as eating and drinking?

Simmias. Certainly not.

Socrates. Or for the passion of love?

Simmias. No, indeed.

Socrates. What of other sensual pleasures? Does he seek fine clothes and ornaments, or does he despise them, save in so far as necessity forces him to use them?

Simmias. The true philosopher despises them.

Socrates. Therefore a philosopher stands aloof from the body, and concerns himself with the soul.

Simmias. Yes.

Socrates. Or better, the philosopher frees his soul as far as possible from communion with the body?

Simmias. Surely.

Socrates. Doesn't the world, then, think such a man as good as dead, who does not care for such pleasures as come through the flesh?

Simmias. It thinks so, indeed.

Socrates. In the acquisition of wisdom, do not the bodily senses mislead us? Sight and hearing are imperfect, yet they are the most perfect of our senses. Do the senses impede the acquisition of wisdom, then?

Simmias. They seem to, Socrates.

Socrates. Then when does the soul achieve truth? Whenever she seeks it in company with the body, the body leads her astray. Must it not be by reasoning, therefore, that real truth will be discovered?

Simmias. Assuredly.

Socrates. The soul reasons best, though, when she is most divorced from the body and alone with herself? So the soul of the philosopher despises the body and flees from it?

Simmias. Clearly.

Socrates. Another point, Simmias. Is there such a thing as justice? Or as beauty or goodness?

Simmias. There are such things, certainly.

Socrates. Yet have you ever seen them with your eyes? Have you grasped them with your hands? Of all such absolutes—size, health, strength—the essences of things, divine truths,

have you or has anyone ever *felt* any? Must not a man reflect deeply to approach knowledge of them?

Simmias. Indeed, you are right.

Socrates. Now the body interferes with and hinders us on every side; the care of it holds us back, what with diseases fastening upon it; so that the only way to reach pure reason and pure truth is to get as far from the body and its needs as possible. Therefore, it appears that in death, when the soul and the body are separated and become distinct one from the other, the soul has the only real chance of attaining truth and knowledge. That is why I hope, when I reach the next world, Simmias, to acquire real wisdom. For death, as we agreed, sets the soul free from the body, and is not the true philosopher the only man who has a constant desire to free his soul thus and studies only for this purpose?

Simmias. So it would seem.

Socrates. Therefore he should rejoice when death comes to him, for he goes to that for which he has long yearned. Does not this prove that any man who grieves at the approach of death loves not wisdom but his body, loves not truth but wealth and the pleasures of the flesh?

Simmias. It does, Socrates.

Socrates. Then does not courage and does not true temperance belong to the philosopher, since temperance means control of the passions?

Simmias. Yes.

Socrates. But in other men courage and temperance are strange things, for they regard death as an evil, or if they accept it, they take it as the lesser of two evils. They are temperate, too, from a species of intemperance, for they abstain from certain pleasures only that

they may be held in the thrall of greater ones. Isn't this so, Simmias?

Simmias. It seems to be so, Socrates.

Socrates. But to barter pleasure for pleasure in pursuit of temperance and virtue is wrong, Simmias. The only true coin is wisdom, for where wisdom is, there virtue is also. True virtue is what might be called a purifying from the things of life, and temperance, and justice, and courage are the purification. Our mysteries [such as the Eleusinian Mysteries, for example, a kind of religious initiation into the blessings of the next world] are for no other purpose, it seems to me, and I have striven all my life to purify myself for the life to come. Such is my defense, and my excuse for being so ready to leave you, dear friends, for the next world.

Cebes. That is all very well, Socrates, but we fear lest the soul perish also, and vanish away like smoke. We must be persuaded first that the soul lives after the body.

Socrates. Let us examine the question. An ancient belief tells us that the living are born from the dead [Metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls], and if this be so, it proves that the dead souls must survive, or there would be nothing from which the ensuing living could be born. If we can prove this, then, do we not prove that the soul lives after the body?

Cebes. We do.

Socrates. Let us consider not only men, but all things that are multiplied or generated. It appears that everything is born from its opposite—for example, if a thing becomes greater, was it not at first less, or smaller? Or the reverse. to be smaller it must first be greater?

Cebes. Of course.

Socrates. Similarly, the weaker is born from

the stronger, the swifter from the slower, the worse from the better, the more just from the more unjust, until it is clear that all things are generated from their opposites?

Cebes. Quite clear.

Socrates. And since we may say that it is a universal law, though we may not always so express it, that opposites are generated always one from the other, in either direction, what may be said to be the opposite of life, as sleep is the opposite of being awake?

Cebes. Death, of course.

Socrates. Then, since life and death are opposites, they are generated one from the other?

Cebes. Certainly.

Socrates. Then living things can be said to be generated from the dead?

Cebes. I should think so.

Socrates. So that our souls do exist in another world?

Cebes. Apparently.

Socrates. Now of these two opposites one must be certain. Death is certain, is it not?

Cebes. Quite certain.

Socrates. So we must discover some opposite generation to correspond with dying. What must it be?

Cebes. To come to life again, assuredly.

Socrates. Or a generation from the dead to the living, as there was a generation from the living to the dead. But if this cycle were not complete, we should soon all be dead forever. For if wakefulness was not generated from sleep, but only sleep from wakefulness, very soon the entire world would be like Endymion, wrapt in an eternal sleep. Which proves, does it not, that the dead souls may survive to provide the opposite generation from dying?

Cebes. You certainly appear to speak truly.

Socrates. Besides, your doctrine that learning is only a form of recollection from the knowledge acquired in a previous existence, is an additional reason for believing the soul immortal.

Simmias. Explain, Cebes, what you mean. What are the proofs?

Cebes. Why, if you question men properly they can be made to answer correctly about things of which they can have no knowledge in this life, proving that they have a recollection of knowledge from a previous life. Socrates once did it by eliciting from a slave correct answers about geometry [recorded in Plato's *Meno*].

(Cebes is referring to the Platonic doctrine of Reminiscence, that all the knowledge we have is but a remembrance from some previous existence, and such a previous existence can only have been before we were born. The obvious conclusion is that our souls must have existed before they entered our bodies at birth. This doctrine supposes a gradual remembering throughout life, the recollections growing stronger and more pronounced with age—i. e., the acquisition of knowledge by learning. It is interesting to note that William Wordsworth, in his *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*, exactly reverses this order, though utilizing the same doctrine; that is to say, he emphasizes the belief that the soul's pre-natal recollections are the most vivid in youth and gradually fade and weaken throughout life in a process, not of learning, but of forgetting.)

Simmias, after a pause, and Cebes agrees with him, objects that it has not been satisfactorily proved that the soul exists after the death of the body.

Socrates. Let us consider what sort of things may suffer dissolution and what may not, and

see to which class the soul belongs. Is it not the compound and complicated as opposed to the simple and divine that is liable to dispersion?

Cebes. I think so, indeed.

Socrates. If we return to previous matters a moment—do absolute things, such as equality, beauty, and so on, ever change at all or do they remain constant and uniform, never admitting of any change whatsoever?

Cebes. They must remain the same and unchanging, Socrates.

Socrates. But physical things, what of them? Such as beautiful garments, horses, and the like?

Cebes. The opposite, Socrates. They always change, never remaining the same for long.

Socrates. May we call one class visible to the senses, and the other invisible?

Cebes. Surely we may.

Socrates. And we are made up of, shall we say, body and soul?

Cebes. There is naught else.

Socrates. What, then, is the body most like, and the soul most like?

Cebes. Surely, the body is visible and the soul invisible.

Socrates. Now, from our previous and present arguments, what sort of existence would you say the soul was most like? And the body likewise?

Cebes. I should class the soul with the unchangeable, Socrates, and the body with the changeable.

Socrates. Let us see, then: we have agreed that the soul is most like that which is divine, and immortal, and intelligible, and uniform, and indissoluble, and unchangeable; while we have agreed on the other hand that the body is most like that which is human, and mortal,

and unintelligible, and multiform, and dissoluble, and changeable. If this be so, is not the body perishable and the soul wholly or nearly imperishable?

Cebes. It is indeed so.

Socrates. But the physical body, which is dissoluble, yet lasts for a long time. In Egypt, where bodies are embalmed and known as mummies, the form remains intact for thousands upon thousands of years. When it does decay into dust, some parts even then may almost be called immortal, they last so much longer than the rest—the bones, for instance. Is not all this true?

Cebes. Quite true.

Socrates. Then the soul, which is invisible, can hardly suffer this same decay, but is immortal, for when the soul is pure, and has been divorced as far as is possible from the sensual life of the flesh, then the soul, when freed, goes at once into the invisible land of the dead. But, on the other hand, if she has been defiled and besotted by the vile things of the flesh, she is weighted down and heavy with visible things and cannot depart into the invisible spirit-world. May not these heavy souls, oppressed with the taint of life, be the ones who are said to haunt graveyards and tombs?

Cebes. It seems likely.

Socrates. These souls are the evil souls, and, from that desire for the body which their sensual life stained them with, they will ultimately reinhabit a body. But they are likely to be enclosed in the bodies of animals, such animals, indeed, as most resemble the previous life of these souls. Does it not seem likely, for instance, that a wanton and sensual soul should inhabit, say, the body of an ass? And that the tyrannous and the unjust and the

thievish should inhabit the bodies of wolves, and hawks, and vultures?

Cebes. No doubt they do go into such animals.

Socrates. But those souls who were virtuous in life are the happiest?

Cebes. Why so?

Socrates. Because they are likely to go into those animals which have natures like their own, such as the gentle bees and wasps, or even the bodies of those men who make good citizens.

Cebes. Yes; it seems likely.

Socrates. But only the soul of the philosopher is allowed to come among the gods, and therefore the true philosopher is temperate in life. 'Tis the philosopher who perceives what a prison the body is, and seeks to set free his soul therefrom. The soul of the philosopher, in her turn, thinks it wrong to resist this attempt to free her from captivity, so she aids him by holding aloof as far as she can from the contamination that comes from too close communion with the body. For every pleasure and pain of the body is a kind of nail, fastening the soul to the flesh, so that when death comes she is ready, not for the divine and the pure and the uniform, but for the mortal and the impure and the manifold, and falls almost at once back into a corporeal state, in some living body such as we have mentioned. For such reasons, my friends, true philosophers are temperate and virtuous, and not from fear of the majority or because of rules and morals. And their souls, so carefully nurtured, will never fear dissolution when they leave the body they have so long sought to escape from.

Simmias. Yet, Socrates, we have difficulties. Take, for example, a lyre: its wooden parts and strings may be compared to the body, and

its music or harmony to the soul, may they not? For the soul is after all but the harmonious spirit or manifestation of the body when it is properly alive and in tune, yet the music of the lyre perishes when the strings are broken and does not last even until the wood has rotted away. What do you say to the man who asserts, contrary to your arguments, that the soul perishes at the death of the body, or even before its flesh has died, and long before the bones have begun to decay?

Cebes also objects, and here there is a break in the argument, for these objections, coming just when all had been convinced by Socrates' discourse, serve to bring despair on the listeners, so that they are likely to suspect all subsequent arguments. But Socrates, at some length, warns them not to hate reason because it occasionally misleads them. They, not reason, are at fault. But they must not let him persuade them against their own logic in his eagerness to prove the soul immortal.

Socrates. Let us proceed. Simmias fears that the soul, like a harmony, may perish before the body, though she is more divine than the body. Cebes concedes that the soul is more enduring than the body, but he thinks that, after wearing out many bodies many times, the soul perishes on leaving her last body, or that she wears out, and that this be death in reality, the death of the soul, for the dissolution of the body is eternal. Do you reject all our previous conclusions, or only some of them?

Simmias and Cebes. Only some of them. We acknowledge the doctrine of recollection to be true.

Socrates is immediately able to demonstrate that, since the doctrine of recollection proves that the soul existed before the body, the soul

cannot be a harmony, for a harmony exists only after the component parts of the instrument by which it is produced have been brought together into a finite whole. He goes further, and by showing that the soul leads the body—i. e., the will, in enduring fasts and privations, controls or leads the body—and is not led by it, whereas a harmony is an expression of the instrument from which it comes and does not lead but is led. Hence, Simmias' objection is untenable.

To answer Cebes, Socrates goes deeply into the question of generation and decay. In his youth he puzzled over the mechanical and physical causes given for natural phenomena by the philosophers of Physical Science. When Anaxagoras proposed the Mind as the one Universal Cause, he was cheered, but as soon as he read Anaxagoras' books he was disappointed, and was obliged to seek for causes of his own. Socrates now delineates the doctrine of Ideas (see Will Durant's *Guide to Plato*, Little Blue Book No. 159, Pages 50 ff.): i. e., Ideas are the fundamental and only causes of all phenomena—beauty, beautiful things, goodness, justice, and so on—and opposite Ideas cannot exist at the same time in the same person. For example, although it may be said that Simmias is both tall and short, for he is taller than Socrates and shorter than Phædo, this is true only comparatively. An Idea cannot exist with its opposite: heat cannot exist side by side with cold, or right with wrong; and further, an Idea will not unite with that which is inseparable from its opposite: snow, inseparable from cold, will not unite with heat; or fire, inseparable from heat, will not unite with cold. Now life is the opposite of death, and the soul is inseparable from life, so that, as a consequence, the soul cannot admit death.

Hence, the soul is immortal and indestructible, and lives on after the body dies.

At once comes the thought that if the soul does survive, the consequences of neglecting her proper preparation for the next life must be terrible to contemplate. Socrates therefore goes on into a description of the soul's journey into Hades, and her existence there, until he is led into an exposition of the earth in what is known as the *"Myth of the Phaedo"*—this myth, it is worthwhile to notice, being interposed between the "hard metaphysical argument of the dialogue" and the scene of Socrates' noble death.

Crito. Very well, Socrates. But haven't you some instructions to give us concerning your children or earthly things? How may we serve you best?

Socrates. You may serve me only by taking care of yourselves, my friends, in all that you do.

Crito. We will do our best, Socrates. But how shall we bury you?

Socrates. As you please. But catch me first: see that I do not escape! I have not convinced Crito that I am the Socrates who has been talking with all of you: he regards me as the body which will presently be a corpse, for he seeks how he is to bury me. You, who have admitted the truth of my arguments, must be my sureties to Crito that I shall leave my body when I die, and that whatever thereafter is done to my corpse is in no sense done to me. Therefore, dear Crito, you may bury it as you see fit.

Socrates now leaves to bathe in preparation for death; he sees his sons, and his wife, giving them his last commands; a servant of the Eleven—the "committee" appointed to superintend all executions—announces that the time for taking the poison has come.

Socrates. Come, Crito, let us obey him at once. If the poison is ready, have it brought; if it is not ready, have it prepared.

Crito. Nay; the sun has not yet set. Do not hurry, Socrates—other men take the poison quite late, and eat and drink merrily with their friends meanwhile. There is yet time.

Socrates. Naturally, Crito, for they think to gain respite thereby. I, to whom the pleasures of the flesh are nothing, can gain nothing by such a foolish prolongation of a life already spent. I bid you, bring the poison.

A slave is despatched, and returns with the man who is to administer the poison. He carries it, prepared, in a cup.

Socrates. Tell me, good sir, what I am to do.

Administrator. Drink this, walk about until your limbs feel heavy, and then lie down: the poison will do the rest.

The administrator hands the cup to Socrates, who takes it cheerfully, without trembling, and without any change of color or motion of feature, all the while looking up at the man with a fixed glance which was characteristic of him.

Socrates. May I not make a libation from this drink?

Administrator. We prepare only enough for the purpose.

Socrates. I understand that. But I suppose I may, nay, I suppose I must pray to the gods that my journey hence may be prosperous. I pray that it indeed be so.

So saying, he puts the cup to his lips and drinks the poison quite calmly and cheerfully. Till this moment, most of his friends have been able to control their emotions fairly well, but when they see him actually imbibing the dread poison, and perceive the empty cup, they can control themselves no longer: tears come into

the eyes of Phædo in spite of himself, and he covers his face and weeps, not for Socrates, but for his own misfortune in losing such a friend. Even before this, poor Crito has been unable to hold back his tears, and has gone away, while Apollodorus, who has been weeping nearly all the time, suddenly bursts out into a loud cry, and makes all the rest break down by the example of his sobbing and grief—except, indeed, only Socrates himself.

Socrates. What are you doing, my dear friends? I sent the women away so they might not offend as you are—with tears—for I believe a man should die in quiet and peace. Calm yourselves: bear with me.

At the sound of his words, they are ashamed, and cease their lamenting. Socrates gets up and walks about, until his legs begin to grow heavy, and then he lies down again on his back, as the administrator instructed him. The administrator now begins to examine his feet and legs from time to time; then he presses his foot hard, and asks if there is any feeling in it. Socrates says No. Then the administrator does the same with his legs, and so on, higher and higher, showing that he is cold and stiff. Socrates feels himself, and says that when the poison comes to his heart, he will be gone. He is already growing cold about the groin, when he uncovers his face, and speaks for the last time.

Socrates. Crito, dear friend, I owe a cock to Asclepius; be sure that it is paid. [Referring, probably, to the practice of offering a cock to Asclepius, a deity of medicine, on recovering from sickness: Socrates is regarding death as a delivery from the sickness of life.]

Crito. It shall be paid. Do you wish anything else, Socrates?

Socrates does not answer; but after a short interval there is a movement, and the administrator uncovers him, and his eyes are fixed. Crito then closes his eyes and mouth.

Phædo concludes his recounting to Echecrates: "Such was the end, Echecrates, of our friend, a man, I think, who was the wisest and justest, and the best man that I have ever known."

* * *

The action of the poison, which was hemlock, is much as has been described: wholly painless, causing a gradual numbing of the limbs and a loss of sensation. There was a fine nobility and dignity about this form of execution, allowing a man to administer the poison to himself, at the moment he chose, in the presence of a select group of dear and intimate friends. That Socrates ennobled that dignity some degrees further is beyond cavil: the dramatic scene scarce needs the verbal power of Plato to stamp it indelibly on the mind of the reader.

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Author of "The Caveman Within Us," "Sanity in Sex," "Health and Self-Mastery Through Psycho-Analysis and Autosuggestion," "The Puzzle of Personality," "Autosuggestion—How It Works," "Psycho-Analysis—The Key to Human Behavior," "Rejuvenation—Science's New Fountain of Youth," "Rational Sex Series," etc.

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WHAT EVERY MARRIED MAN SHOULD KNOW

CHAPTER I

THE LOVE IMPULSE

The love impulse is the most wonderful, profound and complex of all the promptings which constitute the behavioristic tendencies of mankind.

The law of self-preservation is said to be the first law of nature. From the standpoint of the individual *per se*, it unquestionably is—but man is a social being and the strength of his social fibre tends to neutralize his purely individualistic, or egoistic, impulses. The result of this is that every day the "first law of nature" is subordinated to the altruistic impulse of self-sacrifice for others.

Men sacrifice their lives for the women they love; and woman for the men they love. The sacrificial ardor of motherhood for the child is too well known to require elaboration. The love impulse extends far and wide and binds every human relationship where a strong attachment is present. And, of course, a manifestation of this same impulse asserts itself in the animal world as well—but that leads into other and diverging channels which we cannot follow at this time. The thought, however, is well expressed in Shelley's significant lines: "nothing in the world is single."

This mighty, universal impulse which does

so much to make life worth while is indeed a complex thing. It has many sides and angles. There is no mistaking the fact that sex is the predominating factor—the orthodox Freudians would say that, in its broadest sense, it is the explanation in itself.

But it is hardly as simple as that. There are too many overlapping strata in the complexity of our human makeup to try to explain it satisfactorily under one label, as broad as that label might be.

Considering how universal throughout nature is the sacrificial aspect of the love instinct, largely automatic in its expression, it would seem to be a biological process, of which sex is the keystone.

But it does not end here. In the human realm, with which we are now dealing, there is the affectional side that may sometimes have a sex motive, and at other times not. It is no rare thing for a man to risk his life when his fellowman's life is in jeopardy, as is evidenced every day—in industry, in the field of adventure, in accidents on the street, and in every other channel of human activity.

There are Damon-Pythias friendships, as well as the loves of Heloise and Abelard; and there are men and women who will not hesitate to imperil their own lives to save a household pet.

Just how far the seemingly pure affectional trait is separated from the love impulse is not easy to say. On the surface, it may appear to have little in common—and in its manifestations it may not; but the important thing is this: the basic instincts which make one pos-

sible, also contribute to the characteristic form of the other. In other words, they spring from the same general source, even though they have many ways of asserting themselves.

Such a tremendous theme is the love impulse that it has always been the principal motif of the poet, the novelist, the artist; and it has been studied and analyzed by philosophers, seers and metaphysicians in all ages. It is responsible for much of the imperishable beauty, ecstasy and sublimity of life, art and literature; and it is equally responsible for some of the greatest tragedies that have scourged the heart of mankind.

With all the age-old philosophizing, romancing and effusions in poetry, prose and plastic art, modern science is teaching us that the love impulse is more far-reaching and significant than the greatest sages and bards ever dreamed.

EARLY SEX CONCEPTS

In the present treatise, we are primarily concerned with the love impulse in relation to marriage. As little as the wise men of the past knew of the hidden springs that determine human conduct, they were less informed about the psycho-physiological factors that blessed or cursed men and women in the intimate relations of marriage.

The reason is all too clear. Sex in the whole history of mankind has not been considered from a rational angle. While neither the ancients nor the medievalists had the psychological and physiological facts to treat

it scientifically, as we now understand it, they might have handled the question with more common sense, and probably would have, if the subject had not been so bound up with taboos, mythologies, traditions and static religious concepts.

The savages, realizing the quite irresistible power of sex, were in their ignorance afraid of it. Nevertheless, its influence dominated their religions, rituals and ethical codes. Consequently, they invoked their many and divers gods to guide them sexually aright—which is another way of saying they hypnotized themselves into believing the fancies and fantasies of their own subconscious minds. They unwittingly resurrected their dreams and dramatized them in rituals, symbols and taboos.

At the same time they made many practical compromises with the sexual problems they faced—often succeeding better than civilized man—although the sum of their efforts was a combination of reasonable sexual practices that were dictated by the exigencies of experience, and a system of highly irrational taboos and symbolism which became absorbed into the traditions of the tribe, and thus handed down to posterity.

As strange as it may seem, we have inherited many of these primitive traditions that antedate history, somewhat colored and reshaped by the various theological influences that have prevailed from time to time.

It has always been difficult to straighten out the tangles of sex, because in so doing it has conflicted with traditions and superstitions

which we have had passed down to us, wholly or in part, from the times of remote barbarism.

So it is today, if the suggestion is made that we revise our laws relating to the questions of marriage, divorce, or any problem concerned with sex, we are admonished with the dogmatic precepts of people who lived from two to four or five thousand years ago. And these are solemnly offered as the final contribution of light on a vital, living subject.

Fortunately for us, if we are confronted with the necessity of combating an epidemic, carrying out a great engineering project, or solving some important technological problem, we do not seek such ancient authority. We are satisfied to consult the most enlightened modern opinions, and do not rest our case upon the wisdom of Moses, Paul, or even Aristotle, as profound a scientist as the latter was in his ancient day.

MONOGAMY

Because of woman's status of subjection for thousands of years, marriage from the standpoint of its historical significance, has been far from an ideal relation. It could hardly have fared better, however, as it was based on the premise of master and subject, and was *arranged* in most cases by others, instead of the principals themselves, and often was dictated by social, financial or other considerations, rather than mutual love.

So true was this situation that love and marriage were generally recognized as excluding each other. Not only the poetry and

romance, but the biography and history of our Western civilization for hundreds of years, reveal this outstanding fact. The wife, it is true, had certain practical advantages—but love was reserved for the mistress, the concubine or even the favorite prostitute.

Marriage was a social form and convenience for the man, enabling him to sire an heir of whose paternity he was reasonably certain and continue his name and family line.

For the respectable woman, marriage was a means of attaining social prestige and position, and in many cases it was an economic necessity. It was a desirable meal ticket; but bore no assurance or promise of love.

Consequently, there was little opportunity for the element of true love to enter in—as the modern advocate of the monogamic marriage, founded on equality of interest and mutual love, considers it.

With the tendency toward sex equality, woman secured opportunities for the development of her individuality. Marriage was no longer the only prospect before her. The professions, business, industry, all offered the means of economic independence; or at least of obtaining a livelihood, independently of marriage.

As a result, woman gained power and dignity, and for the first time was placed in a position where she could take a determined stand in matters relating to her own destiny. This has not only tended to enhance her personal qualities, but it is the basis of a real

monogamic marriage, which only can be built upon mutual love, respect, and equality.

Notwithstanding the pessimism of those who see calamity in our present divorce statistics, the modernist believes that not only is there a more desirable and happy state in the present sex relations between married couples, but that there is a genuine progressive trend in the direction of the monogamic ideal.

Conventionalized extra-marital relations that were formerly tolerated or even taken for granted, are now prominent among the causes of divorce, so that a condition of moral corrosion which was formerly concealed, and by its concealment made more poisonous, is now often exposed to the antisepticizing light of day. It might make bad statistics, but it makes for marital honesty and honor, and leaves the prospect for love and happiness in a subsequent union.

Where there is an utter lack of mutual feeling, or where it is obvious to everyone that one of the parties to a marriage contract is doomed to a life of misery because of the fickleness, incompatibility or corruption of the other, it seems reasonable that for the sake of the injured person, as well as in the interest of society as a whole, it were better that the discordant union be dissolved.

The reason there has been so many unfortunate marriages, relatively, is due in no small degree to the lack of preparation on the part of young people for the estate of matrimony.

As marriage is the most intimate possible relationship between two human beings, and is

based on a sexual union, it should readily be apparent that the principals to such an alliance should be well informed regarding their respective roles. Each should know, not only what is reasonably expected of him or her, but should have a good insight as well into the problems of the other. This preparation would of course, be conducive to mutual helpfulness and understanding.

Nevertheless, despite the obvious desirability of this preparation, little or none has been given to young people. Then when the ship of matrimony has drifted into dangerous waters, or has become hopelessly wrecked, the static-minded people who say, in effect, that nothing should be told, or no information given, are the first to rise in dismay and lament over the disintegration of modern marriage and presage the collapse of our civilization.

It is the function of the Rational Sex Series of the Little Blue Books to contribute something to the preparation of young people for a fuller and happier life. It is hoped that the information given in these books will furnish an insight to the boy and girl, to the young man and young woman, and to the married man and married woman, about themselves which will be of definite and lasting value.

CHAPTER II

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF SEX

Broadly speaking, all the phenomena of sex may be grouped, for the purpose of description and analysis, into two general categories—the physical and the psychological.

It will be understood that, just as the physical and the mental components of the organism cannot really be separated, or just as the so-called material and spiritual entities cannot be successfully divided, it is equally impossible to make an actual separation of these two phases of sex. There is too much overlapping and co-ordination and reaction in the organism to dogmatize about this question.

Nevertheless, we can much better understand the processes and functions of sex, with all their complex manifestations, if we theoretically consider their apparent physical and psychological aspects one at a time.

In defense of this theoretical division, or any similar one, it might be stated that physiologists are permitted to take an organ—the stomach, for instance—and consider it as an entity for the purpose of describing its appearance, structure and functions.

As a matter of fact, of course, the stomach cannot function when dissociated from the organism as a whole, and in functioning it is linked up, not only with the digestive tract, from the mouth to the terminus of the large intestine, but with the entire viscera, the brain,

the autonomic nervous system, and even the legs and arms and muscles of the body, as we know that muscular movements and exercise have a definite effect on digestion and the action of the stomach.

This little illustration will serve the two-fold purpose of showing how one vital organ is dependent in its function upon the cooperation of the entire system; also that it is theoretically permissible to analyze one of the links of the organic chain to better understand the construction of the chain as a whole.

THE MALE SEX ORGANS

The anatomy and physiology, or the structure and functions, of the male sex organs have been described at some length in *"What Every Young Man Should Know,"* No. 654 of the Little Blue Books.

However, for the purpose of presenting a connected picture in this chapter, it will be desirable to give a summary of the male generative system. This can best be accomplished briefly by beginning with the seminal fluid—the male fertilizing element—and tracing it from its source, thence on its biological journey.

The seminal fluid, which is produced chiefly in the testicles, is a whitish, albuminous secretion of a characteristic odor. It contains a number of elements, the most important of which are the *spermatozoa.* These are small, polly-wog-shaped cells or bodies, consisting of a nucleated head, a neck and a tail, measuring in all about 1/500 of an inch in length. The head

constitutes less than one-eighth of the body length. The neck is shorter than the head. The whip-like tail is capable of making strong, lashing movements, and when the cell is alive and healthy, it is continually in rapid motion.

It is estimated that upward of thirty million spermatozoa are given out by a normal healthy man in an ejaculation. The spermatozoa are formed in the lobules of the testicles by a complex process of cell division and cell generation. The process is called *spermatogenesis.*

In addition to the testicle secretion, the seminal vesicles and prostate gland also contribute to the constituency of the semen. A drop of semen, highly magnified, in which the spermatozoa will be seen, is shown in the accompanying illustration.

The seminal fluid, which is produced principally in the testicles, passes into the epididymis, thence through the vas deferens into the seminal vesicles to be stored up for future use. During ejaculation, it passes into the prostate urethra through the ejaculatory ducts, and thence on its course from the penis through the urethra proper.

In order to visualize the function of the glands and organs referred to, the nature of each will be described briefly.

The Testes. The testes, or testicles, are two oval-shaped bodies, about one and one-half inches in length, enclosed in a sac of skin and thin muscular tissue called the *scrotum.* They are suspended in the scrotum by the spermatic cord, which consists of loops of muscular tis-

sue, the *vas deferens*, and blood vessels all bound together by connective tissue.

Usually the left testicle hangs a little lower than the right one, but in the case of some men the reverse is true, and this is in nowise an abnormal or unfavorable condition. The veins of the cord are large and numerous and are arranged in a network called the spermatic plexus. An enlargement of these veins is called *varicocele.*

DROP OF SEMEN, HIGHLY MAGNIFIED.

The glandular tissue of the testicle is composed of many lobules, conical in shape, with the bases extending to the outer coat of the testis, while the apices are directed toward the epididymis.

The lobules are made up of fine tubes, measuring from 1/200 to 1/150 of an inch in diameter, arranged in fibrous compartments. The fine tubes converge into larger one, fewer in number, and finally emerge from the body of the testis in the epididymis.

The Vas Deferens. The vas deferens, or *vas*, as it is sometimes called, is a single small tube, about two feet in length, running from the epididymis upward into the pelvic cavity, forming a long loop, coming down beside the bladder, where it is dilated into a sac-like structure called the ampulla, and finally dipping beneath the base of the bladder, connecting with the seminal vesicles. From here it continues to the prostate gland and connects with the urethra, the exist through the penis of both the urine and the seminal fluid.

Cowper's Glands. These glands are small, rounded bodies about the size of a pea. They furnish a small quantity, amounting to about half a dozen drops or more, of a clear, sticky secretion for lubricating the urethra preparatory to the sexual act, or during sexual excitement. As the male urethra is the outlet for the urine as well as for the semen, the channel is apt to contain traces of acid from the urine, which is destructive to the spermatozoa. The alkaline secretion from the Cowper's glands neutralizes any acid that may remain

in the urethra, thus protecting the spermatozoa in their passage from the male organs.

At any time when there is strong or prolonged sexual excitement, a few drops of this secretion may appear, even when the sex act is not contemplated. The occasional appearance of this sticky fluid, under sexual excitement, has often caused worry to men who have not known its significance. Quacks have used this natural phenomenon as a means of frightening boys and young men into believing they were losing a vital fluid, possibly calling it "spermatorrhea," which it is not.

It should be emphasized, therefore, that this preliminary secretion from the Cowper's glands is a normal manifestation during sexual excitement, and is not an evidence of disease or debility.

The Prostate Gland. The prostate is a muscular gland about the size of a horse chestnut, surrounding the urethra at the neck of the bladder. Its function is principally sexual, and the gland is not essential to urination.

The muscular fibres and structures surrounding the prostate, however, assist in maintaining the closure of the bladder and in expelling the urine and seminal secretion. In a diseased state, the prostate is often increased in size, and sometimes causes considerable trouble. Prostatitis is quite a common complaint and enlargement of the prostate is prevalent among middle-aged men.

The portion of the urethra which passes through the prostate is called the *prostatic urethra.* It is a very important section of the

tube. In it are situated the nerves of urinary desire and sexual sensibility. A diseased condition of these nerves may produce, among its characteristic results, increased desire to urinate, derangement of the procreative function, such as impotence and other disturbances.

The prostatic urethra also contains the openings of the two ejaculatory ducts and the numerous prostatic ducts, of which there are some fifteen or twenty on each side. On account of the extremely complex nature of this section of the urethra, the seriousness of gonorrheal infection of these parts, when the disease becomes deep-seated, is readily apparent. When the gonorrheal germs become lodged in these tissues they are very difficult to exterminate, and it requires the most expert attention and prolonged, careful treatment to effect a complete cure.

The Seminal Vesicles. These are a pair of lobular pouches situated below the base of the bladder. They serve as repositories for the seminal secretion, and also contribute a secretion of their own to increase its bulk.

These vesicles, which vary in size in different individuals, are really coiled tubes with numerous compartments. Each vesicle has a duct which joins with the vas deferens to form the ejaculatory duct. The ejaculatory ducts are about three-quarters of an inch in length, extending upward from the base of the prostate.

The Penis. The penis, also called the "membrum virile," is a muscular organ composed of erectile tissue, of three parts or bodies bound together by fibrous tissue.

The penis is supplied with an abundance of small blood vessels, which under sexual excitement flood the organ with blood, causing it to become erect. This condition is known as an erection. Anything, therefore, that interferes with a free supply of blood to this tissue impairs the physiological function of the penis.

The conical-shaped body at the end of the penis is called the *glans penis*. It is equipped with delicate nerves of sexual sensibility. There are glands on and near the inside ridge of the glans penis, the secretion of which, when proper cleanliness is not observed, may accumulate and become offensive, causing irritation or even inflammation.

In boys and young men, a long or tight foreskin, or prepuce, frequently contributes to irritation of this kind. When this condition prevails the foreskin should be removed. This is a slight surgical procedure known as *circumcision*. It is to be recommended for boys generally because of its hygienic benefit.

EROTOGENOUS ZONES

While any one of the five senses may lead to sexual desire, the sense of touch is most definitely associated with it. Furthermore, tactile expressions of affection are particularly in evidence in wooing and in the preliminaries to the sexual act, and the subject is therefore important in a discussion of the physiology of sex. Professor Bain maintained that this sense is both the alpha and omega of affection.

Those parts of the body which are especially sensitive to sexual feeling, or are definitely con-

nected with sexual pleasure, are called erotogenous (love-producing) zones.

In the female, these zones are more numerous and much more diversified than in the male.

In the male, the extremity of the penis—the glans penis—is the principal seat of voluptuous sensation. This portion of the penis is covered with a mucous membrane surface, and is liberally supplied with nerves, which are attuned to sexual response.

The clitoris of the female, however, is in proportion to its size even more abundantly supplied with nerves than the glans of the male. The clitoris is the principal seat of erotic sensation in the female, but there are several other erotogenous zones which have a very definite sexual significance in stimulating sexual feeling.

Of the sexual parts, the vagina—the principal portion of the female organs involved in copulation—and the lower end of the womb, are also highly sensitive and are included in the erotogenous zones; as also are the smaller lips (labia minora) of the external organs.

The next important zone in the female is the nipple of the breast, which is a part of the generative system of the woman, and directly related to the sexual organs in erotic sensation as well as in function.

Thus, the female breasts have always been recognized as a factor in love-making and in stimulating the sexual passion of woman. For her part, woman has been more or less conscious of the erotic importance of her breasts

and has contrived by the arrangement of dress and otherwise to make the most of this asset.

The lips are also universally recognized as an erotogenous zone, as is evidenced in the kiss, which is almost invariably the prelude to more intimate relations; as well as an expression of affection. Furthermore, it has been found that in a large percentage of individuals of either sex, more or less marked sexual desire is aroused by mechanical stimulation applied to the lips.

As the nerves approach the surface of the body which they are to furnish with sensation, they split up into a network of subdivisions. It is an interesting physiological fact to note that one kind of these nerve structures, called "Krause's end-bulbs," which is unusually large, is found only in the penis, clitoris and lips.

Finally, the skin of woman on almost all parts of the body, is subject to sensual feeling under suitable stimuli.

In a sense these facts are widely known, but the knowledge is not adequately utilized in a legitimate way. By this, I mean, the average married man lacks a full realization of the importance of the erotogenous zones. And because of this short-sightedness, he falls that much short of his potentialities as a successful lover.

THE PASSIVE FEMALE

In the realm of sex, the male plays the aggressive, and the female the passive, role. By "passive," I do not mean that woman's normal sexual life is without feeling or expression.

Quite the contrary, her sexual feeling and expression are as deep and profound as in man, but of a different kind, not so conspicuously aggressive, and passive, therefore, in a relative sense.

There are important physiological reasons for the relatively passive role of the female, which implies not only the fact that she is less aggressive than the male, but also that she is intuitively reserved and hesitant in the sexual relations.

This attitude includes a natural defensive armor of coyness, indirectness and a tendency to delay the consummation of the sexual act. It is paralleled in the period of courtship in the comparative reserve of the female. Even when a woman is anxious to receive the love of a man, her method—if she uses the normal feminine technique—is that of convincing him that she is rather indifferent and has to be won.

Of course, the role of the female, even more so than that of the male, is considerably swerved from its "natural" bent under the influences of modern civilization. This is due to the artificial character of our social fabric in general, and to the many incidental factors that affect our lives in considering matrimony.

The principal artificial influencing factor is undoubtedly the economic motive, particularly on the part of parents in their anxiety to see that their daughters "marry well"—usually meaning marrying a man with money, with the assurance of social position, rather than mating for the sake of love. Mercenary incentives

in marriage are not infrequent and further complicate a complex problem.

Much of this is quite inevitable under the stress of our modern society, where after all sufficient material means are a necessity—even when love is present. People raised under certain standards of living can not successfully revert to lower standards and remain happy and contented. The old saying—'When poverty enters the door, love flies out of the window," is not altogether a meaningless aphorism.

In view of the pressure of economic and other influences in our artifical society (and I do not use the term "artificial" in altogether a derogatory sense, as there are both desirable and undesirable features in it), it is remarkable that people act so true to form as they do. The marvel is that men and women retain even as much of their "natural" tendencies as they do, surrounded as they are by so many factors that are not a part of the natural scheme of things.

The essential reason for the passiveness and caution of the female is that she plays a tremendously more significant role than the male in the sphere of sex.

The male, in the sex relations, is concerned primarily with the prospect of a pleasant episode. The female, in the same situation, is concerned (and she seems subconsciously to sense the responsibility, even when it may not be consciously in mind) with the possibility of motherhood. In submitting to the sexual act, she risks suffering and dangers to which the male is not exposed.

It is true that fatherhood incurs responsibilities—even more so under civilization than in the primitive state. But they are the responsibilities that have been imposed by tradition, social codes and education, and are not so deeply rooted in the biological foundation of man that they subconsciously influence his autonomic behavior, as is the case with women.

Whereas fatherhood is, biologically, an incident—motherhood is an occupation, of which the organism in its sexual expression and promptings seem to take full cognizance.

The result is, and this is an important fact, that woman has to be wooed and won—unless she is bought at the matrimonial bargain counter, and these cases are here only alluded to because they exist. It is not our province to attempt their solution. Their problems cannot be solved in a book of this kind, except insofar as their sexual experiences also approach the field we are discussing. Where the problems overlap into match-making economics, we can only hope that things will turn out for the best.

Women must be wooed and won—in courtship; and in every sex episode after marriage, if the man wishes to hold the love and esteem of his mate.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon this fundamental point. Lack of attention to this principle, which may be dignified by the term *Law of Nature*—as it is universal throughout nature—has been the cause of unsatisfactory sexual relations in countless marriages.

Furthermore, the dissatisfaction engendered by sexual disharmony from this source has led to various other complications. As a result of unsatisfactory sexual relations in marriage, the partners become quarrelsome, embittered and nerve-racked. Neurasthenia is not an unusual result. These are among the more ordinary results that never reach the point of conspicuous public notice.

How many cases of infidelity, separation and divorce are due primarily to this cause it is impossible to say. And while the trouble is so often blamed on the "coldness" of the woman, in the great majority of cases it is due to the lack of insight and understanding on the part of the hushand. He has never learned the physiology and psychology of love, and consequently he has never been able to practice the art of love in marriage.

The husband suffers from his own short-comings, and becomes dissatisfied, often embittered. His wife, sexually unsatisfied and spiritually dissatisfied, is equally at sea, and baffled by a situation which for her has no solution. The solution lies in his hands, if he but knew the way.

Walter M. Gallichan says in this connection: "Those who are frustrated resort to old adages for consolation, and profess that women's passions are cold by a design of Nature. Men have themselves to blame for their ill-success in this research. The standards of feminine virtue, modesty, reserve, and reticence have been set up by men, as the dominating sex; and woman's

dependence on the breadwinner and the protector of the brood has caused her subservience to man. Any divergence from tradition instituted by man as the patriarch, or supreme head of the family, has brought penalties and sorrow to women.

"The dread of arousing dislike is one of the origins of sex-modesty. Women all the world over possess a native modesty; and among primitive tribes the instinct is often very marked, and is deep-rooted in the female sex, though the form of expression varies according to race. Civilized women are forced by convention to preserve extreme reticence upon their most intimate, and therefore highly vital, desires, feelings, and deepest emotions, because masculine opinion is generally in favor of vestal ignorance.

"Her deliberations may seem evidence of coldness and calculation. In all cases where her heart is vitally concerned her hesitancy is not affectation, but the manifestation of a subconscious maternal solicitude. Her choice is inexplicable to herself in a set formula. All she knows is that the appeal of this man is irresistible, and fire and flood will not restrain her.

"A man is more impetuous, sudden, aggressive and confident in his wooing. He can afford to be more love-distracted, romantic, idealistic than the woman. In nine cases out of ten there is no definite sense of paternity mingled with his intense yearning for possession. The question of a family may scarcely enter into his re-

flections. He is the eternal male, urged on by an overwhelming impulse to seize the woman and bear her away. Her reluctance alternately stimulates and irritates him, and it may even cause exasperation and anger. The senses have overpowered him; the reason is arrested; he may behave insanely. For the lover and the lunatic cannot disclaim kinship. Passion is an exaltation and a furore.

"The contest between the vehement wooer and his defensive partner is not without real stress and often torment, even when both are enthused by sincere and fervent love. Courtship is not simply a preliminary. It is a continual preparation for a career of the supremest import to the pair and to the race. The impulse to dominate and subdue the coyly resisting woman is very powerful in the man, and in morbid forms this impulse may become cruel.

"Women who love with their whole beings often confess that there is joy in surrender and submission to a lover. The romantic young girl dreams of the valiant knight, tender and yet strong, who has the power to carry her away. But before a woman can abandon herself happily to the will of the suitor she must feel absolute confidence in his love. The bold lover is usually victorious, because his audacity is a sign to the maiden that he represents her ideal of forcefulness; and the manifestation of power gives her trust in his capacity as a future protector. I am writing now only of love, and not of the various social or mercenary incentives to marriage."

CHAPTER III

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF SEX

A great deal has been said by those who object to rational sex education about trusting to "instinct" and "nature" in matters of sex, particularly with respect to the sexual relations in marriage.

This advice is the most utterly ridiculous that has ever been given on an important subject. It would be difficult to think of anything more fallacious, or even disastrous in many cases, in its results.

Fortunately, it requires very little effort to expose the fallacy of this argument. To begin with, we are living in a civilization which has been built up in a process of thousands of years of modifying instinctive tendencies, inhabiting and sublimating them, and in many cases so neglecting others that we have lost the use of certain instincts that are still serviceable to savages, and were important possessions of our remote ancestors.

The admonition to be governed by instinct is quite on a par with the argument that certain practices—birth control, for instance—are not *natural*, and are therefore to be condemned. Of course, contraceptive practices are unnatural in the same sense that living in houses, using artificial light and heat, wearing clothes, eating cooked food, using eye-glasses and doing a thousand odd other things that are commonplace in our civilization, are unnatural.

It is against the law of nature (gravity in this instance) for water to run up hill, but we insist upon having running water in our modern homes, even if we have it pumped up hill to reach us, instead of going down to the back-yard pump, the village well or the city equivalent (of course, there is none) to get water in the *natural way!*

We will admit that we still get children in the natural way—one concession, at least, to the "naturists." But our seventeenth century contemporaries object because we use some discretion in choosing the time to have children, in regulating their number, and declining to bring them into the world when they cannot properly be taken care of and educated.

The fallacies of instinctive guidance and trusting to nature unassisted have been refuted so thoroughly by various writers on the subject of sex education that it will not be necessary to dwell upon the matter here.

WOMAN'S LOVE-LIFE

As we have observed in the previous chapter, woman's erotogenous (love-producing) zones are more numerous than man's. And just as her sexual feeling is more diversified physically, so her sexual nature is more complex psychically.

In using the term "sexual," in this instance, I do so in a broader sense than is generally employed. The new psychology has to its credit the distinction of having given sex a broader meaning than the old academic psychology had accorded to it.

Sex in the sense in which I shall use it in this series is a term that includes all the reproductive impulses and love forces, direct and indirect, conscious and unconscious; in other words, all those biological functions and impulses that are employed in the interest of the race.

While sex passion, as a direct feeling, is unquestionably stronger in the male, the feeling of parenthood, with all that this implies, is stronger in the female. There are individual exceptions to this rule, of course, and because they are recognized as exceptions, they only tend to emphasize the universal application of this rule.

Woman's constructive role in the reproductive realm is responsible for her more diversified sexual psychology, as well as for her more complex sexual physiology. And this fact has to be taken into consideration in the marital relations if there is to be mutual happiness and well being.

It is impossible to estimate how large a proportion of the cases of neurasthenia and other "nervous" troubles is due to an unsatisfactory condition of the modern woman's love life.

Dr. Paul Dubois, the famous French neurologist, states in his "*Psychic Treatment of Nervous Disorders*": "A still closer connection is established between the psycho-neuroses and the sexual life, and if patients were a little less discreet on this point we should see that there is very little 'nervousness' in those who have no sexual disturbances."

There are women without number who are in the nerve racking position of possessing normal sexual desires which are never completely satisfied because, (1) of the irrational sex inhibitions which they have acquired as a part of their education, and (2) of the husband's lack of knowledge of feminine sex psychology.

The last named factor is of greater importance than the first, because a tactful, informed husband could in practically all cases help to overcome the irrational inhibitions. He could do this by taking the initiative—and only he can successfully take the initiative in the sexual relations—in adjusting themselves to a role of sexual harmony in the marital life.

Woman craves love and affection, and if she is placed by marriage in physical juxtaposition to the means of satisfying this craving, without ever enjoying the gratification that her whole organism demands, a state of chronic disorder is bound to ensue.

As a result we have explosive "nerves" with all sorts of concomitant physical and mental disturbances—the price of sexually cheated womanhood.

As much as the evil of sexual excesses in marriage is cautioned against ignorance of sexual psychology and conjugal hygiene often leads to harmful denials that are no less injurious than immoderation. Undue ascetic restraint accounts for far-reaching disturbances in the emotional, mental and physical make-up of married people.

The conflict engendered by physical intimacy on the one hand, and physical denial on the other, is provocative of violent nervous upheavals.

Balls-Headley came to the conclusion as a result of his observation in Australia of seven thousand cases of ailments of the generative system in women, that lack of satisfaction in the normally constituted woman is a fruitful source of disease.

It is true that the monotony of household routine tends to create a neurotic background for many women. But when to this is added a sexually unhealthy life, the breaking point is hastened and the damage intensified, when it might have been retarted, or even successfully overcome if the marital relations had been successfully harmonized.

The question of overwork in the ordinary modern household should not be a serious one. Freud struck a significant note when he said that the physician who informs a busy man that he has overworked himself, or an active woman that her household duties nave been too burdensome, should have told his patients they are sick, not because they have sought to discharge duties which for a civilized brain are comparatively easy, but because they have neglected if not stifled their sexual life while attending to their duties.

Another fact, and an important one, in producing marital disharmony, with its resultant train of evils is the fear of conception. There is no more nerve-racking life for a woman than

the constant fear of pregnancy. The ignorant notion of leaving procreation to chance is an anachronism far removed from twentieth century marriage ideals. When the husband is out of sympathy with the wife on this vital question—or is indifferent to the matter—harmony and happiness are impossible.

It seems to be the consensus of opinion of all those who have given the subject of sex problems in marriage any serious consideration, that practically all women—regardless of their abstract religious beliefs—desire to regulate the number of their children and prevent unwanted pregnancies—at least in their own cases. The fact that they are not more often successful is due to their ignorance of reliable contraceptive methods and the lack of cooperation on the part of the husband. The well known prevalence of abortion among all classes of American people who lack contraceptive knowledge speaks eloquently of the tragic condition that results when this information is withheld.

BENEFITS OF CONJUGAL LIFE

The benefits of a well ordered conjugal life have been set forth by many authorities. Some of the ill effects and deplorable results of a disordered conjugal life have been mentioned. These, after all, are the consequences of ignorance and misunderstanding, and not of married life as such.

Kisch, one of the greatest authorities on the sexual life of woman, has commented upon the

beneficial effects of wedlock upon the health of ailing women.

Notwithstanding the unfavorable sexual experiences of a large number of women in the married state, the greater longevity of married women than the unmarried indicates that even partial gratification is better than complete inhibition of the sexual life.

Matthew Duncan declares there can be no doubt of the value of intercourse in regulating the sexual life of woman. Anstie states that unappeased natural desire is a frequent source of neurasthenia in women, and that digestive disorders and anemia are often cured by marriage.

Rohlider is also of the opinion that various neurasthenic symptoms disappear in successful marriage, and that suppressed desire may cause depression of spirits, irritability and excessive lust. Dubois, already referred to, writes: "The moderate exercise of the sexual functions can create a salutory euphoria and calm the nerves, even in sick people; it favors sleep, and sometimes causes painful mental states of anxiety and vague unrest to cease."

Mosso, in his work on "*Fatigue*," alludes to intercourse as both a stimulus and a seditive. Haig gives a physiological basis to the benefit derived from the sexual act by stating that it lessens bad temper by withdrawing blood pressure from the brain.

In the works of numerous other sexologists, including Ellis, Robinson, Gallichan, Robie, Long, Stone, the benefits of normal sex expres-

sion, physical, mental and spiritual, are stressed.

After all, the relationship between health and the exercise of an important biological function like sex should be perfectly obvious. Mankind is equipped with special sets of sexual nerves, very complex in their ramifications. This organization of nerve structure was meant to be used. As the response to all nerve stimulus is either pleasure or pain—never indifference among normal people—it follows that pleasure is a legitimate result to be expected of sexual expression.

When the mental attitude of a couple is in harmony in regard to the function of sex, when there is insight and understanding, sympathy and mutuality, the physical consummation of love is the highest expression of ecstasy and sublimity.

That this evidence of supreme bliss, or anything approaching it, reacts in enduring happiness, well being and mental and physical health, should be as clear as the connection of cause and effect can be.

WOOING AS A PSYCHIC PREPARATION

Throughout nature, the male woos the female before every act of copulation. The intensity and elaboration of the wooing depends upon the erotic characteristics of the species. The process is an inevitable one, however; it is never dispensed with in the sexual relations in the animal world.

The meaning of this is *preparation.* Wooing is a form of preparation—physical and mental.

Even much of the physical preparation depends upon the mental attitude toward the subject, although there is always a reaction and reciprocity between those two components.

Only among mankind is wooing—in the biological sense—as a rule neglected. The average man does his wooing before marriage, in the formalities of courtship. When he has won his bride, he ceases his wooing, and society, by neglecting to teach otherwise, approves the ill-conceived course.

Consequently, sexual relations are too often indulged in by the man in an abrupt, matter of fact manner. His sexual passion is quickly, often spontaneously, aroused, and he seeks to satisfy himself. This he does, or attempts to do, without any realization of the slower moving sexual nature of his mate.

Because of the profound difference between their sexual make-up, which has behind them a totally unlike biological history, they approach the intimacy of the conjugal relations from quite a different angle.

Dr. Marie C. Stopes, the English exponent of sex enlightenment and voluntary parenthood, writes on this subject: "It should be realized that a man does not woo and win a woman once for all when he marries her. *He must woo her before every separate act of coitus;* for each act corresponds to a marriage . . ."

Again, the same writer declares: "Man, through prudery, through the custom of ignoring the woman's side of marriage, and considering his own whim as the marriage law, has largely lost the art of stirring a chaste partner

to physical love. He therefore deprives her of a glamor, the loss of which he deplores, for he feels a lack not only of romance and beauty, but of something higher which is mystically given as the result of the complete union. He blames his wife's 'coldness' instead of his own want of art. Then (sometimes) he seeks elsewhere for the things she would have given him had he known how to win them. And she, knowing that the shrine has been desecrated, is filled with righteous indignation, though generally as blind as he to the true cause of what has occurred."

The ardor and impulsiveness of the male must be controlled, and the erotic energy utilized in preparing (wooing) the female for the joyous consummation of love. This can only be realized in a thoroughly mutual, reciprocal relationship—where the desire to possess is equalled by the desire to be possessed. An ancient Chinese philosopher has expressed this thought in these appropriate words: "Where *two* are jointly concerned, *one* must not insist."

Frigidity (absence of sexual feeling) on the part of the woman is undoubtedly a factor in marital disharmony. However, the proportion of genuinely frigid wives to the extent of sexual dissatisfaction is very small.

Much of what passes for "frigidity" in wives is a state of apathy or repugnance to unsatisfactory sexual relations—unsatisfactory because the preliminary wooing which nature demands has never been forthcoming.

Another type of artificial "frigidity" is cul-

tivated by a process of miseducation with respect to the vital problems of life, to which a large number of refined women in particular have been subjected. Taught from the time of their earliest childhood that everything relating to the physical side of sex is "nasty," "impure," "animal-like," etc., there is created a formidable mental attitude of revulsion toward any sort of sexual experience. As a result of this barrier the conjugal relations are perhaps looked forward to with loathing, when not repressed out of mind as too "low" and "base" to think of. But even cases of this kind, which involve the reeducation of the wife, can be won over by a tactful, considerate husband who has an understanding of sexual psychology.

The presence of structural defects, abnormalities and chronic affections of the generative organs may be responsible for a feeling of antipathy, or even horror, toward sexual congress. This condition, however, is a problem for the pathologist, or at least for the gynecologist, and lies outside of our present discussion.

We are primarily interested in normally sexed married people who are seeking the information which will enable them to live a happier and fuller conjugal life.

Fortunately, the great mass of men and women come in this category, and those who have not succeeded in adjusting themselves harmoniously in their sexual relations may do so by obtaining an insight into the fundamental laws of sex.

The majority of women who are apathetic, in-

different or even antipathetic in the marital relations may be won over to a basis of normal expression if the sexual partner shows the consideration which the feminine nature unconsciously, but uncompromisingly, demands.

This implies that the man must never force himself sexually upon his mate, and never assert himself when the act may be physically undesirable or psychically repugnant. The sexual feelings of both men and women run in cycles, but in women the variation is much more defined. At certain times of the month, intercourse may be objectionable to the woman because of the low ebb of her sexual libido. At such times, which are readily perceivable to the informed husband, he will not engender antagonism and discord by being insistent.

At those times when the woman is disposed to sexual excitation, then the man's advances should be framed in loving words, in petting and fondling; in other words, in love-play and in the most endearing solicitation of which he is capable. He should never be hasty or rash; always considerate, first and last of the feelings of his partner.

Dr. T. W. Galloway has expressed himself as follows in regard to the function of courtship within marriage:

"Even in animals which live together for a season, each act of sex intercourse is normally introduced by at least a brief period of personal courtship. This may be long and complex and with varied appeals of song and movement and color. The value of this is that it prepares both mates physically and psychically

for the act of mating. Because of the greater range of psychical development in humans and of the powerful effect—both stimulating and inhibiting—which psychical states may have upon sex interest, this courtship between husband and wife is even more necessary than among animals. Such intimate love-making among those rightly mated makes physical intercourse more desired; by stimulating the secretions it makes union more easy and more pleasurable; and most of all it takes an animal function and lifts it out of a mere physical state into a sacrament which binds together all the phases of human love into one. For this complete union of two persons there is no parallel in all our human experience. Illegitimate sex relations, mating without psychical love, or psychical love exclusive of the privilege of mating, have no such complete or permanent satisfying value.

"Aside from this and yet because of this, love-making courtship between husband and wife should not be confined to times of mating. Even the male birds continue their love-songs to the mate while she is incubating the eggs and when actual mating is past. Married life should continue, keep alive, and perfect that which courtship before marriage began; the development of love while physical union is in restraint. Such love-making has a quality which is very convincing and satisfying to the mate. It adds a special flavor to the joys of the whole married relation.

CHAPTER IV

WOMAN'S LOVE-RIGHTS

We have discussed the question of the physiology and psychology of sex, particularly from the man's standpoint. Because of lack of space, a description of the generative organs of woman, as a part of the physiology, has not been given. This information, however, is covered quite fully in Little Blue Book No. 655. "*What Every Young Woman Should Know*," and the question is amplified in No. 657, "*What Every Married Woman Should Know*." It is recommended that the husband should particularly read the latter book, as it supplements many of the problems presented in the present volume.

Furthermore, the success of marriage depends so much upon a mutual understanding of each other's sexual nature as well as upon an adequate insight into one's own particular side of the question, that husband and wife should be equally well informed about the problem of sex from both the masculine and feminine standpoints.

Unfortunately for married people, it has never been considered necessary or desirable to prepare for marriage. There is no undertaking in life which is so important; and there is no undertaking for which men and women receive less preparation.

As Cabot has said: "Love has to go to school like every other human faculty, and marriage

is the only school where the sessions are long enough and continuous enough to break through the barriers just beyond which are the prizes."

And starting marriage untaught has its hazards as we have seen. While the sessions are long enough and continuous enough—the trouble is that the tutors do not know the subject which they are undertaking to teach. The mistakes have been many and serious, and the wonder is that the results are often no more detrimental than they are.

SEXUAL RELATIONS

Married life, from every angle, is a process of adjustment, cooperation and mutual consideration. The sexual relations, signifying a physical, emotional and spiritual communion in the consummation of love, are the key-stone of the matrimonial arch. It stands or falls on the success or failure of these relations.

In the preceding chapter, I have spoken of the role of the man as the wooer in the preliminaries to the sex act. There are other important problems involved, including the procedure in the initial act of copulation; the frequency and hygiene of intercourse, when it should be avoided; the desirability of controlling conception, and other questions upon which enlightenment is required.

The sexual initiation, or the bridal night, is the most important event in the whole life of the bride. Upon the result of this experience depends in a large measure her whole physical and mental reaction to future sex relations,

either for a long time to come, or even permanently.

It is ncessary to generalize in discussing this subject, or any normal phase of the sex question. This is somewhat unsatisfactory, as there are many types of women, representing widely different degrees of sexual sensitiveness, vitality, curiosity and enlightenment.

Women who have been informed upon the subject and have had their curiosity aroused so that they are prepared, and perhaps anxious to participate in the consummation of the marriage, offer no problem in this instance. By their preparation, they have found the solution when the husband is equally well informed, to one of the most important problems they will have to encounter.

We must consider the status of the young woman who has only a vague idea, and possibly an ill-founded one, of what sexual intercourse will mean to her. Furthermore, some women are extremely sensitive and nervous. Others are tender, and the rupture of the hymen, if it should be somewhat resistant, may cause considerable pain, if the utmost care and solicitude are not shown.

In this case, the complete act of coitus should not be attempted at first. It is better that the hymen be gradually stretched, to avoid a painful tearing away of the membranous obstruction. Several nights may be required to bring about the complete defloration, without shock or injury. And the man who shows this consideration and care in initiating his bride will

never have occasion to regret his foresight. He may be sure that the woman of his choice will always remain grateful for his restraint.

After the first coitus, which represents the beginning of the practical education of the woman in the conjugal relations, there is still a considerable period which calls for extreme discretion and moderation on the part of the husband.

Love, as has been explained, is a more diversified manifestation in the woman than in the man. With her, it is expressed in caresses, embraces and in less sensual evidences; whereas, in man, it is more centralized in sexual passion.

The husband should remember that the erethism, or desire, of his wife should correspond with his own before the sexual act is undertaken. Insistance or compulsion of an indisposed partner is a decidedly unhygienic and unethical procedure, destructive to connubial harmony.

Repetition of this offense is liable to lead to serious consequences, such as a positive loathing for the husband, and an acquired aversion to sexual intercourse. The intricate ramifications of the nervous system by their reaction to sexual stimulation, produce a proper mental and emotional state, when the physical condition is favorable, as a preliminary to copulation.

In man this condition is readily aroused, but in woman it is usually slower in expressing itself, and often the feeling is aroused only at the periodical high tides of sexual vitality,

generally just before and after menstruation. However, there is no rule governing definitely the time of these occurrences, as the occasions of this physical preparedness, or tumescence, are widely variable.

In the early weeks of marriage, the psychological factor is more important than at any other time, except than during the initiative bridal night itself. During the honeymoon period, the mental qualities of the bride are extremely sensitive to impressions and responsive to their reactions. The utmost tact and consideration are required of the husband in all his intimate actions and attentions.

The future of marriage may be made secure to happiness, or irreparably marred, by these early experiences. There are women advanced in years, and mothers of men, who have never completely recovered from the tragedy of maladroit initiation into marriage. Sometimes a condition of frigidity is produced in a wife during the first few weeks of wedlock. The possibilities are open at this time for the harmonious physical blending that will bring the couple together in a sublime merging of body and soul—the highest goal of true married love; or, it may arouse in the woman a revulsion and horror, and inflict on her sensitive nature a wound that may never entirely be healed.

In the process of making a harmonious sexual adjustment, therefore, the young husband will bear in mind the psychological differences of the two sexes, and never be hasty or rash in asserting himself. He must realize that he is

taking the initiative in the sexual education of his spouse—and at the same time, adding to his own sexual understanding.

Of course, there are some women quite exceptional who are more passionate, and whose nature demands more frequent satisfaction.

RECIPROCITY IN THE SEXUAL RELATIONS

The traditional Occidental notion of the sexual function has been that man is the sole deriver of pleasure, and that woman is merely an instrument to contribute to this end.

The Orientals, more versed in the arts of love, have to their credit generally recognized the reciprocal relationship of the sex act, and are scrupulously conscientious in their fulfillment of this requirement.

Dr. Wilfrid Lay (*A Plea for Monogamy*) has expressed this ideal of reciprocity in the sex relations in the following words:

"The right of the wife to experience the erotic acme at every love episode is only beginning to be admitted. Up to the present time the husband has generally gone on the principle of taking his wife's body for the fine physical catharsis he fancies it produces in himself.

"Taking a woman's body, however, for the fine emotional catharsis, without 'considering too curiously' just how it trikes the woman is manifestly, to any thoughtful man, merely a one-sided affair. It involved only as a negative quantity the results of his action upon the woman, because erotically the result is negative in her case. The most it can do is to stir

her emotions a little, leave her with more or less ungratified desire, a tension which in the end is most harmful to her.

"Only a man whose mentality is below par or undeveloped can feel himself fully satisfied with an attempt at a purely physical love episode like this. To his unconscious it can be but the stepping up a step that isn't there, a striking out at the empty air. For the exaltation (which would come from passion reciprocated) is indelibly registered on his unconscious as a negative quantity. It is a dent in a surface intended by nature to be convex. In the fully developed man all the sensibilities registering response in the mate are present, and if they are not given the opportunity to function, the lack of it is definitely recorded in the unconscious. The man has as much right biologically to a response in his wife as the wife has a right to be sympathetically handled.

"In a time soon to come men will take into consciousness and into conscious control all instinctive actions, and all these unconscious lacks; and will so plan their love that the absence of response will be avoided. The woman's right to be made to respond will be finally acknowledged.

"The right of woman to experience such stirring up of conscious depths of soul as is caused by the erotic acme of the love episode, and the advantage to her health and general welfare coming from such stirring are two separate questions. Havelock Ellis has admitted that the woman's right to love and all it can include

is not a right in a political or even an ethical sense, any more than the right to be happy.

"But for the existence of the relation of a higher type of erotism to health of body and mind physiological science is piling up proof every year. There is a positive relation, a direct connection, of cause and effect. Only the fullest use of all the faculties makes the fullest and therefore the happiest life.

"Response as an actual manifestation on the wife's part may be absent while there is a repressed response present. In other words the desire and gratification of it may both occur in her, but below the level of consciousness. A previous attraction which drew her toward her husband when he was her lover may have been repressed by some gauche behavior of his. Desire, even after conscious passion has cooled, may nevertheless remain in the unconscious. If consciously accepted, desire is accompanied by a phyical condition of tumescence. If not consciously accepted, either the tumescence does not enter consciousness or it is not in the same organs it would be in if one were consciously entertaining desire.

"In the absence of the proper or suitable substitute gratification, the increase of blood supply to specific organs gradually diminishes and the desire gradually subsides; but there is still left a nerve tension that is closely bound up with various ideas, images and other predominantly mental states."

FREQUENCY OF COITUS

There is no question asked by married people

more often than the frequency with which the sexual relations may be engaged in, to assure the most beneficial results to both parties.

This question cannot, of course, be answered categorically, because of the wide difference in individual temperaments, physical and mental dispositions, ages, climate, diet, and other factors. It is quite readily understood that sexual indulgence which would be normal for one person may be either excessive or inadequate for another.

However, there are certain principles that may be applied in a general way, and common sense, together with our knowledge of sexual phenomena, will further help to guide us.

It is generally agreed that for normally constituted people at the height of their sexual powers, intercourse may be engaged in beneficially not oftener than twice a week. Many men of average vitality may think that they can safely exceed this limitation, but it is always best to avoid the possibility of excesses. A conservative policy in regard to the expenditure of vital sexual energy is always desirable.

Furthermore, by applying the principle of wooing before each sexual embrace, the relations will be more satisfying and the periods between may be longer than if the act is performed in a perfunctory way—*i.e.*, merely as a means of furnishing a physical climax.

As the couple grow older they will find it desirable to lengthen the period between each act of coitus. Generally speaking—and again there are always exceptions—after forty, the

sex relations may well be limited to once a week, and in later years, say after fifty, to once in ten days or twice a month.

Malchow states: "In practice it will be found that most always when there is sexual excess it occurs either at times when the relations are illicit, or temporary, in which the utmost efforts are exerted to derive the greatest amount of pleasure within a limited time; or when the marital relation has been assumed after a life of continence.

"Married people who confine their relations within the family, practically never, except there be a great difference in age or other extraordinary circumstances, indulge excessively in sexual relations after the novelty of the situation has worn away and they have become accustomed to each other.

"On the contrary, it is more likely that under our social conditions more injury is wrought by irregular and denied relations than by the frequency of natural intercourse."

In the question of frequency, I have spoken from the husband's standpoint; but wish to reiterate that the wife's wishes and feelings should always be considered, as repeatedly set forth in this treatise. If the sexual act is a great nervous and emotional strain on the woman, resulting in a state of exhaustion, the effects of which remain for several days, then coitus should be engaged in less frequently. In cases of this kind, it would be well for the man to learn to adjust himself to his wife's sexual requirements, so that these ill effects are avoided. Usually these nervous reactions

are the result of some lack of harmony in reaching the climax, or in mental inhibitions on the part of the woman. When the husband has learned from experience, and through the insight which rational sex knowledge should give him, how to adapt himself to his wife's sexual nature, the climax should be followed by nervous relaxation instead of heightened tension.

Moderation is always a safe rule of conduct in any field of life's activities. In no branch is this principle more valuable in its application than in the realm of sex. Excesses in coitus are debilitating.

There are some wives, quite exceptional but not rare, who are so robust sexually that they make inordinate demands upon the husband. If the husband finds himself so mated, he should discuss with his wife their respective problems, and if she has his best interests at heart, she will recognize the necessity of co-operating in the policy of moderation. In any event, the husband, if prudent, will not permit himself to be overtaxed by excessive indulgence.

In all cases of unequal sexual vigor, it would be well for the more robust mate to accommodate himself or herself, as far as possible, to the deficiency of the other, and the weaker one do all that may reasonably be expected to strengthen his or her sexual libido in the attempt to bring it up to normal.

Coitus During Menstruation. The fact that many women are more amorous during menstruation than at any other time, brings up the

question of the desirability or undesirability of intercourse at this period. For very good reasons, sexual congress should be refrained from during menstruation.

In the first place it is unhygienic and unesthetic; and in the second place it is apt to lead to congestion of the uterus and other parts of the woman's generative system; or it may be the cause of catarrah in the urethra of the man.

Coitus During Pregnancy. It is the consensus of opinion of the leading sexologists and gynecologists that intercourse during pregnancy is not harmful to the woman if proper care is observed. It is true that certain theorists and extremists advocate complete abstinence during pregnancy. This demand, however, is unreasonable and unwarranted, and compliance with it would subject married people who are used to regular intercourse to a hardship that is altogether uncalled for. To deprive the husband and wife for nearly eleven months (counting the six or seven weeks after the birth of the child during which abstinence is necessary) of the relief in nervous and emotional tension that follows sexual intercourse would be an unwise interference with their love-life. The woman during this period is not an invalid, and for the most of the time, observing proper precautions, is in fairly good health, and benefits from the nerve calming reaction of the sexual embrace.

The sexual relations may be continued with customary frequency during the first four months of pregnancy, but it is advisable to

moderate their intensity. For the following three months, it would be well to engage in coitus at rarer intervals, and great care should be taken to avoid pressure upon the uterus and intensity in the act. During the last two months, it is best to desist from intercourse. The period of abstinence should be continued for at least six weeks after the birth of the child.

CHAPTER V

SEXUAL DISTURBANCES IN THE MALE

The problem of sexual disturbances with regard to the male is bound up with a number of considerations. First, there is the question of the venereal diseases, which have left their destructive and debilitating effects on so many men. This is a special problem in itself, and as the subject has been discussed at some length in Little Blue Book No. 654, it will be unnecessary to dwell upon it at this time.

Next in numerical importance come sexual neurasthenia, sterility, sexual impotence, prostatic disturbances, etc.

SEXUAL NEURASTHENIA

Neurasthenia, or nervousness, may be either hereditary or acquired. The symptoms, superficially, are lack of nerve strength, or deficiency or exhaustion of nerve force, resulting in hypersensitiveness to annoying stimuli, lack of self-control, and the tendency to become easily irritated.

The condition may be more or less general, in that case a derangement of the entire system, or it may be local—limited to a certain part of the organism. Thus, there is gastric, cardiac, cerebral, spinal and sexual neurasthenia. Often the trouble begins as sexual neurasthenia, then extends to other organs, and finally becomes general.

It is the sexual classification only that we

are now considering. So-called hereditary neurasthenia is really a *predisposition* to nervous instability, rather than the condition itself, as the disorder is brought about by untoward circumstances in the life of the individual. These unfavorable circumstances may be improper nutrition, undue repression of any side of the emotional life, conflicts between ideals and desires, or even sheer imitation of the neurotic traits of elders.

The tendency of the neurasthenic condition is to localize itself upon the weakest organ or organs, which accounts for the nervous dyspepsia of some, nervous heart of others, etc. But in any form of neurasthenia, no matter what organ may be the seat of the local involvement there is almost invariably a sexual disturbance. This indicates the close relation of nervous instability to the sexual organization.

As a matter of fact, a large part of the trouble is due to irrational or improper use of the sex functions (including the result of disease), or to their suppression; also to mental conflicts between the natural desires and certain ethical or religious convictions. In fewer cases, it is due to over-indulgence of the sexual appetite.

The influence of the neurasthenic condition upon the mentality, or *vice versa*, is such that it cannot be differentiated at times from certain abnormal mental states, namely, hypochondriasis, hysteria (in the female), and in attacks of emotional insanity. It is this psychological aspect of neurasthenia which led Freud to consider that all neuroses are due to psychic

shocks or disturbances of one kind or another, and that almost invariably there is an unpropitious sexual background.

The more one considers this phase of neurasthenia, the more it becomes evident that Freud is almost, if not entirely, correct in his conclusions. Of course, we really know the sexual history of a very few neurotic cases, and very little reliance can be placed on the individual's admission in this respect. The social traditions under which we have been educated make it difficult to confess the actual facts of our sexual life, and the patient's own mental repressions add to the difficulty by producing "forgetfulness."

Then, again, neurasthenia is not so much actual nervous debility as it is lack of control —sheer waste of nerve force. We all see "nervous" individuals about us who every day waste enough nerve force, which if harnessed and constructively applied, could perform marvels in every field of human activity. The wonder is that the reckless and useless expenditure of nervous energy does not leave them physical wrecks in a week. Nevertheless, they go on this way month after month, year after year, and very rarely succumb as a result of their nerve dissipation.

Masturbation and continence are factors in neurasthenia, but as these conditions are hardly to be expected in married life, we shall not have to consider them here. *Coitus interruptus* (premature withdrawal) to prevent pregnancy is undoubtedly an important factor in male sexual neurasthenia. As the woman also suf-

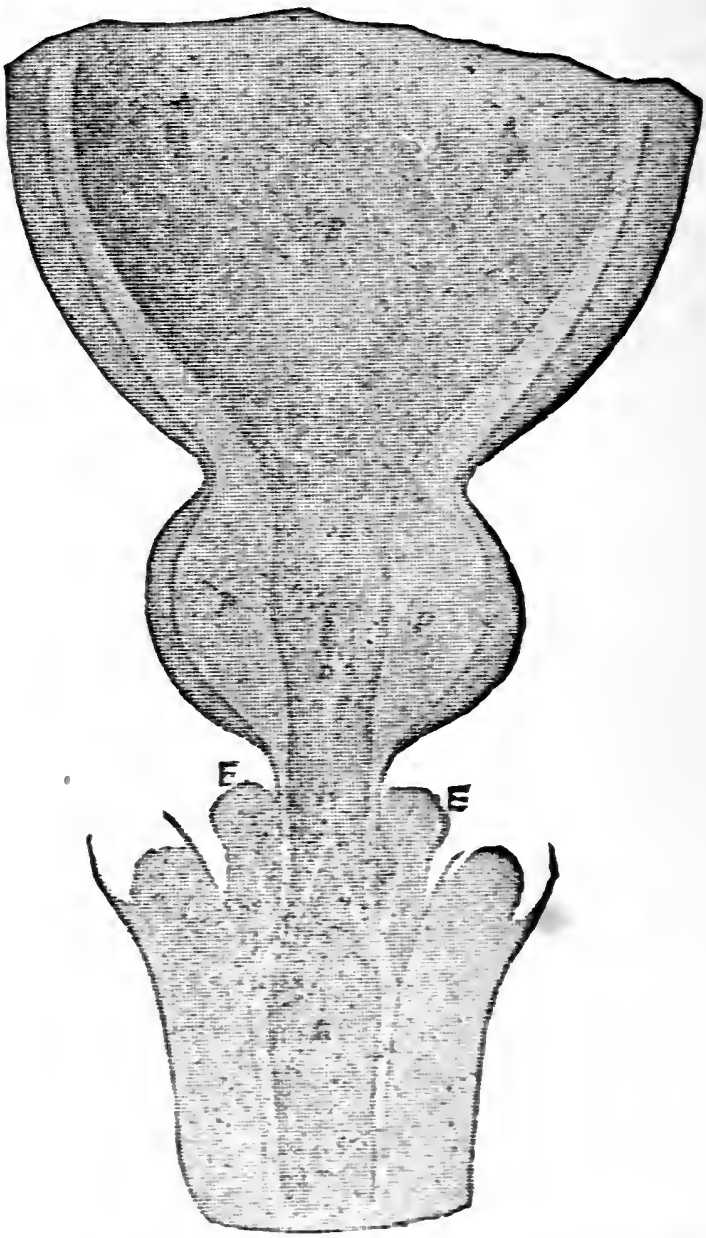

Diagram of Urethra, Prostate and Bladder.

A—Mouths of ureters.
B—Cavity of bladder.
D — Veru montanum and ejaculatory ducts on floor of prostatic urethra.
E—Cowper's glands.
F—Membranous urethra.
G—Bulbous urethra.

fers from the incomplete sex act, this fact suggests to those who practice *coitus interruptus* that they should at once revise their sexual habits. The prevailing laws, unfortunately for millions of mature, *independent* American citizens, do not permit them to discuss with each other the ways and means of avoiding conception when it is desired. The people of England, France, Holland, Germany, New Zealand, Mexico, and many other parts of the world have liberty, or common sense, enough to permit this right to themselves—but the American citizen, although there is overwhelming evidence that he needs it, and plenty of proof that he wants it, is still too indifferent to demand the sacred right of jurisdiction over his own personal affairs that is now withheld from him by his elected representatives because of his indifference (or is it hypocrisy?).

While sexual neurasthenia may be established at the time of marriage, or the groundwork for the disturbance may be present, in a large proportion of cases, it can be overcome in the most of them, when actual disease is not present, by following the regimen of conjugal hygiene advocated throughout the preceding chapters. And it can certainly be prevented among healthy married couples by a harmonious adaptation of their sexual natures in accordance with the laws of sex.

SEXUAL IMPOTENCE AND STERILITY

Sexual weakness, or impotence, may be partial, of varying degrees; or it may be complete. It may be temporary or permanent.

In many cases the man lacks sexual desire, so that the impotence would probably not be a great handicap upon him if he were not married. But in the married state, this condition is productive of disharmony and marital discord. The only exception is if the woman is genuinely frigid; and, of course, under such circumstances the marriage would hardly be a representative one, as the sexual element, which, when properly used, is productive of the finest impulses in married life, would be absent.

Impotence that is due to a physiological cause (organic), such as diseased testicles, prostate or an inflammation, must be treated by a competent physician, or better, by an experienced sexologist. It is a difficult condition to remedy, and the prospects of success are determined by the nature and extent of the disease.

In psychic impotence, the trouble is due to the individual's mental condition. There is no organic basis for his impotence, but a complex or obsessive idea reposing below the level of consciousness. He fears or imagines he is sexually weak, and this feeling is so pronounced that it dominates his sexual life—although he is usually not aware of the existence of the mental cause. Proper psychic treatment is the best means of overcoming this trouble.

Male sterility may be due (1) to an obstruction in the epididymis or vas deferens, so that the semen cannot pass through its natural outlet; (2) to lack of spermatozoa, or to sper-

matozoa of inferior quality (lacking motility); (3) to imperfectly developed or injured testicles; (4) diseased prostate or seminal vesicles.

The principal cause of male sterility is undoubtedly an obstruction in the seminal ducts —the epididymis or vas deferens—as a result of gonorrhea.

Sterility is sometimes traceable to mumps, or parotitis—inflammation of the parotid gland, near the ear. In the case of mumps in older boys, or men, as sometimes occurs, the testicles usually become inflamed and swell up. Even as a result of mumps in childhood, sterility may occur in adulthood, emphasizing the mysterious relationship between the parotid gland and the sex organs.

Some sterility is obviously incurable, and other types are curable. In any case, it depends upon treating the primary cause, and removing the seat of the trouble if that be possible.

Prostatitis, as inflammation of the prostate gland is called, may be due to various conditions. Injuries, as by the use of instruments —even when carefully handled—sometimes produce prostatitis. The chief cause, however, is infection—and most frequently the *gonococcus* is the infecting agency. The prostate may also be infected from the lower bowel—*colon bacillus* infection.

Deep-seated gonorrheal infection is generally accompanied by inflammation of the prostate. When the condition becomes chronic, it may later in life develop into an enlargement of

the prostate—which is a commonplace and serious trouble in elderly men. Successful handling of prostatitis depends upon absolute rest and hygienic conditions, combined with expert treatment.

THE END.

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THE STORY OF SCHOPENHAUER'S PHILOSOPHY

I. THE AGE

Why is it that the first half of the nineteenth century lifted up, as voices of the age, a group of pessimistic poets—Byron in England, De Musset in France, Heine in Germany, Leopardi in Italy, Pushkin and Lermontof in Russia; a group of pessimistic composers — Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, and even the later Beethoven (a pessimist trying to convince himself that he is an optimist); and above all, a profoundly pessimistic philosopher—Arthur Schopenhauer?

That great anthology of woe, *The World as Will and Idea*, appeared in 1818. It was the age of the "Holy" Alliance. Waterloo had been fought, the Revolution was dead, and the "Son of the Revolution" was rotting on a rock in a distant sea. Something of Schopenhauer's apotheosis of Will was due to that magnificent and bloody apparition of the Will made flesh in the little Corsican; and something of his despair of life came from the pathetic distance of St. Helena—Will defeated at last, and dark Death the only victor of all the wars. The Bourbons were restored, the feudal barons were returning to claim their lands, and the pacific idealism of Alexander had unwittingly mothered a league for the suppression of progress everywhere. The great age was over. "I thank God," said Goethe, "that I am not young in so thoroughly finished a world."

All Europe lay prostrate. Millions of strong men had perished; millions of acres of land had been neglected or laid waste; everywhere on the Continent life had to begin again at the bottom, to recover painfully and slowly the civilizing economic surplus that had been swallowed up in war. Schopenhauer, traveling through France and Austria in 1804, was struck by the chaos and uncleanliness of the villages, the wretched poverty of the farmers, the unrest and misery of the towns. The passage of the Napoleonic and counter-Napoleonic armies had left scars of ravage on the face of every country. Moscow was in ashes. In England, proud victor in the strife, the farmers were ruined by the fall in the price of wheat; and the industrial workers were tasting all the horrors of the nascent and uncontrolled factory-system. Demobilization added to unemployment. "I have heard my father say," wrote Carlyle, "that in the years when oatmeal was as high as ten shillings a stone, he had noticed the laborers retire each separately to a brook, and there drink instead of dining, anxious only to hide their misery from one another."[1] Never had life seemed so meaningless, or so mean.

Yes, the Revolution was dead; and with it the life seemed to have gone out of the soul of Europe. That new heaven, called Utopia, whose glamor had relieved the twilight of the gods, had receded into a dim future where only young eyes could see it; the older ones had followed that lure long enough, and turned away from it now as a mockery of men's hopes. Only the young can live in the future, and only the old can live in the past; men were most of

[1] Froude: *Life and Letters of Thomas Carlyle*, I. p. 52.

them forced to live in the present, and the present was a ruin. How many thousands of heroes and believers had fought for the Revolution! How the hearts of youth everywhere in Europe had turned towards the young republic, and had lived on the light and hope of it,—until Beethoven tore into shreds the dedication of his Heroic Symphony to the man who had ceased to be the Son of the Revolution and had become the son-in-law of reaction. How many had fought even then for the great hope, and had believed, with passionate uncertainty, to the very end? And now here was the very end: Waterloo, and St. Helena, and Vienna; on the throne of prostrate France a Bourbon who had learned nothing and forgotten nothing. This was the glorious dénouement of a generation of such hope and effort as human history had never known before. What a comedy this tragedy was—for those whose laughter was yet bitter with tears!

Many of the poor had, in these days of disillusionment and suffering, the consolation of religious hope; but a large proportion of the upper classes had lost their faith, and looked out upon a ruined world with no alleviating vision of a vaster life in whose final justice and beauty these ugly ills would be dissolved. And in truth it was hard enough to believe that such a sorry planet as men saw in 1818 was held up in the hand of an intelligent and benevolent God. Mephistopheles had triumphed and every Faust was in despair. Voltaire had sown the whirlwind, and Schopenhauer was to reap the harvest.

Seldom had the problem of evil been flung so vividly and insistently into the face of philosophy and religion. Every martial grave from Boulogne to Moscow and the Pyramids

lifted a mute interrogation to the indifferent stars. How long, O Lord, and Why? Was this almost universal calamity the vengeance of a just God on the Age of Reason and unbelief? Was it a call to the penitent intellect to bend before the ancient virtues of faith, hope and charity? So Schlegel thought, and Novalis, and Chateaubriand, and De Musset, and Southey, and Wordsworth, and Gogol; and they turned back to the old faith like wasted prodigals happy to be home again. But some others made a harsher answer: that the chaos of Europe but reflected the chaos of the universe; that there was no divine order after all, nor any heavenly hope; that God, if God there was, was blind, and Evil brooded over the face of the earth. So Byron, and Heine, and Lermontof, and Leopardi, and our philosopher.

II. THE MAN

Schopenhauer was born at Dantzig on February 22, 1788. His father was a merchant noted for ability, hot temper, independence of character, and love of liberty. He moved from Dantzig to Hamburg when Arthur was five years old, because Dantzig lost its freedom in the annexation of Poland in 1793. Young Schopenhauer, therefore, grew up in the midst of business and finance; and though he soon abandoned the mercantile career into which his father had pushed him, it left its mark upon him in a certain bluntness of manner, a realistic turn of mind, a knowledge of the world and of men; it made him the antipodes of that closet or academic type of philosopher whom he so despised. The father died, apparently

by his own hand, in 1805. The paternal grandmother had died insane.

"The character or will," says Schopenhauer, "is inherited from the father; the intellect from the mother."[2] The mother had intellect—she became one of the most popular novelists of her day—but she had temperament and temper too. She had been unhappy with her prosaic husband; and when he died she took to free love, and moved to Weimar as the fittest climate for that sort of life. Arthur Schopenhauer reacted to this as Hamlet to his mother's re-marriage; and his quarrels with his mother taught him a large part of those half-truths about women with which he was to season his philosophy. One of her letters to him reveals the state of their affairs: "You are unbearable and burdensome, and very hard to live with; all your good qualities are over-shadowed by your conceit, and made useless to the world simply because you cannot restrain your propensity to pick holes in other people."[3] So they arranged to live apart; he was to come only to her "at homes," and be one guest among others; they could then be as polite to each other as strangers, instead of hating each other like relatives. Goethe, who liked Mme. Schopenhauer because she let him bring his Christiane with him, made matters worse by telling the mother that her son would become a very famous man; the mother had never heard of two geniuses in the same family. Finally, in some culminating quarrel, the mother pushed her son and rival down the stairs; whereupon our philosopher

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[2] *The World as Will and Idea;* London, 1883; iii, 300.

[3] In Wallace: *Life of Schopenhauer;* London, no date; p. 59.

bitterly informed her that she would be known to posterity only through him. Schopenhauer quitted Weimar soon afterward; and though the mother lived twenty-four years more, he never saw her again. Byron, also a child of 1788, seems to have had similar luck with his mother. These men were almost by this circumstance doomed to pessimism; a man who has not known a mother's love—and worse, has known a mother's hatred—has no cause to be infatuated with the world.

Meanwhile Schopenhauer had gone through "gymnasium" and university, and had learned more than was on their schedules. He came away with a venereal taint which affected his character and his philosophy.[4] He became gloomy, cynical, and suspicious; he was obsessed with fears and evil fancies; he kept his pipes under lock and key, and never trusted his neck to a barber's razor; and he slept with loaded pistols at his bedside—presumably for the convenience of the burglar. He could not bear noise: "I have long held the opinion," he writes, "that the amount of noise which anyone can bear undisturbed stands in inverse proportion to his mental capacity, and may therefore be regarded as a pretty fair measure of it. . . . Noise is a torture to all intellectual people. . . . The superabundant display of vitality which takes the form of knocking, hammering, and tumbling things about, has proved a daily torment to me all my life long."[5] He had an almost paranoiac sense of unrecognized greatness; missing success and fame, he turned within and gnawed at his own soul.

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[4]Cf. Wallace, 92.

[5]*The World as Will and Idea*, ii, 199; *Essays*, "On Noise."

He had no mother, no wife, no child, no family, no country. "He was absolutely alone, with not a single friend; and between one and none there lies an infinity."[6] Even more than Goethe he was immune to the nationalistic fevers of his age. In 1813 he so far fell under the sway of Fichte's enthusiasm for a war of liberation against Napoleon, that he thought of volunteering, and actually bought a set of arms. But prudence seized him in time; he argued that "Napoleon gave after all only concentrated and untrammeled utterance to that self-assertion and lust for more life which weaker mortals feel but must perforce disguise."[7] Instead of going to war he went to the country and wrote a doctor's thesis in philosophy.

After this dissertation *On the Fourfold Root of Sufficient Reason* (1813),[8] Schopenhauer gave all his time, and devoted all his power, to the work which was to be his masterpiece—*The World as Will and Idea.* He sent the MS. to the publisher *magna cum laude;* here, he said, was no mere rehash of old ideas, but a

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[6]Nietzsche: *Schopenhauer as Educator;* London, 1910; p. 122.

[7]Wallace: Article "Schopenhauer" in the Encyclopedia Brittanica.

[8]Schopenhauer insists, hardly with sufficient reason, and almost to the point of salesmanship, that this book must be read before the *World as Will and Idea* can be understood. The reader may nevertheless rest content with knowing that the "principle of sufficient reason" is the "law of cause and effect," in four forms: 1—Logical, as the determination of conclusion by premises; 2—Physical, as the determination of effect by cause; 3—Mathematical, as the determination of structure by the laws of mathematics and mechanics; and 4—Moral, as the determination of conduct by character.

highly coherent structure of original thought, "clearly intelligible, vigorous, and not with beauty"; a book "which would hereafter be the source and occasion of a hundred other books."[9] All of which was outrageously egotistic, and absolutely true. Many years later Schopenhauer was so sure of having solved the chief problems of philosophy that he thought of having his signet ring carved with an image of the Sphinx throwing herself down the abyss, as she had promised to do on having her riddles answered. Nevertheless, the book attracted hardly any attention; the world was too poor and exhausted to read about its poverty and exhaustion. Sixteen years after publication Schopenhauer was informed that the greater part of the edition had been sold as waste paper. In his essay on Fame, in "The Wisdom of Life," he quotes, with evident allusion to his masterpiece, two remarks of Lichtenberger's: "Works like this are as a mirror: if an ass looks in you cannot expect an angel to look out"; and "When a head and a book came into collision, and one sounds hollow, is it always the book?" Schopenhauer goes on, with the voice of wounded vanity: "The more a man belongs to posterity—in other words, to humanity in general—so much the more is he an alien to his contemporaries; for since his work is not meant for them as such, but only in so far as they form part of mankind at large, there is none of that familiar local color about his productions which would appeal to them." And then he becomes as eloquent as the fox in the fable: "Would a musician feel flattered by the loud applause of an audience if he knew that they were

[9] In Wallace, *Life*, p. 107.

nearly all deaf, and that to conceal their infirmity he saw one or two persons applauding? And what would he say if he discovered that those one or two persons had often taken bribes to secure the loudest applause for the poorest player?"—In some men egotism is a compensation for the absence of fame; in others, egotism lends a generous co-operation to its presence.

So completely did Schopenhauer put himself into this book that his later works are but commentaries on it; he became Talmudist to his own Torah, exegete to his own Jeremiads. In 1836 he published an essay *On the Will in Nature*, which was to some degree incorporated into the enlarged edition of *The World as Will and Idea* which appeared in 1844. In 1841 came *The Two Ground-Problems of Ethics*, and in 1851 two substantial volumes of *Parerga et Paralipomena*—literally, "By-products and Leavings"—which have been translated into English as the *Essays*. For this, the most readable of his works, and replete with wisdom and wit, Schopenhauer received, as his total remuneration, ten free copies. Optimism is difficult under such circumstances.

Only one adventure disturbed the monotony of his studious seclusion after leaving Weimar. He had hoped for a chance to present his philosophy at one of the great universities of Germany; the chance came in 1822, when he was invited to Berlin as *privat-docent*. He deliberately chose for his lectures the very hours at which the then mighty Hegel was scheduled to teach; Schopenhauer trusted that the students would view him and Hegel with the eyes of posterity. But the students could not so far anticipate, and Schopenhauer found himself talking to empty seats. He resigned, and

revenged himself by those bitter diatribes against Hegel which mar the later editions of his *chef-d'oeuvre*. In 1831 a cholera epidemic broke out in Berlin; both Hegel and Schopenhauer fled; Hegel returned prematurely, caught the infection, and died in a few days. Schopenhauer never stopped until he reached Frankfort, where he spent the remainder of his seventy-two years.

Like a sensible pessimist, he had avoided that pitfall of optimists—the attempt to make a living with the pen. He had inherited an interest in his father's firm, and lived in modest comfort on the revenue which this brought him. He invested his money with a wisdom unbecoming a philosopher. When a company in which he had taken shares failed, and the other creditors agreed to a 70% settlement, Schopenhauer fought for full payment, and won. He had enough to engage two rooms in a boarding-house; there he lived the last thirty years of his life, with no comrade but a dog. He called the little poodle Atma (the Brahmins' term for the World-Soul), but the wags of the town called it "Young Schopenhauer." He ate his dinners, usually, at the Englischer Hof. At the beginning of each meal he would put a gold coin upon the table before him; and at the end of each meal he would put the coin back into his pocket. It was, no doubt, an indignant waiter who at last asked him the meaning of this invariable ceremony. Schopenhauer answered that it was his silent wager to drop the coin into the poor-box on the first day that the English officers dining there should talk of anything else than horses, women, or dogs.[10]

The universities ignored him and his books, as if to substantiate his claim that all advances

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[10]Wallace, 171.

in philosophy are made outside of academic walls. "Nothing," says Nietzsche, "so offended the German savants as Schopenhauer's unlikeness to them." But he had learned some patience; he was confident that, however belated, recognition would come. And at last, slowly, it came. Men of the middle classes—lawyers, physicians, merchants—found in him a philosopher who offered them no mere pretentious jargon of metaphysical unrealities, but an intelligible survey of the phenomena of actual life. A Europe disillusioned with the ideals and efforts of 1848 turned almost with acclamation to this philosophy that had voiced the despair of 1815. The attack of science upon theology, the socialist indictment of poverty and war, the biological stress on the struggle for existence,—all these factors helped to lift Schopenhauer finally to fame.

He was not too old to enjoy his popularity: he read with avidity all the articles that appeared about him; he asked his friends to send him every bit of printed comment they could find—he would pay the postage. In 1854 Wagner sent him a copy of *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, with a word in appreciation of Schopenhauer's philosophy of music. So the great pessimist became almost an optimist in his old age; he played the flute assiduously after dinner, and thanked Time for ridding him of the fires of youth. People came from all over the world to see him; and on his seventieth birthday, in 1858, congratulations poured in upon him from all quarters and every continent.

It was not too soon; he had but two more years to live. On September 21, 1860, he sat down alone to breakfast, apparently well. An hour later his landlady found him still seated at the table, dead.

III. THE WORLD AS IDEA

What strikes the reader at once upon opening *The World as Will and Idea* is its style. Here is no Chinese puzzle of Kantian terminology, no Hegelian obfuscation, no Spinozist geometry; everything here is clarity and order; and all is admirably centered about the leading conception of the world as will, and therefore strife, and therefore misery. What blunt honesty, what refreshing vigor, what uncompromising directness! Where his predecessors are abstract to the point of invisibility, with theories that give out few windows of illustration upon the actual world, Schopenhauer, like the son of a business man, is rich in the concrete, in examples, in applications, even in humor.[11] After Kant, humor in philosophy was a startling innovation.

But why was the book rejected? Partly because it attacked just those who would have given it publicity—the university teachers. Hegel was philosophic dictator of Germany in 1818; yet Schopenhauer loses no time in assailing him. In the preface to the second edition he writes:

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[11] One instance of his humor had better be buried in the obscurity of a foot-note. "The actor Unzelmann," notorious for adding remarks of his own to the lines of the playwright, "was forbidden, at the Berlin theatre, to improvise. Soon afterwards he had to appear upon the stage on horseback. Just as he came on, the horse 'was guilty of conduct seriously unbecoming a public stage.' The audience began to laugh; whereupon Unzelmann severely reproached the horse,—'Do you not know that we are forbidden to improvise?' "—Vol. ii, p. 273.

No time can be more unfavorable to philosophy than that in which it is shamefully misused on the one hand to further political objects, on the other as a means of livelihood. . . Is there then nothing to oppose to the maxim, *Primum vivere, deinde philosophari*?[12] These gentlemen desire to live, and indeed to live by philosophy. To philosophy they are assigned, with their wives and children. . . The rule, 'I sing the song of him whose bread I eat,' has always held good; the making of money by philosophy was regarded by the ancients as the characteristic of the sophists. . . . Nothing is to be had for gold but mediocrity. . . It is impossible that an age which for twenty years has applauded a Hegel—that intellectual Caliban—as the greatest of the philosophers, . . . could make him who has looked on at that desirous of its approbation. . . . But rather, truth will always be *paucorum hominum*,[13] and must therefore quietly and modestly wait for the few whose unusual mode of thought may find it enjoyable. . . . Life is short, but truth works far and lives long; let us speak the truth.

These last words are nobly spoken; but there is something of sour grapes in it all; no man was ever more anxious for approbation than Schopenhauer. It would have been nobler still to say nothing ill of Hegel; *de inimicis nil nisi bonum*—of our enemies let us say nothing but good. And as for modestly awaiting recognition,—"I cannot see," says Schopenhauer, "that between Kant and myself anything has been done in philosophy."[14] "I hold this thought—that the world is will—to be that which has long been sought for under the name of philosophy, and the discovery of which is therefore regarded, by those who are familiar with history, as quite as impossible as the dis-

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[12] "First one must live, then one may philosophize."

[13] "Of few men."

[14] Vol. ii, p. 5.

covery of the philosopher's stone."[15] "I only intend to impart a single thought. Yet, notwithstanding all my endeavors, I could find no shorter way of imparting it than this whole book. . . . Read the book twice, and the first time with great patience."[16] So much for modesty! "What is modesty but hypocritical humility, by means of which, in a world swelling with envy, a man seeks to obtain pardon for excellences and merits from those who have none?"[17] "No doubt, when modesty was made a virtue, it was a very advantageous thing for the fools; for everybody is expected to speak of himself as if he were one."[18]

There was no humility about the first sentence of Schopenhauer's book. "The world," it begins, "is my idea." When Fichte had uttered a similar proposition even the metaphysically sophisticated Germans had asked,—"What does his wife say about this?" But Schopenhauer had no wife. His meaning, of course, was simple enough: he wished to accept at the outset the Kantian position that the external world is known to us only through our sensations and ideas. There follows an exposition of idealism which is clear and forceful enough, but which constitutes the least original part of the book, and might better have come last than first. The world took a generation to discover Schopenhauer because he hid his own thought behind a two-hundred-page barrier of second-hand idealism.[19]

The most vital part of the first section is an attack on materialism.

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[15] Vol. i, p. vii.
[16] *Ibid*, viii.
[17] I, 303.
[18] *Essays*, "On Pride."
[19] At that, Schopenhauer is thoroughly readable.

How can we explain mind as a matter, when we know matter only through mind?

If we had followed materialism thus far with clear ideas, when we reached its highest point we would suddenly be seized with a fit of the inextinguishable laughter of the Olympians. As if waking from a dream, we would all at once become aware that its final result—knowledge—which it had reached so laboriously, was presupposed as the indispensable condition of its very starting-point. Mere matter; and when we imagined that we thought matter, we really thought only the subject that perceives matter: the eye that sees it, the hand that feels it, the understanding that knows it. Thus the tremendous *petitio principii* reveals itself unexpectedly; for suddenly the last link is seen to be the starting-point, the chain a circle; and the materialist is like Baron Munchausen, who, when swimming on horseback, drew the horse into the air with his legs, and himself by his cue.[20] . . . The crude materialism which even now. in the middle of the nineteenth century, [21] has been served up again under the ignorant delusion that it is original, . . . stupidly denies vital force, and first of all tries to explain the phenomena of life from physical and chemical forces. and those again from the mechanical effects of matter.[22] . . . But I will never believe that even the simplest chemical combination will ever admit of mechanical explanation; much less the properties of light, heat, and electricity. These will always require a dynamical explanation.[23]

No: it is impossible to solve the metaphysical puzzle, to discover the secret essence of reality, by examining matter first, and then proceeding to examine thought: we must begin with that which we know directly and intimately—ourselves. "We can never arrive at

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[20] I, 34.
[21] Vogt, Buchner, Moleschott, Feuerbach, etc.
[22] I, 159.
[23] III, 43.

the real nature of things from without. However much we may investigate, we can never reach anything but images and names. We are like a man who goes round a castle seeking in vain for an entrance, and sometimes sketching the facades."[24] Let us enter within. If we can ferret out the ultimate nature of our own minds we shall perhaps have the key to the external world.

IV. THE WORLD AS WILL

1. THE WILL TO LIVE

Almost without exception, philosophers have placed the essence of mind in thought and consciousness; man was the knowing animal, the *animal rationale*. "This ancient and universal radical error, this enormous *proton pesudos*.[25] . . . must before everything be set aside."[26] "Consciousness is the mere surface of our minds, of which, as of the earth, we do not know the inside but only the crust."[27] Under the conscious intellect is the conscious or unconscious *will*, a striving, persistent vital force, a spontaneous activity, a well of imperious desire. The intellect may seem at times to lead the will, but only as a guide leads his master; the will "is the strong blind man who carries on his shoulders the lame man who can see."[28] We do not want a thing because we have found reasons for it, we find reasons

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[24] I, 128.

[25] First lie, initial mistake.

[26] II, 409. Schopenhauer forgets (or does he take his lead from?) Spinoza's emphatic statement: "Desire is the very essence of man."—*Ethics*, part iv, prop. 18. Fichte had also emphasized the will.

[27] II, 328.

[28] II, 421.

for it because we want it; we even elaborate philosophies and theologies to cloak our desires.[29] Hence Schopenhauer calls man the "metaphysical animal": other animals desire without metaphysics. "Nothing is more provoking, when we are arguing against a man with reasons and explanations, and taking all pains to convince him, than to discover at last that he *will* not understand, that we have to do with his *will*."[30] Hence the uselessness of logic: no one ever convinced anybody by logic; and even logicians use logic only as a source of income. To convince a man, you must appeal to his self-interest, his desires, his will. Observe how long we remember our victories, and how soon we forget our defeats; memory is the menial of *will*.[31] "In doing accounts we make mistakes much oftener in our own favor than to our disadvantage; and this without the slightest dishonest intention."[32] "On the other hand, the understanding of the stupidest man becomes keen when objects are in question that closely concern his wishes";[33] in general, the intellect is developed by danger, as in the fox, or by want, as in the criminal. But always it seems subordinate and instrumental to desire; when it attempts to displace the will, confusion follows. No one is more liable to mistakes than he who acts only on reflection.[34]

Consider the agitated strife of men for food, mates, or children; can this be the work of reflection? Certainly not; the cause is the half conscious will to live, and to live fully.

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[29] A source of Freud.
[30] III, 443.
[31] *Essays*, "Counsels and Maxims," p. 126.
[32] II, 433.
[33] II, 437.
[34] II, 251.

"Men are only apparently drawn from in front; in reality they are pushed from behind";[35] they think they are led on by what they see, when in truth they are driven on by what they feel,—by instincts of whose operation they are half the time unconscious. Intellect is merely the minister of foreign affairs;...nature has produced it for the service of the individual will. Therefore it is only designed to know things so far as they afford motives for the will, but not to fathom them or to comprehend their true being."[36] "The will is the only permanent and unchangeable element in the mind;...it is the will which," through continuity of purpose, "gives unity to consciousness and holds together all its ideas and thoughts, accompanying them like a continuous harmony."[37] It is the organ-point of thought.

Character lies in the will, and not in the intellect; character too is continuity of purpose and attitude: and these are will. Popular language is correct when it prefers the "heart" to the "head"; it knows (because it has not reasoned about it) that a "good will" is profounder and more reliable than a clear mind; and when it calls a man "shrewd," "knowing," or "cunning" it implies its suspicion and dislike. "Brilliant qualities of mind win admiration, but never affection"; and "all religions promise a reward . . . for excellences of the *will* or heart, but none for excellences of the head or understanding."[38]

Even the body is the product of the will. The blood, pushed on by that will which we vaguely call life, builds its own vessels by

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[35] III, 118.
[36] II, 463, 336; a source of Bergson.
[37] II, 333.
[38] II, 450, 449.

wearing grooves in the body of the embryo; the grooves deepen and close up, and become arteries and veins.[39] The will to know builds the brain just as the will to grasp forms the hand, or as the will to eat develops the digestive tract.[40] Indeed, these pairs—these forms of will and these forms of flesh—are but two sides of one process and reality. The relation is best seen in emotion, where the feeling and the internal bodily changes form one complex unit.[41] See Schopenhauer himself in the connection.[42]

The intellect tires, the will never; the intellect needs sleep, but the will works even in sleep. Fatigue, like pain, has its seat in the brain; muscles not connected with the cerebrum (like the heart) never tire.[43] In sleep the brain feeds; but the will requires no food. Hence the need for sleep is greatest in brain-workers. (This fact, however, "must not mislead us into extending sleep unduly; for then it loses in intensity...and becomes mere loss of time.")[44] In sleep the life of man sinks to the vegetative level, and then "the will works according to its original and essential nature, undisturbed from without, with no diminution of its power through the activity of the brain and the exertion of knowing, which is the heaviest organic function;...

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[39] II, 479.

[40] II, 486. This is the Lamarckian view of growth and evolution as due to desires and functions compelling structures and begetting organs.

[41] I, 132. A source for the James-Lange theory of emotion?

[42] I, 130-141; II, 482. Cf. Spinoza: *Ethics*, III, 2.

[43] II, 424. But is there no such thing as the satiation or exhaustion of desire? In profound fatigue or sickness even the will to live fades.

[44] II, 468.

therefore in sleep the whole power of the will is directed to the maintenance and improvement of the organism. Hence all healing, all favorable crises, take place in sleep."[45] Burdach was right when he declared sleep to be the original state. The embryo sleeps almost continuously, and the infant most of the time. Life is "a struggle against sleep: at first we win ground from it, which in the end it recovers. Sleep is a morsel of death borrowed to keep up and renew that part of life which has been exhausted by the day."[46] It is our eternal foe; even when we are awake it possesses us partly. After all, what is to be expected of heads even the wisest of which is every night the scene of the strangest and the most senseless dreams, and which has to take up its meditations again on awakening from them?"[47]

Will, then, is the essence of man. Now what if it is also the essence of life in all its forms, and even of "inanimate" matter? What if will is the long-sought-for, the long-despaired-of, "thing-in-itself,"—the ultimate inner reality and secret essence of all things?

Let us try, then to interpret the external world in terms of will. And let us go at once to the bottom; where others have said that will is a form of force let us say that force is a form of will.[48] To Hume's question—What is causality?—we shall answer, Will. As will is the universal cause in ourselves, so is it in things; and unless we so understand cause as will, causality will remain only a magic and mystic formula, really meaningless.

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[45] II, 463.

[46] "Counsels and Maxims," essay "On Our Relations to Ourselves."

[47] II, 333.

[48] I, 144.

Without this secret we are driven to mere occult qualities like "force," or "gravity," or "affinity"; we do not know what these forces are, but we know—at least a little more clearly—what will is; let us say, then, that repulsion and attraction, combination and decomposition, magnetism and electricity, gravity and crystalization, are Will.[49] Goethe expressed this idea in the title of one of his novels, when he called the irresistible attraction of lovers *die Wahlverwandschaften*—"elective affinities." The force which draws the lover, and the force which draws the planet, are one.

So in plant life. The lower we go among the forms of life the smaller we find the role of intellect; but not so with will. See the works of Schopenhauer.[50]

Aristotle was right: there is a power within that moulds every form, in plants and planets, in animals and men. "The instinct of animals in general gives us the best illustration of what remains of teleology in nature. For as instinct is an action similar to that which is guided by the conception of an end, and yet is entirely without this; so all construction in nature resembles that which is guided by the conception of an end, and yet is entirely without it."[51] The marvelous mechanical skill of animals shows how prior will is to intellect. An elephant which had been led through Europe, and had crossed hundreds of bridges, refused to advance upon a weak bridge, though it had seen many horses and men crossing it. A young dog fears to jump down from the table; it foresees the effect of the fall not by reasoning (for it has no ex-

49 I, 142.
50 I, 153; II, 418, 337.
51 I, 210.

perience of such a fall) but by instinct. Orang-outangs warm themselves by a fire which they find, but they do not feed the fire; obviously, then, such actions are instinctive, and not the result of reasoning; they are the expression not of intellect but of will.[52]

The will, of course, is a will to live, and a will to maximum life. How dear life is to all living things!—and with what silent patience it will bide its time! "For thousands of years galvanism slumbered in copper and zinc, and they lay quietly beside silver, which must be consumed in flame as soon as all three are brought together under the required conditions. Even in the organic kingdom we see a dry seed preserve the slumbering force of life through three thousand years, and, when at last the favorable circumstances occur, grow up as a plant." Corns of wheat found hermetically sealed in Egyptian tombs, and then sown in English gardens, have grown into plants five feet tall. Living toads found in limestone lead to the conclusion that even animal life is capable of suspension for thousands of years.[63] The will is a will to live; and its eternal enemy is death.

But perhaps it can defeat even death?

2. THE WILL TO REPRODUCE

It can, by the strategy and martyrdom of reproduction.

Every normal organism hastens, at maturity, to sacrifice itself to the task of reproduction; from the spider who is eaten up by the female he has just fertilized, or the wasp that devotes itself to gathering food for offspring it will

52I. 29.
53I. 178.

never see, to the man who wears himself to ruin in the effort to feed and clothe and educate his children. Reproduction is the ultimate purpose of every organism, and its strongest instinct; for only so can the will conquer death. And to ensure this conquest of death, the will to reproduce[54] is placed almost entirely beyond control of knowledge or reflection: even a philosopher, occasionally, has children.[55]

The "metaphysics of love" revolves about this subordination of the father to the mother, of the parent to the child, of the individual to the species. And first, the law of sexual attraction is that the choice of mate is to a large extent determined, however unconsciously, by mutual fitness to procreate.[56-57]

Nevertheless, no unions are so unhappy as these love marriages—and precisely for the reason that their aim is the perpetuation of the species, and not the pleasure of the individual.[58] "He who marries for love must live in sorrow," runs a Spanish proverb. Half the literature of the marriage problem is stultified because it thinks of marriage as mating, instead of thinking of it as an arrangement for the preservation of the race. Nature does not seem to care whether the parents are "happy forever afterwards," or only for a day, so long as reproduction is achieved. Marriages of convenience, arranged by the parents of the mates, are often happier than mar-

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[54] A source of Freud's theory of "wit and the unconscious."

[55] I, 426, 526; III, 314. Schopenhauer, like all who have suffered from sex, exaggerates its role; the parental relation probably outweighs the sexual in the minds of normal adults.

[56] A source of Weininger.

[57] III, 342, 357, 347, 360, 359, 352, 341.

[58] III, 372.

riages of love. Yet the woman who marries for love, against the advice of her parents, is in a sense to be admired; for "she has preferred what is of most importance, and has acted in the spirit of nature (more exactly, of the species), while the parents advised in the spirit of individual egoism."[59] Love is the best eugenics.

Since love is a deception practiced by nature, marriage is the attrition of love, and must be disillusioning. Only a philosopher can be happy in marriage, and philosophers do not marry.

Because the passion depended upon an illusion which represented that which has value only for the species as valuable for the individual, the deception must vanish after the attainment of the end of the species. The individual discovers that he has been the dupe of the species. If Petrarch's passion had been gratified his song would have been silenced.[60]

The subordination of the individual to the species as instrument of its continuance, appears again in the apparent dependence of individual vitality on the condition of the reproductive cells.

The sexual impulse is to be regarded as the inner life of the tree (the species) upon which the life of the individual grows, like a leaf that is nourished by the tree and assists in nourishing the tree; this is why that impulse is so strong, and springs from the depths of our nature. To castrate an individual means to cut him off from the tree of the species upon which he grows, and thus severed, leave him to wither; hence the degradation of his mental and physical powers. That the service of the species, i. e., fecundation, is followed in the case of every animal individual by momen-

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[59] III. 371.
[60] III, 370.

tary exhaustion and debility of all the powers, and in the case of most insects, indeed, by speedy death,—on account of which Celsus said, *SEMINIS emissio est partis animae jacturae;* that in the case of man the extinction of the generative power shows that the individual approaches death; that excessive use of this power at every age shortens life, while on the other hand, temperance in this respect increases all the powers, and especially the muscular powers, on which account it was part of the training of the Greek athletes; that the same restraint lengthens the life of the insect even to the following spring; all this points to the fact that the life of the individual is at bottom only borrowed from that of the species. . . . Procreation is the highest point; and after attaining to it, the life of the first individual quickly or slowly sinks, while a new life ensures to nature the endurance of the species, and repeats the same phenomena. . . . Thus the alternation of death and reproduction is as the pulse-beat of the species. . . . Death is for the species what sleep is for the individual; . . . this is nature's great doctrine of immortality. . . . For the whole world, with all its phenomena, is the objectivity of the one indivisible will, the Idea, which is related to all other Ideas as harmony is related to the single voice. . . . In Eckermann's *Conversations with Goethe* (vol. i, p. 161), Goethe says: "Our spirit is a being of a nature quite indestructible, and its activity continues from eternity to eternity. It is like the sun, which seems to set only to our earthly eyes, but which, in reality, never sets, but shines on unceasingly." Goethe has taken the simile from me, not I from him.[61]

Only in space and time do we seem to be separate beings; they constitute the "principle of individuation" which divides life into distinct organisms as appearing in different places or periods; space and time are the Veil of Maya,—Illusion hiding the unity of things. In reality there is only the species, only life, only

[61] III, 310; I, 214; III, 312, 270, 267; I, 206, 362.

will. "To understand clearly that the individual is only the phenomenon, not the thing-in-itself," to see in "the constant change of matter the fixed permanence of form,"—this is the essence of philosophy.[62] "The motto of history should run: *Eadem, sed aliter.*"[63] The more things change, the more they remain the same.

Throughout and everywhere the true symbol of nature is the circle, because it is the schema or type of recurrence.[64]

We like to believe that all history is a halting and imperfect preparation for the magnificent era of which we are the salt and summit; but this notion of progress is mere conceit and folly. "In general, the wise in all ages have always said the same things, and the fools, who at all times form the immense majority, have in their way too acted alike, and done the opposite; and so it will continue. For, as Voltaire says, we shall leave the world as foolish and wicked as we found it."[65]

In the light of all this we get a new and grimmer sense of the inescapable reality of determinism. "Spinoza says (Epistle 62) that if a stone which has been projected through the air had consciousness, it would believe that it was moving of its own free will. I add to this only that the stone would be right. The impulse given it is for the stone what the motive is for me; and what in the stone appears as cohesion, gravitation, rigidity, is in its inner nature the same as that which I

62I, 357-8.

63III, 227. "The same things, but in different ways."

64III, 227, 267; Wallace, 97. Cf. Nietzsche's "eternal recurrence."

65Introduction to "The Wisdom of Life."

recognize in myself as will, and what the stone also, if knowledge were given it, would recognize as will."[66] But in neither the stone nor the philosopher is the will "free." Will as a whole is free, for there is no other will beside it that could limit it; but each part of the universal Will—each species, each organism, each organ—is irrevocably determined by the whole.

Everyone believes himself *a priori* to be perfectly free, even in his individual actions, and thinks that at every moment he can commence another manner of life, which just means that he can become another person. But *a posteriori,* through experience, he finds to his astonishment that he is not free, but subjected to necessity; that in spite of all his resolutions and reflections he does not change his conduct, and that from the beginning of his life to the end of it, he must carry out the very character which he himself condemns, and as it were, play the part which he has undertaken, to the very end.[67]

V. THE WORLD AS EVIL

But if the world is will, it must be a world of suffering.

And first, because will itself indicates want, and its grasp is always greater than its reach. For every wish that is satisfied there remain ten that are denied. Desire is infinite, fulfilment is limited—"it is like the alms thrown to a beggar, that keeps him alive today in order that his misery may be prolonged tomorrow....As long as our consciousness is filled by our will, so long as we are given up to the throng of desires with their constant hopes and fears, so long as we are subject to willing, we can never have lasting happiness

66I, 164.

or peace."[68] And fulfilment never satisfies; nothing is so fatal to an ideal as its realization. "The satisfied passion oftener leads to unhappiness than to happiness. For its demands often conflict so much with the personal welfare of him who is concerned that they undermine it."[69] Each individual bears within himself a disruptive contradiction; the realized desire develops a new desire, and so on endlessly. "At bottom this results from the fact that the will must live on itself, for there exists nothing beside it, and it is a hungry will."[70]

> In every individual the measure of the pain essential to him was determined once for all by his nature; a measure which could neither remain empty, nor be more than filled. . . . If a great and pressing care is lifted from our breast. . . . another immediately replaces it, the whole material of which was already there before, but could not come into consciousness as care because there was no capacity left for it. . . . But now that there is room for this it comes forward and occupies the throne.[71]

Again, life is evil because pain is its basic stimulus and reality, and pleasure is merely a negative cessation of pain. Aristotle was right: the wise man seeks not pleasure, but freedom from care and pain.

Life is evil because "as soon as want and suffering permit rest to a man, *ennui* is at once so near that he necessarily requires diversion,"[73]—i. e., more suffering. Even if the socialist utopia were attained, innumerable evils

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68I, 253.
69III, 368.
70I, 201.
71I, 409.
72I, 411; "Counsels and Maxims," p. 5. "The better is enemy of the good."
73I, 404.

would be left, because some of them—like strife—are essential to life; and if every evil were removed, and strife were altogether ended, boredom would become as intolerable as pain. So "life swings like a pendulum backward and forward between pain and *ennui*.... After man had transformed all pains and torments into the conception of hell, there remained nothing for heaven except *ennui*."[74] The more successful we become, the more we are bored. "As want is the constant scourge of the people, so *ennui* is the scourge of the fashionable world. In middle-class life *ennui* is represented by the Sundays and want by the week-days."[75]

Life is evil because the higher the organism the greater the suffering.

> For as the phenomenon of will becomes more complete, the suffering becomes more and more apparent. In the plant there is as yet no sensibility, and therefore no pain. A certain very small degree of suffering is experienced by the lowest species of animal life—Infusoria and Radiata; even in insects the capacity to feel and suffer is still limited. It first appears in a high degree with the complete nervous system of vertebrate animals, and always in a higher degree the more intelligence develops. Thus, in proportion as knowledge attains to distinctness, as consciousness ascends, pain also increases, and reaches its highest degree in man. And then, again, the more distinctly a man knows—the more intelligent he is—the more pain he has; the man who is gifted with genius suffers most of all.[76]

He that increaseth knowledge, therefore, increaseth sorrow. Even memory and foresight add to human misery; for most of our suffer-

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74 I, 402.
75 I, 404.
76 I, 400.

ing lies in retrospect or anticipation;[77] pain itself is brief. How much more suffering is caused by the thought of death than by death itself!

Finally, and above all, life is evil because life is war. Everywhere in nature we see strife, competition, conflict, and a suicidal alternation of victory and defeat. Every species "fights for the matter, space, and time of the others."

The young hydra, which grows like a bud out of the old one, and afterwards separates itself from it, fights, while it is still joined to the old one, for the prey that offers itself, so that the one snatches it out of the mouth of the other. But the bulldog ant of Australia affords us the most extraordinary example of this kind; for if it is cut in two, a battle begins between the head and the tail. The head seizes the tail with its teeth, and the tail defends itself bravely by stinging the head: the battle may last for half an hour, until they die or are dragged away by other ants. This contest takes place every time the experiment is tried. . . . Yunghahn relates that he saw in Java a plain, as far as the eye could reach, entirely covered with skeletons, and took it for a battle-field; they were, however, merely the skeletons of large turtles, . . . which come this way out of the sea to lay their eggs, and are then attacked by wild dogs who with their united strength lay them on their backs, strip off the small shell from the stomach, and devour them alive. But often then a tiger pounces upon the dogs. . . . For this these turtles are born. . . . Thus the will to live everywhere preys upon itself, and in different forms is its own nourishment, till finally the human race, because it subdues all the others, regards nature as a manufactory for its own use. Yet even the human race . . . reveals in itself with most terrible distinctness this conflict, this vari-

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[77] But so, too, of course, retrospect and anticipation give us added joys.

ance of the will with itself; and we find *homo homini lupus.*[78]

The total picture of life is almost too painful for contemplation; life depends on our not knowing it too well.

If we should bring clearly to a man's sight the terrible sufferings and miseries to which his life is constantly exposed, he would be seized with horror; and if we were to conduct the confirmed optimist through the hospitals, infirmaries, and surgical operating-rooms, through the prisons, torture-chambers, and slave kennels, over battle-fields and places of execution; if we were to open to him all the dark abodes of misery, where it hides itself from the glance of cold curiosity, and, finally, allow him to look into the starving dungeons of Ugolino, he too, would understand at last the nature of this "best of all possible worlds." For whence did Dante take the materials of his hell but from our actual world? And yet he made a very proper hell out of it. But when, on the other hand, he came to describe heaven and its delights, he had an insurmountable difficulty before him, for our world affords no materials at all for this. . . . Every epic and dramatic poem can only represent a struggle, an effort, a fight for happiness; never enduring and complete happiness itself. It conducts its heroes through a thousand dangers and difficulties to the goal; as soon as this is reached it hastens to let the curtain fall; for now there would remain nothing for it to do but to show that the glittering goal in which the hero expected to find happiness had only disappointed him, and that after its attainment he was no better off than before.[79]

We are unhappy married, and unmarried we are unhappy. We are unhappy when alone,

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[78] I, 192; III, 112; I, 191. "Man is a wolf to man."

[79] I, 419, 413. Every well-behaved novel, therefore, ends with marriage; it dare not go on after that; or if it does, it is almost invariably pessimistic.

and unhappy in society: we are like hedgehogs clustering together for warmth, uncomfortable when too closely packed, and yet miserable when kept apart. It is all very funny; and "the life of every individual, if we survey it as a whole, . . . and only lay stress on its most significant features, is really always a tragedy; but gone through in detail it has the character of a comedy."[80] Think of it:

> At the age of five years to enter a spinning-cotton or other factory, and from that time forth to sit there daily, first ten, then twelve, and ultimately fourteen hours, performing the same mechanical labor, is to purchase dearly the satisfaction of drawing breath. But this is the fate of millions, and that of millions more is analogous to it. . . . Again, under the first crust of the planet dwell powerful forces of nature, which as soon as some accident affords them free play, must necessarily destroy the crust, with everything living upon it, as has already taken place at least three times upon our planet, and will probably take place oftener still. The earthquake of Lisbon, the earthquake of Haiti, the destruction of Pompeii, are only small playful hints of what is possible.[81]

In the face of all this, "optimism is a bitter mockery of men's woes;"[82] and "we cannot ascribe to the *Theodicy*" of Leibniz, "as a methodical and broad unfolding of optimism, any other merit than this, that it gave occasion later for the immortal *Candide* of the great Voltaire; whereby Leibniz' oft-repeated and lame excuse for the evil of the world—that the bad sometimes brings about the good—received a confirmation which was unexpected by him."[83] In brief, "the nature of life throughout presents itself to us as intended and cal-

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[80] I, 415.
[81] III, 389, 395.
[82] I, 420.
[83] III, 394.

culated to awaken the conviction that nothing at all is worth our striving, our efforts and struggles; that all good things are vanity, the world in all its end bankrupt, and life a business which does not cover expenses."[84]

To be happy, one must be as ignorant as youth. Youth thinks that willing and striving are joys; it has not yet discovered the weary insatiableness of desire, and the fruitlessness of fulfillment; it does not yet see the inevitableness of defeat.

The cheerfulness and vivacity of youth are partly due to the fact that when we are ascending the hill of life, death is not visible; it lies down at the bottom of the other side. . . . Towards the close of life, every day we live gives us the same kind of sensation as the criminal experiences at every step on his way to the gallows. . . . To see how short life is, one must have lived long. . . . Up to our thirty-sixth year we may be compared, in respect to the way in which we use our vital energy, to people who live on the interest of their money; what they spend today they have again tomorrow. But from the age of thirty-six onward, our position is like that of the investor who begins to entrench on his capital. . . . It is the dread of this calamity that makes love of possession increase with age. . . . So far from youth being the happiest period of life, there is much more truth in the remark made by Plato, at the beginning of the *Republic*, that the prize should rather be given to old age, because then at last a man is freed from the animal passion which has hitherto never ceased to disquiet him. . . . Yet it should not be forgotten that, when this passion is extinguished, the true kernel of life is gone, and nothing remains but the hollow shell; or, from another point of view, life then becomes like a comedy which, begun by real actors, is continued and brought to an end by automata dressed in their clothes.[85]

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[84] III, 383.
[85] "Counsels and Maxims," 124-139.

At the end, we meet death. Just as experience begins to co-ordinate itself into wisdom, brain and body begin to decay. "Everything lingers for but a moment, and hastens on to death."[86] And if death bides its time it is but playing with us as a cat with a helpless mouse. "It is clear that as our walking is admittedly nothing but a constantly-prevented falling, so the life of our bodies is nothing but a constantly-prevented dying, an ever-postponed death."[87] "Among the magnificent ornaments and apparel of Eastern despots there is always a costly vial of poison."[88] The philosophy of the East understands the omnipresence of death, and gives to its students that calm aspect, and dignified slowness of carriage, which comes of a consciousness of the brevity of personal existence. The fear of death is the beginning of philosophy, and the final cause of religion. The average man cannot reconcile himself to death; therefore he makes innumerable philosophies and theologies; the prevalence of a belief in immortality is a token of the awful fear of death.

Just as theology is a refuge from death, so insanity is a refuge from pain. "Madness comes as a way to avoid the memory of suffering";[89] it is a saving break in the thread of consciousness; we can survive certain experiences or fears only by forgetting them.

How unwillingly we think of things which powerfully injure our interests, wound our pride, or interfere with our wishes; with what difficulty do we determine to lay such things before our intellects for careful and serious investigation. . . . In that re-

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86II, 454; III, 269.
87"Counsels and Maxims," 28, note.
88I, 119.
89I, 250.

sistance of the will to allowing what is contrary to it to come under the examination of the intellect lies the place at which madness can break in upon the mind. . . . If the resistance of the will against the apprehension of some knowledge reaches such a degree that that operation is not performed in its entirety, then certain elements or circumstances become for the intellect completely suppressed, because the will cannot endure the sight of them; and then, for the sake of the necessary connections, the gaps that thus arise are filled up at pleasure; thus madness appears. For the intellect has given up its nature to please the will; the man now imagines what does not exist. Yet the madness which has thus arisen is the lethe of unendurable suffering; it was the last remedy of harassed nature, i. e., of the will.[90]

The final refuge is suicide. Here at last, strange to say, thought and imagination conquer instinct. Diogenes is said to have put an end to himself by refusing to breathe;—what a victory over the will to live! But this triumph is merely individual; the will continues in the species. Life laughs at suicide, and smiles at death; for every deliberate death there are thousands of indeliberate births. "Suicide, the wilful destruction of the single phenomenal existence, is a vain and foolish act, for the thing-in-itself—the species, and life, and will in general—remains unaffected by it, even as the rainbow endures however fast the drops which support it for the moment may chance to fall."[91] Misery and strife continue after the death of the individual, and must continue, so long as will is dominant in man. There can be no victory over the ills of life until the will has been utterly subordinated to knowledge and intelligence.

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[90] III, 167-9. A source of Freud.
[91] I, 515.

VI. THE WISDOM OF LIFE

1. PHILOSOPHY

Consider, first, the absurdity of the desire for material goods. Fools believe that if they can only achieve wealth, their wills can be completely gratified; a man of means is supposed to be a man with means for the fulfilment of every desire. "People are often reproached for wishing for money above all else; but it is natural and even inevitable for people to love that which, like an unwearied Proteus, is always ready to turn itself into whatever object their wandering wishes or their manifold desires may fix upon. Everything else can satisfy only *one* wish; money alone is absolutely good, . . . because it is the abstract satisfaction of every wish."[92] Nevertheless, a life devoted to the acquisition of wealth is useless unless we know how to turn it into joy; and this is an art that requires culture and wisdom. A succession of sensual pursuits never satisfies for long; one must understand the ends of life as well as the art of acquiring means. "Men are a thousand times more intent on becoming rich than on acquiring culture, though it is quite certain that what a man *is* contributes more to his happiness than what he *has*."[93] A man who has no mental needs is called a Philistine";[94] he does not know what to do with his leisure—*difficilis in otio quies*;[95] he searches greedily from place to place for new sensations; and

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[92] *Essays*, "Wisdom of Life," p. 47.
[93] *Ibid.*, p. 11.
[94] P. 41.
[95] P. 39. "Quiet in leisure is difficult."

at last he is conquered by that nemesis of the idle rich or the reckless voluptuary—*ennui*.[96]

Not wealth but wisdom is the Way. "Man is at once impetuous striving of will (whose focus lies in the reproductive system), and eternal, free, serene subject of pure knowledge (of which the focus is the brain)."[97] Marvelous to say, knowledge, though born of the will, may yet master the will. The possibility of the independence of knowledge first appears in the indifferent way in which the intellect occasionally responds to the dictates of desire. "Sometimes the intellect refuses to obey the will: e. g., when we try in vain to fix our minds upon something, or when we call in vain upon the memory for something that was entrusted to it. The anger of the will against the intellect on such occasions makes its relation to it, and the difference of the two, very plain. Indeed, vexed by this anger, the intellect sometimes officiously brings what was asked of it hours afterward, or even the following morning, quite unexpectedly and unseasonably."[98] From this imperfect subservience the intellect may pass to domination. "In accordance with previous reflection, or a recognized necessity, a man suffers, or accomplishes in cold blood, what is of the utmost, and often terrible, importance to him: suicide, execution, the duel, enterprises of every kind fraught with danger to life; and in general, things against which his whole animal nature rebels. Under such circumstances we see to what an extent reason has mastered the animal nature."[99]

96P. 22.
97I, 262.
98II, 439.
99I, 112.

This power of the intellect over the will permits of deliberate development; desire can be moderated or quieted by knowledge; and above all by a determinist philosophy which recognizes everything as the inevitable result of its antecedents. "Of ten things that annoy us, nine would not be able to do so if we understood them thoroughly in their causes, and therefore knew their necessity and true nature. . . . For what bridle and bit are to an unmanageable horse, the intellect is for the will in man."[100] "It is with inward as with outward necessity: nothing reconciles us so thoroughly as distinct knowledge."[101] The more we know of our passions, the less they control us; and "nothing will protect us from external compulsion so much as the control of ourselves."[102] *Si vis tibi omnia subjicere, subjice to rationi.*[103] The greatest of all wonders is not the conqueror of the world, but the subduer of himself.

So philosophy purifies the will. But philosophy is to be understood as experience and thought, not as mere reading or passive study.

> The constant streaming in of the thoughts of others must confine and suppress our own; and indeed in the long run paralyze the power of thought. . . . The inclination of most scholars is a kind of *fuga vacui*[104] from the poverty of their own minds, which forcibly draws in the thoughts of others. . . . It is dangerous to read about a subject before we have thought about it ourselves. . . . When we read, another person thinks for us; we merely repeat his mental process. . . . So it comes about that if any-

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[100] II, 426.
[101] I, 396.
[102] "Counsels and Maxims," p. 51.
[103] "If you would subject all things to yourself, subject yourself to reason."—*Seneca.*
[104] Vacuum suction.

one spends almost the whole day in reading, . . . he gradually loses the capacity for thinking. . . . Experience of the world may be looked upon as a kind of text, to which reflection and knowledge form the commentary. Where there is a great deal of reflection and intellectual knowledge, and very little experience, the result is like those books which have on each page two lines of text to forty lines of commentary.[105]

The first counsel, then is Life before books; and the second is, Text before commentary. Read the creators rather than the expositors and the critics. "Only from the authors themselves can we receive philosophic thoughts; therefore whoever feels himself drawn to philosophy must seek out its immortal teachers in the still sanctuary of their own works."[106] One work of genius is worth a thousand commentaries.

Within these limitations, the pursuit of culture, even through books, is valuable, because our happiness depends on what we have in our heads rather than on what we have in our pockets. Even fame is folly; "other people's heads are a wretched place to be the home of a man's true happiness."[107]

What one human being can be to another is not a very great deal; in the end everyone stands alone; and the important thing is, who it is that stands alone. . . . The happiness which we receive from ourselves is greater than that which we obtain from our surroundings. . . . The world in which a man lives shapes itself chiefly by the way in which he looks at it. . . . Since everything which

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[105] II, 254; *Essays*, "Books and Reading"; "Counsels and Maxims," p. 21.

[106] I, xxvii.

[107] "Wisdom of Life," p. 117.

exists or happens for a man exists for him alone, the most essential thing for a man is the constitution of his consciousness. . . . Therefore it is with great truth that Aristotle says, "To be happy means to be self-sufficient."[108]

The way out of the evil of endless willing is the intelligent contemplation of life, and converse with the achievements of the great of all times and countries; it is only for such loving minds that these great ones have lived. "Unselfish intellect rises like a perfume above the faults and follies of the world of Will."[109] Most men never rise above viewing things as objects of desire—hence their misery; but to see things purely as objects of understanding is to rise to freedom.

When some external cause or inward disposition lifts us suddenly out of the endless stream of willing, and delivers knowledge out of the slavery of the will, the attention is no longer directed to the motives of willing, but comprehends things free from their relation to the will, and thus observes them without personal interest, without subjectivity, purely objectively,—gives itself entirely up to them so far as they are ideas, but not in so far as they are motives. Then all at once the peace which we were always seeking, but which always fled from us on the former path of the desires, comes to us of its own accord, and it is well with us. It is the painless state which Epicurus prized as the highest good and as the state of the gods; for we are for the moment set free from the miserable striving of the will; we keep the Sabbath of the penal servitude of willing; the wheel of Ixion stands still.[110]

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108 *Ibid.*, pp. 27, 4-9.

109 "Wisdom of Life," 34, 108.

110 I, 254. Ixion, according to classical mythology, tried to win Juno from Jupiter, and was punished by being bound to a forever-revolving wheel.

2. GENIUS

Genius is the highest form of this will-less knowledge. The lowest forms of life are entirely made up of will, without knowledge; man in general is mostly will and little knowledge; genius is mostly knowledge and little will. "Genius consists in this, that the knowing faculty has received a considerably greater development than the service of the will demands."[111] This involves some passage of force out of reproductive into intellectual activity. "The fundamental condition of genius is an abnormal predominance of sensibility over irritability and reproductive power."[112] Hence the enmity between genius and woman, who represents reproduction and the subjugation of the intellect to the will to live and make live. "Women may have great talent, but no genius, for they always remain subjective";[113] with them everything is personal, and is viewed as a means to personal ends. On the other hand,

> genius is simply the completest objectivity,—i. e., the objective tendency of the mind. . . . Genius is the power of leaving one's own interests, wishes and aims entirely out of sight, of entirely renouncing one's own personality for a time, so as to remain pure knowing subject, clear vision of the world. . . . Therefore the expression of genius in a face consists in this, that in it a decided predominance of knowledge over will is visible. In ordinary countenances there is a predominant expression of will: and we see that knowledge only

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111 III, 139.
112 III, 159.
113 *Ibid.*

comes into activity under the impulse of the will, and is directed merely by motives of personal interest and advantage.[114]

Freed from will, the intellect can see the object as it is; "genius holds up to us the magic glass in which all that is essential and significant appears to us collected and placed in the clearest light, and what is accidental and foreign is left out."[115] Thought pierces through passion as sunlight pours through a cloud, and reveals the heart of things; it goes behind the individual and particular to the "Platonic Idea" or universal essence of which it is a form—just as the painter sees, in the person whom he paints, not merely the individual character and feature, but some universal quality and permanent reality for whose unveiling the individual is only a symbol and a means. The secret of genius, then, lies in the clear and impartial perception of the objective, the essential, and the universal.

It is this removal of the personal equation which leaves the genius so maladapted in the world of will-ful, practical, personal activity. By seeing so far he does not see what is near; he is imprudent and "queer"; and while his vision is hitched to a star he falls into a well. Hence, partly, the unsociability of the genius; he is thinking of the fundamental, the universal, the eternal; others are thinking of the temporary, the specific, the immediate; his mind and theirs have no common ground, and never meet. "As a rule, a man is sociable just in the degree in which he is intellectually poor and generally vulgar."[116] The man of genius has his compensations, and does not

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[114] I, 240, 243.
[115] I, 321.
[116] "Wisdom of Life," p. 24.

need company so much as people who live in perpetual dependence on what is outside them. "The pleasure which he receives from all beauty, the consolation which art affords, the enthusiasm of the artist, . . . enable him to forget the cares of life," and "repay him for the suffering that increases in proportion to the clearness of consciousness, and for his desert loneliness among a different race of men."[117]

The result, however, is that the genius is forced into isolation, and sometimes into madness; the extreme sensitiveness which brings him pain along with imagination and intuition, combines with solitude and maladaptation to break the bonds that hold the mind to reality. Aristotle was right again: "Men distinguished in philosophy, politics, poetry or art appear to be all of a melancholy temperament."[118] The direct connection of madness and genius "is established by the biographies of great men, such as Rousseau, Byron, Alfieri, etc."[119] "By a diligent search in lunatic asylums, I have found individual cases of patients who were unquestionably endowed with great talents, and whose genius distinctly appeared through their madness."[120] Yet in these semi-madmen, these geniuses, lies the true aristocracy of mankind. "With regard to the intellect, nature is highly aristocratic. The distinctions which it has established are greater than those which are made in any country by birth, rank, wealth, or caste."[121] Nature gives genius only to a few because

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117 I, 345.

118 In "Wisdom of Life," p. 19.

119 The source of Lombroso—who adds Schopenhauer to the list.

120 I, 247.

121 II, 342.

such a temperament would be a hindrance in the normal pursuits of life, which require concentration on the specific and immediate. "Nature really intended even learned men to be tillers of the soil; indeed, professors of philosophy should be estimated according to this standard; and then their achievements will be found to come up to all fair expectations."[122]

3. ART

This deliverance of knowledge from servitude to the will, this foregetting of the individual self and its material interests, this elevation of the mind to the will-less contemplation of truth, is the function of art. The object of science is the universal that contains many particulars; the object of art is the particular that contains a universal. "Even the portrait ought to be, as Winckelmann says, the ideal of the individual."[123] In painting animals the most characteristic is accounted the most beautiful, because it best reveals the species. A work of art is successful, then, in proportion as it suggests the Platonic Idea, or universal, of the group to which the represented object belongs. The portrait of a man must aim, therefore, not at photographic fidelity, but at exposing, as far as possible, through one figure, some essential or universal quality of man.[124]

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[122] III, 20. By nature we seem to be hunters rather than tillers. Agriculture is a human invention, not a natural instinct.

[123] I, 290.

[124] So in literature, character-portrayal rises to greatness—other things equal—in proportion as the clearly-delineated individual represents also a universal type, like Faust and Margaret, or Quixote and Sancho Panza.

Art is greater than science because the latter proceeds by laborious accumulation and cautious reasoning, while the former reaches its goal at once by intuition and presentation; science can get along with talent, but art requires genius.

Our pleasure in nature, as in poetry or painting, is derived from contemplation of the object without admixture of personal will. To the artist the Rhine is a varied series of bewitching views, stirring the senses and the imagination with suggestions of beauty; but the traveler who is bent on his personal affairs "will see the Rhine and its banks only as a line, and the bridges only as lines cutting the first line."[125] The artist so frees himself from personal concerns that "to artistic perception it is all one whether we see the sunset from a prison or from a palace."[126] "It is this blessedness of will-less perception which casts an enchanting glamor over the past and the distant, and presents them to us in so fair a light."[127] Even hostile objects, when we contemplate them without excitation of the will, and without immediate danger, become sublime. Similarly, tragedy may take on esthetic value, by delivering us from the strife of the individual will, and enabling us to see our suffering in a larger view. Art alleviates the ills of life by showing us the eternal and universal behind the transitory and the individual. Spinoza was right: "in so far as the mind sees things in their eternal aspect it participates in eternity."[128]

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125 III, 145.

126 I, 265.

127 I, 256.

128 I, 230. Cf. Goethe: "There is no better deliverance from the world" of strife "than through art."—*Elective Affinities*, New York, 1902, p. 336.

This power of the arts to elevate us above the strife of wills is possessed above all by music.[129] "Music is by no means like the other arts, the copy of the Ideas" or essences of things, but it is "the copy of the will itself"; it shows us the eternally moving, striving, wandering will, always at last returning to itself to begin its striving anew. "This is why the effect of music is more powerful and penetrating than the other arts, for they speak only of shadows, while it speaks of the things itself."[130] It differs too from the other arts because it affects our feelings directly,'[131] and not through the medium of ideas; it speaks to something subtler than the intellect. What symmetry is to the plastic arts, rhythm is to music; hence music and architecture are antipodal; architecture, as Goethe said, is frozen music; and symmetry is rhythm standing still.

4. RELIGION

It dawned upon Schopenhauer's maturity that his theory of art—as the withdrawal of the will, and the contemplation of the eternal and universal—was also a theory of religion. In youth he had received very little religious training; and his temper did not incline him to respect the ecclesiastical organizations of his time. He despised theologians: "As

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129 "Schopenhauer was the first to recognize and designate with philosophic clearness the position of music with reference to the other fine arts."—*Wagner, Beethoven,* Boston, 1872, p. 23.

130 I. 333.

131 Hanslick (*The Beautiful in Music*, London, 1891, p. 23) objects to this, and argues that music affects only the imagination directly. Strictly, of course, it affects only the senses directly.

ultima ratio," or the final argument, "of theologians we find among many nations the stake";[132] and he described religion as "the metaphysics of the masses."[133] But in later years he began to see a profound significance in certain religious practices and dogmas. "The controversy which is so perseveringly carried on in our own day between supernaturalists and rationalists rests on the failure to recognize the allegorical nature of all religion."[134] Christianity, for example, is a profound philosophy of pessimism; "the doctrine of original sin (assertion of the will) and of salvation (denial of the will) is the great truth which constitutes the essence of Christianity."[135] Fasting is a remarkable expedient for weakening those desires that lead never to happiness but either to disillusionment or to further desire. "The power by virtue of which Christianity was able to overcome first Judaism, and then the heathenism of Greece and Rome, lies solely in its pessimism, in the confession that our state is both exceedingly wretched and sinful, while Judaism and heathenism were both optimistic";[136] they thought of religion as a bribe to the heavenly powers for aid towards earthly success; Christianity thought of religion as a deterrent from the useless quest of earthly happiness. In the midst of worldly luxury and power it has held up the ideal of the saint, the Fool in Christ, who refuses to fight, and absolutely overcomes the individual will.[137]

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[132] II, 365.
[133] *Essays*, "Religion," p. 2.
[134] II, 369.
[135] I, 524.
[136] II, 372.
[137] I, 493.

Buddhism is profounder than Christianity, because it makes the destruction of the will the entirety of religion, and preaches Nirvana as the goal of all personal development. The Hindus were deeper than the thinkers of Europe, because their interpretation of the world was internal and intuitive, not external and intellectual; the intellect divides everything, intuition unites everything; the Hindus saw that the "I" is a delusion; that the individual is merely phenomenal, and that the only reality is the Infinite One—"That art thou." "Whoever is able to say this to himself, with regard to every being with whom he comes in contact,"—whoever is clear-eyed and clear-souled enough to see that we are all members of one organism, all of us little currents in an ocean of will,—he "is certain of all virtue and blessedness, and is on the direct road to salvation."[138] Schopenhauer does not think that Christianity will ever displace Buddhism in the East: "it is just the same as if we fired a bullet against a cliff."[139] Rather, Indian philosophy streams into Europe, and will profoundly alter our knowledge and our thought. "The influence of the Sanskrit literature will penetrate not less deeply than did the revival of Greek letters in the fifteenth century."[140]

The ultimate wisdom, then, is Nirvana: to reduce one's self to a minimum of desire and will. The world-will is stronger than ours; let us yield at once. "The less the will is

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138 I, 483.

139 I, 460.

140 I, xiii. Perhaps we are witnessing a fulfillment of this prophecy in the growth of theosophy and similar faiths.

excited the less we suffer."[141] The great masterpieces of painting have always represented countenances in which "we see the expression of the completest knowledge, which is not directed to particular things, but has ... become the quieter of all will."[142] "That peace which is above all reason, that perfect calm of the spirit, that deep rest, that inviolable confidence and serenity, . . . as Raphael and Correggio have represented it, is an entire and certain gospel; only knowledge remains, the will has vanished."[143]

VII. THE WISDOM OF DEATH

And yet, something more is needed. By Nirvana the individual achieves the peace of will-lessness, and finds salvation; but after the individual? Life laughs at the death of the individual; it will survive him in his offspring, or in the offspring of others; even if his little stream of life runs dry there are a thousand other streams that grow broader and deeper with every generation. How can *Man* be saved? Is there a Nirvana for the race as well as for the individual?

Obviously, the only final and radical conquest of the will must lie in stopping up the source of life—the will to reproduce. "The satisfaction of the reproductive impulse is utterly and intrinsically reprehensible because it is the strongest affirmation of the lust for life." [144] What crime have these children committed that they should be born?[145]

141"Counsels and Maxims," p. 19.
142I, 300.
143I, 531.
144In Wallace, p. 29.
145III, 374; I, 423.

It is woman that is the culprit here; for when knowledge has reached to will-lessness, her thoughtless charms allure man again into reproduction. Youth has not intelligence enough to see how brief these charms must be; and when the intelligence comes, it is too late.

With young girls Nature seems to have had in view what, in the language of the drama, is called a *striking effect;* as for a few years she dowers them with a wealth of beauty and is lavish in her gift of charm, at the expense of all the rest of their lives; so that during those years they may capture the fancy of some man to such a degree that he is hurried away into undertaking the honorable care of them . . . as long as they live—a step for which there would not seem to be any sufficient warrant if only reason directed man's thoughts. . . . Here, as elsewhere, Nature proceeds with her usual economy; for just as the female ant, after fecundation, loses her wings, which are then superfluous, nay, actually a danger to the business of breeding; so, after giving birth to one or two children, a woman generally loses her beauty; probably, indeed, for similar reasons.[146]

Young men ought to reflect that "if the object which inspires them today to write madrigals and sonnets had been born eighteen years earlier, it would scarcely have won a glance from them."[147] After all, men are much more beautiful in body than women:

It is only the man whose intellect is clouded by his sexual impulse that could give the name of the *fair sex* to that under-sized, narrow-shouldered, broad-hipped, and short-legged race; for the whole beauty of the sex is bound up with this impulse. Instead of calling them beautiful there would be more warrant for describing women as the unesthetic sex. Neither for music, nor for poetry,

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[146] Essay on Women, p. 73.
[147] III, 339.

nor for the fine arts, have they really and truly any sense or susceptibility; it is a mere mockery if they make a pretense of it in order to assist their endeavor to please. . . . They are incapable of taking a purely objective interest in anything. . . . The most distinguished intellects among the whole sex have never managed to produce a single achievement in the fine arts that is really genuine and original; or given to the world any work of permanent value in any sphere.[148]

This veneration of women is a product of Christianity and of German sentimentality; and it is in turn a cause of that Romantic movement which exalts feeling, instinct and will above the intellect.[149] The Asiatics know better, and frankly recognize the inferiority of woman. "When the laws gave women equal rights with men, they ought also to have endowed them with masculine intellects."[150] Asia again shows a finer honesty than ours in her marriage institutions; it accepts as normal and legal the polygamy, which, though so widely practiced among us, is covered with the fig-leaf of a phrase. "Where are there any real monogamists?"[151]—And how absurd it is to give

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148 Essay on Women, p. 79. Schopenhauer forgets that nothing is beautiful except through desires; that the better concert-halls are filled with women rather than with men, even in the evening; that men have to be dragged by their wives or daughters to see the finer sort of play; that our institutions do not permit women to deal with life directly, but compel her first of all to attach herself to a man; and that as her economic dependence on man lessens, her subservience to him visibly disappears.

149 III, 209-14. Schopenhauer proceeds to denounce romanticism, quite unaware, apparently, of his own role as the philosopher of the Romantic movement.

150 Essay on Women, p. 84.

151 *Ibid.*, p. 86

property-rights to women! "All women are, with rare exceptions, inclined to extravagance," because they live only in the present, and their chief out-door sport is shopping. "Women think that it is men's business to earn money, and theirs to spend it";[152] this is their conception of the division of labor. "I am therefore of opinion that women should never be allowed altogether to manage their own concerns, but should always stand under actual male supervision, be it of father, of husband, of son, or of the state—as is the case in Hindostan; and that consequently they should never be given full power to dispose of any property they have not themselves acquired."[153] It was probably the luxury and extravagance of the women of Louis XIII's court that brought on the general corruption of government which culminated in the French Revolution.[154]

The less we have to do with women, then, the better. They are not even a "necessary evil";[155] life is safer and smoother without them. Let men recognize the snare that lies in women's beauty, and the absurd comedy of reproduction will end. The development of intelligence will weaken or frustrate the will to reproduce, and will thereby at last achieve the extinction of the race. Nothing could form a finer denouement to the insane tragedy of the restless will;—why should the curtain that has just fallen upon defeat and death always rise again upon a new life, a new struggle,

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152*Ibid.*, p. 75.

153In Wallace, p. 80. This echoes Schopenhauer's dissatisfaction with his mother's extravagance. A man's opinions about women are usually a description of his mother or his wife.

154Essay on Women, p. 89.

155Carlyle's phrase.

and a new defeat? How long shall we be lured into this much-ado-about-nothing, this endless pain that leads only to a painful end? When shall we have the courage to fling defiance into the face of the Will,—to tell it that the loveliness of life is a lie, and that the greatest boon of all is death?

VIII. CRITICISM

The natural response to such a philosophy is a medical diagnosis, of the age and of the man.

Let us realize again that we have here a phenomenon akin to that which, in the days after Alexander and after Caesar, brought first to Greece and then to Rome a flood of Oriental faiths and attitudes. It is characteristic of the East to see the external Will in nature as so much more powerful than the will in man, and to come readily to a doctrine of resignation and despair. As the decay of Greece brought the pallor of Stoicism and the hectic flush of Epicureanism upon the cheeks of Hellas, so the chaos of the Napoleonic wars brought into the soul of Europe that plaintive weariness which made Schopenhauer its philosophic voice. Europe had a terrible headache in 1815.[156]

The personal diagnosis can take its lead from Schopenhauer's admission that a man's happiness depends on what he is, rather than on external circumstance. Pessimism is an indictment of the pessimist. Given a diseased constitution and a neurotic mind, a life of

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[156]Compare the apathy and despondency of Europe today (1924), and the popularity of such books as Spengler's *Decline of the West*.

empty leisure and gloomy *ennui*, and there emerges the proper physiology for Schopenhauer's philosophy. One must have leisure to be a pessimist; an active life almost always brings good spirits in body and in mind. Schopenhauer admires the serenity that comes of modest aims and a steady life,[157] but he could hardly speak of these from personal experience. *Difficilis in otio quies*, truly; he had money enough for continuous leisure, and he found continuous leisure to be more intolerable than continuous work. Perhaps the tendency of philosophers towards melancholy is due to the unnaturalness of sedentary occupations; too often an attack upon life is merely a symptom of the lost art of excretion.

Nirvana is the ideal of a listless man, a Childe Harold or a Réné, who has begun by desiring too much, by staking all on one passion, and then, having lost, spending the remainder of his life in a passionless and petulant *ennui*. If intellect arises as the servant of will, it is quite likely that the particular product of the intellect which we know as the philosophy of Schopenhauer was the cover and apology of a diseased and indolent will. And no doubt his early experiences with women and with men developed an abnormal suspiciousness and sensitivity, as it did in Stendahl and Flaubert and Nietzsche. He became cynical and solitary. He writes: "A friend in need is not a friend indeed; he is merely a borrower";[158] and, "Do not tell a friend anything that you would conceal from an enemy."[159] He advises a quiet, monotonous, hermit life; he

157 I, 422.
158 "Counsels and Maxims," p. 86.
159 *Ibid.*, p. 96.

fears society, and has no sense of the values or joys of human association.[160] But happiness dies when it is not shared.

There is, of course, a large element of egotism in pessimism: the world is not good enough for us, and we turn up our philosophic noses to it. But this is to forget Spinoza's lesson, that our terms of moral censure and approbation are merely human judgments mostly irrelevant when applied to the cosmos as a whole. Perhaps our supercilious disgust with existence is a cover for a secret disgust with ourselves: we have botched and bungled our lives, and we cast the blame upon the "environment," or the "world," which have no tongues to utter a defense. The mature man accepts the natural limitations of life; he does not expect Providence to be prejudiced in his favor; he does not ask for loaded dice with which to play the game of life. He knows, with Carlyle, that there is no sense in vilifying the sun because it will not light our cigars. And perhaps, if we are clever enough to help it, the sun will do even that; and this vast neutral cosmos may turn out to be a pleasant place enough if we bring a little sunshine of our own to help it out. In truth the world is neither with us nor against us; it is but raw material in our hands, and can be heaven or hell according to what we are.

Part of the cause of pessimism, in Schopenhauer and his contemporaries, lay in their romantic attitudes and expectations. Youth expects too much of the world; pessimism is the morning after optimism, just as 1815 had to pay for 1789. The romantic exaltation and liberation of feeling, instinct and will, and the

160 *Ibid.*, pp. 24, 37.

romantic contempt for intellect, restraint, and order, brought their natural penalties; for "the world, as Horace Walpole said, "is a comedy for those who think, but a tragedy for those who feel." "Perhaps no movement has been so prolific of melancholy as emotional romanticism. . . . When the romanticist discovers that his ideal of happiness works out into actual unhappiness, he does not blame his ideal. He simply assumes that the world is unworthy of a being so exquisitely organized as himself."[161] How could a capricious universe ever satisfy a capricious soul?

The spectacle of Napoleon's rise to empire, Rousseau's denunciation—and Kant's critique—of the intellect, and his own passionate temperament and experiences, conspired to suggest to Schopenhauer the primacy and ultimacy of the will. Perhaps, too, Waterloo and St. Helena helped to develop a pessimism born, no doubt, of bitter personal contact with the stings and penalties of life. Here was the most dynamic individual will in all history, imperiously commanding continents; and yet its doom was as certain and ignominous as that of the insect to which the day of its birth brings inevitable death. It never occurred to Schopenhauer that it was better to have fought and lost than never to have fought at all; he did not feel, like the more masculine and vigorous Hegel, the glory and desirability of strife; he longed for peace, and lived in the midst of war. Everywhere he saw strife, he could not see, behind the strife, the friendly aid of neighbors, the rollicking joy of children and young men, the dances of vivacious girls, the willing sacrifices of parents and lovers, the patient

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[161] Babbitt, *Rousseau and Romanticism*, p. 308.

bounty of the soil, and the renaissance of spring.

And what if desire, fulfilled, leads only to another desire? Perhaps it is better that we should never be content. Happiness, says an old lesson lies rather in achievement than in possession or satiation. And the healthy man asks not so much for happiness as for an opportunity to exercise his capacities; and if he must pay the penalty of pain for this freedom and this power he makes the forfeit cheerfully; it is not too great a price. We need resistance to raise us, as it raises the airplane or the bird; we need obstacles against which to sharpen our strength and stimulate our growth. Life without tragedy would be unworthy of a man.[162]

Is it true that "he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow," and that it is the most highly organized beings that suffer most? Yes; but it is also true that the growth of knowledge increases joy as well as sorrow, and that the subtlest delights, as well as the keenest pains, are reserved for the developed soul. Voltaire rightly preferred the Brahmin's "unhappy" wisdom to the blissful ignorance of the peasant woman; we wish to experience life keenly and deeply, even at the cost of pain;

162Cf. Schopenhauer himself: "To have no regular work, no set sphere of activity,—what a miserable thing it is! . . . Effort, struggles with difficulties! that is as natural to a man as grubbing in the ground is to a mole. To have all his wants satisfied is something intolerable—the feeling of stagnation which comes from pleasures that last too long. To overcome difficulties is to experience the full delight of existence."—"Counsels and Maxims," p. 53. One would like to know more of what the maturer Schopenhauer thought of the brilliant philosophy of his youth.

we wish to venture into its innermost secrets, even at the cost of disillusionment.[163] Virgil, who had tasted every pleasure, and knew the luxuries of imperial favor, at last "tired of everything except the joys of understanding." When the senses cease to satisfy, it is something to have won access, however arduously, to comradeship with those artists, poets and philosophers whom only the mature mind can comprehend. Wisdom is a bitter-sweet delight, deepened by the very discords that enter into its harmony.

Is pleasure negative? Only a sorely wounded soul, drawing itself in from contact with the world, could have uttered so fundamental a blasphemy against life. What is pleasure but the harmonious operation of our instincts?—and how can pleasure be negative except where the instinct at work makes for retreat rather than for approach? The pleasures of escape and rest, of submission and security, of solitude and quiet are no doubt negative, because the instincts that impel us to them are essentially negative—forms of flight and fear; but shall we say the same of the pleasures that come when positive instincts are in command—instincts of acquisition and possession, of pugnacity and mastery, of action and play, of association and love? Is the joy of laughter negative, or the romping of the child, or the song of the mating bird, or the crow of Chanté-

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[163] Anatole France (Voltaire's last avatar) has dedicated one of his noblest masterpieces—*The Human Tragedy*—to the task of showing that though "the joy of understanding is a sad joy," yet "those who have once tasted it would not exchange it for all the frivolous gaieties and empty hopes of the vulgar herd." (Cf. *The Garden of Epicurus*, New York, 1908, p. 120.)

clèer, or the creative ecstasy of art? What nonsense! Life itself is a positive force, and every normal function of it is of itself a joy. Surely Cicero was right when he said that there is nothing so absurd but that we may find it in the books of the philosophers.

It remains true, no doubt, that death is terrible. Much of its terror disappears if one has lived a normal life; one must have lived well in order to die well. And would deathlessness delight us? Who envies the fate of Ahasuerus, to whom immortal life was sent as the heaviest punishment that could be inflicted upon man? And why is death terrible if not because life is sweet? We need not say with Napoleon that all who fear death are atheists at heart; but we may surely say that a man who lives to three-score-years-and-ten has survived his pessimism, and his right to pessimism. No man, said Goethe, is a pessimist after thirty. And hardly before twenty; pessimism is a luxury of self-conscious and self-important youth; youth that comes out of the warm bosom of the communistic family into the cold atmosphere of individualistic competition and greed, and then yearns back to its mother's breast; youth that hurls itself madly against the windmills and evils of the world, and sadly sheds utopias and ideals with every year. But before twenty is the joy of the body, and after thirty is the joy of the mind; before twenty is the pleasure of protection and security; and after thirty the joy of parentage and home.

How should a man avoid pessimism who lived almost all his life in a boardinghouse? And who abandoned his only child to illegitimate anonymity?[164] At the bottom of Scho-

[164] Finot, *The Science of Happiness*, New York, 1914, p. 70.

penhauer's unhappiness was his rejection of the normal life,—his rejection of women and marriage and children. He finds in parentage the greatest of evils, where a healthy man finds in it the greatest of life's satisfactions. He thinks that the stealthiness of love is due to shame in continuing the race—could anything be more pedantically absurd? He sees in love only the sacrifice of the individual to the race, and ignores the delights with which the instinct repays the sacrifice,—delights so great that they have inspired most of the poetry of the world.[165] He knows woman only as shrew and as sinner, and he imagines that there are no other types. He thinks that the man who undertakes to support a wife is a fool;[166] but apparently such men are not much more unhappy than our passionate apostle of single infelicity. He scorns the beauty of woman,—as if there were any forms of beauty that we could spare, and that we should not cherish as the color and fragrance of life. What hatred of women one venereal mishap had generated in this unfortunate soul!

There are other difficulties, more technical and less vital, in this remarkable and stimulating philosophy. How can suicide ever occur in a world where the only real force is the will to live? How can the intellect, begotten and brought up as servant of the will, ever achieve independence and objectivity? Does genius lie in knowledge divorced from will, or does it contain, as its driving force, an immense power of will, even a large alloy of

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165Cf., again, Schopenhauer himself: "It is just this not seeking of one's own things (which is everywhere the stamp of greatness) that gives to passionate love the touch of sublimity."—III, 368.

166Essay on Women, p. 73.

personal ambition and conceit?[167] Is madness connected with genius in general or rather with only the "romantic" type of genius (Byron, Shelley, Poe, Heine, Swinburne, Strindberg, Dostoievski, etc.); and is not the "classic" and profounder type of genius exceptionally sound (Socrates, Plato, Spinoza, Bacon, Newton, Voltaire, Goethe, Darwin, Whitman, etc.)? What if the proper function of intellect and philosophy is not the denial of the will but the co-ordination of desires into a united and harmonious will? What if "will" itself, except as the unified product of such co-ordination, is a mythical abstraction, as shadowy as "force?"

Nevertheless there is about this philosophy a blunt honesty by the side of which most optimistic creeds appear as soporific hypocrisies. It is all very well to say, with Spinoza, that good and bad are subjective terms, human prejudices; and yet we are compelled to judge this world not from any "impartial" view, but from the standpoint of actual human sufferings and needs. It was well that Schopenhauer should force philosophy to face the raw reality of evil, and should point the nose of thought to the human tasks of alleviation. It has been harder, since his day, for philosophy to live in the unreal atmosphere of a logic-chopping metaphysics; thinkers begin to realize that thought without action is a disease.

Above all, Schopenhauer opened the eyes of psychologists to the subtle depth and omnipresent force of instinct. Intellectualism—the conception of man as above all a thinking animal, consciously adapting means to rationally chosen ends—fell sick with Rousseau, took to

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[167] Cf. Schopenhauer: "The greatest intellectual capacities are only found in connection with a vehement and passionate will."—II, 413.

its bed with Kant, and died with Schopenhauer. After two centuries of introspective analysis philosophy found, behind thought, desire; and behind the intellect, instinct;—just as, after a century of materialism, physics finds, behind matter, energy. We owe it to Schopenhauer that he revealed our secret hearts to us, showed us that our desires are the axioms of our philosophies, and cleared the way to an understanding of thought as no mere abstract calculation of impersonal events, but as a flexible instrument of action and desire.

Finally, and despite exaggerations, Schopenhauer taught us again the necessity of genius, and the value of art. He saw that the ultimate good in life is beauty, and that its ultimate joy lies in the creation or cherishing of the beautiful. He joined with Goethe and Carlyle in protest against the attempt of Hegel and Marx and Buckle to eliminate genius as a fundamental factor in human history; in an age when all the great seemed dead he preached once more the ennobling worship of heroes. And with all his faults he succeeded in adding another name to theirs.

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Speeches of Lincoln

HALDEMAN-JULIUS COMPANY
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LINCOLN'S SPEECHES

GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

November 19, 1863

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field is a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate —we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave

the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS

March 4, 1861

Fellow-Citizens of the United States: In compliance with a custom as old as the government itself, I appear before you to address you briefly, and to take in your presence the oath prescribed by the Constitution of the United States to be taken by the President "before he enters on the execution of his office."

I do not consider it necessary at present for me to discuss those matters of administration about which there is no special anxiety or excitement.

Apprehension seems to exist among the people of the Southern States that by the accession of a Republican administration their property and their peace and personal security are to be endangered. There has never been any reasonable cause for such apprehension. Indeed, the most ample evidence to the contrary has all the while existed and been open to their inspection. It is found in nearly all the published speeches of him who now addresses you. I do but quote from one of those speeches

when I declare that "I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so." Those who nominated and elected me did so with full knowledge that I had made this and many similar declarations, and had never recanted them. And, more than this, they placed in the platform for my acceptance, and as a law to themselves and to me, the clear and emphatic resolution which I now read:

"Resolved, That the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the States, and especially the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depend, and we denounce the lawless invasion by armed force of the soil of any State or Territory, no matter under what pretext, as among the gravest of crimes."

I now reiterate these sentiments; and, in doing so, I only press upon the public attention the most conclusive evidence of which the case is susceptible, that the property, peace, and security of no section are to be in any wise endangered by the now incoming administration. I add, too, that all the protection which, consistently with the Constitution and the laws, can be given, will be cheerfully given to the States when lawfully demanded,

for whatever cause—as cheerfully to one section as to another.

There is much controversy about the delivering up of fugitives from service or labor. The clause I now read is as plainly written in the Constitution as any other of its provisions:

"No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall in consequence of any law or regulation therein be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."

It is scarcely questioned that this provision was intended by those who made it for the reclaiming of what we call fugitive slaves; and the intention of the lawgiver is the law. All members of Congress swear their support to the whole Constitution—to this provision as much as to any other. To the proposition, then, that slaves whose cases come within the terms of this clause "shall be delivered up," their oaths are unanimous. Now, if they would make the effort in good temper, could they not with nearly equal unanimity frame and pass a law by means of which to keep good that unanimous oath?

There is some difference of opinion whether this clause should be enforced by national or by State authority; but surely that difference is not a very material one. If the slave is to be surrendered, it can be of but little consequence to him or to others by which authority

it is done. And should any one in any case be content that his oath shall go unkept on a merely unsubstantial controversy as to how it shall be kept?

Again, in any law upon this subject, ought not all the safeguards of liberty known in civilized and humane jurisprudence to be introduced, so that a free man be not, in any case, surrendered as a slave? And might it not be well at the same time to provide by law for the enforcement of that clause in the Constitution which guarantees that "the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States?"

I take the official oath today with no mental reservations, and with no purpose to construe the Constitution or laws by any hypercritical rules. And while I do not choose now to specify particular acts of Congress as proper to be enforced, I do suggest that it will be much safer for all, both in official and private stations, to conform to and abide by all those acts which stand unrepealed, than to violate any of them, trusting to find impunity in having them held to be unconstitutional.

It is seventy-two years since the first inauguration of a President under our National Constitution. During that period fifteen different and greatly distinguished citizens have, in succession, administered the executive branch of the government. They have conducted it through many perils, and generally with great success. Yet, with all this scope

of precedent, I now enter upon the task for the brief constitutional term of four years under great and peculiar difficulty. A disruption of the Federal Union, heretofore only menaced, is now formidably attempted.

I hold that, in contemplation of universal law and of the Constitution, the Union of these States is perpetual. Perpetuity is implied, if not expressed, in the fundamental law of all national government. It is safe to assert that no government proper ever had a provision in its organic law for its own termination. Continue to execute all the express provisions of our National Constitution, and the Union will endure forever—it being impossible to destroy it except by some action not provided for in the instrument itself.

Again, if the United States be not a government proper, but an association of States in the nature of contract merely, can it, as a contract be peaceably unmade by less than all the parties who made it? One party to a contract may violate—break it, so to speak; but does it not require all to lawfully rescind it?

Descending from these general principles, we find the proposition that, in legal contemplation the Union is perpetual confirmed by the history of the Union itself. The Union is much older than the Constitution. It was formed, in fact, by the Articles of Association in 1774. It was matured and continued by the Declaration of Independence in 1776. It was further matured, and the faith of all the then

thirteen States expressly plighted and engaged that it should be perpetual, by the Articles of Confederation in 1778. And, finally, in 1787 one of the declared objects for ordaining and establishing the Constitution was "to form a more perfect Union."

But if the destruction of the Union by one or by a part only of the States, be lawfully possible, the Union is less perfect than before the Constitution, having lost the vital element of perpetuity.

It follows from these views that no State upon its own mere motion can lawfully get out of the Union; that resolves and ordinances to that effect are legally void; and that acts of violence, within any State or States, against the authority of the United States, are insurrectionary or revolutionary, according to circumstances.

I therefore consider that, in view of the Constitution and the laws, the Union is unbroken; and to the extent of my ability I shall take care, as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States. Doing this I deem to be only a simple duty on my part; and I shall perform it so far as practicable, unless my rightful masters, the American people, shall withhold the requisite means, or in some authoritative manner direct the contrary. I trust this will not be regarded as a menace, but only as the declared purpose of the Union that it will constitutionally de-

fend and maintain itself.

In doing this there needs to be no bloodshed or violence; and there shall be none, unless it be forced upon the national authority The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy and possess the property and places belonging to the government, and to collect the duties and imposts; but beyond what may be necessary for these objects, there will be no invasion, no using of force against or among the people anywhere. Where hostility to the United States, in any interior locality, shall be so great and universal as to prevent competent resident citizens from holding the Federal offices, there will be no attempt to force obnoxious strangers among the people for that object. While the strict legal right may exist in the government to enforce the exercise of these offices, the attempt to do so would be so irritating, and so nearly impracticable withal, that I deem it better to forego for the time the uses of such offices.

The mails, unless repelled, will continue to be furnished in all parts of the Union. So far as possible, the people everywhere shall have that sense of perfect security which is most favorable to calm thought and reflection. The course here indicated will be followed unless current events and experience shall show a modification or change to be proper, and in every case and exigency my best discretion will be exercised according to circumstances actually existing, and with a

view and a hope of a perfect solution of the national troubles and the restoration of fraternal sympathies and affections.

That there are persons in one section or another who seek to destroy the Union at all events, and are glad of any pretext to do it. I will neither affirm nor deny; but if there be such, I need address no word to them. To those, however, who really love the Union may I not speak?

Before entering upon so grave a matter as the destruction of our national fabric, with all its benefits, its memories, and its hopes, would it not be wise to ascertain precisely why we do it? Will you hazard so desperate a step while there is any possibility that any portion of the ills you fly from have no real existence? Will you, while the certain ills you fly to are greater than all the real ones you fly from—will you risk the commission of so fearful a mistake?

All profess to be content in the Union if all constitutional rights can be maintained. Is it true, then, that any right, plainly written in the Constitution. has been denied? I think. not. Happily the human mind is so constituted that no party can reach to the audacity of doing this. Think, if you can, of a single instance in which a plainly written provision of the Constitution has ever been denied. If by the mere force of numbers a majority should deprive a minority of any clearly written constitutional right, it might, in a

moral point of view, justify revolution—certainly would if such a right were a vital one. But such is not our case. All the vital rights of minorities and of individuals are so plainly assured to them by affirmations and negations, guarantees and prohibitions, in the Constitution, that controversies never arise concerning them. But no organic law can ever be framed with a provision specifically applicable to every question which may occur in practical administration. No foresight can anticipate, nor any document of reasonable length contain, express provisions for all possible questions. Shall fugitives from labor be surrendered by national or by State authority? The Constitution does not expressly say. May Congress prohibit slavery in the Territories? The Constitution does not expressly say. Must Congress protect slavery in the Territories? The Constitution does not expressly say.

From questions of this class spring all our constitutional controversies, and we divide upon them into majorities and minorities. If the minority will not acquiesce, the majority must, or the government must cease. There is no other alternative; for continuing the government is acquiescence on one side or the other.

If a minority in such case will secede rather than acquiesce, they make a precedent which in turn will divide and ruin them: for a minority of their own will secede from them whenever a majority refuses to be controlled

by such minority. For instance, why may not any portion of a new confederacy a year or two hence arbitrarily secede again, precisely as portions of the present Union now claim to secede from it? All who cherish disunion sentiments are now being educated to the exact temper of doing this.

Is there such perfect identity of instincts among the States to compose a new Union, as to produce harmony only, and prevent renewed secession?

Plainly, the central idea of secession is the essence of anarchy. A majority held in restraint by constitutional checks and limitations, and always changing easily with deliberate changes of popular opinions and sentiments, is the only true sovereign of a free people. Whoever rejects it does, of necessity, fly to anarchy or to despotism. Unanimity is impossible; the rule of a minority, as a permanent arrangement, is wholly inadmissible; so that, rejecting the majority principle, anarchy or despotism in some form is all that is left.

I do not forget the position, assumed by some, that constitutional questions are to be decided by the Supreme Court; nor do I deny that such decisions must be binding, in any case, upon the parties to a suit, as to the object of that suit, while they are also entitled to very high respect and consideration in all parallel cases by all other departments of the government. And while it is obviously

possible that such decision may be erroneous in any given case, still the evil effect following it, being limited to that particular case, with the chance that it may be overruled and never become a precedent for other cases, can better be borne than could the evils of a different practice. At the same time, the candid citizen must confess that if the policy of the government, upon vital questions affecting the whole people, is to be irrevocably fixed by decision of the Supreme Court, the instant they are made, in ordinary litigation between parties in personal actions, the people will have ceased to be their own rulers, having to that extent practically resigned their government into the hands of that eminent tribunal Nor is there in this view any assault upon the court or the judges. It is a duty from which they may not shrink to decide cases properly brought before them, and it is no fault of theirs if others seek to turn their decisions to political purposes.

One section of our country believes slavery is right, and ought to be extended, while the other believes it is wrong, and ought not to be extended. This is the only substantial dispute. The fugitive-slave clause of the Constitution, and the law for the suppression of the foreign slave-trade, are each as well enforced. perhaps, as any law can ever be in a community where moral sense of the people imperfectly supports the law itself. The great body of the people abide by the dry legal obli-

gation in both cases, and a few break over in each. This, I think, cannot be perfectly cured; and it would be worse in both cases after the separation of the sections than before. The foreign slave-trade, now imperfectly suppressed, would be ultimately revived without restriction, in one section, while fugitive slaves, now only partially surrendered, would not be surrendered at all by the other.

Physically speaking, we cannot separate. We cannot remove our respective sections from each other, nor build an impassable wall between them. A husband and wife may be divorced, and go out of the presence and beyond the reach of each other; but the different parts of our country cannot do this. They cannot but remain face to face, and intercourse, either amicable or hostile, must continue between them. Is it possible, then, to make that intercourse more advantageous or more satisfactory after separation than before? Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced between aliens than laws can among friends? Suppose you go to war, you cannot fight always; and when, after much loss on both sides, and no gain on either, you cease fighting, the identical old questions as to terms of intercourse are again upon you.

This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of

amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it. I cannot be ignorant of the fact that many worthy and patriotic citizens are desirous of having the National Constitution amended. While I make no recommendation of amendments, I fully recognize the rightful authority of the people over the whole subject, to be exercised in either of the modes prescribed in the instrument itself; and I should, under existing circumstances, favor rather than oppose a fair opportunity being afforded the people to act upon it. I will venture to add that to me the convention mode seems preferable, in that it allows amendments to originate with the people themselves, instead of only permitting them to take or reject propositions originated by others not especially chosen for the purpose, and which might not be precisely such as they would wish to either accept or refuse. I understand a proposed amendment to the Constitution—which amendment, however, I have not seen—has passed Congress, to the effect that the Federal Government shall never interfere with the domestic institutions of the States, including that of persons held to service. To avoid misconstruction of what I have said, I depart from my purpose not to speak of particular amendments so far as to say that, holding such a provision to now be implied constitutional law, I have no objection to its being made express and irrevocable.

The chief magistrate derives all his author-

ity from the people, and they have conferred none upon him to fix terms for the separation of the States. The people themselves can do this also if they choose; but the executive, as such, has nothing to do with it. His duty is to administer the present government, as it came to his hands, and to transmit it, unimpaired by him, to his successor.

Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world? In our present differences is either party without faith of being in the right? If the Almighty Ruler of Nations, with his eternal truth and justice, be on your side of the North, or on yours of the South, that truth and justice will surely prevail by the judgment of this great tribunal of the American people.

By the frame of the government under which we live, this same people have wisely given their public servants but little power for mischief; and have, with equal wisdom, provided for the return of that little to their own hands at very short intervals. While the people retain their virtue and vigilance, no administration, by any extreme of wickedness or folly, can very seriously injure the government in the short space of four years.

My countrymen, one and all, think calmly and well upon this whole subject. Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time. If there be an object to hurry any of you in hot haste to a step which you would never take deliber-

ately, that object will be frustrated by taking time; but no good object can be frustrated by it. Such of you as are now dissatisfied, still have the old Constitution unimpaired, and, on the sensitive point, the laws of your own framing under it; while the new administration will have no immediate power, if it would, to change either. If it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied hold the right side in the dispute, there still is no single good reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust in the best way all our present difficulty.

In your hands, my dissatified fellow countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect, and defend it."

I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION

January 1, 1863

Whereas, on the twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, a proclamation was issued by the President of the United States, containing, among other things, the following, towit:

"That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three. all persons held as slaves within any State, or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free, and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.

"That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation. designate the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people thereof respectively shall then be in rebellion against the United States; and the fact that any State, or the people thereof, shall on that day be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United

States by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such State shall have participated, shall in the absence of strong countervailing testimony be deemed conclusive evidence that such State and the people thereof are not then in rebellion against the United States."

Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, in time of actual armed rebellion against the authority and government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion, do, on this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and in accordance with my purpose so to do, publicly proclaimed for the full period of 100 days from the day first above mentioned, order and designate as the States and parts of States wherein the people thereof, respectively, are this day in rebellion against the United States, the following, towit:

Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana (except the parishes of St. Bernard, Plaquemines, Jefferson, St. John, St. Charles, St. James, Ascension, Assumption, Terre Bonne, Lafourche, St. Mary, St. Martin and Orleans, including the city of New Orleans), Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia (except the forty-eight counties designated as West Virginia, and also

the counties of Berkeley, Accomas, Northampton, Elizabeth City, York, Princess Ann, and Norfolk, including the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth), and which excepted parts are for the present left precisely as if this proclamation were not issued.

And by virtue of the power and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated States and parts of States are, and henceforward shall be, free; and that the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons.

And I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defence; and I recommend to them that, in all cases when allowed, they labor faithfully for reasonable wages.

And I further declare and make known that such persons of suitable condition will be received into the armed service of the United States to garrison forts, positions, stations, and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service.

And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States

to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred
(L. S.) and sixty-three, and of the independence of the United States of America the eighty-seventh.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President: William H. Seward, Secretary of State.

SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

March 4, 1865

Fellow-Countrymen: At this second appearing to take the oath of the presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is

ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it—all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide effects, by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the Southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a

result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered—that of neither has been answered fully.

The Almighty has his own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so

still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his children —to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

SPRINGFIELD SPEECH

June 16, 1858

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention: If we could first know where we are, and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do, and how to do it. We are now far into the fifth year since a policy was initiated with the avowed object and confident promise of putting an end to slavery agitation. Under the operation of that policy, that agitation has not only not ceased, but has constantly augmented. In my opinion, it will not cease until a crisis shall have been reached and passed. "A house divided against itself cannot stand." I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect

it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing, or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind shall rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the States, old as well as new, North as well as South.

Let any one who doubts carefully contemplate that now almost complete legal combination—piece of machinery, so to speak—compounded of the Nebraska doctrine and the Dred Scott decision. Let him consider not only what work the machinery is adapted to do, and how well adapted; but also let him study the history of its construction, and trace, if he can, or rather fail, if he can, to trace the evidences of design and concert of action among its chief architects, from the beginning.

The new year of 1854 found slavery excluded from more than half the States by State constitutions, and from most of the national territory by congressional prohibition. Four days later commenced the struggle which ended in repealing that congressional prohibition. This opened all the national territory to slavery, and was the first post gained.

But, so far, Congress only had acted; and an indorsement by the people, real or apparent, was indispensable to save the point

already gained and give chance for more.

This necessity had not been overlooked, but had been provided for, as well as might be, in the notable argument of "squatter sovereignty," otherwise called "sacred right of self-government," which latter phrase, though expressive of the only rightful basis of any government, was so perverted in this attempted use of it as to amount to just this: That if any one man choose to enslave another, no third man shall be allowed to object. That argument was incorporated into the Nebraska bill itself, in the language which follows: "It being the true intent and meaning of this act not to legislate slavery into any Territory or State, nor to exclude it therefrom; but to leave the people thereof perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, subject only to the Constitution of the United States." Then opened the roar of loose declamation in favor of "squatter sovereignty" and "sacred right of self-government." "But," said opposition members, "let us amend the bill so as to expressly declare that the people of the Territory may exclude slavery." "Not we," said the friends of the measure; and down they voted the amendment.

While the Nebraska bill was passing through Congress, a law case involving the question of a negro's freedom, by reason of his owner having voluntarily taken him first into a free State and then into a Territory

covered by the congressional prohibition, and held him as a slave for a long time in each, was passing through the United States Circuit Court for the District of Missouri; and both Nebraska bill and lawsuit were brought to a decision in the same month of May, 1854. The negro's name was Dred Scott, which name now designates the decision finally made in the case. Before the then next presidential election, the law case came to and was argued in the Supreme Court of the United States; but the decision of it was deferred until after the election. Still, before the election, Senator Trumbull, on the floor of the Senate, requested the leading advocate of the Nebraska bill to state his opinion whether the people of a Territory can constitutionally exclude slavery from their limits; and the latter answered: "That is a question for the Supreme Court."

The election came. Mr. Buchanan was elected, and the indorsement, such as it was, secured. That was the second point gained. The indorsement, however, fell short of a clear popular majority by nearly four hundred thousand votes, and so, perhaps, was not overwhelmingly reliable and satisfactory. The outgoing President, in his last annual message, as impressively as possible echoed back upon the people the weight and authority of the indorsement. The Supreme Court met again; did not announce their decision, but ordered a reargument. The presidential

inauguration came, and still no decision of the court; but the incoming President in his inaugural address fervently exhorted the people to abide by the forthcoming decision, whatever it might be. Then, in a few days, came the decision.

The reputed author of the Nebraska bill finds an early occasion to make a speech at this capital indorsing the Dred Scott decision, and vehemently denouncing all opposition to it. The new President, too, seizes the early occasion of the Silliman letter to indorse and strongly construe that decision, and to express his astonishment that any different view had ever been entertained!

At length a squabble springs up between the President and the author of the Nebraska bill, on the mere question of fact, whether the Lecompton constitution was or was not, in any just sense, made by the people of Kansas; and in that quarrel the latter declares that all he wants is a fair vote for the people, and that he cares not whether slavery be voted down or voted up. I do not understand his declaration that he cares not whether slavery be voted down or voted up to be intended by him other than as an apt definition of the policy he would impress upon the public mind—the principle for which he declares he has suffered so much, and is ready to suffer to the end. And well may he cling to that principle. If he has any parental feeling, well may he cling

to it. That principle is the only shred left of his original Nebraska doctrine. Under the Dred Scott decision "squatter sovereignty" squatted out of existence, tumbled down like temporary scaffolding,—like the mold at the foundry, served through one blast and fell back into loose sand,—helped to carry an election, and then was kicked to the winds. His late joint struggle with the Republicans against the Lecompton constitution involves nothing of the original Nebraska doctrine. That struggle was made on a point—the right of a people to make their own constitution—upon which he and the Republicans have never differed.

The several points of the Dred Scott decision, in connection with Senator Douglas's "care not" policy, constitute the piece of machinery in its present state of advancement. This was the third point gained. The working points of that machinery are:

(1) That no negro slave, imported as such from Africa, and no descendant of such slave, can ever be a citizen of any State, in the sense of that term as used in the Constitution of the United States. This point is made in order to deprive the negro in every possible event of the benefit of that provision of the United States constitution which declares that "the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States."

(2) That, "subject to the Constitution of

the United States," neither Congress nor a territorial legislature can exclude slavery from any United States Territory. This point is made in order that individual men may fill up the Territories with slaves, without danger of losing them as property, and thus enhance the chances of permanency to the institution through all the future.

(3) That whether the holding a negro in actual slavery in a free State makes him free as against the holder, the United States courts will not decide, but will leave to be decided by the courts of any slave State the negro may be forced into by the master. This point is made not to be pressed immediately, but, if acquiesced in for a while and apparently indorsed by the people at an election, then to sustain the logical conclusion that what Dred Scott's master might lawfully do with Dred Scott in the free State of Illinois, every other master may lawfully do with any other one or one thousand slaves in Illinois or in any other free State.

Auxiliary to all this, and working hand in hand with it, the Nebraska doctrine, or what is left of it, is to educate and mold public opinion, at least Northern public opinion, not to care whether slavery is voted down or voted up. This shows exactly where we now are, and partially, also, whither we are tending.

It will throw additional light on the latter, to go back and run the mind over the string

of historical facts already stated. Several things will not appear less dark and mysterious than they did when they were transpiring. The people were to be left "perfectly free," "subject only to the Constitution." What the Constitution had to do with it outsiders could not then see. Plainly enough now, it was an exactly fitted niche for the Dred Scott decision to afterward come in, and declare the perfect freedom of the people to be just no freedom at all. Why was the amendment expressly declaring the right of the people voted down? Plainly enough now, the adoption of it would have spoiled the niche for the Dred Scott decision. Why was the court decision held up? Why even a senator's individual opinion withheld till after the presidential election? Plainly enough now, the speaking out then would have damaged the "perfectly free" argument upon which the election was to be carried. Why the outgoing President's felicitation on the indorsement? Why the delay of a reargument? Why the incoming President's advance exhortation in favor of the decision? These things look like the cautious patting and petting of a spirited horse preparatory to mounting him, when it is dreaded that he may give the rider a fall. And why the hasty after-indorsement of the decision by the President and others?

We cannot absolutely know that all these exact adaptations are the result of precon-

cert. But when we see a lot of framed timbers, different portions of which we know have been gotten out at different times and places and by different workmen,—Stephen, Franklin, Roger, and James, for instance,—and we see these timbers joined together, and see they exactly make the frame of a house or a mill, all the tenons and mortises exactly fitting, and all the lengths and proportions of the different pieces exactly adapted to their respective places, and not a piece too many or too few, not omitting even scaffolding—or, if a single piece is lacking, we see the place in the frame exactly fitted and prepared yet to bring such piece in—in such a case we find it impossible not to believe that Stephen and Franklin and Roger and James all understood one another from the beginning, and all worked upon a common plan or draft drawn up before the first blow was struck.

It should not be overlooked, that by the Nebraska bill, the people of a State as well as Territory were to be left "perfectly free," "subject only to the Constitution." Why mention a State? They were legislating for Territories, and not for or about States. Certainly the people of a State are and ought to be subject to the Constitution of the United States; but why is mention of this lugged into this merely territorial law? Why are the people of a Territory and the people of a State therein lumped together, and their

relation to the Constitution therein treated as being precisely the same? While the opinion of the court, by Chief Justice Taney, in the Dred Scott case, and the separate opinions of all the concurring judges. expressly declare that the Constitution of the United States neither permits Congress nor a territorial legislature to exclude slavery from any United States Territory, they all omit to declare whether or not the same Constitution permits a State, or the people of a State, to exclude it. Possibly, this is a mere omission; but who can be quite sure, if McLean or Curtis had sought to get into the opinion a declaration of unlimited power in the people of a State to exclude slavery from their limits, just as Chase and Mace sought to get such declaration, in behalf of the people of a Territory, into a Nebraska bill—I ask, who can be quite sure that it would not have been voted down in the one case as it had been in the other? The nearest approach to the point of declaring the power of a State over slavery is made by Judge Nelson. He approaches it more than once, using the precise idea, and almost the language too, of the Nebraska act. On one occasion his exact language is: "Except in cases where the power is restrained by the Constitution of the United States, the law of the State is supreme over the subject of slavery within its jurisdiction." In what cases the power of the States is so re-

strained by the United States Constitution is left an open question, precisely as the same question as to the restraint on the power of the Territories was left open in the Nebraska act. Put this and that together, and we have another nice little niche, which we may, ere long, see filled with another Supreme Court decision declaring that the Constitution of the United States does not permit a State to exclude slavery from its limits. And this may especially be expected if the doctrine of "care not whether slavery be voted down or voted up" shall gain upon the public mind sufficiently to give promise that such a decision can be maintained when made.

Such a decision is all that slavery now lacks of being alike lawful in all the States. Welcome, or unwelcome, such decision is probably coming, and will soon be upon us, unless the power of the present political dynasty shall be met and overthrown. We shall lie down pleasantly dreaming that the people of Missouri are on the verge of making their State free, and we shall awake to the reality instead that the Supreme Court has made Illinois a slave State. To meet and overthrow the power of that dynasty is the work now before all those who would prevent that consummation. That is what we have to do. How can we best do it?

There are those who denounce us openly to their own friends, and yet whisper us softly that Senator Douglas is the aptest

instrument there is with which to effect that object. They wish us to infer all from the fact that he now has a little quarrel with the present head of the dynasty; and that he has regularly voted with us on a single point upon which he and we have never differed. They remind us that he is a great man, and that the largest of us are very small ones. Let this be granted. But "a living dog is better than a dead lion." Judge Douglas, if not a dead lion for this work, is at least a caged and toothless one. How can he oppose the advances of slavery? He don't care anything about it. His avowed mission is impressing the "public heart" to care nothing about it. A leading Douglas Democratic newspaper thinks Douglas's superior talent will be needed to resist the revival of the African slave-trade. Does Douglas believe an effort to revive that trade is approaching? He has not said so. Does he really think so? But if it is, how can he resist it? For years he has labored to prove it a sacred right of white men to take negro slaves into the new Territories. Can he possibly show that it is less a sacred right to buy them where they can be bought cheapest? And unquestionably they can be bought cheaper in Africa than in Virginia. He has done all in his power to reduce the whole question of slavery to one of a mere right of property; and as such, how can he oppose the foreign slave-trade? How can he refuse

that trade in that "property" shall be "perfectly free," unless he does it as a protection to the home production? And as the home producers will probably not ask the protection, he will be wholly without a ground of opposition.

Senator Douglas holds, we know, that a man may rightfully be wiser today than he was yesterday—that he may rightfully change when he finds himself wrong. But can we, for that reason, run ahead, and infer that he will make any particular change of which he, himself, has given no intimation? Can we safely base our action upon any such vague inference? Now, as ever, I wish not to misrepresent Judge Douglas's position, question his motives, or do aught that can be personally offensive to him. Whenever, if ever, he and we can come together on principle so that our great cause may have assistance from his great ability, I hope to have interposed no adventitious obstacle. But clearly, he is not now with us—he does not pretend to be—he does not promise ever to be.

Our cause, then, must be intrusted to, and conducted by, its own undoubted friends—those whose hands are free, whose hearts are in the work, who do care for the result. Two years ago the Republicans of the nation mustered over thirteen hundred thousand strong. We did this under the single impulse of resistance to a common danger, with every

external circumstance against us. Of strange, discordant, and even hostile elements, we gathered from the four winds, and formed and fought the battle through, under the constant hot fire of a disciplined, proud, and pampered enemy. Did we brave all then to falter now?—now, when that same enemy is wavering, dissevered, and belligerent? The result is not doubtful. We shall not fail—if we stand firm, we shall not fail. Wise counsels may accelerate or mistakes delay it, but, sooner or later, the victory is sure to come.

ADDRESS AT COOPER INSTITUTE

February 27, 1860

Mr. President and Fellow-Citizens of New York: The facts with which I shall deal this evening are mainly old and familiar; nor is there anything new in the general use I shall make of them. If there shall be any novelty, it will be in the mode of presenting the facts, and the inferences and observations following that presentation. In his speech last autumn at Columbus, Ohio, as reported in the New York Times, Senator Douglas said:

> "Our fathers, when they framed the government under which we live, understood this question just as well, and even better, than we do now."

I fully indorse this, and I adopt it as a

text for this discourse. I so adopt it because it furnishes a precise and an agreed starting-point for a discussion between Republicans and that wing of the Democracy headed by Senator Douglas. It simply leaves the inquiry: What was the understanding those fathers had of the question mentioned?

What is the frame of government under which we live? The answer must be, "The Constitution of the United States." That Constitution consists of the original, framed in 1787, and under which the present government first went into operation, and twelve subsequently framed amendments, the first ten of which were framed in 1789.

Who were our fathers that framed the Constitution? I suppose the "thirty-nine" who signed the original instrument may be fairly called our fathers who framed that part of the present government. It is almost exactly true to say they framed it, and it is altogether true to say they fairly represented the opinion and sentiment of the whole nation at that time. Their names, being familiar to nearly all, and accessible to quite all, need not now be repeated.

I take these "thirty-nine" for the present, as being "our fathers who framed the government under which we live." What is the question which, according to the text, those fathers understood "just as well, and even better, than we do now?"

It is this: Does the proper division of local from Federal authority, or anything in the Constitution, forbid our Federal Government to control as to slavery in our Federal Territories?

Upon this, Senator Douglas holds the affirmative, and Republicans the negative. This affirmation and denial form an issue; and this issue—this question—is precisely what the text declares our fathers understood "better than we." Let us now inquire whether the "thirty-nine," or any of them, ever acted upon this question; and if they did, how they acted upon it—how they expressed that better understanding. In 1784, three years before the Constitution, the United States then owning the Northwestern Territory, and no other, the Congress of the Confederation had before them the question of prohibiting slavery in that Territory; and four of the "thirty-nine" who afterward framed the Constitution were in that Congress, and voted on that question. Of these, Roger Sherman, Thomas Mifflin, and Hugh Williamson voted for the prohibition, thus showing that in their understanding, no line dividing local from Federal authority, nor anything else, properly forbade the Federal Government to control as to slavery in Federal territory. The other of the four, James McHenry, voted against the prohibition, showing that for some cause he thought it improper to vote for it.

In 1787, still before the Constitution, but while the convention was in session framing it, and while the Northwestern Territory still was the only Territory owned by the United States, the same question of prohibiting slavery in the Territory again came before the Congress of the Confederation; and two more of the "thirty-nine" who afterward signed the Constitution were in that Congress, and voted on the question. They were William Blount and William Frew; and they both voted for the prohibition—thus showing that in their understandng no line dividing local from Federal authority, nor anything else, properly forbade the Federal Government to control as to slavery in Federal territory. This time the prohibition became a law, being part of what is now well known as the ordinance of '87.

The question of Federal control of slavery in the Territories seems not to have been directly before the convention which framed the original Constitution; and hence it is not recorded that the "thirty-nine," or any of them, while engaged on that instrument, expressed any opinion on that precise question.

In 1789, by the first Congress which sat under the Constitution, an act was passed to enforce the ordinance of '87, including the prohibition of slavery in the Northwestern Territory. The bill for this act was reported by one of the "thirty-nine"—Thomas Fitzsimmons, then a member of the House

of Representatives from Pennsylvania. It went through all its stages without a word of opposition, and finally pased both branches without ayes and nays, which is equivalent to a unanimous passage. In this Congress there were sixteen of the thirty-nine fathers who framed the original Constitution. They were John Langdon, Nicholas Gilman, Wm. S. Johnson, Roger Sherman, Robert Morris, Thos. Fitzsimmons, William Frew, Abraham Baldwin, Rufus King, William Paterson, George Clymer, Richard Bassett, George Read, Pierce Butler, Daniel Carroll, and James Madison.

This shows that, in their understanding, no line dividing local from Federal authority, nor anything in the Constitution, properly forbade Congress to prohibit slavery in the Federal territory; else both their fidelity to correct principle, and their oath to support the Constitution, would have constrained them to oppose the prohibition.

Again, George Washington, another of the "thirty-nine," was then President of the United States and as such approved and signed the bill, thus completing its validity as a law, and thus showing that, in his understanding, no line dividing local from Federal authority, nor anything in the Constitution, forbade the Federal Government to control as to slavery in Federal territory.

No great while after the adoption of the original Constitution, North Carolina ceded

to the Federal Government the country now constituting the State of Tennessee; and a few years later Georgia ceded that which now constitutes the States of Mississippi and Alabama. In both deeds of cession it was made a condition by the ceding States that the Federal Government should not prohibit slavery in the ceded country. Besides this, slavery was then actually in the ceded country. Under these circumstances, Congress, on taking charge of these countries, did not absolutely prohibit slavery within them. But they did interfere with it—take control of it—even there, to a certain extent. In 1798 Congress organized the Territory of Mississippi. In the act of organization they prohibited the bringing of slaves into the Territory from any place without the United States, by fine, and giving freedom to the slaves so brought. This act passed both branches of Congress without yeas and nays. In that Congress were three of the "thirty-nine" who framed the original Constitution. They were John Langdon, George Read, and Abraham Baldwin. They all probably voted for it. Certainly they would have placed their opposition to it upon record if, in their understanding, any line dividing local from Federal authority, or anything in the Constitution, properly forbade the Federal Government to control as to slavery in Federal territory.

In 1803 the Federal Government purchased the Louisiana country. Our former terri-

torial acquisitions came from certain of our own States; but this Louisiana country was acquired from a foreign nation. In 1804 Congress gave a territorial organization to that part of it which now constitutes the State of Louisiana. New Orleans, lying within that part, was an old and comparatively large city. There were other considerable towns and settlements, and slavery was extensively and thoroughly intermingled with the people. Congress did not, in the Territorial Act, prohibit slavery; but they did interfere with it—take control of it—in a more marked and extensive way than they did in the case of Mississippi. This substance of the provision therein made in relation to slaves was:

1st. That no slave should be imported into the Territory from foreign parts.

2d. That no slave should be carried into it who had been imported into the United States since the first day of May, 1798.

3d. That no slave should be carried into it, except by the owner, and for his own use as a settler; the penalty in all the cases being a fine upon the violator of the law, and freedom to the slave.

This act also was passed without ayes or nays. In the Congress which passed it there were two of the "thirty-nine." They were Abraham Baldwin and Jonathan Dayton. As stated in the case of Mississippi, it is probable they both voted for it. They would not

have allowed it to pass without recording their opposition to it if, in their understanding, it violated either the line properly dividing local from Federal authority, or any provision of the Constitution.

In 1819-20 came and passed the Missouri question. Many votes were taken, by yeas and nays, in both branches of Congress, upon the various phases of the general question. Two of the "thirty-nine"—Rufus King and Charles Pinckney—were members of that Congress. Mr. King steadily voted for slavery prohibition and against all compromises, while Mr. Pinckney as steadily voted against slavery prohibition and against all compromises. By this, Mr. King showed that, in his understanding, no line dividing local from Federal authority, nor anything in the Constitution, was violated by Congress prohibiting slavery in Federal territory; while Mr. Pinckney, by his votes, showed that, in his understanding, there was some sufficient reason for opposing such prohibition in that case.

The cases I have mentioned are the only acts of the "thirty-nine," or of any of them, upon the direct issue, which I have been able to discover.

To enumerate the persons who thus acted as being four in 1784, two in 1787, seventeen in 1789, three in 1798, two in 1804, and two in 1819-20, there would be thirty of them. But this would be counting John Langdon,

Roger Sherman, William Frew, Rufus King, and George Read each twice, and Abraham Baldwin three times. The true number of those of the "thirty-nine" whom I have shown to have acted upon the question which, by the text, they understood better than we, is twenty-three, leaving sixteen not shown to have acted upon it in any way.

Here, then, we have twenty-three out of our thirty-nine fathers "who framed the government under which we live," who have, upon their official responsibility and their corporal oaths, acted upon the very question which the text affirms they "understood just as well, and even better, than we do now;" and twenty-one of them—a clear majority of the whole "thirty-nine"—so acting upon it as to make them guilty of gross political impropriety and wilful perjury if, in their understanding, any proper division between local and Federal authority, or anything in the Constitution they had made themselves, and sworn to support, forbade the Federal Government to control as to slavery in the Federal Territories. Thus the twenty-one acted; and. as actions speak louder than words, so actions under such responsibility speak still louder.

Two of the twenty-three voted against congressional prohibition of slavery in the Federal Territories, in the instances in which they acted upon the question. But for what reasons they so voted is not known. They

may have done so because they thought a proper division of local from Federal authority, or some provision or principle of the Constitution, stood in the way; or they may, without any such question, have voted against the prohibition on what appeared to them to be sufficient grounds of expediency. No one who has sworn to support the Constitution can conscientiously vote for what he understands to be an unconstitutional measure, however expedient he may think it; but one may and ought to vote against a measure which he deems constitutional if, at the same time, he deems it inexpedient. It, therefore, would be unsafe to set down even the two who voted against the prohibition as having done so because, in their understanding, any proper division of local from Federal authority, or anything in the Constitution, forbade the Federal Government to control as to slavery in Federal territory.

The remaining sixteen of the "thirty-nine," so far as I have discovered, have left no record of their understanding upon the direct question of Federal control of slavery in the Federal Territories. But there is much reason to believe that their understanding upon that question would not have appeared different from that of their twenty-three compeers, had it been manifested at all.

For the purpose of adhering rigidly to the text, I have purposely omitted whatever understanding may have been manifested by

any person, however distinguished, other than the thirty-nine fathers who framed the original Constitution; and, for the same reason, I have also omitted whatever understanding may have been manifested by any of the "thirty-nine" even on any other phase of the general question of slavery. If we should look into their acts and declarations on those other phases, as the foreign slave-trade, and the morality and policy of slavery generally, it would appear to us that on the direct question of Federal control of slavery in Federal Territories, the sixteen, if they had acted at all, would probably have acted just as the twenty-three did. Among that sixteen were several of the most noted anti-slavery men of those times—as Dr. Franklin, Alexander Hamilton, and Gouverneur Morris—while there was not one now known to have been otherwise, unless it may be John Rutledge, of South Carolina.

The sum of the whole is that of our thirty-nine fathers who framed the original Constitution, twenty-one—a clear majority of the whole—certainly understood that no proper division of local from Federal authority, nor any part of the Constitution, forbade the Federal Government to control slavery in the Federal Territories; while all the rest had probably the same understanding. Such, unquestionably, was the understanding of our fathers who framed the original Constitution; and the text affirms that they understood

the question "better than we."

But, so far, I have been considering the understanding of the question manifested by the framers of the original Constituton. In and by the original instrument, a mode was provided for amending it; and, as I have already stated, the present frame of "the government under which we live" consists of that original, and twelve amendatory articles framed and adopted since. Those who now insist that Federal control of slavery in Federal Territories violates the Constitution, point us to the provisions which they suppose it thus violates; and, as I understand, they all fix upon provisions in these amendatory articles, and not in the original instrument. The Supreme Court, in the Dred Scott case, plant themselves upon the fifth amendment, which provides that no person shall be deprived of "life, liberty, or property without due process of law;" while Senator Douglas and his peculiar adherents plant themselves upon the tenth amendment, providing that "the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution" "are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people."

Now, it so happens that these amendments were framed by the first Congress which sat under the Constitution—the identical Congress which passed the act, already mentioned, enforcing the prohibition of slavery in the Northwestern Territory. Not only was it the

same Congress, but they were the identical, same individual men who, at the same session, and at the same time within the session, had under consideration, and in progress toward maturity, these constitutional amendments, and this act prohibiting slavery in all the territory the nation then owned. The constitutional amendments were introduced before, and passed after, the act enforcing the ordinance of '87; so that, during the whole pendency of the act to enforce the ordinance, the constitutional amendments were also pending.

The seventy-six members of that Congress, including sixteen of the farmers of the original Constitution, as before stated, were preeminently our fathers who framed that part of "the government under which we live" which is now claimed as forbidding the Federal Government to control slavery in the Federal Territories.

Is it not a little presumptuous in any one at this day to affirm that the two things which that Congress deliberately framed, and carried to maturity at the same time, are absolutely inconsistent with each other? And does not such affirmation become impudently absurd when coupled with the other affirmaton, from the same mouth, that those who did the two things alleged to be inconsistent, understood whether they really were inconsistent better than we—better than he who affirms that they are inconsistent?

It is surely safe to assure that the thirty-nine framers of the original Constitution, and the seventy-six members of the Congress which framed the amendments thereto, taken together, do certainly include those who may be fairly called "our fathers who framed the government under which we live." And so assuming, I defy any man to show that any one of them ever, in his whole life, declared that, in his understanding, any proper division of local from Federal authority, or any part of the Constitution, forbade the Federal Government to control as to slavery in the Federal Territories. I go a step further. I defy any one to show that any living man in the whole world ever did, prior to the beginning of the present century (and I might almost say prior to the beginning of the last half of the present century), declare that, in his understanding, any proper division of local from Federal authority, or any part of the Constitution, forbade the Federal Government to control as to slavery in the Federal Territories. To those who now so declare I give not only "our fathers who framed the government under which we live," but with them all other living men within the century in which it was framed, among whom to search, and they shall not be able to find the evidence of a single man agreeing with them.

Now, and here, let me guard a little against being misunderstood. I do not mean to say

we are bound to follow implicitly in whatever our fathers did. To do so would be to discard all the lights of current experience—to reject all progress, all improvement. What I do say is that if we would supplant the opinions and policy of our fathers in any case, we should do so upon evidence so conclusive and argument so clear, that even their great authority, fairly considered and weighed, cannot stand; and most surely not in a case whereof we ourselves declare they understood the question better than we.

If any man at this day sincerely believes that a proper division of local from Federal authority, or any part of the Constitution, forbids the Federal Government to control as to slavery in the Federal Territories, he is right to say so, and to enforce his position by all truthful evidence and fair argument which he can. But he has no right to mislead others, who have less access to history and less leisure to study it, into the false belief that "our fathers who framed the government under which we live" were of the same opinion—thus substituting falsehood and deception for truthful evidence and fair argument. If any man at this day sincerely believes "our fathers who framed the government under which we live" used and applied principles, in other cases, which ought to have led them to understand that a proper division of local from Federal authority, or some part of the Constitution, forbids the

Federal Government to control as to slavery in the Federal Territories, he is right to say so. But he should, at the same time, brave the responsibility of declaring that, in his opinion, he understands their principles better than they did themselves; and especially should he not shirk that responsibility by asserting that they "understood the question just as well, and even better, than we do now."

But enough! Let all who believe that "our fathers who framed the government under which we live understood this question just as well, and even better, than we do now," speak as they spoke, and act as they acted upon it. This all Republicans ask—all Republicans desire—in relation to slavery. As those fathers marked it, so let it be again marked, as an evil not to be extended, but to be tolerated and protected only because of and so far as its actual presence among us makes that toleration and protection a necessity. Let all the guaranties those fathers gave it be not grudgingly, but fully and fairly, maintained. For this Republicans contend, and with this, so far as I know or believe, they will be content.

And now, if they would listen—as I suppose they will not—I would address a few words to the Southern people.

I would say to them: You consider yourselves a reasonable and a just people; and I consider that in the general qualities of

reason and justice you are not inferior to any other people. Still, when you speak of us Republicans, you do so only to denounce us as reptiles, or, at the best, as no better than outlaws. You will grant a hearing to pirates and murderers, but nothing like it to "Black Republicans." In all your contentions with one another, each of you deems an unconditional condemnation of "Black Republicanism" as the first thing to be attended to. Indeed, such condemnation of us seems to be an indispensable prerequisite—license, so to speak—among you to be admitted or permitted to speak at all. Now can you or not be prevailed upon to pause and to consider whether this is quite just to us, or even to yourselves? Bring forward your charges and specifications, and then be patient long enough to hear us deny or justify.

You say we are sectional. We deny it. us declare even this. For anything we say or do, the slaves would scarcely know there is a Republican party. I believe they would not, in fact, generally know it but for your misrepresentations of us in their hearing In your political contests among yourselves, each faction charges the other with sympathy with Black Republicanism; and then, to give point to the charge, defines Black Republicanism to simply be insurrection, blood, and thunder among the slaves.

Slave insurrections are no more common

now than they were before the Republican party was organized. What induced the Southampton insurrection, twenty-eight years ago, in which at least three times as many lives were lost as at Harper's Ferry? You can scarcely stretch your very elastic fancy to the conclusion that Southampton was "got up by Black Republicanism." In the present state of things in the United States, I do not think a general, or even a very extensive, slave insurrection is possible. The indispensable concert of action cannot be attained. The slaves have no means of rapid communication; nor can incendiary freemen, black or white, supply it. The explosive materials are everywhere in parcels; but there neither are, nor can be supplied, the indispensable connecting trains.

Much is said by Southern people about the affection of slaves for their masters and mistresses; and a part of it, at least, is true A plot for an uprising could scarcely be devised and communicated to twenty individuals before some one of them, to save the life of a favorite master or mistress, would divulge it. This is the rule; and the slave revolution in Hayti was not an exception to it, but a case occurring under peculiar circumstances. The gunpowder plot of British history, though not connected with slaves, was more in point. In that case, only about twenty were admitted to the secret; and yet one of them, in his anxiety to save a friend,

betrayed the plot to that friend, and, by consequence, averted the calamity. Occasional poisonings from the kitchen, and open or stealthy assassinations in the field, and local revolts extending to a score or so, will continue to occur as the natural results of slavery; but no general insurrection of slaves, as I think, can happen in this country for a long time. Whoever much fears, or much hopes, for such an event, will be alike disappointed.

In the language of Mr. Jefferson, uttered many years ago, "It is still in our power to direct the process of emancipation and deportation peaceably, and in such slow degrees, as that the evil will wear off insensibly; and their places be, pari passu, filled up by free white laborers. If, on the contrary, it is left to force itself on, human nature must shudder at the prospect held up."

Mr. Jefferson did not mean to say, nor do I, that the power of emancipation is in the Federal Government. He spoke of Virginia; and, as to the power of emancipation, I speak of the slaveholding States only. The Federal Government, however, as we insist, has the power of restraining the extension of the institution—the power to insure that a slave insurrection shall never occur on any American soil which is now free from slavery.

John Brown's effort was peculiar. It was not a slave insurrection. It was an attempt by white men to get up a revolt among slaves,

in which the slaves refused to participate. In fact, it was so absurd that the slaves, with all their ignorance, saw plainly enough it could not succeed. That affair, in its philosophy, corresponds with the many attempts related in history, at the assassination of kings and emperors. An enthusiast broods over the oppression of a people till he fancies himself commissioned by Heaven to liberate them. He ventures the attempt which ends in little else than his own execution. Orsini's attempt on Louis Napoleon, and John Brown's attempt at Harper's Ferry, were, in their philosophy, precisely the same The eagerness to cast blame on old England in the one case, and on New England in the other, does not disprove the sameness of the two things.

And how much would it avail you, if you could, by the use of John Brown, Helper's Book, and the like, break up the Republican organization? Human action can be modified to some extent, but human nature cannot be changed. There is a judgment and a feeling against slavery in this nation, which cast at least a million and a half of votes. You cannot destroy that judgment and feeling—that sentiment—by breaking up the political organization which rallies around it. You can scarcely scatter and disperse an army which has been formed into order in the face of your heaviest fire; but if you could, how much would you gain by forcing the senti-

ment which created it out of the peaceful channel of the ballot-box into some other channel? What would that other channel probably be? Would the number of John Browns be lessened or enlarged by the operation?

But you will break up the Union rather than submit to a denial of your constitutional rights.

That has a somewhat reckless sound; but it would be palliated, if not fully justified, were we proposing, by the mere force of numbers, to deprive you of some right plainly written down in the Constitution. But we are proposing no such thing.

When you make these declarations you have a specific and well-understood allusion to an assumed constitutional right of yours to take slaves into the Federal Territories, and to hold them there as property. But no such right is specially written in the Constitution. That instrument is literally silent about any such right. We, on the contrary, deny that such a right has any existence in the Constitution, even by implication.

Your purpose, then, plainly stated, is that you will destroy the government, unless you be allowed to construe and force the Constitution as you please, on all points in dispute between you and us. You will rule or ruin in all events.

This, plainly stated, is your language. Perhaps you will say the Supreme Court has

decided the disputed constitutional question in your favor. Not quite so. But waiving the lawyer's distinction between dictum and decision, the court has decided the question for you in a sort of way. The court has substantially said, it is your constitutional right to take slaves into the Federal Territories, and to hold them there as property. When I say the decision was made in a sort of way, I mean it was made in a divided court, by a bare majority of the judges, and they not quite agreeing with one another in the reasons for making it; that it is so made as that its avowed supporters disagree with one another about its meaning, and that it was mainly based upon a mistaken statement of fact—the statement in the opinion that "the right of the property in a slave is distinctly and expressly affirmed in the Constitution."

An inspection of the Constitution will show that the right of property in a slave is not "distinctly and expressly affirmed" in it. Bear in mind, the judges do not pledge their judicial opinion that such right is impliedly affirmed in the Constitution; but they pledge That makes an issue; and the burden of proof is upon you. You produce your proof; and what is it? Why, that our party has no existence in your section—gets no votes in your section. The fact is substantially true; but does it prove the issue? If it does, then in case we should, without change of principle, begin to get votes in your sec-

tion, we should thereby cease to be sectional. You must escape this conclusion; and yet, are you willing to abide by it? If you are, you will probably soon find that we have ceased to be sectional, for we shall get votes in your section this very year. You will then begin to discover, as the truth plainly is, that your proof does not touch the issue. The fact that we get no votes in your section is a fact of your making, and not of ours. And if there be fault in that fact, that fault is primarily yours, and remains so until you show that we repel you by some wrong principle or practice. If we do repel you by any wrong principle or practice, the fault is ours; but this brings you to where you ought to have started—to a discussion of the right or wrong of our principle. If our principle, put in practice, would wrong your section for the benefit of ours, or for any other object, then our principle, and we with it, are sectional, and are justly opposed and denounced as such. Meet us, then, on the question of whether our principle, put in practice, would wrong your section; and so meet us as if it were possible that something may be said on our side. Dou you accept the challenge? No! Then you really believe that the principle which "our fathers who framed the government under which we live" thought so clearly right as to adopt it, and indorse it again and again, upon their official oaths, is in

fact so clearly wrong as to demand your condemnation without a moment's consideration.

Some of you delight to flaunt in our faces the warning against sectional parties given by Washington in his Farewell Address. Less than eight years before Washington gave that warning, he had, as President of the United States, approved and signed an act of Congress enforcing the prohibition of slavery in the Northwestern Territory, which act embodied the policy of the government upon that subject up to and at the very moment he penned that warning; and about one year after he penned it, he wrote Lafayette that he considered that prohibition a wise measure, expressing in the same connection his hope that we should at some time have a confederacy of free States.

Bearing this in mind, and seeing that sectionalism has since arisen upon this same subject, is that warning a weapon in your hands against us, or in our hands against you? Could Washington himself speak would he cast the blame of that sectionalism upon us, who sustain his policy, or upon you, who repudiate it? We respect that warning of Washington, and we commend it to you, together with his example pointing to the right application of it.

But you say you are conservative—eminently conservative—while we are revolutionary, destructive, or something of the sort.

What is conservatism? Is it not adherence to the old and tried, against the new and untried? We stick to, contend for, the identical old policy on the point in controversy which was adopted by "our fathers who framed the government under which we live;" while you with one accord reject, and scout, and spit upon that old policy, and insist upon substituting something new. True, you disagree among yourselves as to what that substitute shall be. You are divided on new propositions and plans, but you are unanimous in rejecting and denouncing the old policy of the fathers. Some of you are for reviving the foreign slave-trade; some for a congressional slave code for the Territories; some for Congress forbidding the Territories to prohibit slavery within their limits; some for maintaining slavery in the Territories through the judiciary; some for the "gur-reat pur-rinciple" that "if one man would enslave another, no third man should object," fantastically called "popular sovereignty;" but never a man among you is in favor of Federal prohibition of slavery in Federal Territories, according to the practice of "our fathers who framed the government under which we live." Not one of all your various plans can show a precedent or an advocate in the century within which our government originated. Consider, then, whether your claim of conservatism for yourselves, and your charge of destructiveness

against us, are based on the most clear and stable foundations.

Again, you say we have made the slavery question more prominent than it formerly was. We deny it. We admit that it is more prominent, but we deny that we made it so. It was not we, but you, who discarded the old policy of the fathers. We resisted, and still resist, your innovation; and thence comes the greater prominence of the question. Would you have that question reduced to its former proportions? Go back to that old policy. What has been will be again, under the same conditions. If you would have the peace of the old times, readopt the precepts and policy of the old times.

You charge that we stir up insurrections among your slaves. We deny it; and what is your proof? Harper's Ferry! John Brown!! John Brown was no Republican; and you have failed to implicate a single Republican in his Harper's Ferry enterprise. If any member of our party is guilty in that matter, you know it, or you do not know it. If you do know it, you are inexcusable for not designating the man and proving the fact. If you do not know it, you are inexcusable for asserting it, and especially for persisting in the assertion after you have tried and failed to make the proof. You need not be told that persisting in a charge which one does not know to be true, is simply malicious slander.

Some of you admit that no Republican designedly aided or encouraged the Harper's Ferry affair, but still insist that our doctrines and declarations necessarily lead to such results. We do not believe it. We know we hold no doctrine and make no declaration, which were not held to and made by "our fathers who framed the government under which we live." You never dealt fairly by us in relation to this affair. When it occurred, some important State elections were near at hand, and you were in evident glee with the belief that, by charging the blame upon us, you could get an advantage of us in those elections. The elections came, and your expectations were not quite fulfilled. Every Republican man knew that, as to himself at least, your charge was a slander, and he was not much inclined by it to cast his vote in your favor. Republican doctrines and declarations are accompanied with a continual protest against any interference whatever with your slaves, or with you about your slaves. Surely, this does not encourage them to revolt. True, we do, in common with "our fathers who framed the government under which we live," declare our belief that slavery is wrong; but the slaves do not hear their veracity that it is "distinctly and expressly" affirmed there—"distinctly," that is, not mingled with anything else—"expressly," that is, in words meaning just that, without the aid of any inference, and susceptible of no

other meaning.

If they had only pledged their judicial opinion that such right is affirmed in the instrument by implication, it would be open to others to show that neither the word "slave" nor "slavery" is to be found in the Constitution, nor the word "property" even, in any connection with language alluding to the thing slave, or slavery; and that wherever in that instrument the slave is alluded to, he is called a "person;" and wherever his master's legal right in relation to him is alluded to, it is spoken of as "service or labor which may be due"—as a debt payable in service or labor. Also it would be open to show, by contemporaneous history, that this mode of alluding to slaves and slavery, instead of speaking of them, was employed on purpose to exclude from the Constitution the idea that there could be property in man.

To show all this is easy and certain.

When this obvious mistake of the judges shall be brought to their notice, is it not reasonable to expect that they will withdraw the mistaken statement, and reconsider the conclusion based upon it?

And then it is to be remembered that "our fathers who framed the government under which we live"—the men who made the Constitution—decided this same constitutional question in our favor long ago: decided it without division among themselves when making the decision; without division among

themselves about the meaning of it after it was made, and, so far as any evidence is left, without basing it upon any mistaken statement of facts.

Wrong as we think slavery, we can yet afford to let it alone where it is, because that much is due to the necessity arising from its actual presence in the nation; but can we, while our votes will prevent it, allow it to spread into the national Territories, and to overrun us here in these free States? If our sense of duty forbids this, then let us stand by our duty fearlessly and effectively. Let us be diverted by none of those sophistical contrivances wherewith we are so industriously plied and labored—contrivances such as groping for some middle ground between the right and the wrong: vain as the search for a man who should be neither a living man nor a dead man; such as a policy of "don't care" on a question about which all true men do care; such as Union appeals beseeching true Union men to yield to Disunionists, revising the divine rule, and calling, not the sinners, but the righteous to repentance; such as invocations to Washington, imploring men to unsay what Washington said and undo what Washington did.

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A Short History of the Jews

Clement Wood

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A SHORT HISTORY OF THE JEWS

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A SHORT HISTORY OF THE JEWS

CHAPTER I

THE ORIGIN OF THE JEWS

Traditions of Origin.—According to the Torah, or Law of Moses (the first five books of the present Old Testament), Yahweh, the god worshipped by the Hebrews, created the universe, and the first humans, Adam and his wife Eve. Some generations later, repenting of the wickedness of man, Yahweh sent a flood which destroyed all living creatures except a good man Noah and his three sons, their four wives, and a selected representation of all fowls, cattle, beasts, and creeping things. Noah's tenth descendant, Abram, renamed Abraham, lived in Babylonia, in "Ur of the Chaldees." He wandered from this place of his nativity through Canaan, or Palestine, and into Egypt, at the command of his deity; and was promised that he would be made into a great nation. His grandson, Jacob, renamed Israel, had twelve sons, one of whom, Joseph, rose from captivity in Egypt to a position second only to that of the reigning Pharaoh. A famine aided Joseph in removing all of his father's family to Egypt, where they dwelt in honor. Some dynastic change, a few hundred years later, reduced these "children of Israel" to slavery. Out of the slaves came a leader, Moses, who adopted the worship of a god, Yahweh, (usually rendered less accurately as Jehovah), who was served by the Kenite tribe of Midianites living around Mount Sinai. This leader guided their forty years' wandering to the threshold of Pal-

estine, the "promised land"; his warlike successor, Joshua, "left none remaining, and he utterly destroyed all that breathed" among their Canaanite enemies. In spite of this statement in the Book of Joshua, Judges, the next book, opens, "And it came to pass, after the death of Joshua, that the children of Israel asked of Yahweh, saying, Who shall go up for us first against the Canaanites to fight against them? And Yahweh said, Judah shall go up." We learn that this solitary tribe went up first, and captured the hill-country, but could not drive out the inhabitants of the valley, "because they had chariots of iron." Tribe after tribe goes up—Manasseh, Ephraim, Asher, Naphtali, Dan, with no better success. There is no Hebrew nation yet, no commander-in-chief; each tribe is a unit. Certain local clan-leaders, Othniel, Ehud, Shamgar, Deborah, Gideon, Jephtha, Samson, and Samuel, repel attacks, and rule in broken fashion down to the formation of the little kingdom in the hills under Saul.

The Land and Its People. — Palestine, the rough fertile stretch from Hermon to the desert bordering upon Egypt (the proverbial "Dan to Beersheba") was one of the early "way" states. Its rise to prominence and civilization was not due to its own resources, as was the case with the fertile valley civilizations of the Nile and the Tigris-Euphrates; it was due to the fact that it lay on the "way" or unmarked road joining these earlier civilizations. Well before 1500 B. C. its advantageous location as a trade center had stimulated the growth of such powers as Phoenicia and the Philistines (whence Palestine). From time to time the land was swept by waves of migration from north and south. Semitic tribes moved up

from Arabia, to seek food, plunder, or release from the pressure of tribes in the rear; tribes moved down for similar causes; and these shepherd or pastoral strangers settled down and amalgamated with the inhabitants so thoroughly that their identity was wholly lost. It is from such fusions as this that the ancestors of the Jews were descended. In the 15th Century B. C., small native princes ruled the land as vassals of Egypt, which, after expelling the Hyksos "Shepherd Kings" from the rich Nile delta, had begun to push its conquests on to the banks of the Euphrates.

In this period of anarchy in Palestine we first read, in the deciphered Amarna and Taanach tablets found in Palestine, of the restless *Habiru*, a name which is commonly identified with the Hebrews. They had ties of common blood with their neighbors; the Old Testament frequently corroborates this, by deriving their neighbors from some lapse from morality of a Hebrew. In spite of the spirited beauty of the tale of Joseph and his brethren, the names of the twelve tribal ancestors were probably genealogical inventions, to establish a kinship between existent tribes. In similar fashion Greek poets invented a general ancestor, Hellen, for all the Greeks, or Hellenes, through his sons Aeolus and Dorus, and his grandsons Achaeus and Ion; these being the eponyms, or mythical forefathers, of Aeolians, Dorians, Acheans, and Ionians. Egyptian and Babylonian culture, myths, and laws made their impression upon the Hebrews, and reappear with local alterations in their sacred writings. There may well have been a complete or partial captivity in Egypt; there was undoubtedly the adoption of the Kenite deity Yahweh under Mount Sinai, whose fortunes

thereafter went up or down with those of his adopted worshipers. Some time in the second millennium B. C., these loosely knit tribes separately conquered footholds on the Canaanite hills, and began to mingle with the lowland Canaanite city life which they could not conquer. They worshiped the adopted god Yahweh, a god who stood for pastoral usages and brotherhood, and who opposed the worship of local Canaanite Baals sponsoring agriculture and city life. The mixture of blood produced a mixture of opinion over the standpoint of Yahweh; the great prophets, or preachers, were primarily from the hill-regions, and sought to confine Yahweh to pastoral customs. This conflict produced the Old Testament, as an extended pamphlet in favor of the older, less civilized aspect of Yahweh; compare "The Making of the Old Testament," in this same series.

Worship and Customs.—The date of the final editing of the Old Testament is so late (600-200 B. C.) that it is hardly a reliable picture of the earlier customs. Thus the portraits of wealthy Abraham and the other patriarchs are rather of great pastoral sheiks of the time of the later kings, than of the earlier tribal fathers. One important thing to keep in mind is that the Hebrew attitude was that the race was united by blood kinship; insistence upon this helped spread the late tradition (as in Joshua) that all of the Canaanites had been extirpated. The laws always made this distinction: thus the Hebrews were forbidden to eat tainted meat; but they could *give* it to the *gerim*, the "stranger that is within thy gates," who had been adopted into the tribe; and they could *sell* it to foreigners. As worshiped at first, Yahweh was simply one of the gods, fa-

vorable to the Hebrews, as Milcolm, Chemosh, Dagon, and other Baals, were to their peoples. Yahweh had a wife or consort, probably Asherah (Encyc. Brit., 11th Ed., XIII, 180a); the name of the tribe of Asher suggests the name of a male counterpart to the old Canaanite female deity. He had undoubtedly started as an ancestor god; each family still had its household gods, represented by images, called *teraphim*. We learn how Micah made a house for his *teraphim*, how Rachel stole her father's, and how David's wife used his in a ruse to deceive the messenger of Saul. The will of Yahweh was consulted by casting the Urim and Thummim, two sacred stone, before a metal image called an ephod; later priestly laws altered the ephod to a part of the High Priest's attire, with the Urim and Thummin as jewels upon it. Yahweh was held to have the attributes of a man, or super-man; he "walked in the garden in the cool of the day," he talked with men, he smelled the sweet savor of the sacrifice, he placed his hunter's bow (the rainbow) in the heaven, he revealed his back parts to Moses, and he walked the paths between the tents of the encampment at night.

The laws of the Hebrews are multitudinous and quaint; even the late date of their present form has not prevented certain queer old laws from appearing. The Hebrews were forbidden to round the corners of their hair, or mar the corners of their beards; a vineyard could not be sown with mixed seeds; a man could not plough with an ox and an ass together; a garment of woolen and linen together should not be worn. These laws may have been directed against practices of the Baal-worshipers in Canaan. Like the laws of the Hindus, the Hebrew statutes go into great detail upon hygienic

matters, as well as religious questions. Their morality required one treatment for clan-brothers, and another for outsiders. Thus Abraham lied—but to an Egyptian, an enemy; Jacob cheats — but he cheats Esau, father of the Edomites, who were Israel's foes. The rapid multiplication of the Hebrews in Egypt could hardly be accounted for even from the observation of Aristotle, that Egypt is so fertile that the women sometimes produced six or seven children at a birth: it is better to make ample allowance here for later exaggeration. In common with the Egyptian practice, found also in Australia, Africa, among the Aztecs and certain Amazon tribes, and elsewhere, the Hebrews practiced the rite of circumcision; the use of a flint knife points to the antiquity of custom.

The Conquest of Canaan, and the Judges.— The customs of primitive warfare appear from the first exploit in the Book of Judges. "Judah" and "Simeon his brother," both clearly denoting tribes and not individuals, conquered a Canaanite king named Adoni-Bezek, and cut off his thumbs and great toes. The chagrined king saw in this a punishment for his previous lopping off of the thumbs and great toes of seventy other kings. The Israelites successfully took the hill lands; but they could not capture the valley cities, with their chariots of iron. The episodes in Judges are connected with a framework in which it is stated that the Israelites served the Baalim, the local gods, and were punished for this, whereupon some warlike deliverer came. The original stories were of the warlike deliverers; it is a late conjecture of some priestly editor that the sufferings of the Israelites could only have come from back-sliding into Baal-worship, whereupon

he has inserted this frame, stating such lapses as facts. The statement that the Israelites intermarried in wholesale fashion with the Canaanites is also a late addition; in the whole Book of Judges there is only one specific reference to such a marriage, and that is of a long-distance wedding, in which the wife continued to dwell with her kinspeople, and not with her husband.

The Israelites were still a shepherd people; but a thin trickling of them had commenced to flow into the cities below. There is one attempt at political union between Israelites and Canaanites during this period, when Abimelek, son of Gideon, unites both races in worship of Baal-berith (the god or Baal of the covenant), with Shechem as his capital; but this lasts only a few years. There is constant strife between the two races until the end of the period, when the simple statement appears "And there was peace between Israel and the Amorites" (Amorites being another name for Canaanites). Some sort of treaty of concord had been patched up; and with this suggestion of peace, the unsettled age of the Judges ends.

One sidelight on the culture of the people, similar to the picture in the Odyssey of the princess Nausicaa washing her kingly father's clothes with bare feet in the brook, is given in the picture of the thirty sons of the Judge named Jair, "that rode on thirty ass colts, and they had thirty cities." If Israel once practiced human sacrifice, almost all the traces of it have been sponged out except the offer of Abraham to sacrifice Isaac, and the sacrifice of his daughter by Jephtha, the Judge who overcame the Ammonites. A symbolic trace of cannibalism, of course, appears in the Chris-

tian religion. The tribes did not even live at peace with each other; thus the men of Gilead made a wholesale slaughter of the tribesmen of Ephraim; and the rest of Israel attacked the tribe of Benjamin for mob mistreatment of a woman, and destroyed all but a weak remnant of them. "In those days there was no king in Israel; every man did that which was right in his own eyes," comes from the historian as the note, slightly apologetic, which closes the Book of Judges.

CHAPTER II

THE KINGDOMS

Saul's Kingdom in the Hills.—The Israelite monarchy was at first a highland organization, having no capital city, and standing apart from the Canaanites. Samuel, the last Judge, according to the priestly editor of the story, had argued strongly against a king, on the ground that the customs of a kingdom would weigh heavily on the people, in the shape of royal and noble confiscation of peasant land and of the probable enslavement of tribesmen. The later priestly bias against kings, after the destruction of the kingdom in 586 B. C., appears here. Nevertheless the tribesmen persisted, and Saul, a tall son of the same tribe of Benjamin that had been almost wiped out for its bloody fault, was picked by the sacred lot as king; he was notified of this when he came to consult Samuel about the loss of his father's asses. King Saul himself, in his zeal for the children of Israel and Judah, broke the peace treaty with the lowland Canaanites. This naturally delayed the union of the races.

His chief warfare, however, was with the Philistines. This power looked askance upon the prospect of an alliance of Israelites and Canaanites, and sought to hold them apart, while it destroyed the presumptuous Israelite kingdom. Great deeds of bravery were attributed to Jonathan, the king's son; and the slaying of one of the many giants that, according to the Old Testament stories, inhabited Palestine in those days, was attributed to a shepherd youth named David, who ultimately married one of the king's daughters. When the young

shepherd warrior fled from the king's wrath, he was joined in the cave of Adullam by "every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented"—although the story says that there were only four hundred of these. From this it is clear that the customs of kingdom were already beginning to displease the Israelite shepherds. Perhaps because they had begun to turn against his exactions, at Saul's order one of his warriors, an Edomite, killed eighty-five of the priests, and destroyed in the priestly city of Nob "men and women, children and sucklings, and oxen, and asses, and sheep"—surely a bloody side-note upon the warlike habits of the time. A similar punishment is recorded of David's conquest of the Ammonite stronghold of Rabbah, where all, or at least those who were found under arms, were put under saws, and under harrows of iron, and under axes of iron, and made to pass through the brick kiln. The Christian Inquisition had good precedent for its ingenious tortures. David was at length forced to flee in exile to the protection of a Philistine king. The combined Philistine forces, at Gilboa, in Ephraim, won a bloody victory over Saul, resulting in the death of that king and three sons. In line with the policy of keeping the Israelites and Canaanites separate, the Philistines carried the royal Israelite bodies across the eastern end of the plain, and fastened them to the wall of the Canaanite city of Beth-shean, as a warning of the weakness of Israel, and of the fate of treaty-breakers. For two years Ish-baal (or Ish-bosheth), a son of Saul, ruled over the larger part of Israel, with David sovereign of southerly Judah. When he was slain, David was acclaimed king of all the tribes.

The Union of the Races Under David.—The Hebrew nation came into existence under the house of David, at the point of union between Israelites and Canaanites. The extension of the framework of the monarchy was the task of David, one of the shrewdest statesmen that history chronicles. With great boldness, David located his capital in one of the Canaanite walled cities, which had not been reduced by the Israelites at the time of the original invasion. This town was called Jebus or Jerusalem, and had remained a foreign city down to the time of David. The new king took this city, and occupied its fort, Zion, calling it "the City of David." Instead of exterminating the Canaanite inhabitants, after the manner of Saul, David spared the local population, and contracted state marriages with the leading families. In line with the same policy, he surrendered to the Canaanites of Gibeon a number of the grandsons of Saul for execution, as an atonement for Saul's perfidy in breaking the treaty with the Canaanites. We find Canaanites high in David's army, and learn that his census numbered both races. Great armies were organized, and commenced the conquest of the known world: for it was a moment when Egypt and Babylon were ailing, and the lion of Assyria had not yet wakened. The Philistines and Moabites were defeated; the great king of Syria, whose land reached to the Euphrates, was vanquished; and David, as was the custom, houghed or hamstrung the horses of nine hundred of the Syrian's chariots. The oriental story of David's adultery with Bathsheba had its punishment, and its glorious conclusion in the later birth of Solomon.

Some years later, the dissatisfaction of the shepherd people with the customs of the mon-

archy broke out in the great revolt led by Ahitophel and Absolom; it was less a family feud than a clever organization of the resentment against kingly usages general among the people. This son sought to establish his right to the throne by publicly taking ten of the secondary wives of David as his wives, as was the oriental custom. It was the *gibborim*, the hired professional soldiery or "strong men" under Beniah, that swung the balance in favor of the king, and against the popular leaders. The northern tribes split away after an adventurer named Sheba, who was at length killed. As David's reign neared its end, the struggle began afresh in the conflict over the succession. Two candidates appeared: Adonijah, brother of Absolom, supported by the Israelite party, specially the highland peasantry; by Joab, bloody leader of the peasant militia; and by the priest Abiathar, of the old Ephraimite village of Nob. His rival, Solomon, had the support of Beniah, commander of the standing army at the capital; of Zadok, priest of Jerusalem; of Nathan, the preacher of Jerusalem; and, no doubt, of the city class in general. Adonijah sought the throne by asking for Abishag, one of David's lesser wives; the possession of a dead king's harem symbolized succession to his power. Solomon put his rival to death; his victory over the peasantry was again due to the support of the *gibborim*, the hired standing army. Thus, under Ish-bosheth, Absolom, Sheba, and Adonijah, the stricter Yahweh adherents, the shepherd peasantry, were expressing armed dissatisfaction with the royal customs. The causes that later split the monarchy were at work from the very beginning of David's reign.

The Empire Under Solomon. — Under Solo-

mon, the national process went to its logical issue. The new monarch set up the administration of his kingdom in such Canaanite cities as Beth-shemesh, Taanach, Megiddo, Shaalbim, Hazor, Gezer, Beth-Shean, and others, in addition to Jerusalem. The kingdom under Solomon was not merely a loose confederacy of shepherds and farmers, as in the time of Saul; it embraced also merchants, artisans, bookkeepers, teachers, financiers; and entered with some abruptness into the circle of oriental civilizations. The racial distinction of the Canaanites became rapidly forgotten, as the tradition, encouraged by them for their own advantage, spread that these native inhabitants of Palestine had all been put to the sword by Joshua, and that all the Hebrews were full-blooded kinsmen. The better authorities indicate that Solomon made slaves of the Israelites as readily as of the Canaanites; in carrying out his imperial policies, he organized oppression. He consummated an alliance with the Pharaoh of Egypt, contracting a state marriage with one of the latter's daughters; and also an alliance with Hiram, King of Tyre, who furnished the materials for the silent erection of the proposed temple to Yahweh. With Phoenician sailors the king inaugurated trading voyages to Asia Minor, Arabia, Tarshish (probably in Spain), and Ophir, which may have been in East Africa, or the Far East. His realm extended from the Euphrates to the borders of Egypt. His imperial state is indicated by the fact that he married "seven hundred wives, princesses, and three hundred concubines"; their influence may have contributed to the religious tolerance by which Israel officially came to regard Yahweh as the head of a court of lesser deities. Foreign enemies, Edom, Da-

mascus, began to trouble; even one of the king's oppressive taskmasters, Jeroboam, in the north, moved no doubt by ambition as well as by sympathy for the continuing peasant complaints, "lifted up his hands against the king." As the clouds gathered, the great ruler, world-renowned for his wisdom and his piety, died.

The protest of the Israelite side of the national ancestry broke out soon after the death of the king. In answer to the popular cry for kindlier customs, Rehoboam, the king's son and successor, flung back at the people the cocksure taunt, "My little finger is thicker than my father's loins. He made your yoke heavy, but I will add to your yoke; he chastised you with whips, but I will chastise you with scorpions." After this, the vast bulk of the nation withdrew from the house of David, in the sixth chronicled attempt, and set up the kingdom of Ephraim, or Israel.

The Judean Indictment.—Contrary to common belief, we have in the Old Testament nothing purporting to be a history of the kings that come after Solomon. There were such histories, "The Book of the Chronicles of the Kings of Israel" and "The Book of the Chronicles of the Kings of Judah"; they are often referred to for an amplified treatment of reigns mentioned in Kings and Chronicles. But they are lost. More than this, we have nothing whatever written from the standpoint of the more important kingdom, Israel. The division was not a turning-point in the history of the people; it was a mere incident in the internal struggle for kindlier customs. A change of riders does not ease the tired horse. The northern kingdom, much the larger, had been the home of the last Judge, Samuel, and the first king, Saul, and the center of the claims of Ish-bosheth, Abso-

lom, Sheba, Adonijah and Jeroboam. The tiny principality on the south was of small political importance; detached and isolated among the rocky hills, it dropped almost below the historical horizon. Yet the Old Testament accounts, (Kings, which contains events down to 588 B. C., or a hundred and fifty years after Israel had been taken into captivity, and Chronicles, which contains events down to the time of Ezra and Nehemiah, fifty years later), are written much later than these events, by Judean writers, already imbued with that fierce animosity against Israel which continued in the hatred of the Jews against the Samaritans, the inhabitants of the capital city of Israel.

Chronicles ignores the kings of Israel, except where they come into contact with the Judean sovereigns. Kings purports to give a brief sketch of their reigns; but of all the nineteen sovereigns of Israel, which included strong Jeroboam, the empire-rebuilder Omri, the powerful reformer Jehu, and the distinguished Jeroboam II, no one escapes the Judean moralist's condemnation, "he did evil in the sight of the Lord." Israel had fallen years before Kings was written; what more proof was needed that it had been entirely evil? So the editor reasoned. What was the evil that weighed so on Judean minds? It is stated as the offense of Jeroboam I, in establishing places of worship at Dan and Bethel; in setting calves of gold therein, "thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt"; in consecrating "priests of the lowest of the people, which were not of the sons of Levi"; and, of course, in the continuance of this worship under his successors. To corroborate this assumed offense, one of the same priestly school about this time inserted in Exodus the

story of another golden calf which came out of the fire when Aaron threw in the golden earrings of the wanderers, while Moses tarried on the crest of Sinai; a calf also hailed as "thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt." The translation uses the inappropriate plural in the Exodus account, a plural appropriate to the two calves set up by Jeroboam, but inept here. It is probable that this calf symbol was the accepted mark of Yahweh worship then; just as the fish symbol (from Greek I-CH-TH-U-S, fish, for the Greek words meaning "Jesus Christ, son of God, Savior") and the Lamb of God were used in Christian worship. Moreover, the northern tribes were the seat of the strictest Yahweh worship; all the probability is that this assumed offense was simply strict Yahwism.

The same late priestly historian admits that, of the eight "good" kings of Judah, six permitted the "high places" or groves of Asherah to remain, and the people to sacrifice there, contrary to the priestly idea of Yahweh's command; the reforms of the seventh of these, Hezekiah, are doubted by the critics, and may be an anticipatory repetition of reforms carried out by Josiah, the eighth "good" king. Yet these are all regarded, by the Judean commentator, as "good" in Yahweh's eyes. These eight "good" kings reigned 261 years; the twelve evil Judean kings reigned only 130 years; merely an indication that the priestly editor held that a long reign must have meant following Yahweh, and a brief reign following the Baals. The one exception in Kings is Manasseh, a "wicked" or Baal-worshiping Judean king who reigned 55 years. The adapter of Chronicles perverts this into an acceptable story: the evil Manasseh, in Chronicles, is car-

ried to a convenient Babylonian prison, where he repents, and returns to rule piously. This is the spirit in which these "historical" writings were compiled.

The Divided Kingdom. — Only a brief account can be given of the troubled period. Under Rehoboam, Judah's first king, the Egyptian pharaoh overcame Jerusalem and plundered the sacred temples. His successor, Abijah, is said by the Judean editor to have conquered Israel with a great slaughter. After Asa, who made an alliance with Syria, and Jehoshaphat, two weak good kings, Judah became entangled with Israel, then under the great dynasty of Omri. This conqueror is almost overlooked in the Judean story; but he reconquered Moab, and for a hundred years Assyrian inscriptions refer to Israel as the kingdom of Omri. Omri's son Ahab made alliances, political and theological, with the surrounding powers; his daughter Athaliah married the king of Judah, and reigned after her husband's death for six years over the smaller land. The Philistines and Arabians had just ravaged Judah; the Syrians now tried to starve Samaria, the great capital of Israel, into submission. After a period in which human flesh was eaten, Syria withdrew. Jehu, a stern and astute worshiper of Yahweh, seized this moment of weakness to take over the throne of Israel. He was the greatest reformer of all the kings, rivalling the later Josiah of Judah in his wholesale reforms. He slew the reigning kings of both lands, the wicked queen of Ahab, Jezebel, and arranged for the slaughter of the seventy sons of Ahab, the forty-two kinsmen of the king of Judah, and all the priests of Baal. The strict Jonadab, a Yahwist of the primitive Kenite descent, saw and approved of all this. Jehu committed no

offense, except continuing the worship instituted by Jereboam I; yet this damned the stern Yahwist in later Judean eyes.

The state of the kingdoms sank lower. In addition to the constant Syrian attacks, tribute was often paid to the rising power of Assyria. Four good kings succeeded Athaliah in Judah; the great Jeroboam II held the Israelite throne for forty-two years during part of this period. This warrior vanquished Syria, Ammon, Moab, and recovered the lands clear to the sea-coast. Yet again the Judean saw in him only "evil." After this mighty ruler, half a century of comparative anarchy succeeded. At last weakened Israel was taken captive by Assyria, and scattered and lost forever. The vanished "Ten Tribes" survived in part in later Samaria, and among the Jews of Babylon; legend has blown them to India, and even to America, as the ancestors of American Indians. Infirm Judah threw herself under the protection of Assyria; and, after the brief Yahwist reforms of Hezekiah and Josiah, declined to its role as a bone torn between the jaws of Egypt and Babylon. In 586 they were taken captive to Babylon, and the holy city was destroyed.

The Preachers, or Prophets.—It was during the reign of Ahab that the first great prophet, or preacher, of the Hebrews came forward with his Yahwist curse for the king's wickedness in connection with the seizure of a peasant's land. Elijah, Amos, Hosea, Micah, and the other stern insurgent preachers from the Palestinian highlands appeared one by one, demanding a return to the primitive shepherd customs approved by Yahweh, and a putting away of civilized ways, identified with the worship of the Baals. In the mood of their vituperative insurgency the historical writings were rewritten

repeatedly, until they assumed their present form of propaganda for a late conception of Yahweh worship. Opposed to this illegal insurgency was a group of royal prophets, who saw in Yahweh a civilized deity, and insisted that Baal-worship, or the attributing to Yahweh of Baal characteristics, would bring peace and victory to Israel. The event decided the conflict: Israel lost, Judah lost; what better proof could there be that Yahweh worship had been the true worship? The captivity and exile silenced the Baal voices, drawn from the Canaanite side of the Jewish ancestry, and from the Hebrews who had adopted Canaanite city customs; it silenced these voices forever. Yahweh, the shepherd god of brotherhood, would again redeem his people: this is the note of the preachers of the exile.

CHAPTER III

UNDER PERSIA, GREECE AND ROME

The End of the Exile.—The Babylonian governor, Gedaliah, ruled the province of Judah from Mizpah, a commanding eminence about five miles from the site of Jerusalem. A conspiracy led by remnants of the royal house caused his assassination, and indirectly caused the flight of many of the leading Judeans to Egypt. Then occurs a gap in the records. Many of the exiles accepted their lot and settled down in Babylonia; a number of these rose to prominence among this and other peoples, as the stories of Daniel and Esther indicate. In Palestine, the agriculturists and herdsmen left formed the staple population. Life began to move in Israel as in the roving days before there were kings.

Less than forty years after the destruction of Jerusalem, a new power appeared in the East: and Cyrus, the Persian, in 539 speedily conquered Babylon. He was at once recognized as the expected Jewish redeemer: "I have raised one up from the north; and he is come—from the rising of the sun one that calleth upon my name. And he shall come upon rulers as upon mortar, and as the potter treadeth clay. Cyrus is my shepherd, and shall perform all my pleasure, even saying of Jerusalem, She shall be rebuilt; and of the temple Thy foundations shall be laid." So Isaiah has it. To the petty states, this meant only a change of masters; they now became a part of one of the largest empires of antiquity. Cyrus was at least more tolerant than his Babylonian predecessors had been. The Judean records tell of an attempt to re-

build the temple in 538 B. C., which failed when the Judeans incurred the hostility of the Samaritans by their rejection of Samaritan aid, on the ground that it did not come from true Jewish Yahweh worshipers. According to the account, in 520 B. C. the work was resumed, and completed four years later. There are discrepancies in the records, and historical scholarship is skeptical concerning the definiteness of this.

In any case, another period of depression soon followed; and in 445 Nehemiah, governor of the small region of Judah and Benjamin, in spite of outer and inner hostility, completed the task of rebuilding the walls and the temple of Jerusalem. The building of a rival temple on the Mount Gerizim, for worship by the Samaritans, further increased the antipathy between the two Semitic peoples. The half-mythical scribe Ezra suddenly appeared in the Temple in Jerusalem, and read daily for seven days the "book of the Law of Moses." The stricter reforming party won the day, and attempted to root out marriages with non-Jewish peoples. Dreams of political freedom gave way to hopes of religious independence; Israel became a church, claiming its foundation in the desert beneath Sinai a thousand years before. Instead of sacerdotal kings, we now have royal priests, anointed with oil, arrayed in kingly insignia, claiming the usual royal dues in addition to the customary rights of the priests. It is the hour of the High Priest and his court; the latter is the foundation of the Sanhedrin. It was this period which rewrote the first five books of the Old Testament in the form in which we have them; Yahweh worship became crystalized and incrusted with a comprehensive legalism.

The Greek Domination.—Beginning with the time of Alexander the Great, 332 B. C., for four centuries, or until the destruction of Jerusalem in 70 A. D. by the Romans, the Jews were under the control of Greek influences. There is little record covering the period from the death of Nehemiah, about 415, to the accession of Antiochus Epiphanes, 175 B. C.—210 years, or a period approximately as long as the interval between the death of Queen Elizabeth and the accession of Queen Victoria; a period a third again as long as the interval between the Boston Tea Party and today. The sketchy pages of Josephus, the great Jewish historian, are our main guide during this gap; and, if he had had access to any records, he would not have failed to use them. There is a legend of a visit of Alexander the Great to Jerusalem; it is hardly more. On the death of the great Hellene, Judah came into the possession of Laomedon, one of his generals. Upon this man's death, perhaps in 321, Ptolemy, King of Egypt, advanced upon Jerusalem, and assaulted it on the Sabbath. The pious Jews would not violate the holy day, even in self-defense; a large number of captives were taken away and settled, chiefly in Alexandria and Cyrene. In the wars between the successors of Alexander, the land was several times trampled upon. Twice it fell into the hands of Antigonus, twice Ptolemy regained it. After the decisive victory of Ipsus, in 301, the Egyptian held it.

The next year Simon the Just became High Priest—a pontiff on whom Jewish tradition dwells with peculiar attachment. The founding of the Syro-Grecian kingdom by Seleucus, with Antioch as its thriving capital, brought Judea into the unfortunate position of a weak

province between two striving rivals. Under the third Ptolemy, the High Priest Onias II neglected the payment of the customary tribute, and retribution was threatened on Jerusalem. The wit of his nephew Joseph saved the City of David; the latter became revenue collector, a position he held until the invasion of Antiochus the Great. The fourth Ptolemy defeated this king, and apparently, from a contact with their religious strictness in Jerusalem, in which the High Priest forbade his entrance into the sanctuary of the temple, took a lasting dislike to the race. Scopas, general of the next Ptolemy, garrisoned Jerusalem in his warfare against Syria, and ruled it with a stern hand.

The Hellenizing of Judea.—Internal troubles began to vex Judea, after the pressure of Scopas was removed by his defeat. The family of Joseph, the tax-collector, became powerful enough to compete with that of the High Priest. Joseph's youngest son, Hyrcanus, secured possession of his father's wealth; fratricidal strife ensued, in which two of the brothers of Hyrcanus were killed, and out of which Hyrcanus fled beyond the Jordan, and built a strong fortress, which he named Tyre. Here he ruled for seven years, in perpetual warfare with his wealthy neighbors; on the accession of the next Syrian king, he slew himself. The next trouble came from the attempt of King Selecus Philopator to seize the temple treasury. Heliodorus, the king's treasurer sent upon this mission, was attacked, according to the Jewish legend, by a horse with a terrible rider and by two young men, and only escaped with his life at the intervention of Onias the High Priest.

The next king, Antiochus IV, places Jesus, the brother of Onias, in the high priesthood.

Jesus, renamed with the Greek name Jason, secured the king's aid in his proposal to transform Jerusalem into a Greek city. Onias, renamed Menelaus, perhaps a brother to Jason, bought the office from the king, and supplanted Jason; to pay his promised bribe to the king, he purloined the golden vessels of the temple, and sold them at Tyre. He put to death the previous Onias, and provoked a riot against the dissatisfied inhabitants of Jerusalem. When he was tried for these offenses, he bought his freedom from the court. Antiochus himself came to Jerusalem, and pillaged the temple. It was made over to the worship of Zeus Olympius; the rival temple at Gerizim to that of Zeus Xenius. Sabbath observances were suppressed, and a definite attempt was made to stamp out Judaism. The worship of Yahweh was in a critical position; there was need for a champion for the old beliefs.

The Maccabees. — Successful in the chief cities, the attempt to remove this worship which the Greeks regarded as an annoying eccentricity in the Greek world met with unexpected resistance in the smaller localities. Now commences the most stirring chapter in Jewish history. According to the first Book of Maccabees, it was Matathias, of the coast town of Modin, father of five sons, Johanan, Simon, Judas, Eleazer, and Jonathan, who denounced the attempt, and slew a recreant Jew before the Hellenized altar. In any case, certain Jews fled into the wilderness and found a leader in Judas Maccabeus, the first of the five distinguished Asmonean or Hasmonean brothers. The origin of the name Maccabee is disputed; it probably came from the Aramaic word meaning "hammer." "Judas the Hammerer" then would be similar to the great

Frank Charles Martel, or Charles the Hammer, who fought with his back against the sunset at Tours.

The first decision, and a wise one, was to wage defensive warfare on the Sabbath, if need arose. The conflict commenced like the guerilla warfare of Saul and David against the Philistines. Soon the augmented rebels grew bolder; they defeated and slew Apollonius, commander of the Syrian garrison at Jerusalem, and Seron, commander of the army in Syria. When the main army of Antiochus, under Nicanor, marched against them, the wary Jewish leader crushed first the camp and then the army of the enemy in brief and brilliant engagements. The next year, 165 B. C., Lysias the regent was forced to withdraw from a siege of the stronghold of Judas. The cause of Yahweh began to be recognized as victor. The laws against the Jewish religion were withdrawn, and the temple restored to its ancient worship. The inhabitants of Joppa, by a cruel stratagem, drowned 200 Jews or Jewish families; Judas avenged them by burning the harbor and the shipping.

On the death of Antiochus, Demetrius, the lineal heir to the throne, escaped from Rome and got possession of Syria. Unable to defeat Judas on the field, he substituted craft. He raised up Alcimus, or Jacimus, who claimed descent from Aaron, to the high priesthood; and sent an army under his general Bacchides to install him in his office. Judas bowed to his legitimacy, as a member of the great priestly family. The first act of the new prelate was to put sixty of the Maccabean leaders treacherously to death. Judas took to the field again, and won a decisive victory over

Nicanor, general of Demetrius. He then concluded an alliance with the rising power of Rome. Before this treaty was made known, the heroic leader fell nobly at Elasa, in 161 B. C.

His brother Jonathan succeeded to the command, at the head of a band of fugitive outlaws. In 158 his power was recognized by Bacchides, and he began to rule as judge in Michmash. A revolution of an adventurer, Alexander Balas, for the throne of Syria, supported by Rome, placed Jonathan in the advantageous position of holding the balance of power, courted by both sides. The leader ultimately espoused the cause of Alexander, and became the first priest-king of the Asmonean line. Alexander was everywhere successful; the family fortunes of the Maccabees rose with him, and Simon, brother of Jonathan, was hailed as the second priest-king of the family.

John Hyrcanus.—Later developments threw John Hyrcanus, Simon's youngest son and successor, into conflict with Antiochus Sidetes. By the peace treaty he became an honorable vassal of Syria, ruling over a dismantled Jerusalem. On the death of Antiochus, Hyrcanus seized the opportunity of throwing off the foreign yoke, and proclaimed the independence of the Jewish kingdom. It maintained this freedom, under the Asmonean dynasty and the house of Herod, down to the final yielding to the Roman dominion. While the Jews in Egypt suffered various oppressions, Judea enjoyed profound peace. Samaria fell to its conquering arms, after an investment of a year; the city was razed, and made a pool of water. In the local conflict between the strict Pharisees and the more liberal Sadducees, John sided with

the latter, thereby retaining his double title of king and High Priest, which the Pharisees criticized. At his death his son Judas Aristobulus succeeded, openly using the title of king. He is said to have died after causing the death of his brother Antigonus. His brother and successor, Alexander Janneus, continued the rule of the Sadducean nobility; and, after a rule complicated by foreign entanglements, died, advising a return to the strict Pharisaic observances.

Alexandra, his able wife, became queen (78-69 B. C.); her son Hyrcanus held only the title of High Priest. At his mother's death, his more vigorous brother Aristobolus won the power, retiring Hyrcanus to private life. Antipater, father of Herod, a governor under Hyrcanus, allied the latter's cause with Arabia. In the deadlock, both sides appealed to the envoy of Rome sent by Pompey; and Aristobolus bought the decision. Out of further conflicts Pompey himself besieged Jerusalem, and the Jews became subject to Rome. On the victory of Julius Caesar over Pompey, Antipater shrewdly transferred his allegiance to the rising power; he was made procurator of the region, and Hyrcanus High Priest.

Herod the Great.—Herod, son of Antipater, after being convicted by the Sanhedrin for the justifiable execution of a robber chieftain, was given a Roman lieutenant-governorship. On the poisoning of his father, as a partisan of Cassius and Brutus he became joint king, and after a flight to Rome from the wrath of the Parthian invaders, was confirmed by the Roman Senate as king of Judea. Cassius and Brutus had fallen at Philippi; but Herod had at once altered his allegiance to the rising sun Antony. He married Mariamne, grandniece of Hyrcanus,

in part for political reasons, but mainly out of an obsessing love for her. Opposition met him in Jerusalem; he acted with vigor, putting to death forty-five rival chiefs, and all but two of the Sanhedrin. He caused the death by drowning of a young High Priest; he put to death his beloved wife, at the instigations of his mother and sister; he put to death his two sons by Mariamne, and his eldest son by Doris; he is said to have ordered the slaughter of the innocents at the time of the birth of Jesus of Nazareth; he died of a dreadful malady, planning a testamentary massacre of the chief citizens of Judea, to compel a universal mourning for his death from the reluctant people. During the course of his royal ups and down, he had children by ten wives, two of them nieces; it stands to his credit that he did rebuild the temple. But it was of him that the Emperor Augustus uttered the bitter sarcasm, that he had rather be one of Herod's swine than one of his sons.

CHAPTER IV

THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM

The Procurators, or Roman Governors.—The will of Herod had appointed the children of Malthace, a Samaritan, his sixth wife, as his successors. After laborious appeals to Augustus, the emperor approved of the will, and Archelaus, one of these sons, assumed the rule in Judea. During the interval, the Jewish people at the Passover had rioted bloodily against the oppressive Sabinus, procurator of Syria. The country was in a state of anarchy, with rival kings springing up in every corner; two thousand rebels were crucified in one punishment by Rome. Archelaus ruled for nine years, when he was summarily banished to Gaul, and Judea put under the control of the procurator Coponius. P. Sulpicius Quirinius, prefect of Syria, his superior, arrived to organize the province, commencing by taking a Roman census. The opposition to this step centered in Judas, called the Galilean, an eloquent rebel, who was soon destroyed. Out of the fragments of his dispersed party arose the extreme Pharisaic sect of Zealots, who were influential in bringing about the great revolt of 70 A. D.

After rapid changes in the governorship under Augustus, Tiberius altered the policy, naming only two procurators during his reign. The second of these was Pontius Pilate (26-36 A. D.) Antipas, another son of Herod, was tetrarch of Galilee and Peraea; he is noted for having caused, or consented to, the death of the preacher John the Baptist, who had denounced the tetrarch's marriage to his niece Herodias. The predecessor of Pilate was noted chiefly

for the rapid changes which he made in the high priesthood; the last of his appointees was Joseph Caiaphas. At this time many Jews, due to the Roman scandal caused by the proselyting of a wealthy matron Fulvia, and the mis-application of her gifts to the temple funds, were banished from Rome. Pilate rendered himself especially unpopular by taking up his residence in Jerusalem; he also, according to the New Testament account, sanctioned the crucifixion of Jesus of Nazareth. It is probable that during his rule, especially in Galilee, the rabbi or preacher later identified as the redeemer by Christians commenced his preaching, and ultimately was apprehended and put to death. Twice during this period Vitellius, the general of Tiberius, deposed High Priests.

The Troubled Years.—The accession of Caligula brought high honors to another member of the Herodian family, Agrippa, grandson of Herod by his favorite wife Mariamne. After many youthful vicissitudes, including jailing by Tiberius, Agrippa was raised by the new emperor to a post of tetrarch. During this time the Jews of Babylon had been despoiled of their treasures accumulated for temple purposes, and has been massacred. Caligula demanded that he be reverenced as a god throughout the Roman lands; this brought him into conflict with Jewish customs, especially in Alexandria, whose large Jewish quarter became the scene of dreadful mob violence. Claudius restored to these Jews the citizenship which had been taken away from them, and made Agrippa king over all of the territories of Herod the Great. Agrippa himself had previously secured from Caligula the countermanding of an order requiring the setting up of the emperor's statue in the temple at Jeru-

salem. On the death of the king, Agrippa, after a successful reign, Claudius was persuaded not to give the kingdom to the king's young son, but to revive the system of procuratorship.

Cuspius Fadus, the first of these procurators, barely purged the troubled land of banditry. Ventidius Cumanus, the third, who sided with the Samaritans in a bloody dispute with the Jews, was banished by the emperor, due to the influence of Agrippa, son of Agrippa I. In spite of his influence, Claudius had at least once closed the synagogues and banished the Jews from Rome; this was caused, later Christian authorities state, because of some tumult caused by Jewish persecution of the Christians. Under the next procurator, Antonius Felix (52-60) the revolutionary movement, which had been simmering for some years, grew and spread. The High Priest was murdered in the temple by pilgrims who carried daggers under their cloaks; it was said that Felix had instigated the crime. The sect of Sicarii, or Assassins, flourished. Wizards and impostors persuaded certain Jewish multitudes to follow them into the desert, and an Egyptian Jew, claiming to be a prophet, led his thousands of followers to the Mount of Olives to see him make the walls of Jerusalem fall. Countless robbers were caught and crucified; Rome tried in her blundering bloody fashion to quiet the land. But this severity welded together the religious fanatics and the party that favored physical resistance to Rome, and induced many peaceful citizens to join with them. Agrippa II received a kingdom; but, although he had the oversight of the temple and the nomination of the High Priest, he was unable to check the growth of the Zealots.

The first outbreak of the war occurred in a

dispute in Caesarea, founded by Herod, but inhabited largely by Greeks. Nero decided the dispute in favor of the Greeks and Syrians; the Jews left the city, taking the Books of the Law with them. The three procurators who succeeded Felix (60-66) in their several ways contributed to weld together the bulk of the Jewish nation with the more violent of the Jews of Caesarea. There was bloody rivalry between contestants for the high priesthood. At the Feast of the Tabernacles in 62, one Jesus prophecied the destruction of the city: all of the happenings thereafter seemed to point toward this. Florus, the third of these brief procurators, in 66 seized seventeen talents of the temple treasure. At this, the patience of the driven Jews was exhausted.

The revolutionaries openly insulted the governor, by publicly begging coppers to relieve his destitution. Stung by this, he returned from Caesarea with his soldiers and sacked the upper city, killing 630 persons—men, women, and children. He actually dared to scourge and crucify Jews who belonged to the Roman equestrian order. The soldiers drove the people, assembled to greet them outside the walls, within the city. Here the people stood at bay, and took up their determined stand on the temple hill. Florus, baffled, withdrew his troops; Agrippa marched his force in, with an emissary from the procurator. The rebels stood firm; they would not resume the daily sacrifices for the emperor. They announced that they were willing to submit to Rome; but not to Florus. It was a tumultuous time: Eleazer, head of the war faction in Jerusalem, disputed command of the party with Manahem, son of the martyred Judas the Galilean. Manahem had arrogantly assumed royal state, and

murdered the unpopular Ananias, a former High Priest; soon afterwards, his forces were dispersed, and he was cruelly put to death. After this internal strife Agrippa capitulated, and was allowed to march his troops out unhurt; the Romans, who surrendered on the same condition and laid down their arms, were massacred. One and only one of the Roman soldiers was spared; he had promised to become a Jew, even to receiving the circumcision. For Judea, goaded by Roman oppression and fired by her Zealots, had determined, insignificant in size as she was, to defy the tremendous power of Rome itself.

Preparations for the War. — Immediately after the massacre of the Roman soldiers, the non-Jewish citizens of Caesarea slaughtered the Jews who still remained there; and throughout Syria the Jews suffered—and effected—wholesale sanguinary reprisals. The Jews of Alexandria, after they had rebuffed the conciliatory efforts of the governor, Tiberius Alexander, himself by birth a Jew, were slaughtered without pity. At length the Prefect of Syria, Cestius Gallus, approached the center of the disturbance, located in Jerusalem, but retreated after burning down a suburb. As he withdrew, he was attacked by the Jews, routed, and fled to Antioch, leaving with his enemies his engines of war. A few of the leading Jews fled from Jerusalem, as from a sinking ship, to carry the news to the emperor. The rest of the pro-Roman citizens were persuaded or required to join the rebels: Judaism was united for war on a grand scale. It was a hopeless struggle: one little race against the world. If it had stayed united, it might have wrested some unexpected compromise out of the jangled Rome of a few years later. As it was, generals

were selected by the Sanhedrin from the more moderate aristocracy, who had tried to keep the peace, and still hoped for acceptable terms from Rome. Ananus the High Priest, the leader, remained in control of Jerusalem, with the real power in Eleazer's hands; the command of Galilee, where the first attack was expected, was entrusted to Josephus, the historian and chief authority for the events of the struggle.

Josephus at once set himself to make an army of the inhabitants of Galilee, and strengthen the strongholds. His organization of local government and his insistence upon law and order brought him into conflict with John of Giscala, a local leader of the Zealots. The mass of people, whom Josephus tried to conciliate, were roused against him; John sent assassins, and finally procured an order from Jerusalem for his recall. In spite of all this, by force of craft Josephus held his ground, and put down those who opposed his authority.

And then the empire spoke. Nero, perturbed at the daring revolt, appointed his most able and distinguished general, Vespasian, to crush the rebellion. Vespasian had been in disgrace, for not having sufficiently admired the voice and style of singing of the theatrical emperor; this was laid aside, in the hour of need. The general marched down from his winter quarters at Antioch, receiving the ignominious submission of Sepphoris on the way. Joined by his son Titus from Alexandria, he advanced into Galilee with three of the most celebrated of the Roman legions, the Vth, Xth, and XVth, and with other troops supplied by Agrippa and local petty kings. The army of Josephus fled before the formidable menace; Josephus, with a few stalwarts, took refuge in Tiberias, and

sent word to Jerusalem for relief from the command, or for an adequate army. Vespasian took Gabara, and put every male to the sword. Hearing that the Romans were about to besiege Jotapata, a strong fortress in the hills, Josephus entered it just before the road of approach was made passable for the Roman horse and foot. Courage and resourcefulness prolonged the desperate defense as long as it was possible; the resistance and counter-attacks were brave almost to the point of foolhardiness. After 47 days the place was surprised, stormed, and taken; Josephus, whose shrewd wiles had long delayed the assault, hid in a cave with forty companions. After drawing lots, they killed one another, to avoid falling into Roman hands, until only Josephus and perhaps another were left; these two surrendered to Rome. The wily prisoner had prophecied that the place would be taken on the forty-seventh day; and it was. He now prophecied that both of his conquerors would rule over all mankind: this forecast saved his life. Word of his death reached Jerusalem, and produced general mourning. By the end of 67 Vespasian had reduced all of Galilee, and the Zealot John of Giscala had fled. Agrippa, himself a Jew, celebrated the conquest in Caesarea Philippi with festivals lasting twenty days.

The Internal Conflicts.—Jerusalem, according to the ancient custom, threw open her gates in welcome to the fugitive Zealots. The result was wrenching civil war and famine. Ananus incited the people against these visiting robbers, who arrested, imprisoned, and murdered prominent citizens, accusing them of being friends of Rome, and who claimed the right of selecting the High Priest by lot. The Zealots took refuge in the temple, and called the fierce

Idumeans to their aid. Under cover of a wild storm they opened the city gates to their allies; then they murdered Ananus the High Priest, and cast his naked body to the dogs. In spite of the verdict of a formal tribunal called by them in his favor, they slaughtered Zacharias the son of Baruch in the midst of the temple. The Idumeans, sick of the bloody work, left at last, and the Zealot John of Giscala was left in command of the city, stripped and ravished by the dreadful internal bickerings.

Vespasian had been repeatedly urged to march against the weakening fortress; his wary forbearance was to let the dreadful feuds prepare the way of the war lord. At last he moved against the city; word came abruptly, as he started, that Nero was dead. The crafty old warrior, during the troubled year 68-69, while Galba, Otho, and Vitellius one by one tore at the imperial purple, held his army together, waiting for the moment to strike for the control of the heart of the Roman world. This respite might have saved Jerusalem, if new war had not broken out between the sly blood-letter John of Giscala and the Jewish leader Simon, son of Gioras, as fierce and cruel, though not as clever, as his opponent. The bloody men of Simon without, the perverted men of John within, warred bloodily against the city. Then Simon was let into the city, to complete its pillage; and Vespasian entered Rome, the imperial purple over his shoulder. One of his first acts was to send his son Titus to complete the conquest of harassed Palestine.

The Siege of Jerusalem, and the Fall.—The last winter of Jerusalem passed in ferocious civil contests. Eleazer of the Zealots fought from the inner court of the temple; John of

Giscala besieged the holy of holies itself; the fierce Simon harried both of these from the upper city; and Titus, the bitter Roman, tightened his ring of steel around the doomed place. Through all the bloodshed the ancient worship of Yahweh went on; pious citizens of Jerusalem and far parts walked over pavements slippery with human blood, to offer their humble sacrifice to the god of brotherhood. Often a stray blow killed them as they worshiped. Then Titus appeared, and for a brief breathing space the three ravening killers in the city made peace. It was the Passover season; Eleazer opened the inner courts for worship, and John of Giscala, with typical treachery, sent his armed men, with weapons hidden, to capture the holy of holies. Out of the bloodletting a peace was finally patched up with Eleazer.

Meanwhile, Titus laid waste the outworks of the city, and surrounded it with a human wall. The people were hemmed in to starve. The Roman commander battered in then the outer of the three city walls, against desperate opposition. Then the second wall was pounded through. Hunger drove many of the defenders to death or madness; and out of the kindness of his Roman heart Titus lined the walls daily with Hebrew victims freshly crucified by the Romans. Children, women, men, starved to death. As if to further weaken themselves, the fiercer defenders put to death the High Priest, his sons, and sixteen of the Sanhedrin. Dreadful as was the cruelty of the defenders, their bravery in resistance was not behind it. John the Zealot, realizing that the end was approaching, melted down the temple gold, and took the temple oil and wine for profane uses.

At last the inner wall was battered down. Its fall revealed an inside wall which John, with true military foresight, had had prepared. But this was hastily built, and at last the Romans took the city. Titus offered to spare the temple, if the defenders would fight outside; this offer was spurned. Against the orders of Titus, it was set on fire, and what had been one of the marvels of the empire was smoke against the stars, and scattering ashes. Then death on all sides, and the last fortress destroyed. John was banished to a perpetual Italian prison, and Simon was led away in the triumph of the great Titus, where he met scourging and an insulting death. So fell Jerusalem, the great city, suffering from the swords of her own children, and razed by the sledge-hammer of the vengeful Roman.

CHAPTER V

A RACE SCATTERED EAST AND WEST

"*Yet Once Again, O Zion*—".—Up to this time, the Jews had been largely one central group; henceforth we see them scattered to every portion of the globe that man has conquered. The destruction of the temple and its Sadducean priesthood, of the Zealots and Sicarii who had relied upon the arm of fleshly power, left the unchallenged supremacy in the hands of the strict Pharisees, just as the strict Yahwists had inherited it after the Babylonian exile. The temple was gone; but Israel still had the Law. The Jews of the dispersion had already learned to supplement the temple by the synagogue; Judaism, as a church, easily survived the destruction of its central sanctuary. The last three strongholds of the Zealots fell—especially brave Masada, where, to escape captivity, each man slew his wife and children; ten of the men, chosen by lot, slew the others; one of these chosen by lot slew the other nine, and then killed himself. Of such stuff was the Jewish spirit made.

The temple in Egypt had been destroyed shortly after the conflagration following the siege of Jerusalem. But under Johanan ben Zaccai, who had had himself conveyed out of Jerusalem in a coffin, and had received from the Romans the boon of permission to found a college at Jamnia, the Pharisees established a new Sanhedrin, and began the work which resulted in the Mischnah. This collection of "oral law," with the later supplementary Gemara, comprises the Talmud, the great rabbinical interpretation which, with the Old Testament, became the sacred writing of the Jews.

Under the Emperor Domitian, who succeeded Titus, the oppression of the Jews recommenced. Death or total confiscation of property was the penalty on proselytes to the religion. The insuppressive Jews in Egypt and then Cyprus rose again, in 114 and 117, and set up a king; under iron-fisted Hadrian this attempt was put down. Even more formidable was a new arising in Palestine. Under Bar-Cochab or Barcochebas ("son of a star") a revolt arose; the leader, whose original name was Simeon, was recognized by Rabbi Aqiba as the promised Messiah. At this time, Rabbinism had become the great characteristic of the present stage of Judaism. The great R. Aqiba was said to have been a descendant of Sisera, the general of Tyre slain by Deborah, through Sisera's Jewish wife; it is averred of him, that God revealed more to him, during the 120 years of his life, than he did to Moses. He saw in Bar-cochab the star that was to "arise out of Jacob," prophecied in the promise of Balaam. The more cautious R. Jochanan doubted; but Bar-cochab went ahead, made himself master of the ruins of Jerusalem, and for three and a half years held off the power of Rome. The temple was rebuilt, at least in part; distant Jews came to his aid, and many gentiles. But the generals of Hadrian at length drove the Jews from Jerusalem to Bether, in 135, and forbade their entering the City of David on pain of death. The Rabbis now altered Bar-cochab's name to Bar Coziba, "son of deceit"; and kindly Rome had the great R. Aqiba flayed alive and executed. These periodic resurrections of Jewish power are among the marvels of history.

The Patriarch of the West.—In spite of rigorous Roman efforts to destroy the integrity

and uniqueness of the race, less than sixty years after Bar-cochab we find two thriving establishments of Jews. One comprised the Jews in the Roman dominions, and was under a spiritual ruler at Tiberias, called the Patriarch of the West; the other included the Eastern Jews, under a temporal ruler styled the Prince of the Captivity. In the West, the school at Jamnia was reopened, and mild Antoninus Pius restored the banned rite of circumcision, limiting it to Jews by birth. The tenth flitting of the Sanhedrin, to use the Rabbinical phrase, brought it at this time to Tiberias; it remained here for several centuries. A sidelight on the general spread of Judaism is seen in the fact that, wherever the Christian apostle Paul traveled, he found a synagogue of his countrymen, usually with many rich and powerful worshipers. The oppressions, in Palestine, in Egypt, in Rome itself, seemed to have power only to produce a greater increase of the race. The seven-branched candlestick may still be seen inscribed on the walls of the dark catacombs of Rome. Marvelous tales are related of the first settlements of the Jews in Germany, France, and Spain: the last mentioned claimed descent from tradesmen sent there by Solomon, or placed there when Nebuchadnezzar conquered Spain! The Jews spread with the spread of Roman arms; partly as slaves, partly as free men seeking commercial prosperity, or a place to be free of oppression. The Mishnah has its section devoted to abstaining from worship, not of Christian powers, but of heathen gods, such as Rome's provinces knew.

The spread of Christianity itself kept alive the vigilance and zeal of the followers of the Patriarch of the West. The four great Rab-

binical weapons, the censure, the solemn Niddui or interdict, the terrific Cherem or civil death, the ultimate Shammata or excommunication, these meant thews and sinews in the arms of Israel yet. The Rabbis were in charge of education, as well as religion; every detail of daily life was subject to Rabbinical instruction. The power of the Patriarch of Tiberias was coextensive with the empire of Rome; and it was founded on a stronger basis, the service of the heart and mind.

Intrigues arose in the Sanhedrin; the intrigants were expelled. The great Patriarch Simon, son of Gamaliel, who claimed descent from Aaron, successfully sought to extend his rule over the head of the Babylonian community of Jews. His son, Jehuda, "The Holiest of the Holy," the most celebrated of the rabbinical sovereigns, next ascended the patriarchal throne; it was he who assembled the Mishnah. Many of the patriarchs in Palestine were on terms of intimate friendship with the Roman emperors; as late as Theodosius I (379-395) the internal affairs of the Jews were formally committed to the patriarchs. Under the second Theodosius (408-450) the patriarchate was finally abolished, after a reign of three and a half centuries. This marked the end of the downward swing which had commenced with the imperialization of the Christian religion under Constantine I in 312.

Under the later Christian emperors, the Jews were legally characterized as a lowly order of depraved beings; their community as a godless, dangerous sect; their religion a superstition, their assemblages for religious worship a blasphemy and a contagion. Yet, despite this obloquy, Judaism continued a lawful religion. Justinian (527-565) was the first emperor to

interfere directly in the religious institutions of the Jews. In 553 he interdicted the Talmud, recently completed, would not allow Jews to appear in court as witnesses against Christians, and proclaimed them absolutely ineligible for any honor whatsoever.

The Prince of the Captivity.—About the time of Simon, son of Gamaliel, and Jehuda, the Resh-Galutha, or Prince of the Captivity, claiming descent from the house of David, established in Babylonia his brilliant and powerful court, under Persian protection. The Palestinian Talmud had been completed in the fourth century; the better known and more influential Babylonian version was finished about 500. This very land which, a thousand years before, had been a bitter prison to Israel, now became their asylum of refuge, their second fatherland. Here, rather than in Palestine, was built the enduring edifice of rabbinism. The great rabbinic academy at Nehardea, the second Jerusalem, flourished for generations; that at Sura lasted until the eleventh century. Samuel of Nehardea formulated the principle which made it possible for Jews to live under alien laws: "the law of the government is law," was his famous dictum. In 259 the Palmyrene husband of the great Jewish queen Zenobia laid Nehardea waste for the time being; in its neighborhood rose the academy of Pumbedita, a new focus for the intellectual life of Israel in Babylonia. Out of the semi-annual Kallah assemblages grew their literary expression, the Talmud.

The Roman emperors had made Jerusalem a Christian city; Christian pilgrims thronged the ways which led to the Holy City, where the wood of the true cross began to disseminate its inexhaustible splinters through the Chris-

tian world. The theist Julian issued his memorable edict for the rebuilding of the temple on Mount Moriah, in his brief swing away from Christianity. The collapse of the edifice, probably from underground mines constructed during the great siege of 70, and the death of Julian, brought this movement to an end. Alexandria writhed in new massacres. The Samaritans grew less and less, until today only an enfeebled colony remains as a ghostly reminder of their intermittent power. But in Babylonia, the Jew thrived and prospered, and began to realize his new role, as the chief promoter of international commerce.

Under Islam.—If Judaism was at least tolerated under Christianity, its status was different under the rule of Mahomet and his successors. The principle of Islam, for all its claim of succession to the prophecies of Moses and Isha, or Jesus, was fundamentally intolerant. Where the mosque was erected, there was no place for church or synagogue. The Jews could not accept a Messiah of the sword, sprung from the loins of the bondwoman Hagar; and Islam retaliated with the sword. The caliph Omar, in the seventh century, promulgated a code which required Christian and Jew to wear a peculiar dress, and denied them the right to hold office or possess land. Intolerance for infidels is still a feature of Mahometan law. But Islam in practice was milder than Islam in theory; its laws were made to be broken.

On the whole, the medieval Jews lived under the crescent a fuller and freer life than was possible under the badge of the crucifixion. Mahometan Persia was the home of the Jewish gaonate, or religious headship of the two great academies. This remained politically under the control of the local Prince of the Captiv-

ity; but in religious matters it was recognized as arbiter throughout all Jewry. The control of the gaonate lasted for four and a half centuries, or down to the eleventh century, when the Jewish headquarters moved from Asia to Europe. As the Bagdad caliphate became more and more supreme in Islam, the gaonate grew in power. It was not until the Arabian conquest of Spain that the Jews of Europe began to rival the eastern culture in importance.

CHAPTER VI

THE DARK AGES

The Golden Age of Judaism.—The Caliph Harunal-Rashid had persecuted Jew and Christian alike; but by the tenth century, the Jew had received from Islam something more than persecution. He caught the contagion of poetry, philosophy, and science. It is in Spain that the new spirit most clearly manifested itself. Here literature and affairs, science and statescraft, poetry and medicine, grew to such fulness that they were often found in one and the same individual. The illustrious line here reached from Hasdai ibn Shaprut in the tenth century to Isaac Abrabanel in 1492, the date of the expulsion of the Jews from Spain. Columbus was accompanied by at least one Jewish navigator; there is a belief that he himself was a Jew. Hebrew religious and secular poetry reached a high level. Ibn Gabirol and Halevi, from Spain, were the greatest among the medieval poets of the synagogue; Maimonides, the greatest Jew of the middle ages, whose writings deeply influenced Spinoza, was a Spaniard.

The Iron Age of Judaism.—In the East, the evil days commenced with the extinction of the Princes of the Captivity, and the dispersion of the Jewish community in 1036, which from that period onward became a suppressed part of the population. The Jewish communities in Palestine suffered a slower but more complete dissolution. Under Charlemagne the Jews, who had begun to settle in Gaul in the time of Caesar, were more than tolerated. They were allowed to hold land, and were encour-

aged to become—what their ubiquity qualified them to be—the merchant princes of Europe. The reign of Louis the Pious (814-840) was such a golden age for the Jews as they were not to enjoy again in northern Europe until the time of Mendelssohn.

And yet that dark institution called feudalism, which organized Europe into serfdom, held no place in its imposing social pyramid for the Jews. They were soon forbidden the practice of arms, and, more slowly, the cultivation of the soil, which rested at the base of the social pyramid. They could not be lords, they could not be serfs. The taking of interest, forbidden by the very Old Testament of Jews and Christians alike, with a penalty later construed to be the damnation of the soul of the interest-taker, removed Christians from gainful money-lending. The Jews, whose souls in Christian eyes were damned already, had no other recourse but this role, the forerunner of the commercial structure of today. As wealth grew in Hebrew hands, its owner was regarded as a valuable property in Christian eyes: he was granted away, he was named in marriage settlements, he was bequeathed, pawned, sold, stolen. Thus Philip the Fair bought of his brother Charles of Valois all the Jews in his dominions. By the very tenure of his rank, the knight was bound to hate and despise the Jew. Religious fanaticism was inseparable from chivalry; the bloody Christians interpreted their faith as a trumpet-call for vengeance against the murderers of the Jewish carpenter whom they had come to reverence as a god. Only the fact that the Jew was too vile in knightly eyes to profane with his blood the glittering blade served as a partial protection for the scattered sons of Abraham. This

was true throughout the darker outskirts of the Christian world; though, with few exceptions, the Popes preserved a more enlightened attitude.

Massacres and Expulsions.—The first mass outbreak during the Iron Age of oppression occurred in the enlightened Arabian kingdom of Grenada. The zeal of proselyting Jews kindled the flames, which burned fiercely against all of the race. Ferdinand the Great, a Christian king, unsuccessfully planned a massacre of the Jews. In 1096 massacres occurred in many cities of the Rhineland. The First Crusade witnessed a wholesale persecution of the followers of Judaism throughout Europe, and even in the captured Holy City. Germany witnessed the next persecution, with the great St. Bernard belatedly opposing the barbarities. France wiped off her national debt, owed to Jews, by slaughtering the creditors. St. Louis, the French king, sought to wipe the Talmud out of Jewish hearts, and imposed a dress of disgrace, the Rouelle, upon all the race. Legends sprang up of Jewish alliances with the hordes of Mongolian tartars troubling Europe; it hardly needed these to add to the detestation in which the followers of the humble Nazarene regarded his kinsmen.

The Council of Vienna, 1267, imposed the high-horned cap upon the Jew, as a further distinguishing badge. Languedoc saw cruelties, incredible to many, against the peaceful Semites. About this time the medieval legends of Jewish ritual murder of Christians, especially of children, spread broadcast; this belief accounted for the canonization of many legendary nonentities. Russia, long the most backward European country, had public trials upon this baseless charge as late as the present

century. Well-poisoning was another constant libel.

England was not ahead of the other countries in her treatment of the Jews, during these dark ages. Massacres and persecutions succeeded one another in dreary regularity. The animating spirit of these was in part fanatic religious zeal, in great part perpetual exactions by the prodigal nobility upon the Jews, the chief possessors of wealth, with cruel methods of enforcement. About 1286, England expelled the Jews from her realms, after seizing their whole property, except the small amount necessary to pay for their passage to some foreign land, perhaps equally inhospitable. France expelled them for the second time in 1394. The reconquest of Andalusia by the Christians toward the end of the fifteenth century, with the establishment of the Inquisition, introduced a spirit of intolerance in Spain that weighed no less against Christian independence of thought and speculation than against the existence of Moor and Jew in Spain, and both of these great races were driven out. It is from this that the ghetto period dates. In Spain, the Jews had participated in the general life; but in their disposal into Poland, Turkey, Italy, and France, they were barred within their ghettoes from the outside world. In 1420 all the Austrian Jews were thrown into prison.

Of course, Jewish blood could not be cast out from these lands; it was a part of the blood of the people. In Spain there is no question but that it flowed in the veins of officials high in the Inquisition, and upon the throne itself. As late as the close of the 18th century, when the King of Portugal proposed that all of Jewish

blood should be required to wear yellow caps, it is told of Pombal that he appeared in the Council with three yellow caps. The king demanded the meaning of the strange accoutrement. "One is for your majesty, one for the Grand Inquisitor, and one for myself." As late as 1680 the idot King Charles II of Spain presided over the public condemnation to death by burning of eighteen Jews.

In Other Lands.—Italian Christians, especially in Lombardy, were the first to design methods of banking planned to circumvent the Mosaic prohibition against the taking of interest; and these bankers suffered the exactions of the rulers almost equally with the Jews. Military force was in the hands of the nobility, and the hour had not yet come when the bankers, either as the nobility or above it, held control of the military force. During the Reformation, the German Jews were accused of setting many cities on fire—any excuse would serve for a massacre—and were mobbed to death for this imagined offense. These dark centuries were marked from time to time by sporadic appearances of Jews claiming to be the Messiah; Sabbathi Sevi, in 1666, openly proclaimed himself the Redeemer in the synagogue at Jerusalem. After a stormy career, in which he adopted the Moslem worship, he died of a colic in 1676. Great in a different sense from these pretenders—for so history has named them—was Baruch (or Benedict) Spinoza, the distinguished Dutch philosopher of Jewish birth, who was denounced, dreaded, and then widely read.

CHAPTER VII

THE JEWS TODAY

Period of Emancipation.—During the beginning of the 16th century, the papacy formally prescribed the ghetto for Jews; by the end of the century, the prospect of liberty began to dawn upon them. Holland, after the treaty of Utrecht, deliberately set its face against religious persecution. The excommunication of Spinoza by the Amsterdam Jews in 1656 was largely a defensive step. In England the movement was very noticeable. Under Cromwell the Jews were tacitly permitted to return. They soon controlled more of the foreign and colonial trade in London than all the other alien merchants in the city together. The momentum of their commercial enterprise and devotion to the interests of the empire proved irresistible. From the exchange to the city council chamber, thence to the aldermanic court and the mayoralty itself, and finally to the sending of Baron Lionel de Rothschild to knock at the unconverted House of Commons as parliamentary representative of the first city of the world, the Jews progressed. The 18th century showed the ghetto as a doomed institution. Judaism now witnessed the growth of an aristocracy of wealth, commensurate with its former aristocracy of learning. At this time they undertook the trade of peddling, and made their way into the city fairs throughout Europe during the 18th century.

In 1781 Austria cleared the way for the rehabilitation of the Jews. Handicraft, arts, science, and even agriculture were officially thrown open to the long despised race. They

were granted equal rights with Christian citizens, though without full citizenship.

The Mendelssohn Movement. — Moses Mendelssohn (1729-1786), born in a ghetto, made his way at 14 to Berlin, and became a friend of the critic and dramatist Lessing. Mendelssohn's "Phaedo," or the immortality of the soul, brought the author into immediate fame. His translation of the Torah into German, with a commentary, originated the school of scientific study of Judaism. His pragmatic conception of the faith weakened the conception of certain subsequent minds in the absolute truth of Judaism; thus his own grandchildren (including the famous composer Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy), as well as the poet Heine and others, embraced Christianity. Liberals and conservatives divided the camp of Judaism; there is today a division into orthodox and liberal Jews. Jews came to the front in many branches of man's activity: Auerbach and Catulle Mendes in literature; Rubinstein, Halevy, Meyerbeer, and Joachim in music; Traube in medicine; Lazarus in psychology—these are a few among many.

The French Revolution, largely due to Mirabeau, marked another distinct forward step in the advancement of modern Jewry. In Austria the distinctive Jewish dress was abrogated by Joseph II (1780-1790), and the Jews were admitted to the public schools and to military service. Despite occasional lapses, these gains have continued. Poland became the seat of a sort of rabbinical papacy; Lublin and Cracow grew into great seats of Jewish learning. Russia and Roumania long continued the black spot on the European record. Fierce massacres, or pogroms, such as those in Nizhniy-Novgorod

in 1882 and Kishinev in 1903, constitute an indelible stain; yet this merely pointed to the fact that Russia recovered last from the blight of feudalism. Sporadic outbreaks of anti-Semitism still occur, as in the infamous Dreyfus case in France. In the United States today, the race has to contend against occasional discriminations on the part of reactionary college officials or officials in the military and naval service. In the enlightened parts of the world, the contest is really over. The United States can hardly discriminate against that race whose bankers financed the Revolution, whose Judah P. Benjamin was Secretary of the Treasury in the Confederate cabinet, and whose leading captains of industry today are often of this blood.

The Zionist Movement.—The desire of the Jew to return to his homeland may be in part a sentimental one; but it has gained greatly in recent years. A promise of some sort of restored Jewish Palestine under British protection was a part of treaty closing the World War. There are active Zionist organizations in all countries, and an effective world organization of the movement. Yet it is noteworthy that, of the more than fifteen million Jews in the world today, only 84,000 are in Palestine, or a little more than one-half of one per cent; while New York City alone has 1,643,000, or twenty times as many. There are almost four million in America, three and a half million in Poland, and three million in Russia in Europe. This is a significant nationalist movement, no matter its final outcome.

Jewish Achievements.—No account of the activity of the world's leaders for the last hundred years can fail to note the large part played by Jews in every line of human endeavor. The

artist Josef Israels, the critic Georg Brandes, the french stage idols Rachel and Sarah Bernhardt, the two Disraelis, one of them many times premier of England, indicate how varied has been their participation in world affairs. In English literature, Israel Zangwill, the dramatist Alfred Sutro, the exquisite novelist Leonard Merrick, the vigorous younger novelist Gilbert Cannan, are Jews. Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, the philosophic founders of modern scientific socialism; Sigmund Freud, the brilliant originator of psychoanalysis; Albert Einstein, the great proponent of the relativity theory; Leon Trotzky, the soviet co ruler of Russia with Nicolai Lenin; Henri Bergson, the philosopher of creative evolution — these are a few of the Jewish names whose epochal theories have directed the world's thinking for the last half century, and are still dominant.

In the United States, the roll of distinction covers every field. Adah Isaacs Menken and Emma Lazarus, among earlier poets; Franklin P. Adams, Arthur Guiterman, and Elias Lieberman among accomplished writers of light verse; Irving Berlin, who has set the mode for our popular music; Edna Ferber, Fannie Hurst, and Montague Glass, among popular writers of fiction—these are only the outstanding figures. Oscar Straus has been in the cabinet under Roosevelt, and Louis D. Brandeis now sits upon the Supreme Court of the United States. Charles P. Steinmetz, recently deceased, was more truly entitled to the name of the electrical wizard than Edison or any other. It is impossible to begin to chronicle the great philanthropists and masters of industry; in certain lines, such as the theatrical field in all its ramifications, and many branches of the clothing industry, the Jewish influence is pre

dominant. Many of the leading newspapers and periodicals have Jewish owners and publishers. Centered in New York City's immense Eastside has grown up a Yiddish culture, with a host of distinguished dramatists and literary artists using this modern variant of the old Hebrew speech. In English literature in America the greatest novel yet written is, in the eyes of this and many other critics, "The Rise of David Levinsky." by Abraham Cahan, a Russian immigrant who is now the editor of the Vorwarts.

A plebiscite taken in September, 1923, among its readers, by the Jewish Tribune, of New York City, listed the following as the twelve outstanding Jews of the world:

Albert Einstein, Germany, physicist.

Chaim Weismann, England, chemist; perfected T.N.T.

Israel Zangwill, England.

Louis Marshall, United States, lawyer.

Louis D. Brandeis, United States, Supreme Court Justice.

Lord Reading, England, jurist, Viceroy of India.

Nathan Straus, United States, philanthropist.

Georg Brandes, Denmark, literary critic.

Chaim N. Bialik, Russia, poet.

Stephen S. Wise, United States, liberal rabbi and publicist.

Henri Bergson, France, philosopher.

Arthur Schnitzler, Austria, playwright.

My own choice would be different; but the catholicity of this list shows how ubiquitously successful the Jewish race of today has become.

There is no truer scientific law than the law of action and reaction. As great as has been the oppression of the Jew, so great must his rise be. Whether returned to Zion, or with the world as his Zion; whether remaining aloof, or taking the lead in land after land, and line after line of social activity, this ancient seed of Asia is a significant part of the slowly coalescing brotherhood of man.

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PSYCHOLOGY FOR BEGINNERS

The word "Psychology" originally meant the study of the *soul*. The human soul was thought to be a sort of entity, exhibiting qualities or "faculties," which became manifest to us as various psychological manifestations. The last century saw the gradual development of a "psychology without a soul"—a psychology based upon the study of *mind*, as manifested in human beings; it therefore became the study of consciousness.

Until relatively recently, the word psychology meant only this. Within the past few years, however, the scope of this science has been enormously increased. When we speak of Psychology, we no longer mean, merely, the adult, human, normal consciousness. We must define now our terms more accurately and in greater detail. We have psychologies—just as we no longer have "insanity," but insanities. The science has been enlarged. We know *animal psychology*—which deals with the mind of lower animals—extending all the way down the scale to the simplest organisms. We have *Educational psychology*, which deals with the psychology of childhood, and the best methods of training the young mind and developing it. We have *individual psychology*, dealing with the relationship of the individual to his environment, and going into the details of his own mental make-up. We have *social psychology*, which deals with the instincts and desires

of man, as related to the society in which he dwells. We have *abnormal psychology*, dealing with the varied derangements, abnormalities and defects of the human mind. We have *aream phychology.* especially studied by psycho-analysis. We also have the *psychology of the crowd*, so different from the individual in the crowd. We have the *psychology of the subconscious mind*—that vast realm which was practically a closed book to the psychologists of the last century. We have *Oriental psychology*, which is entirely different from our own, in many respects. We have *supernormal psychology*, which deals with certain alleged "psychical" phenomena, and endeavors to explain them along psychological lines. We have psychology of religion, history, politics, etc.

It will be necessary to devote a brief space to all these sections, in order that a bird's-eye view of the whole subject may be obtained. First of all, however, a few words as to the general methods and scope of psychology.

The older psychology was based almost entirely upon "Introspection"—that is to say, subjective analysis of the mind and its activities. A great deal of valuable material was secured in this manner. Later on, came "experimental psychology"—the "new psychology," as it was called for some time—based upon accurate laboratory measurements, by means of suitable instruments of precision. This dealt very largely with the various reactions of the subject experimented upon. Still more recently, the so-called "Behavioristic" psychology,—which stud-

ies the behavior of the subject, and contends that the inner, mental activities can be interpreted in this manner. A brief summary of the behavioristic psychology will be given later on.

Whatever theory we may hold as to the relation of brain and mind, it is certain that the two are in some intimate way related to one another. Whether the activities of the brain actually *cause* or *produce* consciousness; or *vice versa;* or whether these two are but opposite sides of the same shield—but differing aspects of reality, (just as a decayed tooth and the pain caused by it are differing aspects of the same thing) cannot be decided;. it is a metaphysical problem, which need not be discussed now, since it falls more properly under the province of philosophy than of psychology. For all practical purposes, we may take it for granted that brain and mind are in some unknown and intimate way connected, and that thought and the operations of consciousness are coincidental with the activities of the brain.

The human brain is a delicate and beautiful structure, of great complexity. The older "physiological psychology" really amounted to little more than physiology, since it dealt with mind largely in terms of brain. Nowadays, psychology is recognized as a separate science, and we can discuss its problems in purely mental terms or language, without referring to the brain.

In discussing cases of multiple personality, for example, we can now do so without using physiological terms, which was not the case until a few years ago. In other words, we now

recognize that the psychic sphere is a legitimate one of its own; and, although it is in some manner related to the brain-changes, this fact is not taken into account; the two worlds are regarded as distinct and separate, for all practical purposes,—although perhaps united in some metaphysical sense ultimately. Details as to the general anatomy of the brain can be found in any physiology, wherein the various motor and sensory centers are located, the higher association centers, etc. Dr. Bastian's work, "The Brain as an Organ of Mind," is a good book,—although several years old. But there is a wealth of material upon this subject, —to which we have no space to do more than refer in the present booklet.

The human mind is just as complex as the human brain. It reasons, wills, feels, associates, remembers, perceives time and space, forms concepts, forms habits, imagines, gives its attention, concentrates, discriminates, compares, induces, deduces, thinks abstractly, is subject to illusions, hallucinations, insanities, as well as flights of genius, directs the flow of thought, experiences emotions, feels sensations, experiences the constant feeling of "self" as a background, etc., etc. And every mind in the whole world is different, both in its structure and its mode of action! No two people think and feel *exactly* alike. Each person is a world unto himself. He himself represents an invisible entity, somehow tucked away in that little dark chamber which we call the skull, and within *that* his whole individual universe is contained.

Let us now endeavor to dissect this complex

mental organism, and see how it "works." We shall try to discover the nature and structure of the human mind, and ascertain how it operates. We shall devote a brief chapter to each of its varied activities, and then endeavor to weld together our findings, so as to enable us to understand the real nature of the Self.

First, however, a few words as to the various "Psychologies."

ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY.

This is occupying a prominent place in modern psychological literature. There is a "Journal of Abnormal Psychology," devoted especially to its problems. A variety of fascinating questions fall under this heading, a few of which I have briefly touched upon in the section dealing with "The Structure of the Mind." Space prevents further treatment here. The reader may consult such a book as Dr. Isador H. Coriat's "Abnormal Psychology" for further particulars.

ANIMAL PSYCHOLOGY.

A vast literature exists upon this subject also. Darwin's "Expression of the Emotions" is, of course, classical. Lindsay's "Mind in the Lower Animals" (2 vols.), and Mills's "Animal Intelligence" are useful books. Some original and ingenious speculations are contained in Ouspensky's "Tertium Organum." A most interesting work, from a practical point of view (that of a trapper and hunter) is "How Animals Talk," by William J. Long. A study of the so-called "talking animals" is "Lola: a Contribution to

the Thought and Speech of Animals." Chapters on the marvellous horses of Elberfeld are contained in Maeterlinck's "Our Unknown Guest," and in my own "Modern Psychical Phenomena."

The question of *Instinct* in animals has also received extensive treatment. C. Lloyd Morgan's works are classical in this respect: "Habit and Instinct," "Instinct and Experience," etc. See also Chadbourne's "Instinct in Animals and Men," and McDougall's treatment of the subject in his "Social Psychology," in his "Psychology," and a number of articles on this subject in the "Journal of Abnormal Psychology," and similar periodicals.

PSYCHOLOGY OF POLITICS, HISTORY, ETC.

This branch of our subject deals with such questions as the mental life of nations, religion and the state, national psychology, etc. A useful book in this connection is J. A. Dewe's "Psychology of Politics and History."

RELIGIOUS PSYCHOLOGY.

A voluminous literature also exists upon this subject. Attacks upon religion are to be found in such books as Leuba's "Belief in God and Immortality," and Theodore Schroeder's writings, which endeavor to trace all religion to sex. On the other hand, are to be found such books as Barrow's "The Validity of the Religious Experience," and William James' "Varieties of Religious Experience." An extensive study of Mysticism is Poulain's "The Graces of Interior

Prayer." The literature on this subject is so vast, however, that it would be impossible even to indicate the sources of reference.

EDUCATIONAL PSYCHOLOGY.

The mind of the pupil, the aims of the teacher, methods of instruction, school work, etc., form the subject-matter of this branch of knowledge. A useful book in this connection is Hugo "Munsterberg's "Psychology and the Teacher."

BUSINESS PSYCHOLOGY.

Of late years, much has been written concerning this topic. Many works upon it have been issued, among which one might mention Link's "Employment Psychology," and Atkinson's "Psychology of Salesmanship."

SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY.

The most noteworthy book dealing with this question is undoubtedly William McDougall's "Social Psychology." Since the publication of this book, a number of others have been issued, but the student would do well to begin with this one. Much useful material is also to be found in H. G. Wells' "Outline of History."

INDIVIDUAL PSYCHOLOGY.

This is covered by any popular book, such as the present one.

CROWD PSYCHOLOGY.

An individual in a crowd is usually lost, more or less—mentally no less than physically. If

the crowd is carried away by some emotion or intense excitement, so is the individual in it. Crowd psychology is generally primitive; emotions overrule intellect. An interesting work upon this subject is G. LeBon's "Psychology of the Crowd." See also McDougall's "The Group Mind," and Trotter's "Instincts of the Herd in Peace and War."

DREAM PSYCHOLOGY.

This is covered by such books as Freud's "Dream Psychology," Walsh's "Psychology of Dreams," Coriat's "The Meaning of Dreams," etc. See also the little book upon "Dreams" in the present series, and the references therein given.

ORIENTAL PSYCHOLOGY.

This is extensive, in one sense, sparse in another. Orientals have written much about themselves, but largely concerning their mystical states. Rhys Davids's "Buddhist Psychology" is perhaps a good summary of the Hindu Teachings (a section of them). The various Sacred Books of the East give, perhaps, as good a clue to their inner life as any.

SUPERNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY.

This, naturally, falls within the province of Psychical Research (See the volumes upon this topic in the present series). F. W. H. Myers' "Human Personality" is a classic; an excellent and sane book is Prof. Th. Flournoy's "Spiritism and Psychology," translated by the present writer.

PSYCHOLOGY OF THE SUBCONSCIOUS.

Here, again, a voluminous literature exists, dealing with the various problems presented. Morton Prince's "The Unconscious," and Joseph Jastrow's "The Subconscious," are valuable books. A. T. Schofield's book, "The Unconscious Mind," may also be consulted. How new this idea of the subconscious mind is may be seen from the fact that it was hardly mentioned in James' "Psychology." The difference between unconscious and subconscious consists in this: that whereas the former is thought to represent a sort of "unconscious cerebration" (Carpenter), without definite thought, the subconscious mind is believed to carry-on a lively mentation of its own; there is an unconscious consciousness, so to say. This idea has been disputed by some authorities, but there is a mass of evidence in its favor. Indeed, investigations of the subconscious mind have taken precedence over those into the conscious mental processes, of late years. The mass of published material dealing with the psychology of the subconscious is now enormous.

BEHAVIORISM.

This is a relatively new school in psychology, and has been the subject for much controversy. Its main contention is that behavior is the key to a man's real, inner being, and that, from this, his total self can be gauged. His instinctive and emotional equipment, his habits,

his activities, his social adaptability, his recreation and sports, his sexual life, his reactions to conventional standards, his personal bias and peculiarities, etc.—these are all factors in the determination of his inner mental life. In other words; as a man behaves—so is he! Behavioristic psychology, however, totally fails to disclose to us the essence of self and personality—what it *is*. Those who may be interested in pursuing this line of reading further may consult Dr. John B. Watson's "Psychology: from the Standpoint of a Behaviorist."

THE SENSES.

The five generally recognized senses are: sight, hearing, taste, touch and smell. These depend upon certain sense-organs, (the eye, ear, etc), and also upon specific sense-centers in the brain. The structure and physiology of these organs can be found in any good text book on the subject. Suffice it to say that, in the case of the eye, for example, certain incoming ether vibrations are converted, by the rods and cones in the retina of the eye (by a wholly mysterious process) into nerve-currents, which are transmitted to the sight-centers in the brain, wherein the sensation of sight occurs. The ear converts sound waves into nerve-currents, which we then perceive as sound, etc. Touch depends upon nerve-currents from the periphery of the body. Smell and taste are closely related; in fact, there are only four primary tastes which are directly conveyed by the nerves of the tongue. These are sweet, salt, sour and bitter. All our other "tastes"

are dependent upon the sense of smell. That is why, when we have a "cold," and cannot smell anything, food seems to have no taste. The primary tastes are obtained through the "taste buds" in the tongue. Smell is a sense about which relatively little is known.

In addition of these sensations, arising from the sense organs, there are also other senses, such as the muscular sense, the temperature sense, etc. To what extent these may be properly classed as separate senses has been disputed. The so-called "sixth sense" is theoretically a sort of "second sight," of supernormal origin, which orthodox psychology does not at present recognize

The sensation of motion should perhaps be mentioned in this place. Such sensations are of two kinds: (1) sensations of objects moving over our sensory surfaces; and (2) sensations of our whole person's translation through space.

The former of these has been much studied, though little definite can be said regarding it here. Curiously, while the sensation of a moving object can be accurately determined, it is most difficult to locate a number of stationary objects on the skin (if the eyes are closed). Thus, if one places the finger-tips against the chest, one cannot tell how many fingers are touching (after the first three). Certain areas of the skin are also quite insensitive; anaesthetic zones of patches sometimes existing,—especially in hysterical subjects, and these can be pricked without involving any reaction. These figure largely in the "witchcraft

trials," of the middle ages, for it was held that the witch was insensible to pain wherever the Devil had touched her. Such spots were, therefore, searched for with long needles!

As to the sensation of movement through space, we often experience this at night, in our so-called "flying dreams." (See my little book in this series on "Dreams.") The Hindus contend, however, that this is an actual possibility; that the physical body can really be lifted or "levitated," by means of proper breathing exercises, etc. I have discussed this question, briefly, in my volume in this series devoted to "Yoga Philosophy."

SENSATION.

Sensation depends upon certain nerve-currents, which affect the brain, but are usually localized or "felt" in a particular spot or area of the body. If a finger is burnt, for example, the pain is apparently felt *in* the *finger;* nevertheless the actual sensation takes place *in* the *brain,* and if the sensory (or afferent) nerves were cut, no pain would be experienced Normally, we react to a stimulus of this kind by immediately withdrawing the hand; this is due to the motor (or efferent) nerve-currents, which are sent out, commanding the muscles to move the hand and arm in question A definite "reaction" has then taken place. Reactions of this sort are constantly going on, but most of them never rise into consciousness. Only when the sensation is powerful enough to rise above the so-called "threshold" does it rise into con-

sciousness, and the reaction to the given stimulus is then consciously directed.

The outer world acts upon the periphery (surface) of the body, giving rise to all sorts of sensations. Again, various internal organs, if they are not functioning normally, will give rise to internal sensations. All such sensations are conveyed by sensory nerves; and, when these flow from any specific sense-organ, only the characteristic sense impression is thereby conveyed. Thus, the duty of the optic nerve is to convey sensations of sight; if the eye be struck violently, the optic nerve, in such case, does not transmit pain—only sight—and we "see stars" instead. This phenomenon is due to the sudden and violent transmission of a nerve current flowing along these nerve-tracts. Similarly with all the other senses.

This fact has given rise to the theory of "specific nervous energies,"—to the theory, that is, that each sensory nerve conveys the particular sort of current appropriate to it, and no other. Certain internal organs, however, appear to have no sensation. For example, the brain can be cut up without any sensation on the part of the subject. (Of course, before reaching the brain, pain would be experienced on the surface of the head, in the skull, etc.)

Sensations are our most primative mental constituents. They are distinguished from Perceptions by the fact that the latter are more complex; they are sensations, *plus* ideas about the sensation; hence "pure sensations" are impossible to us after the first few days of life.

Sensations differ greatly in the degree of their intensity; a feeble sensation, however, if continued, will ultimately rise into consciousness. On the other hand, sensations which intruded into consciousness at first may sink below its threshold after a time, and are no longer noticed. Thus, a workman may sleep in a boiler-factory; soldiers have learned to sleep amidst the constant booming of cannon, etc. Certain sensations also give rise to a sort of reverse of themselves. Thus, if one gazes at a red spot for a time, and then look at the white ceiling, a *green* spot will be seen to form there. This is a so-called "after image," and is due to fatigue This can readily be demonstrated in the case of vision.

INSTINCT.

William James defines Instinct as "the faculty of acting in such a way as to produce certain ends, without foresight of the ends, and without previous education in the performance." Of late years, much controversy has arisen as to instinct—some authorities contending that it does not exist, (in the old-fashioned sense of the term) while others have postulated a number of different instincts—all more or less primitive and innate. (McDougall).

Instincts are certainly impulses—to perform some action. They vary greatly in complexity, and are by no means always blind or invariable. They often resemble thought—and yet it is certain that no actual thought is concerned in them. Instincts may be inhibited

by habits; they are also transitory. They are well adapted to certain ends, and an animal or an insect will perform quite complicated actions, under entirely novel circumstances. Most of the work done upon instincts, until lately, was done upon animals of the lower order; but, more recently, much attention has been paid to human instincts, and some authorities have contended that human beings have more instincts than the lower animals.

Instinct will usually cause the creature in question to perform actions compatible with its own safety and self-preservation. Instinct thus grades naturally into Emotion, which will next be considered.

EMOTION.

We know that practically all emotions give rise to bodily expression. Darwin wrote an extensive monograph upon "The Expression of the Emotions in Men and Animals." Fear, anger, hatred, etc., find visible expression in the face, and in the actions of the body. Common-sense seems to tell us that these bodily expressions are the *results* of the emotion; the James-Lange theory of the emotions says that the bodily expressions are the primary factors, the internal emotions following after. Thus, we feel sorry because we cry, etc. This theory was for long popular among psychologists, but is today questioned in many quarters.

Emotions of all sorts are certainly connected in a very intimate manner with the body and its internal mechanism. Healthful emotions stimulate, while destructive emotions inhibit

and destroy. It has been claimed that emotions actually cause the secretion of definite chemical substances, which can be partially expelled in the breath; varied emotions cause different colored precipitates in a given solution, etc. (Elmer Gates.) However this may be, there can be no question of the beneficial effects of healthful emotions, and the detrimental effects of the reverse. It is not so much the effects of the *thought* upon the body, as the *emotion* aroused by and associated with that thought.

Feeling is the fundamental sensation of all life. Strong feelings have been called emotions; these are dependent largely upon the sympathetic nervous system, although the glands of internal secretion are also important factors. These are stimulated by the emotion, and also give expression to it.

Emotions have, of late years, been the subject of much study. It is now believed that the various complex emotions are built-up, or compounded of simpler ones. An analysis of these complex emotions has resulted in their being resolved into their component factors. On the other hand, organized systems of emotional tendencies (centered about some object) exist in all of us, and these have been called "sentiments." This idea has played a large part in contemporary psychological literature.

Dr. William McDougall, in his "Social Psychology," has made a very ingenious analysis of the various emotions. He shows at considerable length how the complex emotions are built-up from the simpler ones. Thus:—*gratitude* is a compound of tender emotion and

negative self-feeling; *scorn* is a compound of disgust and anger; *fascination*, of horror and wonder; *envy*, of negative self-feeling and anger; *reproach*, of anger and tender emotion; *anxiety*, of anticipatory pain, tender emotion and anger—against the source of the threatened harm; *pity*, of tender emotion and sympathetically-induced pain, etc. Goddard ("Psychology of the Normal and Subnormal") says that low orders of intelligence (morons, etc.) experience only relatively simple emotions; many of the higher forms are lacking in them, and that "only higher intelligences have the highest emotions." The primary emotions thus seem to belong to animals and undeveloped humans; our emotions have evolved in their intensity and complexity like everything else. That is why refined and "sensitive" people experience the deepest and keenest emotions.

CONCEPTION.

"The function by which we mark-off, discriminate, draw a line round, and identify as a numerically distinct subject of discourse is called *conception.*" We may therefore have conceptions of objects, people, qualities, abstract ideas, etc. Each conception is unique, separate, and distinct for the subject thinking it. No two conceptions can ever be quite alike; for no two individuals conceive things in a similar manner, and the same individual, conceiving the same thing twice, conceives it in a different way. The original conception *plus*, is always conceived the second time. For, from the purely physiological point of view, the brain has been

already modified somewhat by the first impression, and the second one reacts upon a modified, and not an unmodified, substratum. "History never repeats itself;" and no two thoughts, and no two conceptions, can thus ever be *precisely* alike.

PERCEPTION.

These two terms are often confused in the public mind. Psychologically, however, they are quite distinct. The consciousness of material objects through the senses is called "perception." We *perceive* them. On the other hand, we *conceive* an idea. Perceptions depend upon our senses and brain-processes; conceptions may be independent of the former. It is true, however, that perceptions depend upon the inner workings of the mind, as well as upon sense-impressions.

When we perceive a thing, we recognize or "know" that thing. But we do not yet think *about* it, associate it with other things, etc. This higher process of the mind has been termed "apperception." It is applied to the process by which the mind goes out to meet the incoming perception, and elaborates it by higher processes of association, etc. Thus, through the sensation of sight, you perceive an orange. But you do not yet say to yourself: "This is a nice, juicy orange; I like oranges; it will taste sweet; it will quench my thirst," etc. These associative processes of the mind may be classed, roughly, under the process of "apperception." They represent syntheses and associations.

We are all subject to fallacies of perception. Our senses may deceive us; or we may draw wrong deductions from genuine sense impressions. There are thus illusions and hallucinations, which resemble one another, but which may be distinguished thus: *Illusions* are caused by wrong inferences from actual, objective sense impressions—as, for instance when a hat and coat hanging on the wall are mistaken for a man standing at the foot of the bed, etc. In the case of a *hallucination*, however, there is no physical substratum of reality in the outer world; the whole thing is created from within, whence it is projected outward,—into space. Some hallucinations of this type seem as "real" as a solid object would be.

Hallucinations often result from diseased or irritated sense-organs, the sense-centers in the brain, etc. The condition of the blood may have much to do with this. Delirium tremens is a good example of hallucination of this type. But not all hallucinations are abnormal; we all have them at night when we fall asleep and dream. We then experience hallucinatory pictures of all sorts of things which are not really "there." There seem to be, also, odd cases of "telepathically induced hallucinations," as I have described in my booket on "Psychical Research," in this series. In such cases, the subject appears to be perfectly normal at the time. There can be no doubt, however, that most hallucinations denote some form of mental or physical disease—as the hallucinations of the insane, of drug fiends, etc., amply testify.

THE PERCEPTION OF SPACE.

When a baby first begins to notice objects about it, everything is doubtless more or less vague and confused. Gradually, order appears out of chaos. Normal adults have a fairly clear idea of the sizes, shapes and distances of objects —within certain limits. How are we enabled to do this?

An enormous literature exists upon this subject. Only a few essentials can be given here. First of all, it is probably true that the general feeling of size exists as a definite quality in sensation—of intensity of voluminousness. Varied sensations are inwardly compared with one another, and, so to say, checked-off. Smaller objects are discriminated within the object looked at; the object is usually seen in relation to other objects, etc. James holds that "extensity, discernible in each and every sensation . . . . is the original sensation of space, out of which all the exact knowledge about space that we afterwards come to have is woven by processes of discrimination, association and selection." These later powers are developed as the mind itself develops; on the other hand, sensations with a certain degree of innate extensity in them are postulated—and are denied by others!

Ouspensky ("Tertium Organum") asserts that man is the only three-dimensional animal; the lower animals are naturally two-dimensional, and that what we perceive as the third dimension they perceive as movement. They see only flat surfaces. This is, however, a much-dis-

puted point, into which we have not time to enter now; it also takes us into the realm of animal psychology.

PERCEPTION OF TIME.

Our perception (or sense) of time differs considerably at different ages, and under different circumstances. When we are bored, tired, etc., time seems to move slowly; when we are interested or excited, it flits by rapidly, etc. A certain span of time always seems shorter to old people than to young ones. A year is an enormous period to a child; whereas an old man will often exclaim: "How the years have flown!" Time which is busily occupied seems short, but it seems a long period, when looked back upon. A waiting period, on the other hand, in which nothing is accomplished, seems interminable during its passage; but it seems extremely brief, when viewed in retrospect. This is probably due to the fact that many actions *seem* to occupy a long period of time, whereas a span in which nothing of importance happens *seems* to have taken-up no time at all.

The shortest period of time which we can appreciate is about 1/500 of a second. Exner recognized two electric sparks to be successive when the second followed the first at that interval. On the other hand, the longest period of time which we can accurately distinguish from longer or shorter bits of time, according to Wundt, is 12 seconds. We probably have no sense of "empty" time; but of the flow of events *in* time. It has been suggested that the pulse may be a sort of natural clock, en-

abling us to appreciate time as it flows (for instance in sleep), but this hardly serves to explain many such cases. The same may be said of the idea that some unknown, but constant, feature in the brain activities is the source of our perceiving time at all.

When we become unconscious, time is obliterated altogether; the sense of time is also seriously impaired under the influence of certain drugs (*e. g.*, hasheesh), so that a second may appear to consume hours, and *vice versa.* It has been proved by experiment that subjects under hypnosis, and some natural somnambules, have a remarkable sense of time, and can reckon it with uncanny accuracy. Our conscious mind is notoriously bad at this sort of thing. The subconscious mind is the "ready reckoner," therefore, which must be added to its other accomplishments!

ATTENTION.

When we "pay attention" to a thing, the consciousness is narrowed down to a point, as it were, and concentrated like the beam of a searchlight. The greater the degree of attention, the more this narrowing process takes place, until the subject may be lost to all save the immediate object of his inward study. Attention may be either voluntary or involuntary; we may read a book with deep interest, or stand fascinated by some horrible spectacle, from which we are unable to avert our eyes. We may pay attention to objects of sense, or to ideal or represented objects (intellectual attention). Attention may also be connected with

some sense (sight, hearing, etc.); or may be purely psychical, as in cases of meditation, etc. Attention may be stimulated by associating the subject-matter with something of interest, or by drawing analogies. A person will always pay attention to something that interests him. The practical importance of this law should be utilized by all teachers, for the child's education would proceed by leaps and bounds were due advantage taken of these facts.

DISCRIMINATION.

The word "discrimination" is popularly used in two senses (1) we speak of a man having "good discrimination," meaning by that a sort of good judgment. (2) Discrimination, in the psychological sense, however, means the noticing of any part of an object, as distinct from the whole.

All sensations tend to fuse and become a single compound; discrimination singles these out, and separates them. Such differences may be felt, if they are *really* different, and different *enough;* further, they must fall more or less in succession upon the same organ, and not simultaneously. If they do, they are apt to blend hopelessly. Especially is this the case if the elements of the impression have never been experienced singly before. If we are familiar with a thing, we can begin to discriminate the elements going to compose it. It is, however, true that only such elements as we are acquainted with, and can imagine separately, can be discriminated, within a total sense impression. If a thing be associated at one time with one thing

and at another time with another, this may become a separate "thing" for the mind, which singles it out, by an act of discrimination, and places it in a position by itself. Such acts of discrimination may be greatly improved by practice.

ASSOCIATION.

This is the peculiar quality of the mind, by means of which two or more ideas or memories are coupled together. Association is thought to take place largely in the higher centers in the brain—the frontal lobes. Nearly all our higher education consists in association, and our mental lives are largely dependent upon it. Genius is said to consist, largely, in making associations, and seeing resemblances, which other people do not. Upon association memory largely depends.

Association is a very complicated process, which depends largely upon the brain. Various anatomical schemes have been devised to explain and illustrate association,—which may be found in text books upon the subject. Association may be partial or complete. Similarity is one of its distinguishing characteristics (and causes). Usually, objects which appeal to the same sense are associated one with another; but sometimes quite different sense-impressions are associated, in a very odd manner. The subject may, e. g., associate a sense of smell with a visual impression; or a sense of taste with a definite sound, etc. These are the so-called "synæsthesias." Thus: "*salt*, for instance, is described by one observer as dull red, *bitter* as

brownish, *sweet* as clear bright red, and *sour* as green or greenish-blue. To another observer the taste of meat seems red or brown, the taste of graham bread is rich red in color, while all ice-creams, (except chocolate and coffee) taste blue. To still another reporter, the sound of the word 'intelligence' tastes like fresh sliced tomatoes, while the sound of the word 'interest' tastes like stewed tomatoes. . ."

These are unusual associations, however, which depend either upon some odd nervous connections between the various sense-centers in the brain, or upon some purely psychical associations. Most of our normal associations deal either with objects or with memories.

IMAGINATION.

Nearly all our imaginations are visual in character; great composers may imagine the orchestration of the masterpiece they are composing—so vividly, at times, that this amounts to an auditory hallucination. But most of us are more or less limited to *visual* imaginings; we "build air-castles in Spain," or imagine ourselves in various scenes or situations, which are seen by the "mind's eye." The explanation usually put forward to explain this is that "sensations, once experienced, modify the nervous organism, so that copies of them arise again in the mind after the original outward stimulus is gone." No such mental copy, of course, can arise in the mind, of any sensation which has never been directly excited from without, on this theory.

This power of "visualization" differs greatly in different individuals; some men are good, others bad visualizers. Images of sounds, muscular sensations, touch, etc., may also be reconstructed. These again may be so vivid as to amount to actual hallucinations.

Imagination consists in the power of the mind to build-up mental pictures, and project them into the *future*, just as memory-images are projected into the *past*—into our life-experience. Imagination is that power of the mind which seems, in one sense, to pierce the veil. While such imaginings are, as a rule, merely day-dreams, never coming true, it is also a fact that all great works must be thought of or imagined, in some sense, before they are executed, or come into being on the material plane. Someone must have "imagined" the Pyramids before they were built. Rightly used, then, imagination is a very valuable asset, which should be cherished and utilized—just as it can become destructive, if abused. It had indeed been said that a sense of humor and imagination are the two things which distinguish us more than anything else from the brutes.

Use your imagination, therefore, only keep it well in leash — like the thoroughbred horse which it is!

WILL.

The Will is that which seems more intimately a part of our inner Self than almost any other portion of our mental being. We feel when we actually *will* a thing that we thereby set some hidden energy in motion, which flows outwards,

and sets our muscles into action. Or we may will to accomplish a certain thing, or to feel or think in a certain way. The will seems to be centered in the forehead, just above the eyes and nose, and to form a part of the central Self or Ego.

Hence the doctrine of the "freedom of the will." We *feel* that we are free to will, to perform any given action, or to refrain from performing it. "The human will is free." The contrary doctrine, on the other hand, "Determinism," contends that this is an illusion; we are *not* free; our every action is determined by our previous trains of thought,—our education, environment, heredity, etc.,—and that we must *necessarily* choose and will as we do. This is the much-debated philosophical question of "Free Will Vs. Determinism,"—which is really a metaphysical question, and not a psychological one, and hence cannot be discussed at greater length in this place.

We may really will to perform a certain action; or we may merely *wish* to do so. This is little more than desire. A wish may exist without giving rise to the will to carry it out; the *fiat* of the will has not gone forth. Action only follows this fiat of the will. Wish and desire remain in the world of inaction. Hence the truth of the old adage,—"If wishes were horses, beggars would ride." The reason they do not ride is that the wish is never translated into action.

Ideas of action may be expressed in action, or they may be inhibited--prevented from being actively expressed. There is always a tendency

on the part of the body thus to carry out any given volitional impulse. This is often checked, for our judgment tells us that we should not perform the action in question. On the other hand, we may force ourselves to perform a given action, from which we instinctively shrink.

We may have an impulse to perform a specific action, but we "let it go." Again, we may hold steadily before the mind the idea of performing that action, until we actually do so. Now, according to many psychologists, this act of voluntary attention is all that the will *is;* it is nothing else. "The essential achievement of the will. . . .when it is most voluntary, is to attend to the direct object and hold it fast before the mind. The doing so *is* the fiat; and it is a mere physiological incident that when the object is thus attended to, immediate motor consequences should ensue. Effort of attention is thus the essential phenomenon of will. . ."

There are many of us, however, who cannot accept or believe this. We see in the human will something more than this. There is something more in will than mere effort of attention. Recent experiments, conducted by means of delicate recording instruments, seem to show us that the human will is indeed an energy, capable of registering itself, or being registered, by suitable apparatus; while the experiments of Dr. Charles Russ also appear to prove that the human eye, under the dynamic action of the will, can be made to emit a living force, capable of affecting delicate instruments. We feel that, when we love, some vital energy radi-

ates from the eyes; that the glance of hate is more than a mere metaphor. The will and the outward vision (if I may use the term) seem to be subtly connected, and experiments such as these seem to prove it. And if so, they cast a new and vitally important light upon the doctrine of free-will. For our immediate practical purposes, however, it may be said that the will seems to send forth a fiat, of a nature wholly unknown, following upon which definite actions are performed in accordance with that volitional effort.

MEMORY.

A sensation, an emotion, an idea, etc., may leave a more or less permanent memory which can, perhaps, be recalled years later. Where was this memory in the meanwhile? The usual explanation is that a sort of groove or trace is cut into certain brain cells,—just as the recording needle cuts a groove in the phonograph record, recording at the same time the *music;* and that the act of recalling a memory is analogous to reproducing the music, by means of a suitable device upon the phonograph. The brain is, on this view, "the physical basis of memory."

One difficulty which at once arises, however, is that, inasmuch as all parts of the body are constantly being made-over, and replaced by new parts, these brain-cells must also be replaced (within a few weeks, months or years) and the record would vanish with them. The usual reply to this is that the newly laid-down brain-cell in some way "inherits" the memory

from the old one, and hence somehow continues to store its psycho-physical memories, which are again passed-on when this cell is replaced, and so on forever.

Needless to say, such an interpretation of the facts strains our credulity. None other, however, has ever been forthcoming. But the inherent difficulty of the case has led some philosophers—notably Bergson—to defend the idea that the brain is merely a mechanism for *reproducing* memories, and that memory itself resides within some spiritual storehouse, where it remains until recalled. The legitimacy of such a view, of course, rests upon the possible proof of such a super-physical world as that postulated.

Memory depends upon a variety of factors. A healthy brain is essential to a good memory; good blood, bathing healthy nerve-cells being here essential. Memory also depends upon (1) interest, and (2) association. We remember a thing which interests us; it makes an "impression" upon us. Also, if we associate a thing with other things, it helps us to remember it. An isolated fact is hard to remember; but if it is associated with a number of other things which we know, or which also interest us, it is more liable to be recalled. Any one of these things may then recall the other event, by association, and hence the given memory is more readily accessible.

Memory is first of all recorded, then stored, then recalled, and finally recognized or "placed," after it is recalled. Some authors say that memory consists in three stages, others in as

many as five (Hyslop). This is merely a question of the sub-division of the process involved.

It has been contended that there is no such thing as a "good" or a "bad" memory; it all depends upon the factors above mentioned. Various artificial schemes have been devised to improve and perfect the memory; and there is no doubt that it is a faculty which can be greatly improved by constant practice. In a sense, everything is remembered, but it is not vivid enough to be recalled. Such hidden memories can often be revived by means of hypnotism, etc. In certain abnormal conditions, the memory seems to be keenly stimulated, and events, long forgotten, are recalled, which had long before been forgotten by the conscious mind. Many apparently "super-normal" phenomena have been explained in this manner.

REASONING.

One thing which is held to elevate us above the brutes, more than all else, is our *reason.* "Man is a rational animal." Yet how few of us reason,—at any rate systematically! When in a crowd, we are carried away by the psychology of the crowd; and we are swayed more by our feelings and emotions than we are by our reason, as a rule. Yet there can be no doubt that pure reason is the highest type of thinking possible for the normal man.

Reasoning consists in carrying on a logical and connected train of thought, each step of which follows logically from the one preceding it. It is dependent upon learning, sagacity and common-sense. The essence of reasoning is, of

course, *logic*, which is supposed to portray the highest type of reason. We think about a thing intellectually, when we reason. We arrive at a conclusion by a logical train of thought. Each thought is like the link in a chain. We may arrive at the conclusion in some other way, by some process of "intuition," or what not, but reasoning constitutes the basis of our thinking, and represents the solid rock, upon which most men are content to build their intellectual houses. And in order to reason well, systematically clear thinking is required.

SPEECH.

Normally, we communicate with one another in three ways; by means of marks upon paper (writing), by movements (sign language), and by means of air vibrations issuing from the vocal chords (speech). The question of the origin of speech is a much disputed one, some authorities contending that we gradually attached meanings to certain primitive sounds; others that we learned to express ourselves in speech in order to express our thoughts.

There are certain definite areas in the brain which send out the necessary motor currents, rendering speech possible. We have two such centers, one in each hemisphere, but we ordinarily use but one of them. Right-handed people use the one in the left hemisphere, while left-handed persons utilize the one in the right hemisphere. Should this active area be injured, the subject becomes *dumb*—though the corresponding area in the other hemisphere may be quite intact. Hence the importance of teaching

children to become "ambidextrous"; *both* centers are thereby cultivated, and, if one is injured, the patient can still talk. An extended discussion of this entire subject may be found in Dr. N. C. MacNamara's "Human Speech; its Physical Basis."

HABIT.

We all know what is meant by forming habits —either "good" or "bad." It is always easier to do a thing a second time than at first. If any specific action is performed a great number of times, it becomes practically automatic, so that we do not have to think about it at all. Every step in walking is conscious at first; every action in buttoning a button or tying a tie; in time these actions become more or less unconscious. A habit, once formed, is hard to break, but it is relatively easy to break in the early stages of its formation.

Man has been defined as "a bundle of habits." We hardly realize, perhaps, the extent to which habit governs us—not only in our physical actions, but also in our trends and attitudes of thought. "Habit second Nature?" exclaimed the Duke of Wellington; "habit is ten times nature!"

There is much truth in this assertion. When we form a new habit, we cut a new groove in the brain, so to speak, and nervous currents find it much easier to travel over this beaten path, rather than to cut a new one. Every time that path is used, it becomes relatively easier and easier for the nervous current to pass over it; and the result is that, whenever a nervous

current passes in its immediate vicinity, it tends to shoot along that path, before it can be prevented from doing so. The action in question is then performed. Of course, this is only a rough simile, but something of the sort takes place, and it enables us to visualize how habits are formed, from the psycho-physiological point-of-view.

Prof. William James, in his "Psychology," has laid down certain maxims, which are very helpful, and may be applied in daily life to our own advantage. These maxims, in brief, are:

(1) *Make your nervous system your ally instead of your enemy.* This is to fund and capitalize our acquisitions, and live at ease upon the interest of the fund. For this we must make automatic and habitual, as early as possible, as many useful actions as we can, and guard against the growing into ways that are likely to be disadvantageous to us, as we should guard against the plague. We should, then, take care to launch ourselves with as strong and decided an initiative as possible upon any new venture. This will tend to cut a deep initial groove, so to say.

(2) *Never suffer an exception to occur till the new habit is securely rooted in your life.* Each lapse is like the letting fall of a ball of string which one is carefully winding- up; a single slip will undo more than a great many turns will wind up again. *Continuity* of training is the great means of making the nervous system act infallibly right.

(3) *Seize the very first possible opportunity*

to act on every resolution you make, and on every emotional prompting you may experience in the direction of the habits you aspire to gain. It is not in the moment of their forming, but in the moment of their producing *motor effects*, that resolves and aspirations communicate the new "set" to the brain.

Much dispute has arisen as to the best way to break a bad habit—whether to abolish it at once, or to taper it off by degrees—thus avoiding "shock." The consensus of opinion seems to be that it is far better to break off at once, *providing one can stand it.* Similarly, the abrupt acquisition of a new habit is best, *if* there is a real possibility of carrying it out. If you set yourself an impossible task, and fail to carry it out, this will leave you weaker than before. But this is not necessary; slight tasks will serve just as useful purposes as more difficult ones in the formation of new habits. And the ability to perform unpleasant tasks is the test of character! "The faculty must be kept alive by a little grutuitous exercise every day."

According to the habits we form—lazy or industrious, bad or good—our life, success, happiness, destiny depend. An object-lesson of some sort—a book, a play, a living example—will perhaps modify and color our whole lives. I cannot do better than to conclude this chapter by a quotation from William James, which I personally read when about nineteen years of age, and which served to influence the whole course of my life. It may, perhaps, have the same effect upon others, and it is with the hope

that it will, that I call attention to it here. James says:

"Let no youth have any anxiety about the upshot of his education, whatever the line of it may be. If he keep faithfully busy each hour of the working day, he may safely leave the final result to itself. He can with perfect certainly count on waking up, some fine morning, to find himself one of the competent ones of his generation, in whatever pursuit he may have singled out. Silently, between all the details of his business, the *power of judging* in that class of matter will have built itself up within him as a possession that will never pass away. Young people should know this truth in advance. The ignorance of it has probably engendered more discouragement and faint-heartedness in youths embarking on arduous careers than all other causes put together."

THE STRUCTURE OF THE MIND.

Great changes in our views as to the nature or structure of the mind have taken place within the past few years. The older psychology held that the mind was a *unit;* that it was a separate thing or entity, a sort of "sphere"—which, if it could ever be caught, would reveal all the secrets of True Being! Accordingly, they tried to catch this sphere-of-being, by inward reflection or "introspection." But it was never caught! There are many reasons why this should be so, the chief reason being that a subject cannot be an object also; it is as

impossible for a thought to catch itself as it would be to turn a hollow rubber ball inside out, without tearing the cover.* But the newer psychology studies the mind objectively, from the outside—by means of recording instruments, and does not depend upon introspection for its results. Further, the very conception of the nature of the "self," is different; it is not now considered an entity, as of old; but rather a compound thing, a complex, composed of a variety of elements. Instead of being considered a single gossamer thread, it is now thought to be rather a rope, composed of innumerable, interwoven elements—and these, in turn, of still finer threads, until the subdivision seems endless. The mind, in other words, is thought to be compounded of innumerable separate elements; but held together, or compounded into one, by the normal action of the will, of attention, and the grip upon the personality of the true Self. When this will is weakened, when the attention is constantly slackened, when the mind wanders, this strand of rope separates and unravels. The "threads" branch out in various directions, no longer in control of the central governing will; the Self has become *dissociated* or split-up into various minor Selves—all but parts of the real total Self; yet separate and distinct, nevertheless. And if *enough* of these threads become joined together, or interwoven, one with another, it

*It can be shown, theoretically, that this is possible in the "fourth dimension," but not in the third. This illustrates the difference between theory and practice—a point it might be well for Christian Scientists to keep in mind!

can easily be imagined that this second strand of rope might become a formidable opponent to the original strand; it might become so large and strong, in fact, by the constant addition of new threads, and the dissociation of these from the first, true strand, that it would assume a *more* important role, and become stronger, and finally even control the whole. What was originally but a single, fine, divergent thread has become, in course of time, a successful rival to the original strand of rope.

Now let us apply this analogy—which is, of course, *only* a rough analogy—which seeks to portray briefly, in visual terms, something that seems to happen invisibly and internally in the mental life. The mind as a whole represents the rope; its elements or component parts are the threads; and, under certain abnormal conditions, these can be torn away from the original Self—like little rivulets, branching-off from the main stream of consciousness, forming independent selves. This is an abnormal condition; a splitting of the mind, a dissociation of consciousness. We here enter, therefore, the domain of *Abnormal Psychology.* In such cases, we have instances of so-called "double consciousness," of "alternating personality;" or, if there are three or more splits or cleavages, of "multiple personality."*

So long as this split-off portion remains a

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*Although this theory of the "composite" nature of mind is now generally held, Mr. Myers has contended that the Self must have some *fundamental* unity—to enable it to withstand the shock of death—provided it does so.

mass of sporadic thoughts, not much damage has been done; but when they become abnormally linked or associated together, forming groups, then the abnormal conditions have begun in earnest. These masses of subconscious experiences are called "complexes," and give rise to all sorts of trouble. It must not be thought that this complex formation is always harmful; on the contrary, this very process, when normally conducted, is the basis of our educational processes. But when they are thus conglomerated and consolidated outside the conscious mind, and function automatically, by themselves, then they have become dangerous to the mental stability. Their pressure and influence may be felt in the conscious life—in fantastic imaginations, in fears, phobias and obsessions, in morbid dreams, in morbid emotional and moral reactions throughout the entire psycho-physical life. It is these automatic, self-acting complexes which originate many of the disorders of the mind.

This theory of the dissociation of consciousness has enabled us to explain many puzzling facts, hitherto inexplicable. Thus *hysteria*, with its multiform symptoms, and its internal contradictions, has long been the stumbling-block of medicine. Now it is no longer thought to be a morbid physical state (dependent usually upon sexual disturbances), but it is regarded rather as an indication of the splitting of the mind, a dissociation which embraces all the motor, physical and psychical activities. On this theory, hysteria is readily explained, and all its multiplex symptoms understood. In

treating it, the self is unified, abnormal suggestibility is removed, and the patient is cured!

Psychaesthenia, again, with its obsessions and fears, may be explained in the same manner, and its cure rests upon the same principles. The "attacks" cease so soon as the psychical synthesis is effected and the morbid self-consciousness removed.

Neurasthenia, long regarded as a pathological state, due to auto-intoxication and similar causes, is now thought to be due chiefly to dissociation, caused by excessive fatigue—one of the known contributory causes of this condition. *Psycho-epilepsy*—a sort of fictitious imitation of the real disease—is due to precisely similar causes, and may be cured in a similar manner. Hypnotism, Psycho-analysis and general psychotherapy may be employed in such cases.

ABSTRACT THOUGHT.

Two schools of philosophers—the "nominalists" and the "conceptualists"—for long waged a wordy war as to whether or not the mind could frame abstract or universal ideas. As a matter of fact, it was ideas of universal or abstract objects that was meant. These ideas dealt largely with the sense of *meaning*, the inner significance of the thing contemplated. It is one of the unsolved mysteries of mind—how such a thing as abstract meaning can exist at all, and how brain-changes can in any way account for it. McDougall, as we know, is inclined to question that they do so at all. Mean-

ing is a thing most difficult to account for on a purely materialistic basis. Abstract thinking is supposed to be one of the highest types of thinking possible for us; it is the most impersonal form of thought, and hence, in a sense, the highest. Much has been written upon this topic in Oriental literature. This question comes up for discussion, naturally, in the Section devoted to the stream of thought, and the consciousness of self; and further discussion of it will be found in that place.

THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF SELF.

We now approach the heart of our Problem; the central core of Being! The consciousness of self is ingrained in every one of us; we feel our own inner being, our true self, our personal identity, our individuality, as something unique and exclusive. What is this Self? What are thoughts, and who is the Thinker that thinks them? Are the two identical, or are the thoughts expressions of the flow of consciousness? What is the true Self—of what is it composed—and what relation has it to the other functions and processes of the mind which go on, and which are in some mysterious way related to it? Only a brief answer to these questions can be attempted in this Chapter; for many lengthy volumes have been written upon this question alone.

Our stream of consciousness is *continuous* (except during sleep); states of mind tend to succeed each other. Let us grant this to begin with. The mind seems to be *selective*

in its action, it is changing within itself, as time passes; no two states of consciousness are ever precisely alike. Further, "all consciousness tends to personal form"—a very important fact indeed. A flow of more or less continous thought goes on; these thoughts follow one another logically in sequence. (In insane patients, of course, they are not logical. I speak here merely of the normal mind. Also it must be emphasized that nothing in this Chapter touches upon the subconscious mind, unless special mention is made of that fact.) Each thought seems to be personal to the thinker; it is not merely thought in itself. It is *my* thought. This flow of thought is in constant change; it flows as life itself flows; on the other hand, thought is sensibly continuous! The mental life might here be compared to a river, which eddies and swirls, as it flows, but is the same water, nevertheless.

One of the objects of thinking is to reach certain conclusions. We might compare thought to a bird in flight; its object is to perch upon yon branch; its flight is a necessary transitive stage *to* the branch. The chain of intermediate thought corresponds, on our analogy, to the bird's flight. This flight is very different, in the case of different people; with some, it is straight and rapid; with others, it is tortuous and lengthy. That is why different people think differently. About each thought is a sort of halo of relations, dimming off, as it recedes, into other things. This is the so-called "fringe of consciousness." All thought it-related to other thought, more or less di-

rectly. Knowledge *about* a thing is knowledge of its *relations*.

When I am thinking, I am aware of my *personal existence;* at the same time *I* am aware. There thus seems to be a double self within the Self—the Self as known, and the Self as knower. James calls the former the "ME" and the latter the "I." Let us consider each of these in turn.

The Me.—This comprises all that a man can call *his;* the most important of these spiritual possessions are (1) the material me; (2) the social me; and (3) the spiritual me.

The *Material Me* consists in (a) his body, and (b) his possessions. *The Social Me* is the side he shows to his friends and acquaintances; this varies greatly in differing environments, so that it has been said that "a man has as many social selves as there are individuals who recognize him." His name, fame, reputation, success, etc., are classed as parts of this Me. *The Spiritual Me* includes passing states of consciousness; it is that part of us which "goes out" to meet other thoughts. Feelings and emotions affect this Me; self-appreciation, self-satisfaction (or the reverse), self-complacency, etc., vitally affect this Me. Self-seeking and self-preservation are a part of it. These various Selves clash and conflict, to a certain extent, among themselves; they do not all want the same thing. "Happiness" probably consists largely in having all these Selves working together in harmony, to the same end.

The I.—This was called the "pure ego" by the older psychologists. It seems to be the

background of the personality—the string upon which the pearls of thought are strung. Is there a real "string," or are the pearls merely separate, succeeding one another, as if they were thus strung?

That is a difficult question. Passing thought appears to be a unity; yet it consists of a number of different elements; there is no "fusing" of thought. Ideas, thoughts, in this unlike material threads, cannot be woven together upon nothing; there must be some background other than themselves. The human *Soul* has been postulated as this "permanent background," uniting the whole, and withstanding the shock of death. If true, this would serve to explain the facts, and at the same time give us hope for survival. But whether or not such a soul exists at all is a matter of controversy! In the absence of its proof, we must, says Science—reject it. Consequently, we have today a "psychology without a soul." Attempts have been made to explain the facts without resorting to it.

The usual argument is somewhat as follows: There seem to be single, successive pulses in the stream of thought, constituting the Ego. These vary and change; they succeed one another. May not consciousness, then, consist merely *in* such successive states of consciousness; may it not in truth be composed of them —just as a succession of pearls may exist without a unifying string? Each thought, on this hypothesis, in some way gives birth to the next, which also inherits its content; in other words, *the thoughts themselves are the think-*

ers. Were this true, we should have no "abiding entity," but merely a successive series of thoughts, constituting the stream of consciousness; this stream in turn composing the true Self. Which of these views is the correct one can only be proved by showing that survival in some form exists; and this can only be accomplished by Psychical Research! (See my little book upon that subject, in the present series.)

* * *

(Mutations, multiplications, etc., of the Self, have been touched upon in the Section devoted to Abnormal Psychology; Insanity in its own section; mediumships, possessions, etc., in the book just mentioned.)

THE DUCTLESS GLANDS, AND PERSONALITY.

Within the past few years, a new school has arisen, which contends that the ductless glands in the body (or rather their secretions) affect personality to a very great extent, and that, in fact, personality is largely dependent upon them for its peculiarities and general make-up. A good example of such teaching is to be found in Dr. Louis Berman's book, "The Glands Regulating Personality." Here, *e. g.*, we read:

"Acuteness of perception, memory, logical thought, imagination, conception, emotional expression or inhibition, and the entire content of consciousness are influenced by the internal secretions. . . . All the different *nuances* of personality are expressions of a peculiar relationship, transitory or permanent, between the endocrines and the viscera and

muscles. Conversely, behavior shows what a person actually *is* chemically; that is, what endocrine and vegetative factors predominate in his make-up. The constructive imagination, one of the few truly precious gifts of a personality, is probably the expression of a certain balanced activity of the ante-pituitary and the post-pituitary (glands). . . . It is possible to speak of thyroid moods, adrenal moods, ante-pituitary or post-pituitary moods, gonadal moods. Each of these is the echo in the mind of cells stimulated or depressed, by concentration or dilution in the blood of particular internal secretions. . . ."

Whether or not such arguments will "hold water" must be proved by further investigation. The *pros* and *cons* cannot be argued in this place. It may be said, however, that such extreme views as those outlined above are not yet generally accepted, either by the medical profession or by psychologists, and it seems an extreme statement of a partial truth. The mental life is certainly influenced by the secretion of the internal glands, but to what extent it is fundamentally altered by them is still *sub judice*.

MOTIVES.

Why do we act as we do, under certain circumstances? There is usually some "motive" at work, prompting our action. Human motives find their source in the subconscious mind of man; here they take root, and their products alone are seen by us—mostly in varied actions. Dr. James J. Jackson has writ-

ten an interesting volume on "Human Motives," in which he distinguishes two sorts of motives —motives of constructiveness and motives of adaptation. These are, of course, biological in origin. Usually, we speak of "good" and "bad" motives. They all arise from a complex of sentiments, which shape the form and tenor of the subconscious thought—which, in turn, is symbolically expressed in thought and action. Without discussing this question at greater length, it may be said that all our motives originate within the subconscious mind—which thus constitutes the spring of our thoughts and actions.

CONSCIENCE.

Conscience was for long thought to be the "voice of God" speaking to the spiritual ear of man. Nowadays, a more matter-of-fact solution has been sought, and, to a certain extent, found. Modern psychological investigations have deprived conscience of its supernatural origin.

Until these newer researches were undertaken, however, any clear understanding as to the nature of conscience was impossible. (See, *e. g.* George W. Reid's "Conscience," and Hastings Rashdall's "Is Conscience an Emotion?") With a clearer understanding of the subconscious mind, came greater light. We now believe that conscience is, very largely, the inhibitory action of a portion of the subconscious mind, which inhibition is exercised whenever the thoughts or the actions of the individual run counter to those generally accepted by the community in which he dwells,

or by his own individual up-bringing, or both. It is a sort of Censor; but it is an acquired thing, which has come into being, and evolved, like everything else. What the conscience of one man would prevent him from doing, another will do without the slightest qualms. Conscience is not, therefore, a universal principle, judging good and bad, alike in all men. It is a type of repression, exercised upon us from within. Early moral precepts, etc., have much to do with its formation. Here, then, we find the psychological basis for the existence of conscience, which is more or less active in all of us, according to our heredity, environment, education, etc. It is a normal attribute of the inner man.

INTUITION.

This is the term loosely applied to certain inner feelings, giving rise to a form of conviction as to the truth and reality (or the reverse) of something then present in the mind. Intuitions are popularly supposed to be right, and women are said to experience them far more often than men! No statistical evidence is available, so far as I know, upon either of these questions; indeed, it may be said that the whole subject has been grossly neglected, from the psychological point-of-view.

Intuitions probably present themselves to the mind as the result of subconscious mentation. A hidden and unknown process has been going on within the mind, the result or product of which finally emerges in vague form into consciousness. Usually it takes the form of a

more or less vague feeling. Miss Goodrich-Freer, who had experienced many such intuitions, attempted to analyze some of them, from introspection, and contributed a valuable Chapter entitled "How it Came into my Head; the Machinery of Intuitions," in her book, "Essays in Psychical Research." Her conclusion is approximately that mentioned above. Mr. Walter N. Weston has also written a book entitled "Intuition," in which, however, little of value can be found.

INSPIRATION.

This term is generally employed to signify "divine" inspiration—ideas which are implanted directly into the human mind by some external Divinity. Such a conception, needless to say, is not in accord with modern thought. Throughout the ages, inspirational addresses have been heralded as evidence of the supernatural. The Pythoness at Delphi inhaled the mystic vapor, rising from a cleft in the rock, and gave forth her Oracular utterances. (See Dempsey: "The Delphic Oracle"; H. N. Bate, "The Sibylline Oracles.") Even in our own day, "mediums" give similar inspirational addresses, at various spiritualistic centers.

It is not necessary, however, to consider such utterances divine, or supernatural, for the vast majority of them may be interpreted in terms of psychology, with relative ease. They are the products of the subconscious mind of man. George N. Raymond has written an interesting book, entitled "The Psychology of In-

spiration," to which the reader may be referred to further *data* upon this subject. While it is somewhat religious in tone, it has some good material in it. Like Intuition, this subject has been much neglected by academic psychology, and there is much need for a careful study of its various problems.

GENIUS.

Genius is a term hard to define, though we all have a more or less clear idea as to what is meant by a genius. He is a man who stands apart from his fellows, head-and-shoulders above them, mentally or artistically. But what is it that thus causes him to rise above others? Is it vision? Is it originality? clever anticipation? breadth? constructiveness? concentration? patience? common-sense? Doubtless genius is all this, but it is also more! A genius can perform feats which another man can not, try as he will; and more than that, he performs them without effort or without training, very often! A certain type of genius amounts to what we term a "prodigy," and then we have cases of musical, mathematical or artistic genius. These gifts are often exhibited very early in life, for no apparent reason; they last for a few years, and then disappear. Few youthful prodigies retain their gifts into adult life. Often, their possessor is not even normally gifted with reason and common-sense in other directions. Such cases as these are unusually difficult to account for. Theosophists are apt to turn to the doctrine of "reincarna-

tion" for an explanation; but we must endeavor to seek its explanation upon more naturalistic lines.

Ostwald has contended that there are two main types of genius; the one which is emotional, erratic, temperamental, artistic, etc. This type acquires its genius without "elbow grease." The other is the intellectual type, and hard work is essential for the creation of genuis of this type.

Nordau, Lombroso, and others, have endeavored to prove that genius is closely allied to insanity. In a sense, this is true; but so are dreams, and yet perfectly normal and healthy people dream. Because certain marks of *resemblance* may be found, this does not prove *identity*, by any means! A yellow ball may resemble an orange; but it is not identical with it—certainly not in its most essential part—its interior, and its utility.

Genius is probably hereditary, to a certain extent. Ribot has gathered together a mass of data, in this connection, which he has published in his work on "Heredity." An interesting study of this and allied questions may also be found in N. K. Royse's book on "Genius."

Frederic Myers has advanced the idea that genius represents an "uprush from the subliminal consciousness" (subconsciousness) of ideas matured below the threshold. These ideas burst upon the surface, much as bubbles might be said to break upon the surface of water. When the stratum of the mind from which these ideas originate is *diseased*, we have insanity; when, on the other hand, it is

healthy, we find the products of genius. Some such theory as this is doubtless true; but the study of genius, from the scientific point-of-view, is yet in its infancy, and the final solution of its mystery has yet to be found.

INSANITY.

Until the present generation, the word Insanity was popularly thought to mean either imbecility on the one hand, or a raving maniac on the other. We now know that this idea is quite untrue; insanity is a disease of the mind, just as small-pox is a disease of the body. Moreover, we speak of insanities, and not insanity; for there are many varieties—all shading-off one into another. A physician who deals with such cases is called an "alianist"; and the terms psychiatry, psycho-pathology, abnormal psychology, etc., are employed to designate various branches of the study of the diseased mind.

Certain types of insanity are, of course, due to actual brain disease. A degeneration of the physical substance of the brain may have taken place. In other cases, however, no such gross degeneration can be traced, and we must assume microscopic alterations, or blood changes, or nerves improperly functioning, or purely physical changes and dissociations, as explained above. There has grown-up an extensive literature on insanity, within the past few years. A good primary book of this character is Dr. Bernard Hart's "Psychology of Insanity." See also Dr. Charles Mercier's "Sanity and Insanity."

INTELLIGENCE-LEVELS.

The tests conducted upon the male adult population of the United States, during the Great War, revealed the astonishing fact that the average mental "age" was approximately twelve years; that is to say, the average adult possesses an intelligence of a boy at that age. The body may have grown, but the mind has not! Of course, many were above that level; but many fell below, and the above represented the *average*. In many other countries, the average would certainly have been far lower.

The majority, therefore, do not possess normal adult minds; there has been an arrested development. A scale of mental development was accordingly constructed, and individuals were placed somewhere in that scale. The human mind may be anything, from a genius to an idiot. In this scale, there were many "defectives." Those individuals who possessed a mentality of from eight to twelve years, were classed as "morons"; those who ranged from three to seven years, "imbeciles"; and those of two, and under, "idiots."

The mental-age or intelligence-level of any person may be ascertained by special tests, devised for the purpose. These tests were originated by the psychologist Binet, but Terman and others have greatly extended and amplified the original methods. Such tests have now been conducted extensively, and the results show us that surprisingly low levels of intelligence are the rule, and not the rare exception. The importance of an extensive educa-

tional campaign is therefore manifest; and the Editor of this series, Mr. Haldeman-Julius, is carrying on one of the most important campaigns in the world today—by spreading general culture and education. For, by this means alone, and by suitable eugenic measures, can the human race be elevated and improved, with each succeeding generation.

THE PRACTICAL USE OF THE MIND.

There is an old saying that a man may be worth only five dollars a day from his eyes down, but he may be worth a million dollars a year from his eyes up. That is to say, man's value, both to himself and to the community, lies in his *brain*, and the use he makes of it. Manual labor is not well paid, proportionately, to creative brain work, so that it is to our advantage to develop and utilize our brains to the best possible advantage.

Cultivation of the mind will give us greater powers of concentration; improved memory; stronger will; more poise; soul judgment; greater wisdom; increased value. But mere book learning will not do this. We must learn how to apply the mind in a practical way, to the problems of daily life, and utilize the powers within ourselves. Curiously enough, there is no text-book of this character in use in any school or college in the world; but the necessity of such a practical work is obvious. Boys and girls emerge from College without the slightest idea as to how to apply their minds in any practical manner; their theoretical

knowledge is of but slight advantage to them. A few practical hints of this character should, therefore, prove useful. I select the following passages from Christian D. Larson's excellent little book, "Your Forces: and How to Use Them." He says:

"To make thinking scientific, there are three leading essentials to be observed. The *first* is to cultivate constructive mental attitudes, and all mental attitudes are constructive when mind, thought, feeling, desire and will constantly face the greater and the better. A positive and determined optimism has the same effect, and the same is true of the practice of keeping the mental eye single on the highest goal in view. To make every mental attitude constructive, the mind must never look down, and mental depression must be avoided completely. . . .

"The *second* essential is constructive mental imagery. Use the imagination to picture only what is good, what is beautiful, what is beneficial, what is ideal, and what you wish to realize. Mentally see yourself receiving what you deeply desire to receive. What you imagine, you will think, and what you think, you will become. . . .

"The *third* essential is constructive mental action. Every action of the mind should have something desirable in view and should have a definite, positive aim. . . . When the average man thinks of the future, he usually pictures a variety of conflicting events and conditions. He has nothing definite in mind. There is no actual leadership therefore in the

mind, and nothing of great worth can be accomplished. . . .

"Those people who fail, and who continue to fail all along the line, fail because the power of their minds is either in a habitual negative state, or is always misdirected. If the power of mind is not working positively and constructively, for a certain goal, you are not going to succeed. If your mind is not positive, it is negative, and negative minds float with the stream. We must remember that we are in the midst of all kinds of circumstances, some of which are for us and some of which are against us, and we will either have to make our own way or drift, and if we drift we go wherever the stream goes. But most of the streams of human life are found to flow in the world of the ordinary and the inferior. Therefore, if you drift, you will drift with the inferior, and your goal will be failure."

In this connection, it is well to remember that negative people and non-constructive minds never attract that which is helpful in their circumstances. The reason why so many people fail is due to the fact that they do not fully and constructively apply the forces and powers they possess, and the reason so many succeed only to a slight degree is found in the fact that only a small fraction of their power is applied properly. The positive and constructive use of the power of mind, with a definite goal in view, will invariably result in advancement, attainment and achievement; but if we wish to use that power in its full capacity, the action of the mind must be *deep*. We must

not merely think from the surface of the mind; ideas and aspirations must come from the deep within. Such ideals and thoughts only come, as a rule, after a certain period of quiet and meditation. Hence the necessity of being quite alone for a certain time each day—and utilizing that time in actual reflection, and not merely in idling the time away!

We have now learned something of the general functions and powers of the mind; how it works, its mechanisms and "faculties." Having this ground-work, the next thing to do is to apply this knowledge in our daily life, and this can be done by following out suggestions such as those given above—provided the aspiration and the will be present, to drive us onward to achievement and success. The mind of man is assuredly his greatest possession; we must first understand it; then use it! Theoretical and applied Psychology enable us to do this.

MIND AND BRAIN.

The relationship between brain and mind is one of the most puzzling questions in the whole field of scientific and philosophic thought. For every thought we think, there is a corresponding brain-change; that we know. The problem is: What is the nature of this connection, and how can a thought (an immaterial thing, apparently) be connected in any actual sense with a brain change (which is certainly a material thing?) I have discussed this point at considerable length in my little book on "Life," in the present series, and have therein stated the various theories so far propounded. The

interested reader may refer to such books as McDougall's "Body and Mind," Binet's "The Mind and the Brain," Bain's "Mind and Body," Calderwood's "The Relation of Mind and Brain," and C. A. Strong's "Why the Mind has a Body," for further and detailed discussion upon this subject.

PSYCHOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

Inasmuch as psychology deals with the mind, the spirit, the soul, (provided there be such a thing), and with purely imponderable and immaterial things generally, it is only natural that psychology and philosophy should be closely related. Many of the problems of metaphysics, as a matter of fact, deal with semi-psychological problems; among which may be mentioned the relation of brain and mind, free-will, the science of perceiving the reality of the outer world (epistemology), etc. How an external object and the "idea" of that object can ever be in any way "related" to one another, and how the mind can see a definite "sameness" or similarity between the two is, in fact, an extraordinary phenomenon. The idea of a beefsteak and the beefsteak itself are, indeed, as dissimilar as possible; and yet the two somehow correspond! This relationship is a remarkable fact, and awaits a full solution.

Again, every night when we fall asleep, we lose our individuality, in a sense; yet we are sure of waking up the next morning the same "person" who went to sleep—with its memories, thoughts, ideas, emotions, etc., practically

unchanged. How do we know that we shall do so? What guarantee have we that we shall wake up the same person that went to sleep and not some one else? As a matter of fact, this *does* sometimes happen, in cases of alternating personality; but such cases are exceptional, and the rule holds good. Yet consciousness is constantly changing. We are not the same person that we were five, ten, twenty years ago; we do not consider ourselves morally responsible, as it were, for acts committed by ourselves, when children, any more than if they had been committed by some one else. Nevertheless, underneath all these changes and modifications, there seems to flow a stream of "selfness," or uniformity, binding the whole together, and we recognize that Self as Ourself—behind and beyond all. What is the innermost nature of that Self? What is its origin, its destiny? These are questions which only the Science of the future can decide!

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An International Dictionary of Authors

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PREFACE

This dictionary is international, but primarily European. The writers of Asia are omitted because they are very unfamiliar; those of the United States, if they are admitted at all, are briefly dismissed, because they are likely to be familiar. I do not say that this is the ideal way of handling the problem which lack of space imposes, but it appears, all things considered, to be the most available one. Merely to give names and the dates of birth and death does not seem enough: therefore it is necessary to restrict the number of authors treated. Somewhat reluctantly, I have decided to leave out all living writers, even those—Thomas Hardy, for instance—whose place in literature is already fairly well fixed. If a demand appears for their treatment in a separate dictionary, it will no doubt be supplied.

The reader should understand that the amount of space devoted to an author or his non-inclusion is not an index to his importance or to my estimate of his value and influence. If I write at greater length about Goethe than about Shakespeare, this is not because Goethe has a higher place in the literature of the world. To explain why some writers are left out, why some of lower rank are included, and why some great men are given fewer lines than some little men, would take up a great deal of valuable room. One of the determining prin-

ciples may be stated, though: men who are primarily writers are preferred to those who are statesmen or men of affairs or even philosophers or historians first of all.

The numbers in parentheses refer to Little Blue Books available, by the author listed here, at 5c each, plus 1c per book for packing and carriage charges, from Haldeman-Julius Publications, Girard, Kansas. A free catalogue of 1,250 different titles, on all subjects, will be sent gratis to anyone on request.

AN INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY OF AUTHORS

Addison, Joseph (1672-1719). English essayist, associated with Steele in writing the periodical called *The Spectator*. His essays were much imitated, especially in foreign countries. Wrote *Cato*, a tragedy which had great contemporary success.

Alberti, Leo Battista (1407-72). Called by Symonds the greatest writer of Italian prose in the fifteenth century.

Alembert, Jean le Rond d' (1717-83). French critic, also mathematician and philosopher. One of the *philosophes* of the Enlightenment, joint editor of the Encyclopedia.

Alfiero, Vittorio (1749-1803). Italian dramatist in the classical style. Wrote also satirical poems and a frank autobiography.

Amiel, Henri Francois (1821-1881). Wrote in French, *Fragments of an Intimate Journal*, simply as parts of a diary. A Swiss gentleman otherwise unknown to literary fame.

Andersen, Hans Christian (1805-1875). A Danish writer in various forms, whose fairy tales (No. 156) are most familiar.

Antoine de la Salle (flourished c. 1450). A French writer of romances.

Aretino, Pietro (1492-1556). Italian writer, who "sniggered in the shade," laughed at obscene jokes. A great satirist and dramatist who wrote, in not too puritanical a way, about prostitutes.

Ariosto, Ludovico (1474-1533). One of the great poets of Italy. His *Orlando Furioso*, a romantic epic, is of international fame.

Aristophanes (B. C. c. 444-c. 380). Athenian comic dramatist. A great poet, and one from whom we can learn a good deal about ancient Greece; but his many allusions to matters which even the scholars understand only imperfectly mar his plays for the modern reader.

Aristotle (B. C. 384-22). Belongs here as a critic to whose authority many writers formerly deferred. A philosopher (No. 39) of Athens.

Arnault, Antoine Vincent (1766-1834). French dramatist and fabulist.

Arndt, Ernst Moritz (1769-1860). Patriotic German song-writer and propagandist.

Arnim, Ludwig Achim von (1781-1831). German novelist and poet.

Arnim, Bettina von (1785-1859). Wife of Ludwig Achim v. A. Friendship with Goethe inspired one of her books.

Arnold, Matthew (1822-88). English poet and critic. His poetry is to a large extent reminiscent of Wordsworth's. As a critic, perhaps he did useful work; yet some of his views appear absurd.

Arolas, Juan (1805-49). A Spanish priest who wrote erotic verse.

Arrebo, Anders (1587-1627). Danish poet, also a bishop until he was removed from his office for misconduct.

Artieda, Andrès Rey de (1549-1613). Spanish dramatist and poet.

Asselijn, Thomas (c. 1520-1721). Dutch comic dramatist.

Atterbom, Peter Daniel Amadeus (1790-1855). Swedish romantic poet.

Aubigné, Théodore Agrippa d' (1550-1630). French satirist and poet, whose *Les Tragiques* was directed against the Catholic clergy. Comparable in some ways with Milton.

Auerbach, Berthold (1812-82). German novelist of Jewish parentage. Best known by his novels of the Black Forest.

Augier, Émil (1820-1889). French dramatist, prolific and not without importance.

Aulnoy, Marine Catherine d' (1650-1705). French writer. Her fairy stories have kept her fame alive.

Austen, Jane (1775-1817). English novelist. Dealt with domestic and middle-class life in a somewhat quiet, yet psychologically penetrating, way. *Pride and Prejudice* is probably her best-known book.

Austin, Alfred (1835-1913). Mediocre English poet who succeeded Tennyson as Poet Laureate.

Ayala, Pedro Lopez de (1332-1407). Spanish poet and historian of his own times, also diplomat and soldier.

Bacon, Francis (1561-1626). Also known by his titles of Baron Verulam and Viscount St. Albans or called (incorrectly) Lord Bacon. Jurist and statesman as well as philosopher and essayist. Surely not the author of Shakespeare's plays. (Nos. 48, 443, 642).

Baggesen, Jens Immanuel (1764-1826). Versatile Danish poet, who wrote in German as well as his own language. His light verse especially excellent.

Baïf, Jean Antoine (1532-89). French poet, natural son of Lazare de Baïf, priest and translator of plays. Jean Antoine was a member of the Pleiad, which had considerable influence in the development of French literature.

Bailey, Philip James (1816-1902). English poet, author of *Festus*, a long but unimportant philosophical poem.

Balbuena, Bernardo de (1568-c. 1625). A Spanish bishop who wrote in the epic style.

Balzac, Honoré de (1799-1850). A French novelist whose works are familiar enough in this country. Dreiser has often been compared with Balzac, by way of praise and also by way of censure. In both there is a feeling of well-documented social history, together with prolixity which approaches dullness at times. The critics in general give Balzac a place among the greatest writers A large number of his books make up the "Human Comedy," a title which has reference to that of Dante's poem. His "Droll Tales," written in archaic French, are somewhat Rabelaisian. *Père Goriot* and *Peau de Chagrin* are among his best books. (Nos. 344, 1043, 1044, 1045, 1067.)

Balzac, Jean Louis Guez (1597-1564). French essay-writer, credited with the development of French prose.

Bandello, Matteo (1480-c. 1562). Italian writer of tales. "Lascivious" and "licentious" they

have been called, also "merry" and "delightful." Bandello had a wide influence abroad.

Banville, Théodore de (1823-91). French poet. Romanticist influenced by Victor Hugo. Perhaps a clever versifier, a first-rate craftsman in verse, rather than a poet of great significance.

Barbauld, Anna Letitia (1743-1825). English writer, especially for children.

Barclay, Alexandcr (c. 1475-1552). Scottish poet and translator.

Barclay, Jean (1582-1621). French novelist. His most important book written in Latin.

Barham, Richard Harris (1788-1845). English novelist and writer of light verse. The *Ingoldsby Legends* his most important work.

Barnes, William (1801-1886). English poet who wrote in the dialect of Dorsetshire.

Batyushkov, Konstantin Nikolayevich (1787-1822). Russian poet.

Baudelaire, Charles (1821-1867). French poet, much influenced by Edgar Allan Poe. The poet of painful voluptuousness, of love and death.

Baumgarten, Alexander Gottlieb (1714-62). German critic.

Beattie, James (1735-1803). Scottish poet and philosopher. An imitator of Edmund Spenser.

Beaumarchais, Pierre Augustin Caron de (1732-99). French dramatist. Author of satirical plays, with a famous character, Figaro, appearing in several of them. Attacked abuses of the Old Regime.

Beaumont, Francis (1584-1616). English dramatist, whose most important work was done in collaboration with John Fletcher.

Beddoes, Thomas Lovell (1803-49). English poet, some of whose lyrics and single passages have been highly praised.

Behn, Aphra (1640-89). English writer, the first woman to support herself by literary work in England. Her plays and novels are somewhat too frank for Victorian and post-Victorian readers.

Bellamy, Jacob (1757-36). Dutch Poet. Writer of pompous odes.

Belleau, Remi (1528-77). French poet, member of the Pleiad.

Bellman, Carl Michael (1740-95). Swedish writer of songs and plays.

Belloy, Pierre de (1727-75). French writer of patriotic-plays.

Bénoit de Saint More (12 cent.). French writer of romances, especially *The Romance of Troy.*

Benserade, Isaac de (1612-91). French writer of court masques and sonnets.

Benson, Arthur Christopher (1862-1925). English essayist and poet.

Béranger, Pierre Jean de (1780-1857). French writer of songs, not of great literary merit but exceedingly popular.

Bergerac, Cyrano de (1619-55). French writer, especially of fantastic satire.

Berni, Francesco (1490-1536). Italian writer of burlesques.

Besant, Walter (1836-1901). English novelist.

Bielinsky, Vissarion Grigorievich (1811-48). Influential Russian critic.

Bilderdijk, Willem (1756-1831). Dutch poet. Downs and Jackson say: "an embittered and uninviting personality, one who had nothing but disdain for Shakespeare; it is nevertheless true that his remains in prose and poetry are of a caliber which give him high and lasting rank."

Bjerregaard, Henrik Anker (1792-1842). Norwegian poet of some talent, but chiefly remembered as a patriot.

Björnson, Björnstjerne Martinius (1832-1910). Norwegian writer in a number of fields. Probably the most important author in his literature with the exception of Ibsen. His play dealing with Mary Stuart is said to be better than the others (including Schiller's and Swinburne's) handling the same theme. Often concerned with social and political questions.

Blackmore, Richard (1825-1900)). English novelist, author of *Lorna Doone.*

Blair, Robert (1649-1746). Scottish poet, author of *The Grave.*

Blake, William (1757-1827). English poet, also painter. Wrote many beautiful songs and some long, mystical works. He went "beyond good and evil" before Nietzsche.

Boccaccio, Giovanni (1313-75). Italian writer of poems and tales. The *Decameron* was by no means the only important work he wrote. A great and many-sided personality. (No. 58).

Bodmer, Johann Jakob (1689-1783). An influential Swiss critic who wrote in German.

Boedtcher, Ludvig Adolph (1793-1874). Danish poet.

Börne, Ludwig (1786-1837). German (Jewish) writer who is chiefly remembered because of his quarrel with Heine.

Boiardo, Matteo Maria (1434-94). Italian poet, author of *Orlando Inamorato.*

Boileau, Nicolas (1636-1711). French poet and literary dictator. The great upholder of convention. Called the first genuine critic in modern Europe. Often compared to Pope.

Borrow, George (1803-81). English writer, perhaps best known for his romantic treatment of the Gypsies.

Boscan, Juan (c. 1490-1592). Spanish poet. Of great influence on the development of Castilian literature. Introduced many Italian metrical forms.

Bossuet, Jacques Bénigne (1627-1724). Bishop and tutor to the dauphin of France. As a writer, best known for funeral orations, which have influenced the style of later French authors.

Boswell, James (1740-95). The Scottish biographer of Samuel Johnson. Certainly not a fool, though he was capable of doing and saying foolish things. His biography is usually called the best in the language. (No. 394.)

Brandes, Georg (1842-1927). Danish critic of Jewish parentage. His knowledge of many literatures remarkable, and his judgments usually sound. Also known as a rationalist.

Brandt, Sebastian (1458-1521). German satirist. *The Ship of Fools* was widely translated and imitated.

Brantôme, Pierre de Bourdeille, abbé de (c. 1534-1614). French writer of somewhat scandalous memoirs, which are very interesting.

Bredero, Gerbrand Andrianszoon (1585-1618). Dutch comic dramatist and poet. At his best in racy humor and amorous song. A master of farce. Died before his prime, or he might have become a Rabelais, a comic Shakespeare.

Brentano, Clemens Maria (1778-1842). German Romanticist of considerable influence. Wrote novels and poems.

Brontë, Charlotte (1816-55). English novelist. One of three sisters distinguished in literature. Author of *Jane Eyre.*

Brontë, Emily (1818-1848). Sister of Charlotte and Anne. Author of *Wuthering Heights* and poems.

Brontë, Anne (1820-49). English novelist, one of the three sisters whose work first appeared under the names of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell—Charlotte, Emily, and Anne, respectively.

Brooke, Henry (1703-83). A sentimental and moral novelist of Ireland and England. Remembered by *The Fool of Quality.*

Brooke, Stopford (1832-1916). English critic and literary historian.

Browne, Sir Thomas (1605-82). Wrote an attempt to reconcile science and religion. *Religio Medici* ("The Religion of a Physician"—which Browne was), written in English despite its Latin title, remains of interest largely for conceitful and colorful style.

Browning, Robert (1812-89). One of the great English poets. Sometimes too condensed, difficult to understand, awkward of style. Yet always vital. The former vogue of Browning Clubs has probably worked against Browning's present fame. The reader who comes to Browning for the first time will do best to begin with the shorter poems, for example, "The Statue and the Bust" and others contained in *Men and Women* or *Dramatic Romances and Lyrics.*

Browning, Elizabeth Barrett (1806-61). Married Robert B. in 1846. Of her poems, *Sonnets from the Portuguese* are most important.

Bürger, Gottfried August (1747-94). German Romanticist, writer of ballads which influenced Scott and Coleridge.

Bunyan, John (1628-88). English writer, best known for *Pilgrim's Progress.* (No. 620.)

Burney, Frances (1752-1840). English novelist, best known for *Evelina.* Prepared the way for Jane Austen. Married General d'Arblay in 1793, and sometimes referred to as Mme. d'A.

Burns, Robert (1759-96). A Scottish poet. Loved greatly, and drew great poetry out of his love. Best when he rejects conventions, literary as well as social. (No. 284.)

Burton, Robert (1576-1640). An English physician, author of *The Anatomy of Melancholy.* Burton a minister, too. His book rich with borrowed embroidery, nevertheless original in its humor and shrewdness.

Butler, Samuel (1612-80). English satirist, author of *Hudibras.* Not to be confounded with—

Butler, Samuel (1835-1902). English writer in many fields, a great master of irony and satire. *Erewhon* and *The Way of All Flesh* deserve to be read by everyone who cares for literature and enjoys intellectual laughter. (No. 472.)

Byron, Lord George Gordon (1788-1824). English poet. *Don Juan* assures him of immortality, although his tragic pieces are less attractive than they were in Byron's own time. (No. 713.)

Calderon de la Barca, Pedro (1600-81). Spanish dramatist, a great writer limited in his appeal because he represents narrowly the Spain and the Catholic church of his time. Extremely prolific.

Calvin, Jean (1509-64). The reformer. Influenced the development of French prose.

Camoens, Luis de (1524-80). Central figure in Portuguese literature. Author of *Os Lusiadas,* an epic about the descendants of Lusus, legendary founder of Portugal.

Campanella, Tommaso (1568-1639). Italian poet and patriot.

Campbell, Thomas (1777-1844). English poet, often concerned with patriotic themes.

Camus, Jean Pierre (1582-1652). Prolific French novelist.

Carducci, Giosue (1836-1907). Italian poet and, to a lesser extent, critic, of great importance.

Carlyle, Thomas (1795-1881). Scottish essayist, historian, etc., of literary interest and

worth. The man and his work both somewhat dyspeptic. (No. 75).

Casanova de Seingalt, Giacomo or *Giovanni Jacopo* or *Jacques* (1725-98). Italian adventurer, who wrote remarkable memoirs in French. (No. 976).

Castiglione, Baldassaro (1478-1529). Italian diplomat, author of *The Courtier.*

Castro y Bellvis, Guillen de (1569-1631). Spanish dramatist.

Cervantes Saavedra, Miguel de (1547-1616). Usually considered the most important figure in Spanish literature. Author, of course, of *Don Quixote,* but of many dramas and tales as well.

Chamisso, Adelbert von (1731-1838). German poet. Creator of Peter Schlemihl, who lost his shadow.

Chapelain, Jean (1595-1674). French poet and critic.

Chapman, George (c. 1559-1634). English poet, dramatist, translator of *Iliad* and *Odyssey.*

Charles d'Orléans (1391-1465). Writer of graceful French poetry.

Chateaubriand, François René de (1768-1848). French Romanticist and also man of public affairs. Apologist for Christianity.

Chatterton, Thomas (1752-70). An English lad who might have become a great poet had the gods been kinder.

Chaucer Geoffrey (1340-1400). One of the greatest names in English literature. *Canterbury Tales* and other works, written in Middle English, are of interest still, not made dull

by passing years. Yet the language is something of an obstacle.

Chekhov, Anton Pavlovich (1860-1904). Russian poet and novelist who has had considerable influence on literature written in English. By attacking vulgar success, he may have prepared the way for Sinclair Lewis.

Chénier, André (1762-94). French poet, considered the forerunner of romanticism.

Chrétien de Troyes (12th century). French writer of romances.

Cicero, Marcus Tullius (B. C. 106-43). Roman orator, statesman, philosopher. An influential stylist.

Clough, Arthur Hugh (1819-61). English poet.

Coleridge, Samuel Taylor (1772-1834). English poet, critic, philosopher. A great romanticist.

Collins, William (1721-59). English poet. His name usually associated with that of Thomas Gray.

Congreve, William (1670-1729). English dramatist of the Restoration comedy. His works still arouse laughter, though they drive the prudish to tears.

Conrad, Joseph (1857-1924). English novelist, really a Pole named Kozeniovski. He has been very highly praised, probably too highly, although he stands out clearly above the mass of contemporary novelists, and though his command of the English language—considering the fact that he was a foreigner—was remarkable.

Conscience, Hendrik (1812-83). Considered the greatest writer in Flemish, the Dutch dialect used in parts of Belgium.

Cooper, James Fenimore (1789-1851). American novelist of some international influence, although of no very great intrinsic merit.

Coppée, François (1842-1908). French playwright and poet.

Corneille, Pierre (1606-84). One of the great dramatists of France. Remembered chiefly for his tragedies; but his comedy, *The Liar*, also highly reputed. His brother Thomas (1625-1709), a far inferior dramatist.

Cowley, Abraham (1618-67). English poet, imitator of Spenser.

Cowper, William (1731-1800). Pious English poet.

Crabbe, George (1754-1832). English poet, author of *The Village.*

Craik, Dinah Maria (1826-87). English novelist, author of *John Halifax, Gentleman.*

Crashaw, Richard (1612-49). English mystical poet.

Crébillon, Prosper Jolyot de (1674-1762). French writer of tragedies.

Cueva, Juan de la (d. c. 1610). Spanish dramatist and poet.

Da Costa, Isaac (1798-1860). Dutch poet of Jewish descent. Much patriotic and religious (Christian) matter.

Dante Alighieri (1265-1321). Italian poet, usually considered to rank with the first three or four names in all literature. In addition to his *Comedy*, known to us as *The*

Divine Comedy, wrote *The New Life* and other important works.

Daudet, Alphonse (1840-97). French novelist, creator of Tartarin. Some of his writings suggest Zola. The influence of Dickens has also been noticed in his work. (No. 314.)

Davenant, William (1606-68). English dramatist. Rumored to have been the natural son of Shakespeare. Introduced opera into England.

Davidson John (1857-1909). Scottish poet and dramatist. "Ballad of a Nun" probably his most familiar poem.

Dedekind, Friedrich (16th cent.). German satirist who wrote, in Latin, *Grobianus* and *Grobiana*, attacking boorish manners.

Defoe, Daniel (c. 1659-1731). Author, of course, of *Robinson Crusoe*. This English dissenter wrote much in many fields. A number of his novels are well worth reading. (No. 559.)

Deken, Agatha (1741-1804). Dutch writer, collaborator with Elizabeth Wolff.

Dekker, John (c. 1570-c. 1641). English playwright and satirist.

De Morgan, William Frend (1839-1917). English novelist somewhat reminiscent of Dickens, author of *Joseph Vance*.

Denham, John (1615-69). English poet, now chiefly of historical interest.

De Quincey, Thomas (1785-1859). English writer of miscellaneous essays, with a flavor of his own. (No. 95.)

De Vere, Aubrey Thomas (1814-1902). English poet, convert to Catholicism.

Dickens, Charles (1812-70). English novelist. Although critics disagree about his "rating," apparently it will be high. His greatest fault an inclination to very broad caricature. Often a propagandist in fiction. (No. 41.)

Diderot, Denis (1713-84). Dramatist, critic, philosopher of France. Founder of the Encyclopedia. Comte calls him the greatest man of his country.

Disraeli, Benjamin (1804-81). English novelist and statesman of jewish origin. Was made Earl of Beaconsfield. Created the political novel. A great man in more ways than one. (No. 612.)

Dobson, Austin (1840-1921). English critic and writer of light verse.

Donne, John (1573-1631). English poet, interesting, influential, often obscure, his work full of conceits. Founder of the "Metaphysical School" of poetry.

Dostoievsky, Feodor Michaelovitch (1812-81). Russian novelist; the greatest one, according to many critics. *Crime and Punishment* and *Poor People* are among his important books.

Drayton, Michael (1563-1631). English poet.

Drost-Hülshoff, Annette von (1797-1848). Called the greatest poetess of Germany.

Drummond of Hawthornden, William (1585-1649). Scottish poet.

Dryden, John (1631-1700). Important English writer, usually ranged with authors of eighteenth century. Master of the "classical" style in prose and verse. Many plays, translations.

Du Bartas, Guillaume Salluste (1544-90). French poet, Calvinist, influenced Milton and many English writers.

Du Bellay, Joachim (1524-60). French poet, influential member of Pleiad. Sonnets, a defense of French language.

Dumas, Alexandre, père (1803-70). French dramatist and novelist. We think first of his novels—*Three Musketeers, Monte Cristo,* etc.—while the French consider him a romantic dramatist primarily.

Dumas, Alexandre, fils (1824-95). Son of the above. *La Dame aux Camélias* ("Camille") started a line of problem plays. Many other dramas, novels.

Dunbar, William (c. 1465-c. 1530). Scottish poet, excellent satirist.

Edgeworth, Maria (1767-1849). English (Irish) novelist. Stories of Irish life, as *Castle Rackrent.*

Eichendorff, Joseph von (1788-1857). German poet and novelist. Baron von Eichendorff one of the leading romanticists of Germany.

Eliot, George; i. e., Mary Ann Evans (1819-80). English novelist, often given very high praise. Some of her later novels are overloaded with intellectuality and purpose.

Emerson, Ralph Waldo (1803-82). Important American writer. (Nos. 60, 338, 545.)

Enzina, Juan del (1469-c. 1530). Spanish dramatist and poet, writer of eclogues.

Erasmus, Desiderius (1466-1536). Dutchman who wrote in Latin. The illegitimate son of a priest. Clever writer, great humanist.

Ercilla y Zuñiga, Alonso de (1534-94). Spanish poet, author of *La Araucana.*

Erckmann, Émile (1822-99). Collaborator with Alexandre Chatrian (1826-90) under the name Erckmann-Chatrian. French historical novelists.

Espinel, Vicente (1551-1624). Spanish novelist and poet, also musician. A picaresque novel, *Marcos de Obregon.*

Espronceda, José de (1808-42). Spanish poet of considerable lyric talent, also revolutionist.

Euripedes (B. C. 480-406). Great tragic poet of Athens, realist and rationalist.

Ewald, Johannes (1743-81). Dano-Norwegian dramatist and poet.

Fénelon, François de Salignac de Lamotte (1651-1715). French author and archbishop. Wrote *Télémaque.*

Feuillet, Octave (1821-90). French novelist, often with moral purpose.

Feydeau, Ernest (1821-73). French novelist, author of *Fanny.*

Fielding, Henry (1707-54). One of the first in time as well as in rank among English novelists. Author of *Tom Jones.* Dramas and pamphlets as well as novels.

Filicaja, Vincenzo da (1642-1707). Italian poet.

Firenzuolo, Agnolo (1493-1545). Italian monk, author of merry tales in verse.

Fischart, Johann (1548-89). German satirist and poet.

Fitzgerald, Edward (1809-83). English poet, translator of Calderon and of the *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám.* (No. 1.)

Flaubert, Gustave (1821-80). Many-sided French novelist. *Madame Bovary* is a sort of *Main Street*, but in a more artistic form.

Fletcher, John (1579-1625). English dramatist. Collaborated with Beaumont, Massinger, Shakespeare—*Henry VIII* and perhaps other plays with S. Prolific, but also a man of great genius.

Fontenelle, Bernard le Bovier de (1657-1757). French writer in many fields, popularizer of science and philosophy.

Foscolo, Ugo (1778-1827). Italian romanticist; poet, critic, author of the novel *Le ultime lettere di Jacopo Ortis.*

Fouqué, Friedrich Heinrich Karl. Baron de la Motte (1777-1843). German romancer, author of *Undine.*

Fracastoro, Girolamo (1483-1533). Italian who wrote in Latin, also physician, wrote a poem called *Syphilis* about the new plague.

France, Anatole (1844-1924). French writer, something of a modern Voltaire, although not so versatile. His true name Jaques Anatole François Thibault. Biting satirist at times, yet capable of playfulnes and sentiment. *The Revolt of the Angels* or *Penguin Island* will serve as a fair introduction. (Nos. 198, 839, 140.)

Franklin, Benjamin (1706-1790). American statesman and inventor. His almanac and autobiography have had wide literary influence. (No. 738.)

Freiligrath, Hermann Ferdinand (1810-76). German poet, influenced by Byron and Hugo.

Frere, John Hookham (1769-1846). English poet

and translator (notably of Aristophanes) as well as statesman. One of his poems served as a model for Byron's *Don Juan.*

Freytag, Gustav (1816-95). German novelist, author of *Soll und Haben.*

Galt, John (1779-1839). Scottish novelist, author of *Annals of the Parish.*

Garcilasso de la Vega (1503-36). Spanish poet, also soldier. Wrote little, yet won considerable fame through his poetry.

Garnier, Robert (1546-1601). French writer of tragedies in the classical style.

Gaskell, Elizabeth Cleghorne (1810-65). English novelist. Mrs. G.'s most celebrated book is *Cranford.*

Gautier, Théophile (1811-72). French writer in several fields. First used the phrase "art for art's sake." Violent romanticist. Author of poems, criticism, miscellaneous works, novels. *Mademoiselle de Maupin, Le capitaine Fracasse.* (Nos. 178, 230, 345.)

Gay, John (1685-1732). English writer, author of *The Beggar's Opera,* fables, light verse.

Gellert, Christian Furchtgott (1715-69). German dramatist and fabulist, wrote also a novel in the style of Richardson and critical articles.

Gilbert, William Schwenck. English versifier and satirist, librettist whose name is associated with the musician Sullivan. Clever, but surely not first-rate.

Gissing, George, (1857-1903). English novelist, dealing chiefly with lower classes in a realistic way. *Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft,* almost an autobiography, probably his

most interesting although not his most typical book.

Giusti, Giuseppe (1809-50). Italian political satirist.

Gleim, Johann Wilhelm Ludwig (1719-1803). German patriotic poet.

Godwin, William (1756-1836). English novelist and social philosopher, best remembered for his influence on Shelley.

Goethe, Johann Wolfgang (1749-1832). Probably the greatest man who ever lived who was primarily a writer. This is not to say that he was a greater poet than Shakespeare, for he must be judged by a wide range of intellectual accomplishments. As a writer, began with wild romanticism, swung over pretty well to the classical side, but he is above such limitations. *Faust* his most important work, but many other plays and a large number of lyrics, as well as miscellaneous works, deserve attention. (No. 233.)

Gogol, Nicholas Vasilievich (1509-52). Russian novelist, one of the greatest humorists of all literature. *Dead Souls.*

Goldoni, Carlo (1707-93). Italian writer of comedies, a lesser Moliére.

Goldschmidt, Meyer Aaron (1819-87). Danish critic and novelist of Jewish parentage.

Goldsmith, Oliver (1728-84). English (Irish-born) writer in many forms. It is difficult to pick a book or two to represent him. *The Vicar of Wakefield* shows but one side of his personality. (No. 308.)

Gomberville, Marin le Roy de (1600-74). French romancer. *Polexandre,* in five volumes.

Gomez, Antonio Enriquez (1602-c. 1662). Spanish novelist, author of the picaresque *Don Gregorio Gaudaña.*

Goncharov, Ivan Alexandrovich (1812-91). Russian novelist, author of *Oblomov.* In some ways resembles Turgenev.

Goncourt, Edmond de (1822-96) and his brother Jules de (1830-1870). French novelists, writers on social history, diarists. Naturalists in literature. Many interesting books, as *Germine Lacerteux.*

Gongora y Argote, Luis (1561-1627). Spanish poet, founder of a style called gongorism, marked by obscurity and playfulness with words.

Gottfried von Strassburg (13th cent.). German romancer, author of *Tristan.*

Gottsched, Johann Christoph (1700-66). German critic and essayist. Defended a mechanical classicism.

Gower, John (c. 1325-1408). English poet, who wrote in Latin and French as well as his own tongue. In English, *Confessio Amantis.*

Gozzi, Carlo (1720-1806). Italian dramatist. Wrote *fiabe,* plays with fairy-tale atmosphere.

Gracian y Morales, Baltasar (1601-58). Wrote in gongoristic (see Gongora y Argote) prose about worldly wisdom. Anticipated La Rouchefaucauld and perhaps Defoe as well.

Gray, Thomas (1716-71). Influential English poet, excellent letter-writer. "Elegy in a Country Church Yard." (No. 9.)

Grazinni, Antonio Francesco (1503-83). Wrote in many forms. This Italian humorist suggests Aretino.

Greene, Robert (c. 1560-92). English writer of plays, tales, satire.

Griboyedov, Alexis Sergievich (1795-1829). Russian dramatist, his vein chiefly satirical. *The Misfortune of Being Clever.*

Grillparzer, Franz (1791-1872). Important German dramatist. "The Golden Fleece," a trilogy.

Grimm, Jacob (1785-1863) and his brother *Wilhelm* (1786-1859). Important in German philology and folklore, internationaly known for fairy tales.

Grimmelshausen, Christoffel von (c. 1624-75). German novelist. Wrote *The Adventurous Simplicissimus*, in picaresque vein. "The only novel of the seventeenth century which is not yet antiquated," says Professor Max Koch.

Grotius, Hugo (1583-1645). Dutchman who wrote in Latin. Jurist primarily; yet his sacred drama, *Adamus Exsul*, was one of Milton's sources for *Paradise Lost.*

Gryphius, (Greif) Andreas (1616-64). German dramatist and writer of hymns.

Günther, Johann Christian (1695-1723). German poet.

Guevara, Antonio de (c. 1480-1545). Spanish writer of didactic romances, who apparently had some influence on the English euphuists.

Guidi, Alessandro (1650-1712). Italian poet.

Guido. delle Colonne (fl. 1280). Sicilian who wrote in Latin. His *History of the Destruction of Troy* influenced many medieval authors.

Guinicelli, Guido (13th cent.). Italian poet, praised by Dante.

Gutierrez, Juan Rufo (16th cent.). Spanish poet, whose epic, *La Austriada*, was praised by Cervantes.

Gutzkow, Karl Ferdinand (1811-78). German novelist and playwright. His *Wally* offended Mrs. Grundy, and put G. into jail for three months. *Die Ritter der Greiste*, in nine volumes.

Guzman, Fernan Perez de (fl. c. 1400). Spanish poet, also historian and soldier.

Gyllenborg, Thomasine Christine (1772-1856). Danish novelist. *An Every-Day Story.*

Haggard, Henry Rider (1856-1925). English novelist. *She.*

Hall, Joseph (1574-1656). Englist satirist.

Haller, Albrecht von (1708-77). German poet, also scientist.

Hallgrim, Pjetersson (1614-74). Icelandic poet, of religion chiefly.

Hamilton, Count Anthony (c. 1646-1720). Irishman whose principal works, especially *Memoirs of the Count de Gramont*, are in French. These are scandalous accounts of the court of Charles II of England. Also poems and tales.

Hardy, Alexandre (c. 1570-1631). Frenchman who wrote five or six hundred plays. Prepared the way for Corneille.

Harte, Francis Bret (1836-1902). American writer of short stories and verse, with a reputation in England surprising to Americans. (No. 363.)

Hartmann von Aue (fl. c. 1200). German romancer and singer about love. *Der arme Heinrich.*

Harvey, Gabriel (c. 1545-1630). English critic and versifier.

Hauch, Johan Carsten (1790-1872). Dano-Norwegian poet and playwright.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel (1804-64). Important American writer. *The Scarlet Letter.* (No. 1152.)

Hazlitt, William (1778-1830). English critic and essayist. Wrote discerningly about Shakespeare and other writers, best remembered by a few of his essays. *Table Talk.*

Hearn, Lafcadio (1850-1904). Anglo-Japanese (perhaps also Irish-Greek-American) writer about Japan and things in general. Charming essayist. Named Yakumo Koisumi in Japan.

Hebbel, Christian Freidrich (1813-63). German dramatist and poet. *Gyges and His Ring.*

Heiberg, Peter Andreas (1758-1841). Dramatist and satirist of Denmark.

Heiberg, Johan Ludwig (1791-1860). Son of Peter Andreas H. and Thomasine Gyllenborg, both mentioned here. Dramatist, writer of light songs and musical comedies.

Heine, Heinrich (1799-1856). German poet of Jewish parentage. Brought Gallic wit into German literature. Fighter for liberty. Great writer of lyric poetry. Prose accounts of travels.

Heinse, Johann Jakob Wilhelm (1746-1803). German novelist, sometimes called a sensualist. *Ardinghello.*

Henley, William Ernest (1849-1903). English poet and critic. A forerunner of Kipling in the literature of British imperialism. "I am the master of my fate," he thought.

Henryson, Robert (fl. c. 1475). Scottish imitator of Chaucer.

Herbert, Edward (1583-1648). English poet, also historian and philosopher. Wrote much in Latin.

Herbert, George (1593-1633). Brother of Edward. Religious poet. *The Temple.*

Herder, Johann Gottfried (1744-1803). German poet and critic, also philosopher. Romantic pioneer.

Heredia, José Maria de (1842-1906). French writer of polished sonnets.

Herrera, Fernando de (1534-97). Spanish poet. A priest who wrote passionately about love.

Herrick, Robert (1591-1674). English poet and clergyman. His poetry "humane and divine" —dealing with very human love or with Jehovah.

Hertz, Henrik (1798-1870). Danish dramatist of Jewish parentage. Influenced Ibsen.

Herzen, Alexander (1812-70). Russian writer in many fields, also revolutionist.

Hesiod (perhaps 8th cent. B. C.) One of the earliest Greek writers. In verse, *Works and Days* and *Theogony.*

Hewlett, Maurice (1861-1923). English novelist and poet, often concerned with the medieval. *The Forest Lovers.*

Heywood, Thomas (d. c. 1650). English dramatist, author or mender of some two hundred plays. *A Woman Killed with Kindness.*

Hippel, Theodor Gottlieb von (1741-96). German writer and public official.

Hölderlin, Friedrich (1770-1843). German poet. *Hyperion,* a poem in prose.

Hoffmann, Ernest Theodor Wilhelm (1776-1822). German romancer and musician. Many grotesque tales.

Holberg, Ludvig (1684-1754). Danish playwright and historian. A figure of international importance. *Peder Paars*, a mock epic.

Holcroft, Thomas (1745-1809). English playwright and dramatist.

Home, John (1722-1808). Scottish playwright and historian. *Douglas.*

Homer (perhaps 9th cent. B. C.). Greek epic poet. The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* are, according to some critics, the greatest poems ever written. Probably there was a man by this name who wrote epics, but it is not likely that we have a very close approximation to his work. Some scholars contend that the poems started as series of ballads about the Trojan war.

Hood, Thomas (1799-1845). English poet, punster and master of pathos.

Hooft, Pieter Cornelis (1581-1647). Dutch dramatist, poet, and historian. A figure of importance.

Hooker, Richard (1554-1600). English clergyman, improver of prose.

Horace (B. C. 65-8). Roman poet; his work charming and influential.

Hugo, Victor Marie (1802-85). French writer leader of romantic movement. Plays, as *Hernani, Ruy Blas.* Novels, as *Les Misérables, Notre Dame de Paris.* Poems, criticism. (Nos. 52, 1114.)

Hunt, Leigh (1784-1859). English poet and critic.

Huyghens, Constantijn (1596-1687). Dutch poet, also scholar, statesman, and musician. Wrote in Dutch, Latin, French, and Italian. In Dutch, *Korenbloemen.*

Hviezdoslav; i. e., *Pavol Orszagh* (1849-1921). Slovak poet.

Ibsen, Henrik (1828-1906). Norwegian dramatist, a man of immense influence on the modern drama. His later works concerned with social problems, as *The Doll's House, Ghosts.* (No. 16.) Earlier, *Brand, Peer Gynt.*

Immermann, Karl Leberecht (1796-1840). German playwright and novelist. *Münchhausen,* a satiric novel.

Ingemann, Bernard Severin (1789-1862). Danish romantic writer.

James, Henry (1843-1916). Anglo-American novelist, influenced himself by Turgenev, influencing many. His later works most distinctive.

Jean de Meung (fl. 1275). French satirist. Second part of *Romance of the Rose.*

Jerrold, Douglas (1803-57). English playwright and humorist.

Jodelle, Étienne (1532-73). French poet, member of Pleiad, influential in the development of tragedy and comedy.

Johnson, Samuel (1709-84). English writer and literary dictator.

Jonson, Ben (1573-1637). English dramatist and poet, also literary dictator. If Shakespeare had not lived in his time, Jonson's fame would have been greater. *Every Man in His Humor.*

Juan Manuel or *Don Juan* (1282-1348). Spanish romancer. *Don Lucanor.*

Jung-Stilling, Johann Heinrich (1740-1817). German pious writer.

Juvenal (fl. 100). Roman satirical poet.

Karamsin, Nicholas Michaelovich (1765-1826). Russian writer, especially historian. Molded Russian style.

Keats, John (1795-1821). Great English poet.

Keller, Gottfried (1819-90). Swiss (German) writer of novels and tales.

Kerner, Andreas Justinius (1786-1862). German poet.

Kielland, Alexander (1848-1906). Norwegian novelist.

Kingsley, Charles (1819-75). English novelist, poet, social, reformer.

Kirchmayer, Thomas (1511-63). German who wrote Latin dramas.

Kleist, Heinrich von (1777-1811). German writer and patriot.

Klinger, Friedrich Maximilian von (1752-1831). German playwright and poet. *Sturm und Drang.*

Klopstock, Friedrich Gottlieb (1724-1803). German poet. *The Messiah.*

Kotzebue, August von (1761-1819). German dramatist, miscellaneous writer, diplomat, spy.

Krasicki, Ignatius (1735-1801). Bishop, yet "Polish Voltaire."

Krylov, Ivan Andreevich (1768-1844). Russian fabulist.

Kyd, Thomas (c. 1558-1594). English writer of tragedies.

La Bruyère, Jean de (1645-96). French writer of essays and characters.

La Calprenède, Gautier de Coste de (1609-63). French romancer. Novels in ten or twelve volumes.

La Chaussee, Pierre Claude de (1691-1754) French sentimental dramatist.

Laclos, Choderlos de (1741-1803). French novelist. *Liaisons dangéreuses*, not for prudes.

La Chaussée, Pierre Claude de (1691-1754) French novelist. *The Princess of Cleves.*

La Fontaine, Jean de (1621-95). French poet, fabulist, called "unmoral."

Lamartine, Alphonse Marie Louis Prat de (1790-1869). French poet, also statesman and historian.

Lamb, Charles (1775-1834). Charming essayist, poet, and Englishman. (No. 70.)

Lammenais, Hughes Félicité Robert de (1782-1854). French romanticist and theologian.

La Motte, Antoine Houdar de (1672-1731). French miscellaneous writer.

Landor, William Savage (1775-1864). English essayist and poet of classical tastes. *Imaginary Conversations.*

Lang, Andrew (1844-1912). Scottish miscellaneous writer. (No. 355.)

Langland, William (fl. 1375). English poet. *Piers Plowman.*

La Rouchefaucauld, François de (1613-80). French epigrammatist. (No. 35.)

Lenz, Jakob Michael Reinhold (1750-92). German poet and critic.

Leon, Luis Ponce de (c. 1528-91). Spanish poet,

monk, persecuted by Inquisition for translating Song of Songs into Castilian.

Leopardi, Count Giacomo (1798-1837). Great Italian poet, essayist, scholar. Man of immense learning, by philosophy a pessimist.

Lermontov, Michael Jurevich (1814-41). Important Russian poet.

Lesage, Alain René (1668-1747). French novelist and dramatist, master of satire. *Gils Blas.*

Lessing, Gotthold Ephraim (1729-81). German dramatist, critic, apostle of enlightenment. *Laokoon. Nathan the Wise* and other plays.

Lie, Jonas Lauritz Edemil (1833-1908). Norwegian novelist and poet. *The Family at Gilje.*

Lillo, George (1693-1739). English dramatist. His domestic drama greatly influenced German literature.

Lisle, Leconte de (1820-94). French poet.

Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth. (1807-1882). American poet. His chief service familiarizing Americans with European literature. (No. 283.)

Lucretius (B. C. 96-55). Great Roman poet. *Of the Nature of Things.*

Luther, Martin (1483-1546). Religious reformer, important for the development of German prose (No. 610.)

Lydgate, John (c. 1370-1421). English poet, follower of Chaucer.

Lyly, John (c. 1554-1606). English dramatist and romancer. His *Euphues* books introduced a new word, euphuism, into criticism. Despite the excesses of Lyly's prose, it represents an advance.

Macaulay, Thomas Babington (1800-59). English essayist, historian, ballad-writer, statesman. Good writer for the elementary student of style to study. (No. 5.)

Mackenzie, Henry (1745-1831). Scottish sentimental novelist. *The Man of Feeling.*

Macpherson, James (1736-96). Scotchman who "discovered" (wrote) the "ancient Gaelic poetry of Ossian." This forger composed a work of some excellence (*Fingal*), which, as Ossian's, was widely influential.

Maerlant, Jacob van (1235-c. 1300). Dutch poet and romancer.

Malherbe, François de (1555-1628). French poet and literary reformer.

Malory, Sir Thomas (15th cent.). English romancer. *Morte Darthur.*

Mantuan; i. e., Giovanni Battista Spagnolo (1448-1516). Italian poet. Wrote chiefly Latin pastorals.

Manzoni, Alessandro Francesco Tomasso (1785-1873). Italian novelist, dramatist, poet, and critic. *I promessi sposi.*

Margaret of Navarre (1492-1549). Writer of tales, also a queen. *Heptameron*, given this name with reference to Boccaccio's *Decameron.* (No. 1133.)

Marie de France (12th cent.). French writer of verse romances.

Marino, Giovanni Battista (1569-1625). Italian poet in extravagant style. *Adone.*

Marivaux, Pierre Carlet de Chambelain (1688-1763). French dramatist and romancer. *Marivaudage*, preciosity, named after him.

Marlowe, Christopher (1564-93). One of the great Elizabethan playwrights, also narrative poet.

Marnix, Philip van (1538-98). Dutch poet, also soldier and statesman. Wrote satirical pamphlets in Dutch and French.

Marot, Clément (1497-1544). French poet.

Marston, John (c. 1575-1634). English dramatist and satirist.

Martial (1st Christ. cent.). Roman poet, valuable for social life of Empire.

Martinez de Toledo, Alfonso (fl. 1450). Spanish satirist. *El Corbacho.*

Marvell, Andrew (1621-78). English poet and satirist, Puritan leader.

Masuccio of Salerno (1420-c.1476). Italian writer of tales, in the style of Boccaccio. 887.)

Maupassant, Guy de (1850-93). French writer of novels and tales. A skilled artist in prose. *Une Vie, Pierre et Jean.* (Nos. 6, 199, 886.)

Mendoza, Diego Hurtado de (1503-75). Spanish poet and historian, also statesman.

Meredith, George (1828-1909). English novelist and poet. Often named with Hardy, resembles Henry James more. Undoubtedly a very great figure. His poem, "Love in the Valley," would be enough to give him a reputation. *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel, The Egoist.*

Mérimée, Prosper (1803-70). French dramatist and novelist, artistic writer of prose. (No. 21.)

Metastasio; i.e., Pietro Bonaventura Trapassi (1698-1792). Italian dramatist, librettist.

Mickiewicz, Adam (1798-1855). Lithuanian who wrote in Polish. *Master Thaddeus*, an epic, and other poems.

Milton, John (1608-74). English poet. One need not, I think, be a Puritan to enjoy Milton and perceive his genius. He thought *Paradise Regained* greater than *Paradise Lost*, and there is some reason to agree with him. Lighter poems written in youth.

Mistral, Frédéric (1830-1914). Frenchman who wrote poetry in Provençal.

Molière; i.e., Jean Baptiste Poquelin (1622-73). The greatest French dramatist and one of the greatest of the world's writers. His plays, as *Tartuffe, The Tradesman Turned Gentleman, The Misanthrope*, interesting to all above the Eddie Guest-Harold Bell Wright level. (Nos. 99, 229.)

Molina, Tirso de; i.e., Gabriel Tellez (c. 1570-1648). Spanish dramatist. Don Juan arose in *El Burlador de Sevilla.*

Molza, Francesco Maria (1489-1544). Italian poet, author of sonnets and courtesan-pieces.

Montaigne, Michel Eyquem de (1533-92). French essayist, charming skeptic. A classic who may be read painlessly. (No. 87.)

Montalvan, Juan Perez de (1602-38). Spanish dramatist, follower of Lope de Vega.

Montchrétien, Antoine de (c. 1575-1621). French dramatist, also economist.

Montemayor, Jorge (c. 1521-61). Portuguese poet and romancer. *Diana.*

Monti, Vincenzo (1754-1828). Italian satirist, dramatist, poet.

Moore, Thomas (1779-1852). Irish poet. *Lalla Rookh, Irish Melodies*, and a biography of Byron.

More, Sir Thomas (1478-1535). Humanist, historian, statesman of England. *Utopia*, written in Latin.

Moreto y Cavaña, Agustin (1618-69). Spanish dramatist.

Moritz, Karl Philip (1757-93). German miscellaneous writer.

Morris, William (1834-96). Englishman who distinguished himself as poet and romancer, also Socialist and decorative artist. *The Earthly Paradise.*

Murner, Thomas (1475-1537). German satirist.

Musset, Alfred de (1810-57). French dramatist and poet of importance. (No. 404.)

Nash, Thomas (1567-1601). English satirist and poet.

Nerval, Gérard de (1808-55). French poet.

Newman, John Henry (1801-90). English clergyman converted to Roman Church. Much of literary interest, as his spiritual autobiography (in English), *Apologia pro Vita sua.*

Nietzsche, Friedrich Wilhelm (1844-1900). German philosopher, occupying a high place in literature. (Nos. 11, 19, 890.)

Nodier, Charles (1783-1844). French miscellaneous writer.

Novalis; i. e., Friedrich Leopold von Hardenberg (1772-1801). Influential German romanticist. Author of romances, poetry.

Oehlenschlager, Adam Gottlob (1779-1850). Usually considered the greatest poet of Denmark.

Opitz, Martin (1597-1639). German poet.

Otway, Thomas (1652-85). English dramatist.

Ovid—Publius Ovidius Naso (43 B. C.-17 A. D.) Roman poet of interest in various ways, including his influence on medieval and early modern writers. *The Art of Love.*

Palgrave, Francis Turner (1824-1902). English anthologist and poet, of Jewish descent. *The Golden Treasury.*

Paludan-Müller, Frederik (1809-76). Danish poet.

Parini, Giusseppe (1727-99). Italian satirical poet. *Il Giorno.*

Pater, Walter (1839-94). English essayist and philosophical romancer, with a style of his own. *Marius the Epicurean.*

Patmore, Coventry (1823-96). English poet, convert to Catholicism. *The Angel in the House.*

Peacock, Thomas Love (1785-1866). English novelist and poet.

Pellico, Silvio (1789-1854). Italian dramatist and patriot. *My Prisons.*

Pepys, Samuel (1632-1703). English public official, whose private diary has become a literary treasure. (No. 289.)

Percy, Thomas (1729-1811). English scholar, editor of *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, which stimulated romantic movement.

Perrault, Charles (1628-1703). French poet and critic, remembered for fairy tales. (No. 836.)

Petrarch (*Petracca* or *Petrarca*), *Francesco* (1304-74). Italian poet and lover. Wrote much in Latin, but his fame rests upon his Italian sonnets.

Petronius (1st Christ. cent.) Roman satirist. *Satyricon.*

Philips, Ambrose (c. 1675-1709). English poet and dramatist. Wrote for children and earned the title of "Namby Pamby."

Pindar—Pindarus (6th cent. B. C.) Greek lyric poet. The little of his work which has come down has inspired many Pindaric odes.

Platen-Hallermund, Count August (1796-1835). German romantic poet, yet satirized extreme romanticists.

Plato (B. C. 427-327). His true name Aristocles. Athenian philosopher of literary excellence. (No. 159.)

Poe, Edgar Allan (1809-49). Influential American writer of tales and poems. (Nos. 12, 32, 108, 290.)

Pope, Alexander (1688-1744). The most "classical" or "regular" of English poets. The eighteenth century manner is no longer popular, but much of Pope is worth reading. (No. 406.)

Praed, Winthrop Mackworth (1802-39). English writer of comic verse.

Prévost d' Exiles, Antoine François—l'abbe Prévost (1697-1763). French novelist. *Manon Lescaut.*

Prior, Matthew (1664-1721). English poet and diplomat. At his best in lightly humorous verse.

Pulci, Luigi (1432-84). Italian (Florentine) poet. A romantic epic, *Morgante Maggiore,* with a touch of burlesque.

Pushkin, Alexander Sergivich (1799-1837). The greatest Russian poet. *Eugene Oniegin.* (No. 951.)

Quarles, Francis (1592-1644). English mystical poet.

Quevedo y Villegas, Francisco Gomez de (1580-1645). Spanish poet, satirist, writer of picaresque tales. *The Great Sharper.*

Quinault, Philippe (1635-88). French dramatist.

Quintana, Manuel Josef (1772-1857). Spanish poet and patriot.

Rabelais, François (1495-1553). French satirist. To think of R. merely as a stench in the nostrils of Mrs. Grundy is not to know or to understand him at all. A great delineator of character. In the word favored by the editor of this series, a "debunker." An honest, merry, and very great man. *Garagantua* and *Pantagruel.* (No. 1048.)

Racan, Honorat de (1589-1670). French poet.

Racine, Jean (1639-99). French writer of tragedies. Although R. still enjoys great popularity in France as a prober into the human heart, and though his importance is seldom denied, few foreigners are capable of appreciating his work. *Andromache, Phèdre.*

Radcliffe, Ann (1764-1823). English novelist of great influence but no exceptional merit. *The Mysteries of Udolpho.*

Radishchev, Alexander Nicholaievich (1750-1802). Russian miscellaneous writer. He was sent to Siberia because of *A Journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow.*

Raleigh, Sir Walter (c. 1552-1618). Englishman distinguished in many ways. Poet, historian.

Ramsay, Allan (1686-1758). Scottish poet. *The Gentle Shepherd,* a pastoral play.

Raspe, Rodolf Eric (1737-94). Anglo-German satirist. In English, *Baron Munchausen.* (No. 188.)

Reade, Charles (1814-84). English novelist and dramatist. *The Cloister and the Hearth* and a number of novels of purpose, as *It Is Never Too Late to Mend.*

Redi, Francesco (1626-98). Italian poet. *Bacchus in Tuscany.*

Regnier, Mathurin (1573-1613). French satirist.

Renan, Ernest (1823-92). French modernist in religion, deserves mention here for the excellence of his style. (No. 340.)

Restif de la Bretonne, Nicolas Edmé (1734-1806). French novelist, prolific writer in several fields. *Monsieur Nicolas.* R. is capable of offending prudes. (No. 410.)

Retz, Paul de Gondi, Cardinal de (1613-79). French clergyman and statesman of literary interest because of his memoirs.

Reuter, Fritz (1810-74). German novelist who wrote in the Low German dialect. *Ut mine Stromtid.*

Ribera, Ruy Paez de (fl. 1410). Spanish poet suggestive of Villon.

Richardson, Samuel (1689-1761). English novelist whose extremely lengthy books once held the ladies spellbound. *Pamela, Clarissa, Sir Charles Grandisson.*

Richter, Johann Paul Friedrich—also known as *Jean Paul* (1763-1825). German satirist, influenced by Sterne, influencing Carlyle, De Quincey, and others. *Titan,* in four volumes, modelled after Goethe's *Faust.*

Rivas, Angel de Saavedra Remirez de Baquedano de (1791-1865). This long-named Spaniard was a pioneer of romanticism in his country. Poet, dramatist, political liberal.

Robertson, Thomas William (1829-71). English dramatist.

Rogers, Samuel (1763-1855). English poet.

Rojas, Fernando de (15th cent.) A converted Jew of Spain, very likely the author of *Celestina*, a tragi-comedy of importance in literary history.

Rollenhagen, Georg (1542-1609). German satirist.

Ronsard, Pierre de (1524-85). French poet, leader of the Pleiad, a group devoted to the reform of the French language and literature.

Rossetti, Christina Georgina (1830-94). English writer of melodious verse. Of Italian descent.

Rossetti, Gabriel Charles Dante (1828-82). Brother of Christina R. Painter as well as poet. Preferred to call himself Dante Gabriel R. Founder of the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood. Looked back to middle ages, and to Dante most of all. R. one of the men attacked by Robert Buchanan for fleshliness, sensuality.

Rotrou, Jean de (1609-1650). French writer of tragedies.

Rousseau, Jean Baptiste (1669-1741). French poet in classical style.

Rousseau, Jean Jacques (1712-78). Swiss writer in French, of great influence. One of the men usually held responsible for the French Revolution. A many-sided personality. *La Nouvelle Héloïse* and *Émile* represent part of his work.

Rowe, Nicholas (1674-1718). English dramatist and poet. *Jane Shore.*

Rowley, William (fl. 1630). English playwright, many of his works collaborations.

Roxas Zorilla, Francisco de (1607-48). Spanish dramatist. *None Beneath the King.* (No. 539.)

Rucellai, Giovanni (1475-1525). Italian poet and dramatist. *Rosmunda.*

Rückert, Friedrich (1788-1866). German poet and Orientalist.

Rueda, Lope de (16th cent.) Spanish dramatist. Really began the dramatic literature of Spain, although there had been religious plays before his time.

Ruiz, Juan (fl. 1330). Spanish poet, archpriest of Hita. More realistic than pious by far. *Libro de buen amor.*

Runeberg, Johan Ludvig (1804-77). Finn who wrote poetry and criticism in Swedish.

Ruskin, John (1819-1900). English critic and social reformer. *Modern Painters,* critical. *Unto this Last,* a definition of wealth.

Ruteboeuf (13th cent.) Perhaps not the true name of a French lyric poet, also a satirist representing the views of the shopkeepers of Paris.

Ryleev, Kondrati Fydorovich (1795-1826). Russian poet, hanged as a revolutionist.

Sacchetti, Franco (14th cent.) Italian poet and writer of tales in the manner of Boccaccio and the dialect of Florence.

Sacher-Masoch, Leopold von (1836-1895). Austrian who wrote in German. The man from whose name *masochism* has been derived. *Venus in Furs.*

Sachs, Hans (1494-1576). German poet. One of the greatest of the *Meistersinger*, the poets of city life.

Sackville, Thomas (1536-1608). English poet and dramatist. With Thomas Norton, *Gorboduc*, the first English tragedy.

Sade; Donatien Alphonse Francois, Marquis de (1740-1814). French novelist and dramatist, after whom *sadism* was named. *Justine, or the Misfortunes of Virtue* and *Juliette, or the Prosperity of Vice.*

Saint-Evremond, Charles de Marguetel de St. Denys de (1613-73). French skeptic, soldier, politician, writer.

Saint-Gelais, Melin de (c. 1490-1559). French priest who wrote unpriestly poetry.

Saint-Simon, Louis de Rouvroy de; Duke (1675-1755). Writer of memoirs who would have disdained such a title to fame.

Saint-Sorlin, Jean Desmarets de (1595-1676). French poet, dramatist, and critic.

Sainte-Beuve, Charles Augustin (1804-69). One of the greatest of the French critics. Also wrote a novel and verse. *Monday Chats.*

Salas Barbadillo, Alonso Geronimo de (1581-1635). Spanish romancer.

Sanchez de Badajoz, Garci (fl. 1500). Spanish poet. The poor fellow went mad for love, or maybe because his poem about Job had been placed on the Index Expurgatorius.

Sand, George, i. e., Amantine Lucile Aurore Dupin Dudevant (1804-76). French novelist and lover, both in the romantic vein. Her books are not all alike. *Indiana, Mauprat, Consuelo*, show different phases. (No. 1085.)

Sandeau, Jules (1811-83). French novelist, perhaps best remembered because he once collaborated with George Sand, who probably borrowed part of his name to write under.

Sannazzaro, Jacopo (1458-1530). Italian romancer. *Arcadia* had wide literary influence.

San Pedro, Diego de (15th cent.) Spanish poet and romancer. *The Prison of Love.*

Santa Clara, Abraham a (1642-1709). German satirist and monk.

Santillana; Inigo Lopez de Mendoza, Marquis of (1398-1458). Spanish poet and statesman.

Santos, Francisco (17th cent.) Spanish novelist. *Day and Night in Madrid.*

Sardou, Victorien (1831-1908). French playwright.

Savage, Richard (c. 1697-1743). English poet and dramatist.

Scarron, Paul (1610-60). French novelist, dramatist, poet. *Jodelet*, a comedy. *Roman comique*, a picaresque novel.

Scheffel, Joseph Victor von (1826-86). German poet and novelist, also painter. *Ekkehard*, a historical romance. The *Trumpeter of Säkkingen*, a romantic epic of the Black Forest.

Scheidt, Kaspar (16th cent.) German satirist.

Schenkendorf, Friedrich Max von (1784-1817). German poet and patriot.

Schérer, Edmond (1815-89). Influential French critic.

Schiller, Johann Christoph Friedrich (1759-1805). One of the two (with Goethe) or three (with Lessing added) great names of the Golden Age of German literature. Poet,

dramatist, critic, historian. For most foreigners, Schiller is far inferior to Goethe. *Wilhelm Tell*, *Maria Stuart*, *Die Jungfrau von Orleans*, and a "Wallenstein" trilogy.

Schlegel, August Wilhelm (1767-1845). German romantic writer. Translator of Shakespeare into German.

Schlegel, Friedrich (1772-1829). Brother to August Wilhelm. *Lucinde*, a romantic novel.

Schlegel, Dorothea (1763-1839). Daughter of Moses Mendelssohn, wife of Friedrich Schlegel. *Florentin*, a romance.

Schnabel, Johann Gottfried (1692-c. 1742). Romancer. *Insel Felsenburg*.

Schopenhauer, Arthur (1788-1860). German pessimist philosopher, notable for his style. (No. 138.)

Schubart, Christian Daniel (1731-91). German poet and lover of liberty. Romanticist.

Schulze, Ernest (1789-1817). German poet. *Cecile*, a romantic epic.

Scott, Sir Walter (1771-1832). Scottish novelist and poet. Estimates of Scott vary widely. As to his literary influence, at least, there can not be much difference of opinion. He practically created the historical novel. Certainly, too, his range of powers was great. Interested in adventure rather than in love. Scott has been compared with Shakespeare as a creator of characters, but he is evidently far inferior. (No. 751.)

Scudéry, Madéleine (1608-71). French romancer. Her brother Georges (1601-67) had some small share in her work. *Artamène ou le Grand Cyrus* in ten volumes.

Sedaine, Michel Jean (1719-97). French dramatist. *Le Philosophe sans le savoir.*

Sedley, Charles (1639-71). English courtly poet. Five plays and occasional verses. This wild youth was once put on trial for debauchery.

Sempere, Hieronimo de (16th cent.) Spanish romancer.

Sénancourt, Étienne Pivert (1770-1846). French romantic novelist. *Obermann.*

Seneca, Lucius Annaeus (B. C. 4-A. D. 65). Latin writer of plays and moralist; but not particularly moral (honest) himself in his dealings with Nero, who later made him commit suicide. Seneca's tragedies, not suited for the stage, misled the first dramatists of modern Europe.

Sergardi, Ludovico (1660-1726). Italian who wrote satirical verse in Latin.

Ser Giovanni (14th cent.) Italian writer of tales. *Il Pecorone.*

Sévigné, Marie de (1626-96). Frenchwoman, very likely the best letter-writer in all literature.

Shadwell, Thomas (1642-92). English poet and dramatist. Best remembered by Dryden's remark that "S. never deviates into sense."

Shakespeare, William (1564-1616). English dramatist and poet. A few critics have assailed his position, but it has stood pretty firmly despite changes in critical point of view. A dramatist primarily. There have been better sonnet-writers than Shakespeare in English. (Nos. 246, 250, 528, 816.)

Shelley, Percy Bysshe (1792-1822). English poet and lover of liberty. In some ways, S. is inferior to Keats, but he stands out as a hero to the young in spirit. Both these men died before they were thirty, leaving great things behind them. Both, it may be added, were technical masters. Of S. the atheist and the social reformer, it is needless to speak here. (Nos. 712, 935.)

Shelley, Mary Wollstonecraft (1797-1851). Daughter of William Godwin, mistress and then wife of Percy S. Author of *Frankenstein*, a horror story, and miscellaneous works.

Shenstone, William (1714-63). English poet. *The Schoolmistress.*

Sheridan, Richard Brinsley (1751-1816). Irish dramatist and politician. The biography of S. is of great interest. *The Rivals.*

Sheridan. Caroline Elizabeth Sarah (1808-77). Granddaughter of Richard Brinsley S., married to George Norton (and commonly referred to as Mrs. Norton), then to Sir William Stirling-Maxwell. Poet and beauty, supposed to be the original of Meredith's *Diana of the Crossways.*

Shirley, James (1596-1666). English dramatist and poet.

Shorthouse, Joseph Henry (1834-1903). English novelist. *John Inglesant*, a historical romance with a religious hue.

Sidney, Sir Philip (1554-86). English poet and soldier. Sonnets. *Arcadia*, a pastoral romance.

Silesius, Angelus; i. e., Johann Scheffler (1624-77). German mystical poet.

Silva, Feliciano da (16th cent.) Spanish romancer.

Silvestre, Gregorio (1520-69). Spanish poet of Portuguese birth. *Pyramus and Thisbe.*

Sienkiewicz, Henry (1846-1916). Polish novelist. *Quo Vadis?* Also a trilogy dealing with Polish history, in thirteen volumes. Highly esteemed, but too much occupied with patriotism and religion to be a first-rate artist.

Skelton, John (c. 1460-1529). English satirical poet. *Why Come Ye Not to Court?*

Slowacki, Julius (1809-49). Polish poet and dramatist.

Smiles, Samuel (1812-1904). Scotch moralist. *Self-Help*, translated into seventeen languages. Intellectual ancestor of our Bartons and other "inspirers."

Smith, Alexander (1830-67). Scotch poet and essayist. *Dreamthorp.*

Smollett, Tobias George (1721-71). Scottish novelist, also surgeon. Translated, wrote many miscellaneous works. One of the important novelists of the eighteenth century: the type was new then, often imperfect technically, judged by present standards, but fresh and vital. It is the fashion to condemn Smollett for his coarseness. He exerted an important influence upon Dickens. *Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle, Humphrey Clinker.*

Snorri, Sturluson (1178-1241). Icelandic critic and historian.

Solis, Antonio de (1610-86). Spanish playwright, also priest and historian.

Somerville, William (1677-1742). English poet, also fox-hunting squire. *The Chase*, in blank verse.

Sophocles (B. C. 495-406). One of the great tragic poets of Athens. Sir William Smith says: "Less heroic than those of Aeschylus, less homely and familiar than those of Euripides, the tragedies of Sophocles are the perfection of the Greek drama." Only seven plays remain to us, though he is said to have written 130.

Sorel, Charles (c. 1597-1674). French writer of novels and miscellaneous works. *Histoire Comique de Fancion*, a realistic satire.

Soto, Luis Barahona de (c. 1548-95). Spanish heroic poet. *Angelica.*

Southerne, Thomas (1660-1746). English playwright. *Oroonoko.*

Southey, Robert (1774-1843). English poet and writer of miscellaneous prose. Author of a biography of Lord Nelson which has been highly praised. Perhaps remembered most for his quarrels with Byron.

Spenser, Edmund (c. 1552-99). English poet. Considered one of the greatest men in English literature, yet very little read. Perhaps the fact that he wrote in a style which was in his own time somewhat archaic has something to do with this. Allegory is out of fashion, too, and *The Faery Queen* is long, even if unfinished. Spenser is called the "poets' poet," but few modern writers of verse seem to have heard of him.

Spieghel, Hendrik (1549-1612). Dutch poet and literary leader.

Spielhagen, Friedrich (1829-1911). German author of novels of purpose.

Spitteler, Karl (1845-1924). Swiss poet, writing in German. Novels and other work, but his fame rests on an epic poem, *Olympian Spring.*

Staël, Anne Louise Germaine (1766-1817). Frenchwoman, but her first husband (Baron de Staël-Holstein) was Swedish ambassador at Paris. However, her husband mattered less than her lovers. A romantic novelist and critic. *Corinne and Delphine,* novels. (No. 888.)

Stagnelius, Erik Johan (1793-1823). Swedish poet, often likened to Shelley both for life and works.

Steele, Richard (1672-1729). Englishman of Irish birth. Associated with Addison in writing *Spectator* papers. Other essays, sentimental plays. Austin Dobson speaks of his "kindly, genial, indulgent" humor. S. was member of Parliament, knighted by the king.

Stendhal; i. e., Henri Beyle (1783-1842). French prose writer, chiefly important for novels, as *La Chartreuse de Parme* and *Le Rouge et le Noir.* There is a chorus of high praise for these, but I find myself unable to join in. His book about love is available in English. (No. 929.)

Stephens, Leslie (1832-1904). English critic. *Hours in a Library.*

Sterne, Laurence (1713-68). One of the great eighteenth century novelists. His humor, despite much that is borrowed, is distinctly his own. I am not sure that it is always funny, or that his sentimentality suits mod-

ern taste; yet I can enjoy as well as admire him. *Tristram Shandy* and *The Sentimental Journey*, both of great importance in literary history.

Stevenson, Robert Louis (1850-94). Scottish writer. The youth reads S. for adventure, the adult may perhaps admire his style. Even the child has *A Garden of Verses*. Novels, essays, poems. A charming writer.

Storm, Theodor (1817-88). German poet and writer of tales.

Straparola, Giovanfrancesco (16th cent.) Italian writer of tales. *Pleasing Nights.*

Strindberg, August (1849-1912). Swedish dramatist and novelist. A great writer and a pleasing one withal, although a little too strong for some. The fear of women (not misogyny) runs through his writings. *The Father, The Creditors.*

Suckling, John (1609-42). English courtly poet, also soldier.

Sue, Eugène (1804-59). French novelist, not of the first rank. If *The Wandering Jew* and *Mysteries of Paris* are not great, they continue to interest many readers.

Sully-Prudhomme, René François Armand (1839-1907). French poet, who began by translating Lucretius and continued in a Lucretian vein.

Sumarokov, Alexander (1727-77). Russian dramatist, important more as a pioneer than for intrinsic merit.

Surrey; Henry Howard, Earl of (c. 1516-47). English soldier, important in history of English literature for bringing in blank verse from Italian and improving the sonnet, intro-

duced by Surrey. Out of Italy have come many of the forms of modern literature, not to England alone but to all Europe.

Surtees, Robert Smith (1802-64). English sporting novelist. His books, with illustrations by Sir John Leech, favored by collectors. *Jorrocks' Jaunts.*

Swift, Jonathan (1667-1745). One of the greatest men in English literature. *Gulliver's Travels* was planned as a satire; ironically, it has become a child's book—with the unpleasantness removed, to be sure. One of the many clergymen (of whom Rabelais is the greatest) who have enjoyed playing with dirt. Much in prose and verse is worth reading. His *Journal to Stella* is interesting but not representative. (No. 844.)

Swinburne, Algernon Charles (1837-1909). Young people who like poetry and liberty (and Shelley) should enjoy this more modern Englishman's work. The shorter poems and ballads are of more general interest than the tragedies and long narratives. Swinburne was an artist in verse, although he made too much use of alliteration and similar devices on occasion. Important as a critic.

Symonds, John Addington (1840-93). Important English critic, student of Italian Renaissance.

Taine, Hippolyte (1828-93). French critic, also philosopher and historian. His principle, which has been attacked, remains sound: "Vice and virtue are products, like sulphuric acid and sugar; and every complex phenomenon arises from other and simpler phenomena

from which it is suspended." T.'s *History of English Literature* is not absolutely dependable—which literary history is?—but it is interesting and worth reading.

Tasso, Bernardo (1493-1569). Italian poet. *Amadis of Gaul*, a romantic epic.

Tasso, Torquato (1544-95). Son of Bernardo T., and a far greater poet. Hallam calls *Jerusalem Delivered* "the great epic poem, in the strict sense, of modern times." It has, incidentally, been translated into Chinese as well as many other languages.

Tassoni, Alessandro (1565-1635). Italian satirist. *The Theft of the Bucket.*

Tate, Nahum (1652-1715). English poet with several claims to fame or notoriety. "Improved" Shakespeare's *King Lear*, for instance.

Taylor, Henry (1800-86). English dramatist, critic, essayist. His poetic dramas are not without merit.

Taylor, Jeremy (1613-67). English bishop who knew how to use his language. *Holy Living* and *Holy Dying* are now read (though perhaps not a great deal) for the excellence of their prose.

Taylor, Meadows (1808-76). English novelist, wrote about India. *Confessions of a Thug.*

Tegnér, Esaias (1782-1846). Important Swedish poet. *Frithjof's Saga.*

Tennyson, Alfred (1809-92). English poet. It will not do to shout "Victorian!" and toss T. aside. There are lyrics, at least, that every

true lover of poetry must like. *Idylls of the King* and *In Memoriam* are long, and the philosophy they express is not mine, but I cannot consider them worthless.

Testi, Count Fulvio (1593-1646). Italian lyrical poet.

Thackeray, William Makepeace (1811-63). English novelist and miscellaneous writer. It is fair to ask if T. is as great as Meredith or Hardy—or Dickens, if you will—but his high merit cannot be denied. *Vanity Fair.*

Theobald, Lewis (1688-1744). English critic (editor of Shakespeare), minor poet, object of Pope's satire. Name pronounced Tibbald.

Théophile de Viau (1596-1626). French poet.

Thomas à Kempis (1380-1471). German mystic. Author of *The Imitation of Christ*, in Latin, a book which has certainly been much read.

Thompson, Francis (1859-1907). English Catholic poet of genuine lyrical gifts. *The Hound of Heaven.*

Thomson, James (1700-48). Scottish poet. *The Seasons.*

Thomson, James (1834-82). Scottish poet. The two James Thomsons differ even more than the two Samuel Butlers. The later T. was a freethinker and a pessimist. A man of genius and a great drinker. *The City of Dreadful Night.*

Thoresen, Magdalena (1819-1903). Norwegian poet and novelist.

Thümmel, August von (1738-1817). German romancer.

Tickell, Thomas (1686-1740). English poet, contributor to *Spectator.*

Tieck, Johann Ludwig (1773-1853). Leader in the German romantic movement. Continued Schlegel's translation of Shakespeare. Dramas, novels, fairy tales.

Tode, Johann Clemens (1736-1806). Danish novelist and miscellaneous writer. *Love's Need.*

Tolstoy, Lev Nikolayevich (1828-1910). Russian novelist and essayist, also anarchist. One need not agree with Count T.'s anarchism or with his Christianity to enjoy his novels and his dramas. *War and Peace, Anna Karenina.* (No. 45.)

Torres-Naharro, Bartolomé de (fl. 1520). Spanish dramatist and poet. *The Gallants and Courtesans of Rome.*

Trissino, Giovanni Giorgio (1478-1550). Italian poet and critic.

Trollope, Anthony (1815-82). English novelist. The Barchester series, beginning with *The Warden.*

Tullin, Christian Braumann (1728-65). Danish romantic poet.

Tupper, Martin Farquhar (1810-89). English versifier. The Eddie Guest of Victoria's day.

Turgenev, Ivan Sergievich (1818-83). Russian novelist and poet. His influence extremely great while he lived, as on Henry James, Flaubert, and George Sand. *Fathers and Sons, Virgin Soil.*

Twain, Mark; i. e., Samuel Langhorne Clemens (1835-1910). American novelist and humor-

ist. His reputation, both here and abroad, rests rather on his earlier fun-making than on such serious works as *The Mysterious Stranger* represents. (Nos. 231, 291, 930, 931.)

Udall, Nicholas (1505-56). English playwright and schoolmaster. His *Ralph Roister Doister* is considered the first English comedy.

Uhland, Johann Ludwig (1787-1862). German poet. Patriot and romanticist leader.

Ulrich von Lichtenstein (c. 1200-76). German poet. A masochist long before Sacher-Masoch. *The Service of Women.*

Urfé, Honoré d' (1568-1625). French romancer. *Astrée.*

Urrea, Pedro Manuel de (fl. 1520). Spanish poet and diplomat, made Count d'Aranda.

Vajansky, Svetozár Hurban (1847-1916). Slovak poet, novelist and patriot.

Valera, Juan (1824-1905). Spanish novelist and diplomat. *Pepita Jiménez.*

Vanbrugh, John (1664-1726). English playwright and architect. One of the Restoration dramatists.

Varnhagen, Karl August von Ense (1785-1858). German miscellaneous writer and leader in romantic movement.

Vega Carpio, Lope Felix de (1562-1635). Spanish poet and dramatist. A very prolific writer, and one who did great work; yet he is of Spanish rather than of international interest. Since he wrote five hundred or more plays and many other things, perhaps we may leave V. without specific titles.

Velletti, Agostino (15th cent.) Italian poet. *La Storia di Ginevra*, a tale (*novella*) in verse.

Verga, Giovanni (1840-1922). Italian novelist and librettist. One of the great fiction-writers of Italy. *Mastro-don Gesualdo.*

Verlaine, Paul (1844-96). French poet influenced by Edgar Allan Poe. A "symbolist." His life and his verses both passionate.

Verne, Jules (1823-1905). French writer of pseudo-scientific novels. (Nos. 482, 485.)

Verri, Alessandro (1741-1816). Italian novelist and poet.

Vicente, Gil (c. 1485-1557). Portuguese dramatist.

Vida, Marco Girolamo (c. 1480-1566). Italian who wrote poems in Latin. *The Art of Poetry.*

Vigny, Alfred Victor de (1797-1863). French poet, novelist, dramatist and soldier. Important both for his influence in spreading the romantic movement and for the beauty of his own work.

Villon, François (1431-c. 1463). French poet, a great one, and also a great rogue. *Large Testament, Small Testament.* Some of his ballades in the *Large Testament* have been well translated by Rossetti and Swinburne.

Virgil (70-19 B. C.) Important Latin poet. *Aeneid.*

Virués, Cristobal de (fl. 1600). Spanish poet and dramatist, also soldier.

Visin, Denis Ivanovich von (1745-92). Russian dramatist.

Voiture. Vincent (1598-1648). French versifier, letter-writer, courtier and wit.

Volney, François Chasseboeuf (1757-1820). French romanticist and skeptic. *Ruins.*

Voltaire; i. e., François Arouet (1694-1778). French writer, literary and philosophical dictator, deist. V. wrote a great deal, and in many fields, as drama, satire, fiction, history, criticism, letters. Not all his work is excellent; perhaps *Candide*, a short satirical novel or romance, is the best single thing. Of his humanitarianism and his influence on the French Revolution there is not room to speak. Exerted great influence on many later writers, as Anatole France. (Nos. 829, 3, 160, 174, 200.)

Vondel, Joost van den (1587-1679). Greatest Dutch poet and dramatist.

Voss, Johann Heinrich (1751-1826). German poet, translator of Homer and Shakespeare.

Vrchlicky, Yaroslav (1853-1912). Czech poet and translator. A prolific and important writer.

Wackenroder, Wilhelm Heinrich (1773-98). German romantic writer.

Wagner, Richard (1813-83). German poet and critic as well as (primarily) musician. Librettist for his own operas. (No. 990.)

Walpole, Horace (1717-97). Novelist and letter-writer. "That most whimsical of triflers and wittiest of fops," Gosse calls him. Wrote in many forms. *The Castle of Otranto* is important for its influence on the development of the novel.

Walther von der Vogelweide (c. 1170-1228). Great German poet of courtly love.

Walton, Izaak (1593-1683). English essayist and biographer. *The Compleat Angler.*

Ward, Mrs. Humphrey (1851-1920). Englishwoman usually known by her husband's name. Mary Augusta Arnold, niece of Matthew Arnold. *Robert Elsmere,* a novel of religious interest.

Webster, John (fl. 1620). English dramatist, one of the great men overshadowed by Shakespeare. *The Duchess of Malfi.*

Welhaven, Johan Sebastian Cammermeyer (1807-73). Norwegian poet and critic.

Wergeland, Henrik Arnold Thaulov (1808-45). Norwegian poet and liberal.

Werner, Friedrich Leopold Zacharias (1768-1823). German romantic dramatist.

Wessel, Johannes Hermann (1742-85). Dano-Norwegian satirical dramatist. *Love Without Stockings.*

Whitman, Walt (1819-92). American poet. Like Poe, chiefly important for his influence in America and abroad. As a poet, he has serious defects as well as great merit. *Leaves of Grass.*

Wieland, Christoph Martin (1733-1813). German romantic poet and romancer. Wrote the most varied works, at one time attacking the cheap sentimentalisms of the romantics. *Oberon.*

Wilde, Oscar O'Flahertie Wills (1856-1900). English (Irish) writer. His life and his work are

both of great interest. (Nos. 2, 432, 46.) *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*, a tragic poem.

Willem (13th cent.) Dutch fabulist. *Reynard the Fox.*

Winther, Christian (1796-1876). Danish poet.

Wolff, Elisabeth (1738-1804). Dutchwoman who wrote novels in collaboration with Agatha Deken. *Sara Burgerhart.*

Wolfram von Eschenbach (fl. 1200). Great German poet. *Parzival.*

Wordsworth, William (1770-1850). English poet. One of the greatest names in English or European literature, according to most critics; yet not popular, especially among young people. Some of his poetry is decidedly mediocre, but there is a great deal which must be reckoned with.

Wyatt, Thomas (c. 1503-42). English poet and diplomat who introduced the sonnet into English.

Wycherley, William (1640-1716). English playwright, important among Restoration dramatists. *The Country Wife.*

Young, Edward (1683-1785). English poet. *Night Thoughts.*

Zayas y Sotomayor, Maria de (fl. 1635). Spanish author of amorous tales.

Zeyer, Julius (1841-1901). Czech poet, novelist, romancer.

Zhukovsky, Vasili Andreevich (1873-1852). Russian poet, the man who introduced romanticism into Russia.

Ziegler und Kliphausen, Heinrich Anselm von (1653-97). German romancer. *Asiastische Benise.*

Zola, Émile (1840-1903). French novelist of great influence. His works are in many ways remarkable, but they do not have the highest artistic value. The Rougon-Macquart series, including *Germinal.* Most English translations of Zola have been bowdlerized, expurgated, mutilated—made safe for children.

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Prostitution in the Medieval World

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PROSTITUTION IN THE MEDIEVAL WORLD

INTRODUCTION

This little book takes up the story begun in *Prostitution in the Ancient World*, Little Blue Book No. 286. We shall be concerned here with prostitution in Europe, especially in the western and central countries, from the fall of the Roman Empire of the West to the discovery of America by Columbus. However, the precise dates of these events need not bound us. On the one hand, we have the Christianization of Europe and the beginnings of the modern nations. On the other, we have the introduction of syphilis, the revival of learning, and the split within the Christian Church.

Of course it is impossible to cut up the history of Europe, like a sausage, into three independent portions. Many of the influences which were at work in ancient Rome continued to operate in the European countries during the Middle Ages. Many institutions which arose in medieval times remained important into the period of the Renaissance and Reformation: some of them are still important.

From the dethronement of Romulus Augustulus (476) to the discovery of the New World (1492) is a period of about ten centuries, during which conditions by no means remained static. Some historians call the first six of these centuries the Dark Ages and the remain-

ing four the Middle Ages proper. There have been some recent attempts, especially by Catholic writers, to glorify the period of unshaken faith. The Pre-Raphaelites, seeing the picturesqueness of the Middle Ages and certain aspects of creative freedom which appeared to belong exclusively to those centuries, ignored the misery and the dirt and the feudal slavery.

If these views are inaccurate, neither is it correct to consider the Dark Ages altogether dark or the four following centuries important only because they show the first faint gleams of modern civilization. The medieval contributions to architecture, painting and the other branches of the fine arts, and literature, even some of the contributions to philosophy and science, are of considerable consequence. During the Middle Ages feudalism and chivalry arose and declined. These institutions were neither entirely good nor entirely evil. Certainly they have been much misunderstood, both by defenders of the good old days and by believers in progress.

CHRISTIAN INFLUENCES

Medieval men and women were born Catholic Christians just as we are born citizens of the United States. They could not escape their obligations to the Church because of their personal lack of respect for it any more than an anarchist can be relieved of his duty to pay taxes among us because of his political opinions. The comparatively few non-Christians who lived in Christian countries, chiefly

Jews and Moors, had not the privileges of full citizens, and in general they were merely tolerated until greed or piety suggested their slaughter or banishment.

Yet the reading of the New Testament can provide us with little information about the way in which the Christians of the Middle Ages actually behaved. "Perhaps the most marked originality of the Christian doctrine," says Dr. Sanger, with questionable accuracy, in his *History of Prostitution*, "was the stress it laid on chastity. It has been well remarked that even the most austere of the pagan moralists recommended chastity on *economical* grounds alone. The apostles exacted it as a moral and religious duty. They preached against lewdness as fervently as against heathenism."

The remark about the pagan moralists is by no means justified. In any case, the fact remains that the Christian and orthodox people of Europe during the Middle Ages supported a great many brothels. There were houses of prostitution in some towns of four or five hundred people. Moreover, these existed in such holy cities as Rome and Avignon.

Christianity appears originally to have owed much to the doctrines and practices of the Essenes, a Jewish sect. The Essenes lived in a state of communism and supported themselves by manual labor. As far as might be they abstained from sensual pleasures, including conjugal intercourse. They thought that their chastity and frugality would reveal to them

the mysteries of heaven and hasten the coming of the Messiah. The Essenes were indeed mostly men of advanced age, in whom the sexual impulse was no longer very strong. The usual Jewish teaching stressed the importance of marrying and multiplying the race, in accordance with the divine decree.

The early Christians, in seeking to bring about the speedy second coming of Christ, were attracted by the idea of refraining from marriage. Jesus is said to have warned his followers "that except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." The Essenes were one branch of the Pharisees, all of whom believed in the strict observance of ceremonial requirements. In the sermon on the mount we find also, "Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not commit adultery: But I say unto you, That whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his own heart."

Nevertheless the New Testament tells us that Jesus was in many ways opposed to the rigors of the law. In this way, he stood outside the circle of the Essenes. For some medieval institutions, the teachings of Jesus about the reclaiming of sinners were important: "How think ye? If a man have an hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray? And if so be that he find it, verily I

say unto you, he rejoiceth more of that sheep, that of the ninety and nine which went not astray."

Whether Jesus is to be reckoned among the Essenes at all, is open to debate, although a number of the first Christians came from that sect and gave a distinctly ascetic coloring to the early history of Christianity. We may suppose, however, that Jesus was opposed to prostitution and never justified the existence of brothels. The Jews of ancient times were horrified at the very name of harlot, except at the rare times when they accepted the religion of their neighbors, including sacrificial prostitution.

Jesus did not teach that men should leave their wives for the glory of God: "Whosoever shall put away his wife, except it be for fornication, and shall marry another, committeth adultery: and whosoever marrieth her which is put away doth commit adultery." Of course this passage is ambiguous. It might be interpreted to mean that a man might leave his wife, not to take another but to practice religious celibacy. However, we have no evidence to justify such a conclusion. All we may infer is that Jesus accepted the view held by one group of Jewish thinkers, that when man and woman cleave together as one flesh, they should not be separated except for the one great crime in conjugal relations. Note, however, that there is no question of the woman's leaving her husband because of his infidelity: the double sexual standard is definitely accepted.

The great authority for the celibacy of the clergy is the following dictum attributed to Jesus: "All men cannot receive this saying, save they to whom it is given. For there are some eunuchs, which were born so from their mother's womb; and there are some eunuchs, which were made eunuchs of men: and there be eunuchs, which have made themselves eunuchs for the kingdom of heaven's sake. He that is able to receive it, let him receive it."

Because, except in a few cases, the Christian priests of the Middle Ages did not mutilate themselves physically, but merely refrained from marrying, these words are of importance in connection with our study. It was very early accepted by the Roman Church that no man of religion might have a wife and legitimate children. The point of this prohibition was thrust aside for centuries at a time, however. The ideal of priestly chastity, almost forgotten in the later Middle Ages, except in the enthusiasm of following a new saint, became important in the Catholic counter-Reformation, and prevails now in the Roman Church.

When Jesus was asked what should be done with a woman taken in adultery, *The Good News According to John* tells us, he replied, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." Thereupon all the accusers went out, and no man was left to bear witness against the sinful woman. Does this actually represent the state of affairs in Judea? Were the men all guilty of breaking the strict moral code? Or did they merely

feel that even the holy had in some way absorbed sin? These questions must remain unanswerable, especially since John's account appears to be entirely legendary. To the good Christians of the Middle Ages it was sober history, though, for which reason we are justified in considering it here.

The medieval imagination was much stirred also by the reference to "Mary called Magdalene, out of whom went seven devils." She was supposed to have been a prostitute. Later she became the patron saint of women who turned away from sin to serve God.

The theology of Paul wandered far from the teachings of Jesus. He considered the whole human race depraved, for instance. Sin and the Jewish law were to him as one: he had tried to obey all the divine ordinances, and yet something had been lacking. Accordingly he seemed finally to reach the opinion that the law was a creation of the devil. Faith, he preached, was infinitely more important than good works. If men and women believed in Jesus Christ, he thought, they would be redeemed because of the new life in their souls. To Paul this teaching did not seem to be a justification of sin, but many later Christians accepted it in this sense.

The principle of love was all-important to Paul. Evidently he meant divine love, without any reference to things of the flesh. Paul awaited the reappearance of Jesus, and all his teachings were founded upon this expectation. The Christians of the apostolic age formed a

socially separated group of persons awaiting the second coming of their savior. Their asceticism was such as cannot easily exist among those who look forward to a full life on earth, continued by their children and their grandchildren.

There was some tendency for the women in the Christian congregations to assume a place of equality with the men. They were all under the same enthusiasm, all comrades in God. Paul had definite opinions in the matter, however. "I would have you know, that the head of every man is Christ; and the head of the woman is the man; and the head of Christ is God. Every man praying or prophesying, having his head covered, dishonoreth his head. But every woman that prayeth or prophesieth with her head uncovered dishonoreth her head: for that is even all one as if she were shaven. . . . Neither was the man created for the woman, but the woman for the man." This, then, is the order of rank according to Paul: God, Christ, man, woman.

It appears from Paul's letters that many of the early Christians were addicted to sexual and other sins of all sorts. Beginning with the end of the first Christian century, however, the Christian apologists began to claim for themselves moral superiority over their pagan neighbors. Yet there continued to circulate vague rumors that the Christians met secretly to commit unnatural acts. Galen, writing in the second half of the second century, expressed the opinion that some of the Christians had advanced so far in self-control

and the pursuit of virtue that they did not stand behind the pagan philosophers.

Paul taught that men should, by preference, not touch women at all. It was not necessary to think of begetting children, for soon the things of the flesh would disappear, and only spiritual things remain. Marriage he justified only because it made prostitution unnecessary, along with other forms of adultery. "It is better to marry than burn," he added, although he wished that the unmarried and the widowed should rather remain chaste. "The time is short" was the burden of his preaching, for which reason he thought that married people should act as though they were not married and people with property should be as though they had no possessions. Paul died, the Christians lived on in this world, and yet to some extent they continued to accept his theology and his rules of conduct.

The New Testament expresses the opinions of a number of writers differing rather widely in experience and outlook. Besides, many of the passages lend themselves readily to two or more different interpretations. This is at least equally true of the Old Testament. Consequently it is possible to find Biblical authority for almost any teaching. In one of Paul's letters we find, "I wrote unto you in an epistle not to company with fornicators. Yet not altogether with fornicators of this world, or with the covetous, or extortioners, or idolaters; for then you must needs go out of the world."

It is possible to consider this an apology for prostitution. Many of the fathers of the

Church did so interpret Paul's words, besides adding practical considerations. Saint Augustine said, "Suppress prostitution and capricious lusts will overthrow society." He was himself capable of understanding sexual desire: perhaps he was more than normally sensual. For many years he lived with a concubine. This was not considered sinful, however. A general council of the Church decided in A. D. 400 that it was proper for a Christian to live with one woman, who might or might not be his wife. Augustine thought that no prostitute ought to be admitted to the altar of a Christian church until she had abandoned her calling. Here most medieval theologians did not follow him. Yet a similar doctrine was propounded by the Council of Trent, in the sixteenth century.

The Council of Elvira, in the fifth century, excommunicated prostitutes and bawds, but also it ordered all priests to admit to the communion courtesans who had married Christians. Many later councils recognized the existence and the necessity of prostitution. At the council of Basle, 1431, a priest read a paper arguing that it was the only way to preserve good morals. In the next century, that is, at the beginning of the modern era, the Council of Milan ordered prostitutes to wear distinctive garments, unornamented with gold, silver, or silk. Also they were to live in certain designated districts, never close to cathedrals, and they were to stay away from hotels and inns.

The Christian Church concerned itself dur-

ing the Middle Ages with many matters which we now consider to belong entirely to the secular power. In general, marriage, divorce, adultery, and other sexual transgressions were considered by the ecclesiastical courts. Prostitution was regulated by canon law as well as by the legislation of various kingdoms, provinces, and cities.

We find the city of Hamburg, the Duke of Calabria, and various other local authorities, as well as the ecclesiastical councils, forbidding prostitution in the neighborhood of churches. Frequently brothels stood right beside houses of worship, to the scandal of the fastidiously pious.

A number of the heretical Christian sects were accused, sometimes with good reason, of encouraging orgies in the name of religion. These were, to be sure, more important in the third and fourth centuries than in the medieval period. The Nicolaites thought that it was essential for all who desired salvation to indulge in sin. Thus the work of the Savior and the glory of God would be magnified. Like the Adamites and the Cainites, they seem to have practiced promiscuous intercourse for a religious purpose. Many monks and nuns not connected with these sects appear to have had similar ideas.

Several of the sects required that all men and women should remove their clothing before praying, or at least when they were publicly baptized. The idea of the sacrifice of modesty, which had been so important in a number of Oriental religions, was frequently revived by

Christian devotees. There actually existed at times such a thing as Christian religious prostitution.

The pagan sexual deities were not altogether forgotten when Christianity spread through Europe. Sometimes they became saints, whose special days were celebrated with phallic processions. We still worship Saint Valentine, patron of love, without inquiring into the early history of his festival. Statues of Priapus existed in many places in Europe throughout the Middle Ages, although always under the name of one or another saint. Dances which might be designated as obscene, such as had been performed in honor of Venus or Freya, were danced for the benefit of the Holy Virgin. But the gods themselves, under their own names, continued to be worshiped into the medieval period in many Christian communities. Venus and the deities of the woods and the streams were remembered not only in poetry but in the thoughts of the people.

The prostitutes of the Middle Ages frequently prayed to the Virgin to give them prosperous nights. They wore religious amulets in order that they might have good luck. The women of the profession of love are always more religious and superstitious than others of their time and country.

If prostitution was usually considered, even by the pious, an entirely necessary evil, this did not prevent numerous attempts to convert individual courtesans from their life of sin. Magdalene Houses were established for the penitents, in honor of the woman who had

been troubled with devils. In the thirteenth century there was even founded a religious order called the Penitents of St. Mary Magdalene in Germany. Numerous convents were built for the sisters of this order all through the German states. They were supported partly by the begging of their inmates, partly by the contributions of various bishops.

Great stress was laid in the Magdalene Houses upon work, but fasting and similar austerities were not particularly insisted upon. Some care seems to have been taken that these sisters should not be exposed to sexual temptations. Once within the order, they were not permitted to leave at the end of a year or other period of novitiate. At a later period, this order accepted virgins and other women who had never engaged in prostitution. They began to be called the White Sisters instead of Penitents or Sisters of the Magdalene.

During the thirteenth century the order of the Daughters of God was founded in France, also for the purpose of bringing prostitutes to a religious life. All through Europe, there were single houses or groups of nunneries established for sinful women who wished to become nuns.

Many prostitutes went also into asylums or houses not of a specifically religious nature. Naturally a large part of those attracted into such institutions were women whose advancing years and declining charms made their profession a more difficult one in which to earn a livelihood. The Magdalene Houses were supported by devout persons who believed

themselves to be following the example set by Christ. Often courtesans went into these asylums in a moment of religious enthusiasm, only to return to their old life when they tired of the monotony. Certain of the houses did not accept prostitutes over the age of thirty or such as had been there before but gone away. Numerous women begged for alms pleading that they desired to leave their sinful lives at the same time that they added to their incomes by acts of prostitution.

Brothels were sometimes called "abbeys" and "convents" in the slang and the jocular language of the Middle Ages. In part, at least, this was due to the fact that certain religious orders maintained very loose discipline, and the nuns in some houses were little better than prostitutes.

Priests and monks were usually considered among the best clients in the lupanars. They were very numerous in the towns of medieval Europe, and perhaps comparatively few of them were genuinely inclined to an ascetic life. Since, however, they could not satisfy their libidinous desires in marriage, they frequently took concubines or entered into sexual relations with prostitutes or other women. In many places there were laws, honored mostly in the breach, forbidding brothel keepers to admit men of religion. Apparently these laws were sometimes kept, in which case the prostitutes were brought into the monasteries. At times it was alleged that nuns and monks were unnecessarily intimate with each other.

The practice of flagellation as a prerequisite

to absolution from sin gave many priests a special opportunity to seduce honest women. The confessor frequently expressed the necessity of whipping a person who had confessed some slight sin. In the case of women, because of their weaker constitution, as it was said, the scourge or rod was usually applied to the legs and the fleshy part of the back. Moreover, since the humiliation of the sinner was the most important element in flagellation, the infliction of the discipline sometimes made necessary the removing of the clothing.

In the convents, monks and nuns were whipped for the violations of rules, often for unchastity. Also they were accustomed in certain orders to flog each other simply for the glory of God. This was considered such a discipline as fasting. A Benedictine monk named Damiani, who lived in the eleventh century, organized religious flagellation into a definite system. Presently there were processions of flagellants, assembled from all elements of society. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, especially in times of calamity, thousands of men and women joined these parades or pilgrimages, whipping themselves and each other without mercy.

The flagellants, monks and laymen alike, became heated under the whip until they were capable of all sorts of excesses. Their religious zeal aroused, they murdered Jews and supposed heretics. However, they did not discriminate very carefully, sometimes killing or ravishing unquestionably orthodox Christians. Epidemic piety thus manifested tended rather

to send men into the brothels than to keep them away. Especially it served to make masochistic prostitution important. Many of the flagellants discovered the aphrodisiac qualities of the rod.

In this connection the Mary cult also deserves our notice. Most thinkers of the Middle Ages were inclined to be misogynists. They shared Paul's opinion that the female is inferior to the male, often on the ground that Eve was responsible for original sin. At the same time, they addressed many of the prayers intended for God and Christ to the mother of Jesus. Here was a human being to whom men and women might talk, who was supposed to have great influence upon the Holy Trinity. If Adam's wife had brought sin into the world, the Madonna had conceived immaculately. Women were then classified either as angelic or demonic. They were the instruments of Satan or servants of the Virgin.

Prostitutes belonged to one class, nuns to the other. A woman whom one loved seemed to belong to Mary, a wife seemed rather to belong to the hellish powers. These ideas were developed fantastically, and they were expressed more by the poets than by the theologians. Love, it was agreed, is a spiritual and a heavenly thing, but conjugal love was usually disapproved of. Marriage is a sacrament, said medieval men, and it ought not to be connected with profane lust or anything which seemed to be based upon physical desires.

Many of the poets thought that a woman should be loved only from afar. Therefore it

was proper to fall in love with another man's wife and to serve her humbly. The lyric poets of Provence and Germany wrote beautifully about the disinterested service of a kneeling gentleman to a fair lady. It was all a sort of game: the husband of the beloved woman might not object to the compliments paid to his wife without seeming unusually boorish. In theory, the worship paid was purely ideal. Yet such practices as grew out of this convention of love certainly tended to encourage adultery in the aristocratic circles. Because the man was a humble worshiper, though, he welcomed the ill treatment which the object of his love might choose to inflict upon him. His fair lady, like unto the Mother of God, could only honor him with her abusive words or with her blows. The fair-weather lover ran off because his kisses were not easily won, but the constant poet and knight thought only of serving his lady.

The game was one for the upper classes to play, indeed, but it worked its influence upon burghers and peasants as well. Husbands beat their wives to discipline them and were beaten by their lady loves in the name of the Holy Virgin or Venus. Probably the importance of the rod in the brothels of ancient Greece and Rome was much less than in medieval Europe. A science of masochism was worked out, we might almost say, in the Middle Ages. Pain and humiliation were not always inflicted with the whip; wearing a dirty shirt belonging to one's lady was an ordinary form of manifesting love.

Unquestionably there was strong erotic elements in the persecution of Jews and in the various attacks upon heresy. The connection between love and cruelty seems, consciously or unconsciously, to have been established in all of the people of the Middle Ages. The sight of blood stirred their emotions. Even those to whom the courtly love poetry was meaningless were sexually aroused by the sight of great bodily pain. In one way or another, then, sadism and masochism, the pleasure of inflicting pain and that of enduring it, were generally cultivated.

The sexual elements in medieval witchcraft were various. First, every woman who aroused lust was supposed to have something satanic in her. It was generally agreed that the body is impure, that only the soul is divine. Therefore, the female, at whose sight desire sprang into being, was an instrument of Satan. A woman who served Mary would of course be found within the walls of a nunnery. When a holy hermit caught sight of any female, he immediately ran off, fearing the Devil's wiles. There is still a Greek monastery on an island where women are never permitted to land, from which until recently even female cats and other animals of Eve's sex were rigorously excluded.

There were comparatively few wizards or male practitioners of magic involved in the medieval trials and burnings. Chiefly feared were ugly, toothless old women, who could poison or stab at a distance, cause people to fall most unreasonably in love, and otherwise

do the bidding of the Prince of Darkness. It appears that many women who regarded themselves as servants of Satan actually did meet in the woods to partake of the black mass and to engage in all varieties of sexual perversions. Certainly many were burnt at the stake as witches who were entirely harmless, who had never dreamed of slaying children to get their blood for satanic ceremonies, or of riding upon broomsticks, or of the other forms of wickedness attributed to them.

It is difficult to tell the exact relationship between witchcraft and prostitution, but it must have been of considerable importance. Sanger suggests that priests probably organized Devil's sabbaths in many instances in order to gratify their personal lusts. No doubt prostitutes often learned at celebrations of the black mass forms of sexual indulgence which they afterward practiced and taught in the brothels.

The belief in demons was sometimes a useful one in the Middle Ages. The existence of succubi and incubi, who came into houses at night and had sexual intercourse with the unsuspecting inmates, was hardly doubted. The incubi were masculine spirits who often impregnated girls well known to be otherwise virginal. The succubi, feminine spirits interested in innocent boys, came less frequently. In some cases, persons who admitted having had intercourse with the demons were burnt at the stake under the witchcraft laws. We must understand that the Devil and his servants were as real to the medieval world as

God and his faithful angels—that is, very real indeed.

SOCIAL CONSIDERATION

Medieval Europe depended chiefly upon agriculture. Some manufactures were pretty well developed, but they were carried on ordinarily in small workshops. The master worked at his trade either single-handed or with the assistance of a few apprentices and journeymen. The great masses of the people lived in the country. In general, each farm provided most of the products which were consumed on it.

Social divisions were very clearly defined. In the agricultural districts there was a great gulf between the upper classes, the nobility or feudal proprietors, who gained a living from the soil without doing much work, and the peasants who toiled in the fields and in the mills and workshops erected upon the estates. The nobles had ample leisure to fight and make love. The peasants made the best of their little money and free time.

Especially during the Dark Ages, most of the peasants were serfs. In some countries and at certain periods, they were little better than slaves. Their usual position, however, was that of farmers on shares, bound, however, to remain on the estate where they were born and to continue throughout their lives in the class to which God had evidently assigned them. In certain instances, more common toward the close of the medieval period, they found it possible to purchase their complete freedom.

The peasants regarded their feudal lord as a protector. It was he who kept, or was supposed to keep, hostile knights and robbers from ravaging their land. Therefore they paid him by working for his benefit two or three days a week and by giving him various other feudal dues, including a special payment whenever they married off their daughters. This last was perhaps a substitute for the lord's right to the virginity of every tenant's female child. Incidentally, it was usually in his power to have both the payment and the privilege for which it was supposed to stand. If then we call the serfs tenant farmers, we must remember that they stood in a far inferior position to that of the farmer on shares of our own time. The lord of the manor was the agent of law and justice, subject to certain laws, which, however, he could usually interpret to suit his own interests.

The serfs could seldom accumulate money enough to buy their freedom, chiefly because agriculture was carried on in a primitive fashion. Moreover, part of their land, especially the wooded and pasture land, was held in common with the lord and the other serfs. They spent much of their time going from one end to the other of the clearing. They knew nothing of the use of fertilizers or even of the rotation of crops.

Probably the serfs went only seldom into taverns and brothels, for they traveled about little and did not often have any money to spend on luxuries. It would be rash to conclude, though, that their morals were therefore

stricter than those of the townspeople. The nobles were able to see more of the world, but many of them hardly stirred away from their own manors. Occasionally they were seen in towns, where they were made welcome by innkeepers and panders.

There were comparatively few cities in Europe at the beginning of the Middle Ages. Most of these were of Roman origin. Gradually, as trade developed, a number of villages acquired some importance. Even as late as the fifteenth century, however, there were less than a half dozen cities in Europe with a population of a hundred thousand or more. London was supposed to have about 35,000 inhabitants, Vienna had about fifty thousand. Paris and several Italian cities were somewhat larger. Constantinople and some other places in the Orient were genuine large cities, with populations of over a million. Their social conditions and their systems of prostitution were therefore somewhat different from those with which we are here chiefly concerned.

In the small cities of western Europe, the merchant and craft guilds possessed wide functions. All who had shops in the town belonged to one or another of these companies. The merchant guilds performed social, religious, and protective functions. More important, they regulated the home market, trying to keep out foreign or unfair competition. Alongside the merchant guilds, comprising the buyers and sellers of a town, grew up the craft guilds, to which belonged the men in a certain trade or profession.

In almost every occupation, it was usual to indenture boys for a certain period of years as apprentices. During this time they lived at the master's house. Seldom did they receive any wages at all. After a term of apprenticeship was served, the young man became a paid workman or journeyman. It was supposed that he would finally become skillful enough in his work and accumulate enough money so that he could set up in business for himself as a master. This was not always possible, though. For one thing, the masters, who were the judges of the qualifications of those who wished to enter their ranks, did not desire an excess of competition. Besides, wages might be so low that very few journeymen could do any saving.

As a rule, the paid workman did not earn enough to support a family. Many of them remained all their lives bachelors. From their ranks the brothel patronage was largely recruited. Especially in the cases where they saw the hopelessness of their ambitions, they were ready to spend most of their money upon drink and women. They were not dainty, but accustomed to mud and bad odors and all sorts of filth. Few pleasures were open to them except such as were provided in public houses. Not many of the lupanars of western Europe made any pretense to luxury. The lads enjoyed themselves roughly, boisterously, determined to have a good time even if they had to knock somebody down to do it.

It took a strong constitution to live long in the Middle Ages. Sanitation was unheard of.

Plagues swept from country to country. The men were always fighting, whether in organized wars or in private battles and affrays. For this reason there were usually more females than males in the adult population. Besides, since so many of the men were forced to remain celibate because of their religious vows or economic conditions, great numbers of women had necessarily to remain unmarried also. According to their inclinations and circumstances they were likely to become nuns or to enter the ranks of prostitutes and semi-prostitutes. Women received but small pay in the workrooms and taverns of the Middle Ages, frequently not sufficient to give them the barest necessities of life. The chastity of unmarried women in the lower classes was not excessively valued. Adultery was considered a much greater sin, although by no means an uncommon one.

Probably the three classes of men from whom the medieval brothels drew most of their patronage were the priests, the journeymen, and the students. Soldiers, merchants, and members of other professions and trades were also welcome. Travel was difficult, for the roads were unpaved and infested with robbers. Nevertheless, trade became increasingly important in the last few centuries of the Middle Ages. Religious expeditions and the crusades caused many men to wander far from home.

At the universities, it was often the students of theology who were reputed most to frequent taverns and houses of prostitution.

We read of brothels and college lecture halls in the same building. Yet there were numerous attempts to keep the students away from prostitutes, as by regulations that they should be in their dormitories or lodgings at a certain hour. When they stayed out after dark, they were likely to get into fights with the townspeople.

The Middle Ages seldom applied euphemisms to the brothel. Some objected to it, most people considered it morally essential, but all recognized its existence frankly enough. Yet the prostitutes, like criminals and vagabonds, were regarded as dishonorable, even though they belonged to recognized guilds. They joined the members of the various crafts in celebrating a holiday or the arrival of some distinguished personage, and the flowers or other gifts which they presented were ordinarily accepted much as the offerings of the bakers or the hatmakers were. Occasionally monarchs and governors graciously consented to honor lupanars with their presence. When city officials wished to be courteous to a hero or an official guest, they frequently admitted him gratis into a brothel. Once upon a time "the key to the city" had more than a symbolical meaning! Nor did it admit visitors only past the city gates. The Emperor Sigismund, who reigned in the fifteenth century, is said to have entered a brothel in every city which he visited. Ambassadors were sometimes provided with girls as well as with food and drink.

As a mark of the dishonor in which prostitutes were held and to mark them off sharp-

ly from honest women, they were in many places required to wear distinctive garments of one sort or another. Often they were forbidden to appear in public with jewelry, or garbed in expensive clothes. They were recognized by a veil, a cap, or a cloak of prescribed color and shape, or by some sort of badge. Jews, heretics, lepers, and members of other despised classes often had also to wear badges when they showed themselves upon a public street or marketplace.

The disrespect attached to courtesans often was manifested to procurers and brothel servants as well. Like the hangman, they were supposed to be performing a necessary work, but yet a dirty one. Perhaps the way we feel about street-cleaners and garbage-collectors gives some faint inkling of the medieval attitude toward the people who depended upon the bawdyhouse for their livelihood.

The laws often classed prostitutes and bawds with vagabonds and thieves. In fact, there was a tendency for these classes to overlap. A woman who wandered about from town to town found herself in a very dangerous position. The authorities, who protected prostitutes in their brothels, had no reason to look favorably upon strange women. Sometimes they even branded them and whipped them out of town.

An honest girl who went far off to kiss the relics of some saint was not likely to return home a virgin. Religious pilgrimages, which were very popular during the Middle Ages, acquired such an unsavory reputation that they were put under the ban of the Church. Yet

they continued. Most pilgrims looked upon their trips chiefly as pleasure parties. When Chaucer makes some of his characters, on their way to Canterbury, tell smutty stories, he is reflecting the true situation. The religious duty was hardly more than a pretext. People did not go off simply because they needed a vacation. To visit a shrine, however, it was permissible to stay away from work for a few weeks.

The fairs and periodical markets brought together considerable crowds. They originated in Europe at a time when there were hardly any cities, and the trading had to be done at fixed times, when tents and booths were set up for the purpose. Naturally the wandering dancers and jugglers as well as adventurous prostitutes followed the crowds. Many married men were never away from home except when they attended fairs for business purposes. Like some men of our own time and country, they were usually able to combine business with pleasure.

At various religious and secular festivals, harlots played an important part. Sometimes they were asked by the local authorities to dance before the assembled guests, and they were rewarded with food and drink and garlands of flowers for their labors. Such had been the custom in ancient Rome as well. Medieval men sometimes hired prostitutes to enliven the guests at private parties, such as weddings and christenings.

When a king or even a bishop paraded through his realm, he was likely to have a

number of courtesans in his train. At the great ecclesiastic councils, they were present in great numbers. When the nobles of the Holy Roman Empire assembled, prostitutes were waiting for them.

The greater refinements of Oriental luxury were brought back to the western countries by soldiers in the crusades and by pilgrims to the Holy Sepulcher. There were also prostitutes and vagabonds who wandered great distances, despite the difficulties which stood in the way of travel. Toward the end of the Middle Ages, many merchants were making long journeys to get spices and other articles; chiefly luxuries for the rich.

Crusaders and other soldiers attracted great numbers of courtesans. In the hour of victory, to be sure, the military men needed to pay neither for wine nor for women. They simply took them without question as part of the reward for success.

Sailors, then as now, formed an important part of the brothel clientele in seaport cities. Peddlers and traveling merchants were always considered prospective visitors. Married men were by no means committing a great sin when they visited a brothel while away from home, or even, for that matter, while they remained in their own cities. In the latter case they would have been considered unnecessarily extravagant, though, unless they belonged to the wealthier classes.

More especially in the last two or three centuries of the Middle Ages, the public baths became known as brothels. In England, the

baths appear to have housed prostitutes beginning at a very early period. Probably this practice was introduced by the Romans. On the continent, it became important only after the religious wars had brought great number of men into contact with Byzantine and Saracen civilizations.

European prostitutes were sometimes sold into the Eastern Empire, Arabia, and northern Africa, while Saracen slaves were occasionally provided in the brothels of Venice and Genoa. The slave trade was of course more important in Constantinople, Cairo, and Bagdad than it ever became in the western towns. Yet, while the prostitutes of England, France, and Germany were in practically all cases nominally free, they were often enough completely in the power of a bawd.

The prostitutes of the Middle Ages were almost all illiterate. Few of them had any considerable amount of intelligence. They were sometimes sent to countries whose language they understood only imperfectly. They did not enjoy the full privileges of the law. It is small wonder, then, that their masters and mistresses might usually do with them whatever they wished. We must remember that workmen and servants of all kinds had few rights as against their superiors. It is comparatively a new idea that the employer can punish an employee only by dismissing him or by having him prosecuted in court. The lazy apprentice of olden times was disciplined with a stout stick.

The prostitute's bully has always been known for his cruelty. He is a sort of bawd to whom one or more women are bound rather by the love which they feel for him than by any other consideration. Certainly it has very seldom been an economic motive which caused a girl to place herself under his protection. The bully takes the lion's share for himself, and to the wench that loves him he is generous only with blows. In the *Ballade of Villon and Fat Margot*, which prudery keeps from most English translations of the great poet's works, he tells how he was Margot's bully for a time, greeting her patrons and serving them with wine and food, pawning her clothes when money was scarce, beating her when she dared to protest, always sure of her love, and all the more sure of it because he was cruel to her.

Wine was usually associated with women, although there were a number of medieval ordinances prohibiting the sale of intoxicants in places of prostitution. As a matter of fact, there were practically no inns where women could not be supplied. It was taken for granted that a coy waitress or chambermaid merely wished to be assured of a liberal reward.

Up to the last two or three centuries of the Middle Ages the brothel as such was comparatively rare. The public women had previously been chiefly gathered in the taverns. When wineshop and brothel became separated, there were yet towns of three or four hundred people which supported a house of prostitution.

In ancient times, lupanars were often lo-

cated near the markets and public buildings. This was the case in the early Middle Ages as well, but gradually they were removed to the outskirts of the town or even outside the city wall. In some cases, a whole street or group of streets was given over to houses of prostitution. Usually a red lantern hung at the door to indicate the brothel, along with a sign bearing the picture of some animal or other object. The street signs were intended for people who could not read, but could recognize a red donkey or a green shield when they saw one. Numbers on the houses did not exist.

Brothels were sometimes placed in the Jewish quarters, to the great indignation of the inhabitants, who were seldom, in any case, permitted to visit them. In many districts it was a crime punishable by burning alive for Jew and Christian to cohabit. It was to prevent this enormous sin, the authorities said, that Jews were required to wear distinguishing badges. The medieval Jews almost all married while they were very young, and it is altogether probable that few of them indulged in sexual relations outside of marriage. Their connection with the ownership and the management of brothels began in modern times. That there were Jewish girls in some of the medieval lupanars, however, cannot be doubted.

As we have already noticed, there were some tendencies toward change in the system of public prostitution near the end of the Middle Ages. A few brothels of great luxury, usually together with magnificent baths, were con-

structed in Italy and southern France. Trade increased, there were more wealthy men and more contacts with Eastern culture.

The government authorities, especially the municipalities, took over many brothels, operating them themselves with paid employees or renting them out. In many cities the private stews and prostitutes living outside the brothels were heavily taxed or otherwise hampered in their attempts to compete with the publicly owned houses.

To the women who lived in the lupanars, there were certain advantages in being in the public service. They were better protected by the police than before, since the city took a share of their earnings and was economically interested in their well-being. Elaborate city ordinances prescribed opening and closing hours for the brothels, declared what classes of patronage might not be admitted, and protected the inmates in various ways. For example, a man might pawn a wife or daughter with a brothel-keeper only if she consented. If the woman protested, she had to be released immediately, even though the money advanced was not repaid. There were rules, also, to prevent the prostitutes from being cheated of their earnings or from having their clothes sold for unreasonable claims on the part of the master or mistress. The paternal authorities went so far as to write into their laws how much food was to be provided for the women at each meal.

Many municipalities forbade the masters and keepers of the brothels to admit virgins from

the same city. They might go elsewhere to find pretty girls, however; it was difficult to keep local girls from being enticed into the houses of prostitution of other cities. The rules often prescribed penalties for taking married women and non-Christian girls into the brothels, but they were nevertheless violated at times.

A regulation difficult to enforce required the exclusion of married men and priests. Then, as now, laws were enacted in fits of moral enthusiasm which public opinion afterward failed to support. Theoretically, of course, all the men and women consecrated to religion in the Roman Catholic Church during the later Middle Ages lived chaste lives. Those who did not were not deterred by the rules which the honorable mayor and corporation laid down.

In one or two cities, virgins were not supposed to be admitted into the brothels at all. Yet, since there was always a demand for such wares, the tendency was to recruit girls while they were still young, even before they had reached the age of puberty. This practice was in most cases illegal. People were considered elderly at forty in the Middle Ages. Probably, then, the majority of prostitutes were less than twenty years old. Yet we find mentioned harlots of sixty and seventy. It is possible that these were simply brothel mistresses or cashiers. These ladies were regularly inscribed on the lists of prostitutes, and frequently they did serve as such.

Although courtesans were despised, they

were usually admitted into the churches. Often they were required to contribute to a fund for the purchase of candles as well as to attend mass in a body. As a class, they seem to have been at least as well off as working women and the wives of poor men. They always were provided with a sufficiency of food and wine. Their bathing facilities and medical attendance were much better than ordinary honest folk had. To be sure, that is not saying a great deal. Apparently syphilis was altogether unknown in Europe during the medieval period. The other venereal diseases were widespread, though. But of course the physicians of the Middle Ages understood little of the nature of contagious and communicable diseases. Very few men were kept from the brothel by the fear of becoming ill. It was understood that excess was in general dangerous, but people who had the money were accustomed to eat and drink as well as to love up to the full limit of their capacity.

Medieval folks were blissfully ignorant that they lived in malodorous filth and narrow superstition. They worked when they had to, but when the hour of leisure came they threw themselves thoughtlessly into their rough plays and their pursuit of pleasure. In some ways asceticism pressed less heavily upon them than it does upon us who live in the United States in the twentieth century. The rudest peasant was likely to know that he had an immortal soul and was therefore altogether different from the beasts of the field. At the same time

men lived a great deal like animals, except that they had the ability to make themselves drunk.

Although the scholars and the aldermen declared prostitutes to be inferior creatures, we may doubt if the peasants and the journeymen were altogether of the same opinion. The brothel women belonged to a regular craft, had their patron saints and their places in church, joined the honest citizens in celebrating holidays, wore excellent clothing, were often the special wards of the city. Surely, then, it was no great misfortune if a washwoman's daughter joined the ranks of the "daughters of joy."

In the public houses, the women were usually required to do a specified daily amount of work, spinning or sewing. They could escape this obligation by paying a small sum. Since, however, they had few amusements to occupy their spare time, they were content to occupy themselves with the needle.

It was not generally forbidden to receive men during the day, but most patrons came at night, except perhaps for a beaker or two of wine and to hear the jolly music, if the girls could be persuaded to sing. Naturally the playing, singing, and dancing were livelier in the evening, when the parlors were crowded with visitors. On Sundays, religious holidays, and during Passion week, the brothels were supposed to be closed against visitors.

Since men came to the stews to amuse themselves, usually with enough money to get thoroughly drunk—which was not very much, if

the quality of the intoxicants did not particularly matter—it was natural enough that there should be a great deal of brawling, and that occasionally some one should be stabbed or beaten to death. Sometimes the prostitutes suffered at the hands of the drunken and the cruel patrons. The bully or the master of the house was frequently called upon to throw out a disorderly guest.

Despite the fact that the stews were breeding-places of riot and disorder, the authorities preferred that prostitution should be confined within these houses, not spread about in private dwellings. As we have seen, they had their own interest in the brothels to consider. Besides, the police knew where to find criminals when the places of prostitution were few and open.

It was never possible to tax or harry out of existence the semi-prostitutes, the women who worked as barbers or bathmaids or seamstresses but who added to their income by gifts from their lovers. Of these there have always been various kinds. Some are hardly to be differentiated from the true courtesans, performing their daily tasks chiefly because of the opportunities offered to meet prospective patrons. Seldom did the people of the Middle Ages draw fine lines between waitresses or female bath attendants and harlots.

At times, too, women walked the streets or the country roads displaying their charms. The wandering prostitutes were considered to offer illegitimate competition to those whose taxes

helped to maintain the city government. Also they were much more likely to kill or rob their patrons, since they were in large measure outlaws, women who had been banished or had fled from the hangman's noose.

Unauthorized brothels were sometimes established in the cities, near the public houses of prostitution. They were liable to be raided by the authorities, however, or by the girls with whose lawful occupation they interfered. In general, all crafts and industries were registered, and a private brothel was considered to interfere with the orderly conduct of business. To open a herring store or a blacksmith's shop without proper authorization would have been similarly illegal.

Except where the honorable women are locked up in seraglios, it is practically impossible to limit promiscuous sexual intercourse to a few licensed houses. In western Europe, especially in the northern countries, medieval women, both married and unmarried, were allowed considerable freedom. Besides, men often prostituted their wives and daughters in their own houses. The system of boarding apprentices and journeymen in their masters' homes greatly encouraged adultery.

Dance halls, where liquor was usually sold, served more or less openly as houses of prostitution and recruiting grounds for girls. These did not become important until the fifteenth century. During the Dark Ages, there were few cities large enough to make possible an elaborate system of "night life." In the great

cities of the Orient, however, the cabarets of old Greece and Rome were reproduced, with slaves who were skilled in music and the art of love.

In the baths, many of the attendants were women. There were maids, masseuses, barbers, waitresses. Toward the close of the period with which we are dealing, many of these institutions were provided with luxurious bedrooms, and the women servants were chosen entirely for their attractiveness.

Cheapness was the usual feature of medieval prostitution. The services of a harlot might in some cases be obtained for as little as the price of an egg. Mills, cellars, and underground passages and caves served as brothels for the unfastidious. In these same places beggars and thieves met to discuss their plans and to enjoy a sociable hour or two. Their women sometimes lured strangers into these holes for the purpose of emptying their pockets, whether by force or after having given them wine enough to put them to sleep. Crime was in some ways better organized than it is today. One who had committed even a petty larceny stood ordinarily in danger of death, and it was to his interest to join the "kingdom" or "guild" of criminals. There were few gangs of outlaws which did not number women among them. In some cases they belonged to individuals, especially to the chiefs. More often they were communally loved, besides using their charms for the benefit of the gang.

Not all the women who roamed the streets

belonged to such organized bands. Some had high ideals of professional ethics and served God faithfully by preserving the sanctity of the family. Of course a great many of them were themselves married, but this fact did not interfere seriously with their self-righteousness.

We must not consider that prostitution was altogether a tawdry and sordid matter. For many poor folk, the harlots stood for the whole ideal of beauty. They made bouquets of the fair spring flowers which they presented to their patrons. They were familiar with the coarse rhymed stories called *fabliaux*, but often they sang or recited the sweet lyrics of Provence. Beautiful or ugly, witty or stupid, they represented earthly love to the common people of town and country. They stood for something better than the lifelong devotion to some petty task. Medieval men rose early and remained all day at the counter or the workbench. The shoemaker performed all the operations himself instead of devoting himself, like our workingmen, to a single division of the manufacture. Therefore it is sometimes said that the artisans of the Middle Ages worked joyfully, with pride in their labor like that of a creative artist. To some extent this is true, but it is a matter which has been much overemphasized. Certainly most medieval men preferred the delights of the tavern to the joy of making a perfect pair of boots.

There were numerous concubines in the Middle Ages, many of whom were really in the position of wives. After it became impossible

for priests to take women in lawful marriage, they often were faithful to "sisters," "cousins," and "housekeepers." In numerous instances, such unions lasted until the death of one of the parties. The fact that no sacrament existed did not make the mutual devotion or the care of the children—poor bastards, to be sure—any less. Illegitimate children were many, for the use of contraceptives was little understood. Some of the boys born without benefit of clergy grew up to be great men—monarchs, and leaders in the Church.

A very few prostitutes of western Europe won wide reputation for their beauty and other talents and were enabled to draw wealthy patronage from afar. As a rule, they were much of a level, needing hardly any qualification other than the fact that they belonged to the female sex. As we have seen, the medieval appetite was seldom dainty.

Some prostitutes appear to have used such tactics as are associated with the clothing shops of the New York ghetto. We find police ordinances directed against the practice of pulling passers-by into the brothels by the sleeve, or of snatching off their hats and compelling them to run into the house to reclaim them.

To such details did the governmental regulations extend. Exactly as in the case of the public markets, the lupanars were watched to prevent unfair competition and disorderly conditions. Of course the brothels were still more carefully supervised when they were under

municipal ownership. Then there were numerous raids upon the unlicensed prostitutes living at home and in secret brothels.

According to the Roman civil law, upon which most medieval systems of jurisprudence were based, a prostitute is a woman who has promiscuous sexual relations, whether she live in or out of a brothel and without regard to payment or lack of payment. The canon law, or law of the Roman Church, added the idea of payment to this definition. Some medieval lawmakers grouped with the prostitute properly so-called all concubines, mistresses, and other women who had sexual relations outside those made legal by marriage. Bloch tells us that the old German word *Hure* was applied to adulterous women as well as to harlots.

Indeed all women who committed fornication or adultery were offering competition to the public houses of prostitution. Sometimes they were sought out rather on this ground than because of any ethical consideration. Even where private prostitution was permitted, those women who enrolled themselves as courtesans were usually required to pay taxes and to wear the prescribed garb or to cease wearing such garments as were forbidden them by law.

The execution of the ordinances relating to prostitution was frequently assigned to officers specially designated for the purpose. These were sometimes beadles, or officers of the parish church, sometimes constables and agents working under the police director.

Among the punishments inflicted upon pros-

titutes who transgressed the laws applying to their profession were exposure in the pillory, in the stocks, or in a cart which was driven through the city to the tune of shouting and charivari. In some places this was varied by placing the woman on a donkey, facing its tail. Public exposure was not merely a method of putting a criminal to shame. Except in the unusual instances where a popular person was pilloried, the man or woman who was thus punished was sure to be pelted with mud and rotten vegetables by the members of a cruel mob.

Bawds who had seduced honest women might in some cities be put to death by burning alive or hanging. For various crimes, prostitutes and panders were flogged, mutilated in one way or another, imprisoned for short periods, or fined. Branding with a hot iron was another punishment much used.

Hygienic requirements in the brothel seem to have been almost entirely adopted without any consideration for venereal disease as such. Women who were suffering from any disease were supposed to be removed to hospitals, however. This obligation was especially insisted upon in the case of prostitutes who were with child. Baths were often established in the lupanars, whether for the patrons or for the inmates themselves. Leprous women were in no case to be taken into a brothel. Only in rare cases did the authorities require the medical examination of the women on suspicion that they might be diseased. Probably the

brothels helped to spread not only gonorrhea but also the great plagues which swept through Europe like an uncontrollable fire. Yet, considering the medical knowledge of the time, they were not remarkably unsanitary places. No doubt they were as orderly and as clean as any of the houses in which men of all classes assembled, especially when they were owned by the larger and more prosperous municipalities. In our eyes this would nevertheless be very disorderly and pretty filthy, but we should have the same opinion about medieval cottages, castles, and palaces.

PROSTITUTION IN MEDIEVAL ENGLAND

When the Romans conquered Britain, they found group marriage and other loose sexual relationships prevailing. Naturally there were no houses of prostitution. Dr. Sanger says that the Britons had very coarse manners, and he instances the fact that it was customary for brides to be entirely naked on their wedding day.

The Anglo-Saxons had a stricter moral code. They seem to have had no laws against incest, however. But adultery was very severely punished. It seems that before they came to England, some of their chiefs had practiced polygyny. At any rate, their harsh laws were directed against the woman who broke the marriage vows and against the man who lay with the wife of another. The adulterous wife was sometimes given the opportunity to commit suicide, after which her body was burnt.

If she resisted, she was tortured, perhaps hunted down by a mob of women armed with clubs and knives. Her partner in love was also slain.

Women were purchased from their fathers by those who wished to marry them. There are few evidences of any regular system of prostitution among the Anglo-Saxons, although individual harlots undoubtedly existed. Married women had their hair cut short: this was supposed to make them less attractive and therefore less likely to commit adultery.

According to a law of Cnut, the nose and the ears of an adulteress were cut off. Later a cash payment to the woman's husband was substituted for the punishment of the adulterous woman and her lover. This tended to encourage the prostitution of wives, for which reason the criminal prosecution of the guilty men was afterward resumed. They might become the king's slaves, to work at hard labor or in the royal army. By a law of King Edgar, both man and woman were compelled to live on bread and water three days in every week for a period of seven years.

The Romans established brothels in London and some other English cities. Probably one or two of them remained in existence well into the Middle Ages. Certainly the system of bath prostitution, which did not develop in France and Germany until after the crusades, seems to have been in England a legacy from the Romans. The *stews*, that is, a brothel, is derived from the Middle English *stuwen*, to bathe.

Compare the etymology of *bagnio*, referred to in *Prostitution in the Ancient World* (Little Blue Book No. 286), the first volume of this history. During the medieval period, the public baths were the principal lupanars of England.

In the twelfth century, during the reign of Henry II, a law was passed regulating the stews. On holidays, no women were to be permitted to remain in the bath-houses. Men might come to bathe, but prostitution was forbidden on these days. The bathmasters were forbidden to sell food or drink. Many of the other rules were of such kinds as have already been referred to. Men were not to be pulled in by force. No nuns or married women were to be allowed within the stews. No woman was to be paid unless a man had remained with her all night. No woman who suffered from "burning" was to be permitted to remain in the house. This was perhaps one of the few medieval references to gonorrhea. The law of Henry II was confirmed in the fourteenth century and again in the fifteenth. Some of the London houses dedicated to bathing and prostitution belonged to the Bishops of Winchester for a time, then came under the control of William Walworth, Lord Mayor of London, who filled them with Flemish girls.

During the ninth century, a number of ecclesiastical lawyers maintained that the Church should receive one tenth of the revenues of all the prostitutes in the country. The arguments at this time made clear the fact that

prostitution was already widespread. The claim to a tithe was abandoned, however, whether because there was no possibility of obtaining it or because some of the churchmen felt that it would be wrong to profit from sin, it is difficult to say. But later bishops, we have seen, did not scorn the revenues derived from brothels. The Duke of York obtained rent from two lupanar mistresses in the days of Samuel Pepys.

The Danish invasion appears not to have improved English sexual morality. As we are told, the Danes combed their hair daily and otherwise embellished themselves to such an extent that they proved irresistible to the wives of the ruder Anglo-Saxons.

By a law of this period, any man who had sexual relations with the wife of another was required to pay a fixed sum to her husband and also to secure for the outraged man another woman, whom he was to pay for her act of prostitution. Evidently, then, prostitutes were to be had, and they had a legal position. Moreover, adultery was no great crime —no crime at all, strictly speaking. If a peasant woman was seduced, her husband was supposed to receive what would amount to perhaps five dollars of our money, along with the right to commit adultery free of charge. A nobleman's outraged feelings were worth more, possibly the equivalent of a hundred dollars. This law did not actually encourage adultery, as has sometimes been said, however. It was always cheaper and less troublesome to go into

a public bath-house than to compound with an irate husband. The fact that a bridal price was paid for women tended of course to make the husbands look upon them as property, which might in some cases be profitably rented out. Gradually it became necessary to obtain the bride's consent before any marriage was contracted. Yet the practice of buying wives continued far into the Middle Ages. Little by little the married women of England improved their position, but at the close of the Middle Ages it was still an inferior one.

The Norman invaders were even more refined than the Danes. Perhaps they were better skilled in vice also. William the Conqueror was himself an illegitimate child, begotten by Duke Robert upon a tanner's daughter. He was a hard, blunt, cruel man, and yet he abolished capital punishment for crime and put an end to the English slave-trade. Under his rule peace was established in the land, "so that a man might fare over his land with a bosom full of gold."

The conquest greatly intensified the development of the feudal system in England. At the same time it caused London and the other towns to become important centers of trade and to grow much larger than they had previously been. Giving England various contacts with the continent, it influenced the history of prostitution in a number of ways. For example, foreign harlots were frequently found in the London stews. So, too, were foreign patrons,

merchants and other visitors from Normandy and elsewhere.

By feudal law, any vassal who made indecent proposals to the wife of his lord was punished with the loss of his lands. The superior was little constrained in his relations with his inferiors, however. As against feudal law, the Church sometimes sought for morality and justice. Since the great mass of churchmen had petty ideals or were themselves absorbed in debauchery, their influence was seldom important as against that of licentious barons and lords. During the reign of William Rufus, there was a great controversy in England regarding the right of the bishops to punish for adultery and incest without the royal consent. However, many of the ecclesiastical authorities preferred not to contend against the king. In any case, they desired rather power than the suppression of immorality. This is the explanation of many medieval conflicts between the Church and the temporal lords of Europe.

Under King Henry III of England, the canon and the common law were found to conflict with regard to the legitimacy of children born out of wedlock whose parents afterward married. According to the law of the realm, they were bastards. According to the bishops, they had the right to inherit and the other privileges of lawful children. The ecclesiastical view prevailed, for questions of legitimacy came before the courts of the Church. Concubinage in the nature of trial marriage was encouraged somewhat by this decision.

Among Chaucer's pilgrims riding to the shrine of Saint Thomas at Canterbury, we find a group of nuns and several priests. The Prioress wears a brooch upon which is inscribed, "Love conquers all." There is no evidence that anything other than the love of God is referred to. Yet the thoughts inspired by such a motto might easily be sensual. However we interpret these words, we must be impressed by the fact that the virtues and vices of this nun, as Chaucer describes them, are hardly those of a woman devoted to religion. She is ladylike, charitable, courtly, but not, so far as we are told, pious.

The monk is a great hunter and a lover of fine living. The friar is wanton and merry. "In all the four orders there is no one so skilful in dalliance and fair language. He had made full many a marriage of young women at his own cost." The inference is clear. He is a confessor, and his penance is light to all who give him alms "for the poor friars." The summoner or ecclesiastical bailiff is "lecherous as a sparrow." He, too, is susceptible to presents. "He would suffer, for a quart of wine, a good fellow to have his concubine for a twelvemonth, and excuse him fully." Only one of the priests, a poor parson, is an honest and virtuous man. These were the conditions in England of the fourteenth century.

It is somewhat amusing, in Sanger's odd *History of Prostitution*, to read how chivalry promoted morality and preserved female chastity in medieval England. Certainly the brave and

pure knights felt not the least obligation with regard to the wives and daughters of their inferiors. Nor did their knightly vows keep them from ravishing women of their own rank. Occasionally they refrained from harming the ladies in a newly-captured castle, but in general they were far from practicing their beautiful creed.

PROSTITUTION IN MEDIEVAL GERMANY

According to the law of the West Goths, "if a freeborn maiden or married woman carries on promiscuous sexual intercourse in the city and is often found to be engaged in prostitution, shamelessly and uninterruptedly carrying on the practice of luring men to her, this woman is to be arrested by the municipal authorities and publicly given three hundred strokes with a whip." If the parents of a freeborn woman consented to her course of life, they were also to be flogged. The law was directed as well against the practice of prostituting female slaves and servants.

In the medieval period, though, the German laws tolerated prostitution. As elsewhere in Europe, the cities, the noblemen and even the bishops profited from the brothels. Several lupanars established by the Romans in the cities along the Rhine continued to exist after the Western Empire passed out of existence. In Mainz, where prostitution was originally introduced for the sake of the Roman garrison, we find that during the fifteenth century all brothels were controlled by the bishop.

Not very far away, in the Dutch city of Amsterdam, we find the authorities making their position clear: "Prostitutes are indispensable in such a great commercial city as ours. Since, too, the Holy Church, for due reasons, permits them to exist, we will not entirely forbid them to ply their trade."

The city of Hamburg permitted prostitution because of similar considerations. As for the towns which were not great centers of trade, they had other cogent reasons for allowing bawdry. During the fourteenth century, we find the corporation of the free city of Hamburg causing public brothels to be built. Here, as in Cologne and Strassburg, the lupanars were operated by the city, managed by officials appointed for the purpose.

During the fifteenth century, the city of Ulm leased the municipally owned brothels to individuals. The tenants agreed to serve the city faithfully, to conceal no stolen goods in their houses, to prevent riots, and always to keep at least fourteen clean, healthy women in each lupanar. The prostitutes were to be given meals of a stated value. On days when meat was eaten, each woman was given two courses, as soup and meat with turnips, or meat and several vegetables. On Fridays and during Lent, eggs or herrings and other fish were substituted for the roast or boiled meat. If a woman wished to purchase food outside the brothel, the keeper had to pay her the six pfennigs which the meal she declined was supposed to be worth. (This amounted, of course,

to much more than six pfennigs of the present German currency. Whenever we have to do with old prices, we must allow for the difference in purchasing power.) The manager was required to sell wine to the women in his house whenever they asked for it.

In each of the brothels of Ulm, there was a money-box, keys to which were held by the keeper, one of the prostitutes and the cashier. Every day the women put their receipts into the box. A third of the money went to the host, in addition to a fixed charge for each patron. Presents of jewelry, clothing, and the like were the property of the recipient.

At the close of the fifteenth century, the brothels of Hamburg were restricted to certain streets. It seems that they were no longer municipally owned, but that they were specially taxed by the city authorities. Much prostitution took place in mills, bakeries, and other unlicensed houses.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, there was a tendency in some parts of Germany to remove the control of public morals from the Church. The ecclesiastical authorities throughout the Middle Ages declared it a pious and merciful work for an honest citizen to marry a prostitute and thus to remove her from a life of sin. An ordinance of Berlin made the children of such a union illegitimate. As the outcry against the immorality of the nuns and priests arose, it was commonly said that the clergy had personal reasons for favoring the prostitutes. As a rule, the German laws dealt

more severely than those of the Church with adultery and other offenses against sexual morality. An adulteress or a procurer who seduced a married woman into a brothel might be punished by death. More often the penalty against the woman consisted of publicly cutting off her hair and compelling her to wear a linen veil for the rest of her life.

Precisely because the sanctity of the family was much valued, prostitution was widespread If a creditor found it necessary, in his proceedings against a debtor, to travel away from home and remain overnight at an inn, he was permitted to include "woman money," the amount he had paid a prostitute, in his expense account. In Berlin, Vienna, and other German cities, we find frequently in the public accounts references to sums of money paid for the hire of women to entertain ambassadors and other distinguished visitors. Moreover, although prostitution was supposed to be an institution necessary only for the unmarried, some of the distinguished guests so honored were known to have wives at home.

Important in the medieval life of Germany were the wandering women dancers, singers, flute-players, and jugglers. In most cases they were prostitutes as well, taking the place among the peasants of the streetwalkers in the towns. At times the interest in dancing was at least as great as it is upon the introduction of a new step among us. After the crusades, a number of women from the Orient came to Germany and western Europe, their dances frankly erotic.

The peasant women were quick to learn the new dances, which were then spread into districts where the Oriental prostitutes themselves did not go. The dance madness became veritably epidemic.

PROSTITUTION IN MEDIEVAL FRANCE

The Gauls and the Franks imposed severe penalties upon women taken in adultery. Prostitutes too were supposed to be stoned to death. That such a punishment was seldom or never inflicted in Gaul may be due to the fact that there was practically no city life. If there was no organized prostitution until the Roman conquest, certainly sexual relations not authorized by marriage frequently occurred. Especially after victories or during celebrations of glorious anniversaries, the Franks were fond of feasting, drinking, and indulging in sexual orgies.

Massalia (the present Marseilles) was a city of great importance under Roman rule. On account of its commerce and its university, its brothels were well attended. The soldiers, too, brought hordes of prostitutes into a number of the towns of Gaul. Male homosexual prostitutes were numerous among them.

The Frankish chieftains frequently had more than one wife apiece. Or perhaps we should speak of concubines, for each man had a single wife properly so-called, who had rights distinctly superior to those of the other women in the *gynecea* or seraglios. True prostitution was

little developed until the tenth and eleventh centuries.

In the laws of Charlemagne, known as the Capitularies, prostitution was forbidden. The monks were especially directed to cease living dissolute lives, and the nuns were told to cease being "prostitutes, thieves, and murderers." All harlots and all persons who were interested in the traffic as bawds or otherwise were supposed to be flogged. With prostitutes were grouped adulterous women and those who committed fornication. There were attempts also to prevent erotic music and dancing.

Concubinage was permitted, however, both among the wealthy men who maintained *gyneca* and among the priests. The latter had still the right to marry, but they preferred promiscuous intercourse, as we may infer from the language used in the Capitularies.

During the Dark Ages, marital fidelity, especially among the higher classes, became increasingly more rare. The example was set by a number of the kings. The nobility and all classes of the clergy followed their example. The sculpture upon the cathedrals and other churches frequently represented scenes which could not now be shown anywhere in public.

In the thirteenth century, Louis VIII made a fruitless effort to control prostitution. Louis IX (Saint Louis), who was more pious and more powerful, issued an edict in 1254 ordering the exile of all harlots, brothel-keepers, and bawds. A number of men and women were actually thrown into prison or conducted across

the border. Those who returned to Paris were severely dealt with. For a short time there was very little prostitution in those parts of France under the royal control. The best-known courtesans were either shut up in Magdalene asylums or sent out of the kingdom. Other women soon took their places. Tavern prostitution became important. The former patrons of the brothels found women to serve them in baths, restaurants, and other places. Moreover, there were many complaints that it was impossible for the burghers to maintain the chastity of their wives and daughters.

The ordinance was therefore repealed after two years. The traffic of prostitution was placed under the control of an official known as the *Roy des Ribauds* or King of Vagabonds. It was his duty to arrest and punish all women who violated the laws relating to the brothel. In particular, prostitution was confined to certain portions of the city of Paris and the courtesans were forbidden to wear jewelry or clothing of expensive materials.

In his old age, Saint Louis called upon his son, who was to reign as Philip III, to reissue the edict of 1254. It became law again, but no serious effort was made to enforce it. The time was certainly not ripe for the prohibition of prostitution.

There are several references in medieval French literature to the custom of lending one's wife to a guest. That the matter should be expressed in this fashion indicates plainly the inferior position of the female sex. Since the

women were originally bought, the idea of giving them to another for a night or two as an act of hospitality did not seem altogether strange.

Some of the popular preachers of the Middle Ages dwelt in their sermons upon the prevailing licentiousness. We find from their sermons that even the churches served as brothels. The harangues dealt severely with the monks, parish priests, and bishops who failed to keep their vow of chastity and with the women who had sexual relations with them. Often attacked also in the sermons were the procuresses, many of whom prostituted their own daughters. A number of convents, according to the preachers, were seraglios in which perversions of all sorts were practiced.

According to the old chroniclers, many medieval customs were free and easy. For example, on the twenty-eighth of December, Innocents' Day, men were permitted to enter girls' bedrooms early in the morning. If they found them still in bed, they were allowed to administer a spanking. Of course the matter did not always end with a few slaps. Broad jests were made at weddings, and it was considered funny to stand at a window or a crack in the wall and watch the newly-married couple go to bed.

The Capitularies of Charlemagne provided penalties for the members of certain Christian sects practicing sexual rites. In later centuries, witchcraft and religious flagellation had their effect upon public morals. The military-religious order of Templars was destroyed by Philip

IV of France and many of its members were put to death on charges that the knights had indulged in unnatural sexual orgies. Undoubtedly it was the cupidity of the king rather than his zeal for morality which caused him to act. Yet there are some evidences that the Templars did engage in homosexual practices.

Meanwhile public prostitution remained unmolested, except when some of the numerous regulative laws were violated. Courtesans were required to wear badges on their shoulders to indicate their calling. At Avignon, prostitutes wore on the left arm a white bow on dark clothing or a black bow to contrast with light clothing. At Paris, they were made to wear the badge and they were forbidden to appear on the street in garments which were diaphanous or made of silk or fur or wearing ornaments of silver or pearl.

A harlot who appeared in public in an unlawful garment was liable to have it torn off her back on the spot and sold for the benefit of the constable and the public treasury. Bawds who violated the law were in a number of cases put to death. Several procuresses were burnt at the stake in Paris during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Others had to stand naked all day in the public square, then have the hair singed off their bodies. Public whippings and the cutting off of ears were by no means rare. The Paris mobs delighted in stoning the bawds and procuresses who were pilloried or marched through the city for seducing virgins or for other crimes.

In a number of the French provinces, the feudal lords took to themselves the privilege of taxing prostitutes. In some cases, they are said to have received payment in kind. The brothel regulations varied from city to city and from one demesne to another, for the authority of the king was seldom during the Middle Ages effective over all France.

A royal charter permitted the city and the university of Toulouse to join in establishing a large house of prostitution, which was called the Great Abbey. All traveling courtesans who wished to follow their calling while in the city were required to lodge there, along with the prostitutes who remained permanently in the city. That is, no private brothels and no independent courtesans had any legal standing. Only the large house near the city wall was supposed to be used for prostitution. Apparently all the women received fixed salaries, and the profits were divided between the university and the city.

When King Charles VI visited Toulouse, the public prostitutes came out to greet him. They requested the privilege of appearing on the streets without the white ribbons which indicated their vocation and sometimes exposed them to insult. The king issued a decree to this effect. The citizens of Toulouse were displeased, however. A courtesan who walked abroad without her badge stood in danger of being roughly handled by an angry mob. The public women agreed then among themselves to remain within the Abbey and to discourage

patronage. The university and the city found that their profits fell off sharply. Accordingly they apealed to the king. Charles felt that the royal authorities had been defied. He had his own device, the *fleur-de-lis*, placed above the brothel door. The burghers of Toulouse continued to demand the restoration of the badges.

Finally the prostitutes left the Abbey and removed to another part of the city, where they enlisted a corps of bullies and ruffians to protect them against disturbers. A century later, the city of Toulouse had constructed for them the Green House, which stood in Villon's day.

There are a number of instances in medieval France where bankers conducted a prostitution department, as in our time they have departments for the sale of real estate and steamship tickets. The Lombards who introduced banking into France had several charters entitling them to maintain brothels. A family of bankers maintained a luxurious brothel, fitted with attractive baths, in the city of Montpellier for several generations. When a rival house was established, they obtained a perpetual injunction against it.

Avignon was celebrated for its prostitutes, both under civil and ecclesiastical rule. Joanna of Naples enacted a regulatory ordinance in 1347 which the Popes permitted to remain in force. All courtesans were required to live in the public brothel and to wear ribbons of red whenever they appeared on the street. They were forbidden to have anything to do with the sale of foodstuffs. It is doubtful if

hygienic considerations had anything to do with this prohibition.

In a number of the southern provinces, there were unsuccessful attempts to extirpate prostitution. At times the courtesans and their patrons were forced to walk naked through the streets. Procuresses were thrust into iron cages and ducked in the river. The effect of these penalties was simply to arouse sexual desires.

The poems of François Villon throw much light on conditions in the fifteenth century. He knew much of the

> Wantons who all their charms display
> That so more custom to them be led.

His conclusion about the ladies of light love finds expression in the refrain, "Happy is he who knows them not."

Among the persons with whom he came into intimate contact was the Abbess of Port Royal, who belonged to a good family and held a rich position in the Church. She prostituted the nuns in her convent and indulged her sadistic lusts upon them. When a popular song satirizing her conduct was written, she had the author beaten to death. Finally she was deprived of her abbey. She was sometimes called the Abbesse de Poilras (Shaven Head) to indicate that she was no better than the prostitutes whose hair had been removed by the public hangman.

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Physics Self Taught

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INTRODUCTION

Until recent times the study of *Physics* included virtually all the natural sciences, and was therefore synonymous with "Natural Philosophy". With the rapid advancement of science in many fields, especially during the nineteenth century, and the consequent need for specialization on the part of investigators, Chemistry, Astronomy, Biology, and Geology became separate departments of science.

To the domain of Physics was left only such closely related subjects as *mechanics*, *heat*, *electricity*, *light* and *sound*—all of which are phenomena of inanimate matter involving no changes in chemical composition.

More recently, owing to still further advances, there has been a marked tendency toward a reunification of the natural sciences, and we speak now of electro-chemistry, physical chemistry, biophysics, biochemistry, and so on. Nevertheless, it is still expedient to limit the study of physics proper to problems of mechanics, heat, light, sound and electricity.

In view of what has just been said, it is perhaps hardly necessary to point out that the phenomena just enumerated lie at the foundation of all other sciences—are the basic phenomena of the cosmos; hence the study of most natural processes presupposes on the part of the student at least an elementary knowledge of physics.

Since the subject of electricity, and the problem of the structure of atoms, etc., have already

been treated in other Little Blue Books,[1] the subject-matter of the present volume will be limited to the principles of dynamics, heat, light and sound, with but a brief reference to electricity. These topics cannot, of course, be discussed in all their aspects. Some important physical topics will have to be omitted. It is hoped, however, that the information given will be neither less sound in principle nor less interesting to the reader because of the space limitations imposed.

It is hoped also that the thoughtful reader, having learned the principles discussed herein, will not find it difficult to employ them in the solution of many everyday problems of a practical nature. The reader who wishes to go farther into the subject would do well to take up next some such illustrated work as Prof. H. E. Hadley's "Everyday Physics" (1924), or "Practical Physics", by N. Henry Black and Harvey N. Davis (1920), to be followed by, say, "Elements of Physics", by F. W. Merchant and C. A. Chant (1924), the last named being a more advanced treatise, but nevertheless still falling within the definition of "elementary". See also the Physics list in "A Map of the World of Knowledge", by Sidney Morse, Introduction and Booklists by Jesse Lee Bennett (1925).

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[1]See, particularly, Moritzen, "Electric Energy: What It Does and Promises" (No. 510); Shipley, "The Principles of Electricity" (No. 133); also by Shipley, "A B C of the Electron Theory of Matter" (No. 603); "Electricity and Life" (No. 722); "Origin and Development of the Atomic Theory" (No. 608); "Man's Debt to the Sun" (No. 808).

PHYSICS SELF TAUGHT

CHAPTER I

GRAVITATION, INERTIA, FORCE, MOTION

One of the problems of nature which greatly perplexed men of science from the days of the early Greek physicists, and down into quite modern times, was the movement of the heavenly bodies and the falling of all free bodies near the earth to a place at rest on its surface.

Until the time of Galileo (1564-1642), it was generally believed that the "heavier" the substance, the faster would be its descent toward the earth; in other words, that the speed of a falling body depended upon its weight. This notion was forever dispelled by Galileo's famous experiment of dropping heavier and lighter balls, of different substances, from the "leaning tower of Pisa".

It was then demonstrated that, other things being equal, all bodies fall with the same velocity in a given time; *time*, not *weight*, being the determining factor of the body's speed, at any given moment, in falling from a height to the surface of the earth—more precisely, toward the center of the earth.

The metal at the end of a builder's plumb-line always "points" to the center of gravity—is "attracted" by a "force" which we call "gravity". This "force of gravity" always acts in

the direction of the line joining the center of the falling body to the earth's center, and therefore it is always perpendicular to the earth's surface. The force of gravity acting on *any* body is called the *weight* of the body.

If a spiral spring is substituted for the cord of the plumb-line, we have an instrument called a *spring-balance*, by which we can measure the force of gravity on any body; i. e., the weight of the body.

Since nearly everyone has used a spring-balance at one time or another, I need not go into detail on this phase of the subject. But not many persons have carried a spring-balance to the top of a high mountain for the purpose of weighing the same object there that has been weighed at the earth's surface. If one should do so, however, he would find the object weighing less and less with every increase in altitude, though the quantity of the material in the object remained unaltered. Why? For the simple reason that the weight of any given object depends to some extent upon the distance between the center of the body and the center of the earth.

An object which weighs one pound at the earth's surface (which is about 4000 miles distant from the earth's center) would weigh but four ounces if it could be transported to an altitude of 4000 miles, since doubling the distance from the earth's center reduces the force of gravity by one quarter of its former magnitude—the attraction between two bodies being directly proportional to the product of their masses, and inversely to the square of the

distance between them. This statement is known as Newton's Law of Universal Gravitation.

In the case of a one-pound mass placed 2000 miles from the earth's surface, or 6000 miles from its center, the weight would be reduced to 4/9 of a pound, since this distance apart is 6000/4000, or 3/2 of the former distance, and the force of attraction $= \frac{1}{(3/2)2} = 4/9$ of 1 pound-force.

In a mass weighing one pound—a pound-mass—the attraction of the earth on it is a *pound-force*. (The mass also attracts the earth with an equal force, since "action and reaction are equal". But we shall come to this point again later on.)

What we call the *weight* of an object, then, is a variable quantity, depending upon the distance of the body from the center of the earth—a homogeneous sphere always attracting a body outside of it as if all its matter were collected at its center. But since the *quantity of material* in the object always remains the same, we can, for all practical purposes, speak of the *mass* of a given body as a *constant quantity*, whatever and wherever it may be. Hence it is apparent that *mass* and *weight* are not equivalent terms.

Even on the earth's surface the weight of an object somewhat varies. The earth is not a perfect sphere, being slightly flattened at the poles, at which location the object to be weighed would be nearer the earth's center, and therefore heavier—i. e., the attraction of

the earth on the mass would be greater—to the extent of about 0.5% (1/568), as compared with a point anywhere on the bulging equator. Part of this difference in weight at the equator, however, would be due to the fact that an object at the equatorial zone of the earth would be revolving at a greater velocity than at points nearer the poles, so that at 1000 miles an hour —the equatorial velocity of the earth's rotation on its axis—the *centrifugal* force would counteract to some extent the *centripetal* attraction; the object thereby having a tendency to be thrown off the earth, just as mud is thrown tangentially from a rapidly revolving wheel.

ANCIENT "PROOF" OF EARTH'S FLATNESS

The Fundamentalists of by-gone days used to argue that the Bible conception of a flat earth must be correct, that the earth could not be a sphere (as had been argued by certain pagan philosophers) but must be flat: first, because four angels were recorded as having stood on the "four corners" of the earth; secondly, because people could not live on the "other side" of the earth (the Antipodes), for in this case their feet would be higher than their heads, and they would have to hang on by their feet like flies to a ceiling, which anyone could see was "absurd" as well as "contrary to Holy Scripture". But even Fundamentalists now—outside of the Dowieites and Koreshites—admit that the earth is virtually a sphere. We know now that the earth attracts to its center all objects on its surface, and that what was "down"

twelve hours ago is "up" now, and *vice versa*; that in nature there is really no "up" and no "down", excepting as relative to the earth's center, towards which our feet are always directed.

REST AND MOTION

Before going more into detail about the laws of motion, let us place ourselves in imagination back in the sixteenth century, and face the problem of the movement of bodies in the same way it was confronted by our forefathers; and then trace the gradual growth of the science of dynamics down to our own times.[2]

Everyone had noticed, of course, that any object released from the hand would immediately fall to the ground; and that any object projected into space above us would soon come to a momentary standstill and then fall to earth again. This seemed perfectly natural, since the objects concerned possessed the property of weight, and they would "fall" through the tenuous atmosphere for the same reason that stone or iron would "sink" in water. The conception of a "force" in the earth which "pulled" them did not at first occur to philosophers.

They were puzzled, however, to explain why the planets kept revolving around the earth (as they thought) without any force to keep them in motion and to prevent them from falling down to the earth. Why should the moon,

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[2]See also, in this connection, Shipley, "Greek Physics and Modern Science," Little Blue Book No. 837.

for example, follow its regular pathway around the earth?

It was all but universally believed, down to the time of Copernicus (1473-1543), and later—on Scriptural grounds—that the sun, planets, and stars all revolved around a stationary earth, our planet being regarded as stationed at the center of the universe.

The question naturally arose, what held the celestial bodies in their proper orbits, and what pushed or pulled them along in their paths? For it was taken for granted that the *natural* state of a body was one of *rest*. If anything moved, it was because something or somebody pushed or pulled it from its "natural" position of rest. To our philosophic forebears, learned in the angelology of the "Word of God", the answer was readily forthcoming: the planets and stars were under the personal direction of angels, or genii, pulling or pushing the heavenly bodies along in their apparent courses, holding them ever on the proper track, so to speak.

The great French philosopher, Réné Descartes (1596-1650) rejected the popular theory concerning the angelic impulsion of the planets, and assumed for the purposes of his all-embracing mechanical system of the world that an original impulse was given the mass of matter composing the cosmos by Deity. Given the continuance of this motion, with God as mover, all subsequent cosmic events could be accounted for, he contended, on strictly mechanical principles. *Motion* (locomotion) was, for Descartes, the true physical conception, the basic principle of all natural philosophy. It is to this great

geometer and philosopher that we owe two fundamental laws of nature, or of motion.

Descartes' first law states, in effect, that, extraneous causes not intervening, every particle of matter in the universe always continues in the same state of motion or of rest; and his second law affirms that simple or elementary motion is always in a straight line (*Principia*, pt. ii, 37). This is what the modern physicist means by *inertia*.

DESCARTES: THE PRINCIPLE OF INERTIA

Descartes' Law of Inertia was subsequently stated very simply by Sir Isaac Newton (1642-1727), as follows:

Every body continues in its state of rest, or of uniform motion in a straight line, unless it be compelled by external force to change that state.

This statement is now generally known as Newton's First Law of Motion, published in 1687 in his famous *Principia* (in full, *Principia Mathematica Naturalis Philosophiae;* i. e., "The Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy").

Everyone knows that a ball, for example, lying at rest on the ground, will remain at rest forever unless some force operating on it sets it in motion. But not everyone knows that if once set rolling it would continue to roll on forever unless some force stopped it. The belief was (and still is among some persons) that a body moves only so long as a force of

some kind operates upon it, impelling it along. Hence the idea that the planets and the moon were carried around in their orbits by angels.

THE FIRST LAW OF MOTION

The first law of motion asserts the physical truth that a state of uniform motion is just as natural as a state of rest. It is natural for us to regard rest as the natural state, and motion as an enforced one. Nature, however, knows no such distinction, though it is easy to be deceived by appearances into thinking otherwise.

For example, we note that when we throw a ball on a level field it soon comes to a standstill. We immediately assume that the original force exerted upon the ball has ceased operating, and that the ball stopped rolling because there was nothing—no *force* behind it—to keep it going; that it just *naturally* came to rest. This is a mistaken view.

What is required in the case of the ball to keep its motion continuous forever is not more impelling force, but the absence of friction and a cessation of gravitational attraction toward the earth's center of gravity. Had the ball been projected straight upwards with an initial velocity of, say, eight miles a second, it would continue its motion in a straight line throughout all eternity unless it collided with, or came within the gravitational control of, some other body. It would require nothing whatever to "keep it going" forever. This is the meaning of "the first law of motion". If a body is at rest, we don't need to ascertain what it is that

prevents its moving. But if it is already in motion, and then comes to a standstill, the question arises, "What stopped the rolling ball?"

Obviously, its course was impeded by friction with the earth's surface, and by repeatedly rising against the attraction of gravity in passing over pebbles, grass, etc. It had also to resist the pressure of the atmosphere, which has a noticeable effect even on the passage of a projectile from a high-power gun. The force of gravity, acting vertically, tends to pull the flying ball or projectile downward, becoming more powerful as the speed is diminished by atmospheric resistance.

Everyone has observed how an ordinary wagon-wheel soon comes to rest after being set rotating. A well adjusted bicycle-wheel, on the contrary, once set in motion, continues to revolve for quite a long time; the "external force"—the friction at the axle—is in this case much smaller than in the case of an ordinary vehicle.

That a body which is moving tends to continue moving in the same direction is a principle utilized by every schoolboy who wishes to jump a ditch or leap over an obstruction. He takes a run, leaps into the air, and his body, persisting in its motion, carries him across the ditch or over the obstacle. Contrary-wise, if we are standing still in a street-car which has come to a sudden stop, we tend to lurch forward; and when it starts again we tend to fall in the opposite direction.

A SIMPLE EXPERIMENT

The principle of inertia is well illustrated by an experiment familiar to all students of physics. If we lay a visiting-card (for example) on the top of a wine-glass, and then place a penny on the card, and flick the edge of the cardboard as quickly (or violently) as possible, aiming the blow quite horizontally, the cardboard will be flung to a distance, but the coin will drop to the bottom of the glass. Or the same result may be attained by snapping the card out. Bodies act as if disinclined to change their state, whether of rest or motion.

Because of this tendency, a heavy flywheel is used with stationary steam and gas engines, since every particle in the wheel tends to continue moving at the same speed, thus tending to insure that the speed of the engine does not vary during each stroke of the piston. "The earth itself is like an enormous flywheel, always rotating at a constant speed; its inertia insures that the speed remains constant."[3]

THE EARTH A GYROSTAT

The earth may be compared to a *gyrostat*, with the axis around which it rotates pointing towards the pole-star.

The gyrostat, to borrow Hadley's excellent brief description (p. 31), "consists of a heavy metal wheel mounted on *gymbals* (i. e., two concentric rings with their axes at right

[3]See Hadley, "Everyday Physics", 1924; pp. 30-31.

angles). This allows the wheel to rotate in any plane. Any movement given to the base of the instrument, when the wheel is spinning rapidly, will not affect the direction in which the axis of the wheel is pointing. If, when started, it was pointing towards the pole-star, it will continue to do so. This is the principle of the modern *gyro-compass*, now used on ships instead of the magnetic compass; if set so as to point towards the true north, it continues to do so whatever may be the movements or position of the ship, providing of course that the speed of rotation is maintained."

As is well known, it requires a much greater force to impart a great velocity to a body than to give it a small one, while to stop a rapidly moving body is much harder than to stop one moving slowly. In experiencing the impact of a person with whom we collide in suddenly turning a corner, or otherwise, we realize that the weight of the persons colliding and the speed with which both are walking or running has much to do with the seriousness of the result. We are concerned here with two factors, namely, mass and velocity, and in physics the two are combined in the phrase "quantity of motion," or *momentum*.

Mathematically expressed, momentum is proportional to both the mass and the velocity of a body; thus

$$\text{Momentum} = \text{mass} \times \text{velocity} = mv,$$

where m is the mass of the body and v its velocity of translation. If either the mass or

the velocity is doubled, the effect in a collision is doubled; if both are doubled, the effect is quadrupled.

INDEPENDENCE OF FORCES: THE SECOND LAW OF MOTION

The Second Law of Motion, as formulated by Newton, states that change of motion (momentum) in a given time, is proportional to force applied (impressed) and takes place in the direction (of the straight line) in which the force acts.

The simplest and best illustration of this second law of motion is to be found in Todd's "New Astronomy" (pp. 373-374), and is as follows:

From the smooth and level top of a table or shelf, brush a coin or other small object off swiftly with one hand; it will fall freely to the floor a few feet away. Repeat until you find the strength of impulse necessary to send it a distance of about two feet, then four, then six feet. With the other hand, practice dropping a coin from the level of the table, so that it will not turn in falling, but will remain nearly horizontal till it strikes the floor. Now try these experiments with both hands together, and at the same time. Repeat until one coin is released from the fingers at the exact instant the other is brushed off the table. Then you will find that both reach the floor at precisely the same time; and this will be true, whether the first coin is projected to a distance of two feet, four feet, six feet, or whatever the distance. Had gravity not been acting, the first coin would have traveled *horizontally*, on a level with the desk, and would have reached a distance of two feet, or four feet, proportioned to the impulse. What the second law of motion asserts is this: that the constant force (gravity in this case) pulls the first coin just as far from the place it would have reached, had gravity not been acting,

as the same force, acting vertically and alone, would in an equal time draw it from the state of rest. Whatever distance the coin is projected, the "change of motion" is always the vertical distance between the level of table and floor, that is, "in the direction of the straight line in which the force acts." The law holds good just the same, if the coin is not projected horizontally, provided the floor (or whatever the coin falls on) is parallel to the surface from which it is projected.

These results follow in accordance with the laws of motion discovered by Galileo, his second law recognizing "the independence of different motions"; and upon his first two laws depends the true theory of projectiles.

Each force, as we have just seen, produces its own effect, measured by change of *momentum*, quite independently of any others which may be acting on the body. A horizontal velocity can have no effect on a vertical one, either to increase or to diminish it.

GALILEO: ACCELERATED MOTION

Before the time of Galileo, it was the custom of natural philosophers to attempt the solution of physical problems either by purely speculative methods or by mathematical calculation. Galileo introduced the method followed since by all great discoverers, namely, the combination of experiment with calculation. It was through his transformation of the concrete—through experimentation—into the abstract, by calculation and the careful comparison of results, that Galileo discovered the *laws of falling bodies*. He showed that bodies falling freely toward the earth do not fall at a uniform ve-

locity, but that the speed increases with "a uniformly accelerated motion"; that is to say, they travel at a definite increase of speed with each second elapsing after release of the object. Galileo "proved that the velocities acquired are in the direct, and the spaces traversed in the duplicate ratios of the times, counting from the beginning of motion." (I shall make this principle clearer as I go on.)

GALILEO'S INCLINED PLANE

Galileo, of course, had no means of determining accurately the time it takes for a body to fall various distances. A freely falling body acquires velocity so rapidly that the Italian savant was obliged to devise some means of "diluting" the force of gravity and of increasing the time of fall so that it could be measured with at least a fair degree of accuracy. To this end he cut a trough one inch wide in a board twelve yards long, and rolled a brass ball down the trough, which formed an inclined plane:

After about 100 trials made for different inclinations and distances, he concluded that the distance of descent for a given inclination varied very nearly as the square of the time. It is remarkable that he was so successful in this experiment when we consider how he measured the time. He attached a very small spout to the bottom of a water pail and caught in a cup the water that escaped during the time the ball rolled down a given distance. Then the water was weighed and the times of descent were taken as proportional to the ascertained weight.[4]

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[4]Black and Davis, "Practical Physics", 1920, pp. 140-141.

In short, by these ingenious methods, crude as they were, Galileo proved that the distance traveled by the ball varied approximately as the squares of the time.

This gradual change of speed (or velocity) is termed by the physicist *acceleration*—the acceleration due to gravity; and Galileo proved that *all* freely falling bodies have the same acceleration. The value of the acceleration of gravity is a *constant*, and is now known to be about 980 centimeters-per-second a second, or about 32.2 feet per second in each second. It varies a little from place to place. Acceleration is defined as rate of change of speed (or velocity). When the velocity is increased, the acceleration is *positive*; when it is decreased, the acceleration is *negative*. The latter is sometimes called a *retardation*.

LAWS OF ACCELERATION

In general,

Acceleration = gain in speed per unit time, and acceleration is always to be expressed as so many speed units per time unit.

LAW I. If the acceleration is constant, the speed acquired is directly proportional to the time.

$$\text{Final velocity} = \text{acceleration} \times \text{time}$$
$$v = at$$

LAW II. If the acceleration is constant, the distance traversed from rest varies as the square of the time.

LAW III. If the acceleration is constant, the speed varies as the square root of the distance traversed.

If we know the *average* speed of a body during any period of time, and the duration of the period, the product of these will give the total distance traversed in that interval of time. In the case of a falling stone, starting from rest, at the end of the *first* second its velocity is 32 feet per second; and its average velocity *during* the first second is $(0 + 32)/2$ or 16 feet per second. At the end of the second second the velocity is 64 feet per second; and its average velocity during the first two seconds is $(0 + 64) \div 2$ or 32 feet per second. Similarly, its average velocity during the first three seconds is 48 feet per second.

Since

space traversed = *average velocity* × *time*,

then space traversed in first second is (16×1) feet

and space traversed in first 2 seconds is $\left\{\frac{0+64}{2}\right\} \times 2 = (16 \times 2^2)$ feet

and space traversed in first 3 seconds is $\left\{\frac{0+96}{2}\right\} \times 3 = (16 \times 3^2)$ feet

These results clearly show that the space traversed is proportional to the square of the time occupied.[5]

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[5] Cf. Hadley, Chapter III.

THE THIRD LAW OF MOTION

Galileo's theory of the inclined plane, combined with his satisfactory definition of "momentum," led him towards the third law of motion, given in his treatise, "*Della scienza meccanica.*" Owing to the fact that Newton formulated the three laws of motion in more precise and succinct terms, his name is always attached to them; hence, we speak of Newton's laws of motion. As expressed by Newton, the third law is as follows: *To every action there is always an equal and contrary (opposite) reaction;* or *the mutual actions of any two bodies are always equal and oppositely directed.*

Says Newton: "If you press a stone with your finger, the finger is also pressed by the stone. And if a horse draws a stone tied to a rope, the horse (if I may so say) will be equally drawn back toward the stone; for the stretched rope, in one and the same endeavor to relax or unstretch itself, draws the horse as much toward the stone as it draws the stone toward the horse." In short, action and reaction are always equal. "To have a single force is impossible. There must be, and always is, a pair of forces equal and opposite."

Whenever there is a force in nature, there must be not only two bodies involved, but *another force.* Forces never act singly, but always in pairs. A train will pull back on a locomotive just as hard as the locomotive pulls forward on the train. When a bullet is fired from a rifle, the explosion pushes the rifle backwards with just as much force as it

pushes the bullet forward. The rocket is shot skyward by a stream of gases given off at high velocity from the burning gunpowder. "The same push discharging the gases acts in the opposite direction on the cartridge of the rocket, and this is propelled upwards." The forces acting in opposite directions are equal.

Action and reaction are always equal and opposite. When any heavy object is pulled downward by the earth, the heavy object must be pulling the earth upward with an equal force.

But force is sometimes applied to a body which is "still," and no movement of the body results, as in the case of a man pushing against a stone wall, or a large boulder, or what not. And just so, if a body suspended in the air does not fall toward the earth, it is because it is kept from falling on to the earth by some opposing force. If a pound weight is held in the hand, it is opposed by muscular force. If it rests on a table, gravity is opposed by cohesion, which holds the fibers of wood together. The force of gravity acts vertically downward, and any force which opposes it must act vertically upward, as a heavy weight suspended at the end of a rope or chain. Gravity is offset by the cohesion or tenacity of the molecules of the rope or the chain.

The effect of two or more forces acting at the same point is called the *resultant.* For example, if a body weighing 30 pounds is pulled upward by a force of 50 pounds, the effect will be a motion upward as if a force of 20 pounds were acting alone.

No one knows for a certainty just what the force we call *gravity* is. But we call that force which causes an unsupported body to fall toward the earth "gravity."[6]

UNIVERSAL LAW OF GRAVITATION

The force of gravity acting between two bodies, whether on or near the earth or at a vast distance, is always dependent upon the product of the masses of the two bodies, and is inversely to the square of the distance between them. If the distance separating two bodies in space be multiplied by two, the intensity of gravity between them would be but one-fourth as great, and so on.

The gravitation of the earth and moon—or that between any other two bodies—is really the mutual attraction of all the discrete particles composing both these bodies. Thus the universal law of gravitation may be stated as follows: *Every particle of matter in the universe attracts every other particle with a force exactly proportional to the product of the masses, and inversely as the square of the distance between them.*

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[6]On the Einstein theory, gravitational force is not a real force, but merely a manifestation of *inertia*, and inertial mass is identical with gravitational mass. But this subject is too highly technical for popular discussion. Suffice it to say, that it is not necessary to conceive of gravitation as a *pulling* of an object toward the earth. See Hudgings, "Introduction to Einstein", Little Blue Book No. 408; also Floyd Darrow, "Masters of Science and Invention".

EARTH AND MOON SYSTEM

It is sometimes asked, "If the earth is pulling the moon and the moon the earth, why does not the earth, having so much greater mass than the moon, pull it down upon us?"

As a matter of fact, if the moon were to come to a gradual standstill in its orbit—a sudden stoppage would result in its destruction—the mutual attraction of the two bodies would undoubtedly draw them together in a mutual collision. But the moon has never been stationary in relation to the earth, and its direction of motion has always been tangentially *away* from the earth. Were it not for the attraction of the earth's gravitational field, the moon would continue its course in a straight line, away from the earth (ignoring for the moment the effect of the sun's "pull"). But the earth's gravitational attraction compels the moon continually to "bend" in its course, thus holding our satellite in its orbit, forcing it to "fall" around the earth, instead of flying off at a tangent.

Now, the force of gravity can be measured by the change of position which it produces, and, in the case of the moon, this body should be attracted in the direction of the earth, despite its orbital velocity of 0.640 of a mile per second.

Newton knew that at the surface of the earth, about 4,000 miles from the center of attraction, bodies fall (about) 16 feet in the first second of time. He also knew that the moon is dis-

tant from the earth (on an average) about 240,000 miles, or 60 times more distant than an object on the surface of the earth is from the center of gravity. Knowing also that the force of gravity diminishes exactly as the square of the distance increases, it was apparent that the moon's course should be diverted from a straight line—

$$\frac{1}{(60 \times 60)} \text{ of } 16.1 \text{ feet;}$$

or, 1/20 of an inch in each second. And this proved to be the case. Since the circumference of the orbit of the moon (considered as a circle) is 1,509,000 miles, traversed in 27 d. 7 h. 43 m. 11.5 s., it must travel at the average velocity of 0.640 miles, and in going 6/10 of a mile a second it deviates from a straight line by only 1/20 of an inch. Thus there is no danger that the force of the earth's attraction will ever draw our friendly satellite down upon our heads.

The foregoing principles also explain, of course, why our earth, in turn, does not fall into the mighty sun. The average velocity of the earth in its annual journey around our central luminary is 18½ miles per second, and in this time it is "pulled" from a straight course only 1/9 of an inch by the sun's attraction. But this apparently slight deviation of the earth's course from a straight line is equivalent to a strain on an ordinary steel rod or cylinder 3,000 miles in diameter! That is, a steel beam of this thickness would be required to hold sun and earth together if the gravita-

tional force that now binds these bodies were annihilated.

It was the sublime task of Newton to prove that the force that holds all free bodies to the earth, including its own atmosphere, and confers the property of "weight" upon all substances, is universal in its action on all bodies, whether upon the earth's surface, or upon the moon, planets, or comets. All alike were proved by this great thinker to be subject to *universal gravitation.* He did not, indeed, discover *what gravitation is;* but he clearly formulated the *laws* in accordance with which it acts or produces its effects, instantaneously, over all distances, however small or however great they may be.

CHAPTER II

THE NATURE AND SOURCE OF HEAT
EXPANSION AND TRANSMISSION

While heat is produced by combustion, friction, and percussion, our most important source of heat, as everyone knows, is the sun. Even the heat produced in burning wood, coal, oil, or gas comes indirectly from the sun. But the physicist, as such, is not concerned with heat as derived from chemical processes in our stoves and furnaces.

So long ago as 1798, Count Rumford (Benjamin Thomson—1753-1814) proved, by means of a bar of steel pushed with great force into a hole in a rapidly rotating bronze cylinder, that heat could be produced by friction, and was therefore not "a subtle weightless fluid called *caloric*." About the middle of the nineteenth century, James Prescott Joule (1818-1889), of Manchester, showed that the quantity of heat produced was proportional to the mechanical work done—"the mechanical equivalent of heat"—twice as much heat requiring twice the amount of work, and so on. In his delightful lectures on "Heat Considered as a Mode of Motion." John Tyndall (1820-1893) did much to bring before the public true conceptions of that form of energy which we call "heat."

TRANSFORMATION OF ENERGY

The savage who employs a fire-drill could not explain *why* heat is developed by his operation, nor could he tell what is happening to the molecules which form the substances of the wood to be ignited. But the student of physics is asked, "What becomes of the energy of the body when its motion is stopped by friction or collision?"

The answer given in our modern text-books is: "It is changed into motion of the molecules of the body, and the more vigorous the motion of the molecules the more heat the body receives. Consider what happens when a body, a piece of lead for instance, is heated. The molecules within it vibrate back and forth, striking their neighbors harder and harder as the temperature rises. This shaking about of the molecules becomes so vigorous that the bonds between them are weakened, the lead softens and then melts. After this the molecules move freely about in the liquid, and as the heat is still further applied they fly off and the liquid evaporates or turns into vapor."[7]

Heat may be *produced* by mechanical action, chemical action, electrical action, or by the sun. But nothing new is thereby *created*. All that happens is that one form of already existing energy is transformed into some other form of energy.

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[7]Merchant and Chant, "Elements of Physics", 1924, p. 205.

TRANSFERENCE OF HEAT

While the question of whether such a medium as the *ether* actually exists is still a matter on which doctors of philosophy do not all agree, it is a very convenient conception, and makes it possible to explain many problems on easily understood principles. Thus the physicist accounts readily for the transmission of energy or the transference of heat, by assuming that a real, but by us imperceptible, substance pervades all space, penetrating molecules and atoms, and that the vibrating molecules of a hot body set up disturbances in this ether, which transmits the disturbances in all directions by a species of wave-motion, much as sound waves spread out in the atmosphere from a vibrating body.

"When these ether waves fall upon matter, they tend to accelerate the motion of its molecules and to heat it." A hot body emits radiation *in all directions and in straight lines*, which is quite different from *convection* and *conduction*. "Transmission by convection always takes place in one direction, namely, by upward currents; and conduction is not restricted by straight lines, for a bent wire conducts as well as a straight one."

CONDUCTION—CONVECTION—RADIATION

Heat is conveyed from a fire by three different methods. For example, if we heat a poker the warmth is conveyed down to the

handle, along the metal, from one layer to the next. This is the method of *conduction*. But the warmth of a stove-pipe is due to the heat conveyed by the moving stream of hot gases, flowing upward, by *convection*. The rise of the mercury in a thermometer is transmitted by a process known as *radiation*, consisting of minute, transverse waves in the ether, conveying *energy*. These waves are not absorbed by the air through which they pass, hence the air is not perceptibly warmed. The human body, on the other hand, like most other forms of matter, stops the waves, *absorbs* them, and is thereby warmed by the agitation of the molecules of the cells of the body.

A good conductor of heat feels colder to the hand than a poor conductor. Metal is a good conductor, wood a poor conductor. If we pick up an axe-handle on a cold day it does not *seem* to be so cold as a bar of iron lying by its side. The iron *feels* colder than the wooden object, but in reality both have the same temperature. The sensation of coldness experienced by picking up the iron bar is due to the fact that metal is a good conductor, and quickly removes the heat from the hand holding it. Wood being a bad conductor, the warmth of the hand is not conveyed beyond the part of the surface actually touched; so the sensation of coldness soon ceases. Earthen teapots require no wooden handle for the reason that the material itself is a bad conductor of heat. The eiderdown quilt is both very light and a poor conductor of heat; hence its desirable properties.

WHY HOT WATER BREAKS GLASS VESSELS

Housewives who know by experience that thin glass vessels will stand very hot water better than thick glassware, are usually quite unable to tell just why this is so. The simple explanation is that the part of the glass which suddenly comes into contact with the hot water quickly expands, the expanding part breaking away from the part which is not expanding, the effect of the heat being local, because glass is a bad conductor of heat. The thicker the glass is, the poorer the conductor.

On the same principle, in pouring a hot liquid, say fat, into a glass, a metal fork or similar object should be inserted first, to keep the glass from cracking.

THE THERMOS-FLASK EXPLAINED

The thermos-flask is an unusually bad conductor of heat. "It consists," says Hadley,[8] "of a double-walled glass vessel, the two inside surfaces having been previously silvered, like a mirror. The air between the walls is pumped out as completely as possible, and the space is hermetically sealed. A vacuum will not transmit heat either by conduction or convection, owing to the absence of any material substance. Radiant heat, however, passes readily through a vacuum—just as readily as visible light—but it is reflected back when it falls upon the surface of a mirror. Hence, in the thermos-flask,

[8] p. 192

the combination of vacuum and silvered surfaces renders the passage of heat to or from the interior of the flask very slow. Hence a hot substance inside a thermos-flask keeps hot, or a cold substance such as liquid air remains cold because heat cannot readily get at it."

EXPANSION BY HEAT—SOLIDS

It may be set down as axiomatic that virtually *all solids expand when warmed and contract when cooled.* Probably every adult has noticed that when a railroad track is laid, a small space is left between the ends of the rails, to allow for expansion of the steel in hot weather. Iron bridges are usually fixed at one end only. Iron rims are more conveniently placed on wheels when they are expanded by heat; upon cooling they contract, and thus automatically "lock" themselves on.

The easiest way to loosen a glass-stopper in a glass bottle is to rotate the neck of the bottle over a small flame until it is nearly too hot to touch, and then tap it with another glass bottle. This is more effective than tapping with any other substance, owing to *resonance*, or "sympathetic vibrations."

It has been clearly established that the various metals expand at different rates, platinum the least and zinc more than other common metals. If we made a platinum meter rod correct at 0° C., it would be 0.9 millimeters too long at 100° C., while a zinc rod would be 2.9 millimeters too long. (See "A Handbook of Useful Tables," Little Blue Book No. 835, for

the metric system of weights and measures, used in all scientific work.)

EXPANSION OF LIQUIDS

In general it is found that liquids expand much more than solids. When a liter of water is heated from 0° to 100° C., it increases in volume about 40 cubic centimeters; whereas a block of steel of the same volume would expand only 3.9 cubic centimeters. Alcohol, oil, and especially kerosene expand even more than water. A pint-measure which will hold exactly 20 oz. of cold water will hold less than this amount of hot water. The expansion of water when heated causes the convection currents necessary to the action of hot-water apparatus used for warming houses.

"Liquids, like solids, expand with almost irresistible force when heated, and exert enormous pressures if expansion is prevented by their surroundings." Like solids, again, liquids expand at different rates. The behavior of water is different from that of other liquids. A bulb of water placed in a cooling bath will regularly contract in volume until its temperature falls to 4° C. Below or above this temperature it will expand and become lighter (i. e., whether it be warmed or cooled) which proves that water is most dense at 4° C. A given mass of water has, therefore, minimum volume and maximum density when it is at 4° C. (or 39.2° F.). Icebergs float on water because ice-cold water expands on solidifying—in the proportion of 100 c. c. to 109 c. c. This

fact accounts for the bursting of water-pipes in houses during very cold weather.

WHY PONDS DO NOT FREEZE SOLID

This peculiarity of water has very important biological (and economic) consequences.

As everyone knows, ice is found on a pond as a crust on the surface, never all the way from the surface to the bottom. Since water at 4° C. is denser than water at the freezing point (0° C., or 32° F.), and therefore heavier, the water at this temperature would, one would think, be moved downward by convection currents, covering the bottom of the pond. But here again water forms an exception to an otherwise invariable rule. Consider the case of a pond covered with air the temperature of which is below 0° C. As the surface water is chilled it is conveyed by convection currents to the bottom of the pond until all the water of the pond is at 4° C.

But this uniform temperature cannot be maintained so long as the temperature of the air above is below the freezing point. "When the surface water is chilled to 3° C the water no longer sinks, and any further chilling of the water underneath is only effected by *conduction* of its heat upwards. This continues until the surface is at 0° C., when freezing commences. A deep pond freezes more slowly than a shallow one, because there is so much more water below the surface and at temperatures between 4° C. and 0° C., the warmth from which is traveling upwards and delaying the

freezing. This peculiar property of water is of great importance in nature; for, if water had its maximum density at 0° C., instead of at 4° C., ice would form at the bottom of the pond as readily as at the surface; the pond would soon become a solid mass of ice, and fish-life would be impossible."[9]

Professor Hadley also calls attention to another noteworthy property of water; namely, that, "under suitable conditions, pure water can be cooled even to —20° C. without becoming solidified. When such "super-cooled" water is touched by a small crystal of ice, the whole mass suddenly becomes solid, and is accompanied by a marked rise in temperature."

EXPANSION OF GASES

Air is a mixture of gases, and any gas expands when heated, about nine times the volume for water, and about 20 times that for mercury. The coefficient of expansion is very nearly the same for all gases, as shown by Gay-Lussac (1778-1850) in 1802, and less accurately, earlier, by Charles (1746-1820).

Charles showed that, under constant pressure, the volume of a given mass of gas increases by a constant fraction (about 1/273—or 0.00366) of its volume at 0° C. for each increase of 1° C. in its temperature. This principle is embodied in a statement known as Charles' Law (sometimes, also, called Gay-Lussac's Law).

Naturally, the *pressure* of a gas must, if con-

[9]Hadley, p. 226.

tained in the same space, increase with any augmentation in *volume* due to heating. Careful experiments of another French scientist, Regnault (1810-1878), showed that the pressure coefficients of various gases are the same fraction that was found for the increase of volume, and that this is nearly true in the case of all gases.

These discoveries led to important theoretical and practical consequences which I have not the space to discuss here. I may point out, however, that the world's standard thermometer at the International Bureau of Weights and Measures, near Paris, filled with hydrogen, is constructed upon the laws discovered by the three French physicists just named.

By measuring the increase of volume of a gas under constant pressure or the increase of pressure of a gas at constant volume, we have a means of measuring temperature changes.

Since the pressure of a given mass of gas increases by 1/273 of its pressure at 0° C. for each increase of one degree in temperature, at 1° C. the pressure will be 274/273 of that at 0° C. At 2° C. the pressure exerted by the gas will be 275/273; at 100° C. the pressure will be 373/273 of that at 0° C, and so on.

Conversely, at —1° C. the pressure will be diminished 1/273; that is, the gas will exert a pressure 272/273 of that at 0° C; at —2° C. the pressure will be 271/273; at —20° C. it will be 253/273, and so on.

Now, if we could continue lowering the temperature and reducing the pressure in this same

way, then at —273° C. the pressure would be nothing. But before reaching such a low temperature, the gas would change to a liquid, and our method of measuring temperature by the pressure of the gas would then fail.

"Calculations based on the kinetic theory of gases lead to the conclusion that at —273° C. the rectilinear motions of the molecules would cease; which would mean that the substance was completely deprived of heat and at the lowest temperature"—i. e., *absolute zero*. The lowest temperature actually reached is —272.1° C., or 0.9° A. (Absolute Temperature—a scale proposed by Lord Kelvin in 1848).

CHAPTER III

LIGHT: ITS NATURE AND PROPAGATION

Light radiation presents to the physicist some of the most perplexing phenomena of nature. For convenience we shall define light as "that external agency which, if allowed to act upon the eye, produces the sensation of 'seeing' or of 'brightness.'"

Light-waves are generally regarded as disturbances set up in the ether by incandescent bodies, and are believed to be of the same general nature as the Hertzian waves utilized in radio work. Other invisible rays are detected by their heating or their chemical effect.[10]

In the case of the transmission of sound, the air or some other material medium is necessary; whereas light-waves pass without hindrance through a vacuum. Interplanetary and interstellar space is, indeed, an ideal vacuum. Yet we receive light and heat-rays from stars thousands of trillions of miles distant. Light-rays from our sun, some 93 million miles distant, reach us without having given up any appreciable portion of their energy to the intensely cold and black space they pass through in reaching the earth.

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[10]For information concerning the chemical, biological, and therapeutic effects of light-rays, see Shipley, "Man's Debt to the Sun", Little Blue Book No. 808.

LIGHT ADVANCES IN STRAIGHT LINES

The fact that no one can see around a corner —among other evidences—shows that, under ordinary circumstances, light advances in straight lines—possibly in the form of discrete units of energy that produce the effect of a continuous transverse-wave motion in the ether—the medium in which the waves travel. According to this view, light is simply a motion in the ether, a form of energy.

LAW OF INVERSE SQUARES

The intensity of illumination—the amount of light falling on a unit area—decreases when the distance increases. If the page of your book is not properly illuminated you must either bring it closer to the source of light or increase the intensity of the radiation. Intensity of illumination (like intensity of sound, and for the same reason) varies inversely as the square of the distance from the source of light.

Thus a cardboard screen held at a distance of one foot from a candle flame receives four times the intensity of illumination that it would receive if held at two feet, because the same amount of light is spread over a surface which has an area four times as great; hence the intensity of illumination now is only one-fourth of that obtained at a distance of one foot. At a distance of three feet, the intensity of illumination is reduced to one-ninth. So far

as is known, the diminution of luminosity with distance never reaches zero. At any rate, telescopic photographs are made of stars so far distant that it requires at least a million years for the light-rays from them to reach the earth —and a ray of light travels at the velocity of nearly six trillion miles a year. "Wireless waves" travel with the same velocity as ordinary light waves—or rays. There is no essential difference between these "waves" and X-rays, excepting that the latter are of far greater "frequency" (or shorter wave-length)

TEN MILLION VOLT RAYS DISCOVERED

On November 9, 1925, Dr. R. A. Millikan, director of the California Institute of Technology, and one of the world's greatest physicists, announced before a convention of the National Academy of Sciences (meeting in Madison, Wisconsin) his discovery of rays whose frequency is 1,000 times greater than X-rays. They were described as of "the 10,000,000 volt variety," according to press reports. These rays are reported to be opposite to the rays from radioactive materials, in that while radioactivity is the result of a disintegration of atoms, the newly discovered Millikan-rays are "creative"—i. e., they build up atoms. Dr. Millikan is quoted as saying that the new rays are "100 times more penetrating than the strongest X-rays," and that they come "from nuclei of matter outside the earth, and far away in space."

"There is no prospect of utilizing the new ray for any practical purpose at present," the dis-

coverer is quoted as stating. "With Dr. G. Harvey Cameron, my associate, study of the ray will be continued, but its development will be slow and it would be unwise to make any predictions regarding its possibilities at this time." It is quite possible that further study of these newly-discovered rays will throw new light on "The Quantum Theory" of radiant energy.

THE QUANTUM THEORY OF LIGHT

The apparent confirmation of Einstein's theory of relativity (Little Blue Book No. 408), by different experimental and observational methods (which confirmation still holds in spite of reported reversal of the Michelson-Morley experiment by Dr. Dayton C. Miller) adds to the already great importance of what is known as the "Quantum Theory of Light," first advanced in 1900 by the famous Berlin physicist, Dr. Max Planck. As the very existence of a "luminiferous ether" has been seriously called into question, it is most significant that a theory of radiant energy should be rapidly gaining ground at this time, which rejects the older conception of continuous, uniform waves of light spreading out from the point of their origin.

On the classical undulatory theory of light, the electrons of an incandescent body are represented as vibrating continuously, at a uniform rate, which would produce uniform concentric waves in the ether, with a progressive weakening of the light energy as the waves receded from their source. According to

Planck, Einstein, and many other eminent physicists, the propagation of radiant energy takes place through the emission of discrete units, or *Quanta*, the energy from a single vibration being concentrated in a definite quantity, or "bundle," called by Planck "light quantities" (*Licht Quanta*). These Quanta proceed from their source in straight lines, the motion not being necessarily continuous, but in "jumps," somewhat as bullets might be shot at irregular intervals from a machine-gun; or, better yet, as electrons are ejected from radio-active substances.

"Planck's quantum law" may be stated as follows: Particles of matter emit and absorb energy, not slowly and continuously, but in definite increments which are directly proportional to the vibration-frequency of the atom. Variation in light intensity is due, according to Planck, not to increase or decrease of light intensity, but to increase or decrease in the number of electrons—or Quanta—discharged; the various wave-lengths of the unit charges having each its own characteristic intensity. The shorter the wave-length—or the higher the frequency—the greater the light intensity of the unit. There is a progressive increase in the velocity of the Quanta from the relatively long infra-red and red rays on up to the violet and ultra-violet rays. Each wave-length, or frequency, travels with its own peculiar velocity, the shorter waves moving with the greater speed.

Under Planck's theory, as on the older hypothesis, there is an apparent weakening of the

light intensity with increasing distance; but this effect is due, not to any intrinsic diminution of energy in the Quanta, but to the fact that the number of energy units met with in a given area of space becomes smaller with increasing distance from the source of emission.

It is now generally accepted—thanks to the brilliant researches of Bohr and Sommerfeld—that the emission of light pulses (Quanta) by an atom is not due to the revolution of the negatively charged electrons around the central positively charged nucleus (*proton*), but to changes in the states, or positions (orbit) of the electron in respect to the nucleus. Differing amounts of energy are imparted to an electron as it "jumps" from one orbit to another. If the change is from a "higher" (more distant) orbit to a "lower" (nearer the nucleus), light is emitted; and if the change is in the opposite direction (farther from the nucleus) light (*energy*) is absorbed.

"This light, whether emitted or absorbed, takes the form of vibrations of a definite frequency, corresponding to a sharp line in the spectrum: and the number of these vibrations per second is exactly proportional to the amount of energy required to produce the change from the initial state to the final state of the electron."[11]

Prof. D. F. Comstock ("The Nature of Matter and Electricity") calls attention to the fact

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[11]Russell, Prof. Henry Norris, "The Properties of Matter as Illustrated by the Stars", *Publications of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific*, Vol. XXXIII, No. 196, p. 279 (December, 1921).

that the Quantum Theory is not only in agreement with the partial explanations of the late Lord Rayleigh and Dr. Wien as to the relation between increasingly high temperatures and bluer light, but that it *completes* these partial explanations. In the same excellent work, Dr. L. T. Troland, of Harvard, explains that this new conception of a beam of light "means that optical images are built up on the same principle as the ordinary 'half-tone' engravings; that is, they are made up of minute dottings or stripplings far too small to be detected by the eye." He adds that "the sensitiveness of the retina is so great that a visual sensation can be produced by relatively few Quanta of the right kind of light."

For further elucidation of this very interesting new theory of radiant energy, the reader is referred to Chapter X, and to Section 54, of the work just mentioned. Suffice it now to quote Professor Comstock's evaluation of the Quantum Theory:

"Planck's view has, in the minds of those most competent to judge, passed from a possibility to a probability."

And Troland adds: "It is, of course, quite possible that radiant energy is atomic while other forms of energy are not, that there will be a limit to the application of the principles of atomism to the physical universe. Indeed, certain well-known physicists still hold that even the facts which support the Quantum Theory of light can be explained without any radical change in our present doctrines. The exact

outcome of this contention still rests in the balance."

Sir Joseph Thomson, of Cambridge, is working on a theory which reconciles the two apparently contradictory hypotheses.

Since the sixth century B. C., matter has been recognized as made up of minute particles, and during the past thirty years it has been known that electricity also is made up of discrete particles of energy—electrons. Energy itself, however, has until quite recently, been treated as if it were a continuous entity; that is, as if there were no lower limit to the amount of it which an atom or electron could emit or absorb. But Planck's Quantum Theory started with the assumption that in the emission of radiant energy by an oscillating atom or electron (the *resonator*), this energy is radiated in discrete Quanta or pulses. The amount of energy in a simple pulse, as previously stated, varies with the frequency (rate of vibration) of the resonator, and is shown by experiment to be proportional to that frequency. The exact energy va[illegible] this natural proportionalits consent is k[illegible] Planck's h ($=6.5.10^{-27}$ erg-seconds).

The fact of the [illegible]er is that, while physicists find it convenient, at least, to treat some problems on the basis of the older ether-wave theory, other observed phenomena require for their satisfactory elucidation acceptance of certain features of the Quantum Theory of Light. One professor facetiously suggests that physicists teach the undulatory theory on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and the Quantum

Theory on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays! Space limitations preclude going into the question any further here. Unfortunately, no adequate exposition of the Quantum Theory has been published which is readily within the comprehension of the "beginning" student of physics; but a number of quite recent books—and chapters in books—are available for more advanced students.[12]

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[12]For example, the following authoritative works: Planck, Prof. Max, *Die Enstehung und bisherige Entwicklung der Quantentheorie*, 1921. Dr. Planck's views were summarized by him in his Nobel Prize Address before the Royal Swedish Academy of Sciences, June 2, 1920, under the title, "The Origin and Development of the Quantum Theory". This address has been translated into English (Oxford, 1922). Cf. also Reiche, Prof. Fritz, "The Quantum Theory", London, 1922. The present status of the problems involved is fully discussed by Prof. Planck in his most recent book, "A Survey of Physics", translated by R. Jones and D. H. Williams, New York, 1925.

CHAPTER IV

SOUND

Sound has been well and tersely defined as "subjectively the sense impression of hearing, and objectively the vibratory motion which produces the sensation of sound."

In this little study we are not concerned with the physiological and psychical aspects of sound, but rather with the physical phenomena outside ourselves which excite our sense of hearing.

Sound, like heat and light, is due to vibrations. But whereas in the former we have to deal only with disturbances in the atmosphere, or in solids or liquids), in the case of light-waves the vibrations are regarded as of an etheric nature.

In any and all of these phenomena, whether of light, heat, or sound, the cause of the disturbance or vibrations, whatever the source may be, is a tremor or agitation, or motion to and fro, of the molecules of which the substance of the source is composed.

In many cases, it is possible to follow with the eye the motions of the particles of the body causing the sound, or the motion—or commotion. Vibrations of a glass jar or other object may be felt by the tip of the finger if applied lightly; though a firm grasp of the vibrating body will act as a "damper," and the vibrations will cease. The same is true of a sounding

bell. A light ball or a hollow bead hung on a tuning-fork by a fine thread will be set violently in motion. If we touch the surface of water with the prong of a sounding tuning-fork the water splashes up in spray. If we sound a tuning-fork and then touch the fork to the lips, we feel its vibratory motion.

Sound, then, often consists of vibrations which can be *felt* as well as *heard*. What is transmitted is nothing more or less than a mode of motion, called a wave. When these waves strike against the tympanum or ear-drum, we have the sensation of hearing. But, physically speaking, the sound (vibrations) would exist whether we *heard* them or not. A totally deaf person could not hear a peal of thunder; but, given the disturbance, the atmospheric vibrations would be in motion just the same.

Usually air is the medium through which sound travels; but the well-known air-pump experiment shows that sound may travel through solids; and tappings on the sides of a tub with the ears submerged in the water can also be heard. If two stones be struck together under water, the sound perceived by an ear under water is louder than if the experiment had been performed in the air.

But sound-vibrations cannot be conveyed to the ear unless matter of some sort fills all the intervening space between the ear and the source of the vibrations. In the air-pump experiment, an electric bell is suspended in the receiver of the pump, and the wires conveying the current pass through an air-tight cork closing the hole at the top of the receiver.

"These wires form a material channel from the bell to the outside air, but if they are fine

the sound which they carry is hardly appreciable. If while the air within the receiver is at atmospheric pressure the bell is set ringing continuously, the sound is very audible. But as the air is withdrawn [it cannot *all* be withdrawn] by the pump the sound decreases, and when the exhaustion is high the bell is almost inaudible" (J. H. Poynting). Before exhaustion, the sound travels through the glass of the receiver and the base plate, which proves that these substances convey sound-waves.

VELOCITY OF SOUND IN AIR

Anyone who has traveled by water has noticed how the steam from a distant steamboat whistle is seen quite a few moments before the sound is heard. And during electrical storms the peal of thunder follows a few seconds after the lightning-flash is seen, the light from the latter reaching us instantaneously, while the thunder takes time to travel. The more distant the flash, the longer the interval is between the lightning and the sound of the thunder. The distance of the lightning can be calculated by allowing a mile for every five seconds between flash and peal. Light travels with a velocity of 186,300 miles per second, but sound-waves in air travel, on a warm summer day, at about 1,120 feet per second. Sound travels faster on warm days than on cold, because warm air is less dense than cold air. On a frosty day the velocity of sound may be as low as 1,080 feet per second.

The earliest determination of the velocity of sound was made in France, in 1738. But it was not until 1822 that satisfactory experiments were carried out, by a commission appointed by the French Academy.

It was found that the velocity of sound in air at a temperature of 15.9° C. is 1118.15 feet per second. The velocity increases at 60 cm. per second for a rise of 1° C. At 0° C. the velocity is 331.4 meters per second, as compared with 340.9 meters (1118.15 feet) with a temperature of 15.9° C. Later experiments do not give results materially differing from those obtained in 1822.

Greely found the velocity of sound-waves to be 305.6 m. (1002 feet) at a temperature of —45.6° C. (—50° F.)—the lowest velocity so far measured. The highest known velocity is 1,240 feet per second at a distance of 100 feet from a ten-inch gun—which is 22% above normal. For all distances above 500 feet from the gun the velocity of the explosive sound from even the largest sized gun is practically normal.[13]

Generally speaking, a feeble sound and an intensely loud sound travel through the air with the same velocity. They differ from each other, however, in *amplitude* of movement of the air through which the sound-waves are conveyed, and perhaps in the wave-length. The *distance* a sound can be heard depends upon the intensity of the disturbance—whatever the cause. The noise caused by the eruption of the Krakatoa volcano (on a small island between Java and Sumatra) in 1883, was heard four hours after the explosion occurred, at a distance of 2,900 miles to the southwest (at Rodriguez). The sound-wave itself completely encircled the earth, being registered (photographically) by barometers throughout its course.

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[13]Merchant and Chant, p. 152.

RELATION BETWEEN VELOCITY, WAVE-LENGTH, AND FREQUENCY

When a stone is dropped into a quiet pool or smooth pond, a disturbance is produced which extends over the surface of the water in circles centered at the place where the stone struck. The waves or ridges following expand into ever widening circular swells, following one after the other, each separated by circular troughs, the ridges or waves becoming less pronounced as the circles grow larger. This latter effect is due to the fact that the energy in the swells becomes spread over a larger circumference.

Likewise, a sound-wave in the air loses in "amplitude" when spread over an ever widening area; hence a sound appears to be more feeble when the distance from the source of the disturbance is increased. The amplitude of the waves is dependent on the violence (or loudness) of the sound or cause of the disturbance, but the velocity of propagation is virtually always the same at a given atmospheric temperature. The amplitude of the wave corresponds to the distance each particle of air moves to and fro from its original position.

By *velocity* of sound-waves is meant the distance which a crest travels in one second. The number of crests passing a fixed point in one second is called the *frequency;* and the time it takes for one wave to pass a given point—that is, the time between crests, is called the *period* of the wave-motion. The distance between two corresponding points in any two adjacent waves is called *wave-length.*

It is, of course, only the wave-form that

passes over the surface of the water, not the water-particles themselves. This is true also of sound. Nothing material passes from the source of a sound to the ear of a hearer. What travels is the wave-motion of the air, or the vibratory oscillations of the molecules in liquids or solids. Sound-waves are longitudinal or compression waves, made up of alternate *condensations* (crests) and *rarefactions* (troughs). The circular waves sent out by the vibrations of a bell (for example) are spherical waves, made up of alternate spherical shells of compressed and rarefied air, traveling out in ever widening concentric circles in every direction in space.

PITCH

The "pitch" of a musical note (its place on the musical scale) depends entirely upon the *frequency* of the sound-waves reaching the ear —the frequency, as said, being the number of complete waves arriving in one second.

"A musical tone is due to rapid periodic motion of a sounding body; a noise is due to non-periodic motion."

In some cases, a number of notes, each of which heard separately is musical, become when heard together mere noise, an irregular succession of shocks, the periodic nature of the vibrations being destroyed by the jumble of sounds. However, not all vibrations, even though periodic, produce recognizable sounds, musical or otherwise.

LIMITS OF AUDIBILITY—RANGE OF HUMAN VOICE

For ordinary ears, the lowest frequency which causes the sensation of a musical tone is about 30 per second, while the highest is

between 10,000 and 20,000 per second. The range of an ordinary piano is from 40 to 4,000 vibrations per second, and the range of the human voice lies between 60 and 1,300 vibrations per second, more than four and a half octaves. A good singer has about two octaves.

CHAPTER V

ELECTRICITY AND MAGNETISM

From the time of Thales of Miletus, who, as early as 600 B. C., called attention to the fact that the yellow resinous fossilized substance known as *amber* would, when rubbed, attract light objects, down to the days of William Gilbert (1540-1603), no distinction was made between what we now distinguish as *magnetization* and *electrification.*

Amber was called by the Greeks *elektron.* When Gilbert discovered that many other substances showed like phenomena of attraction, when rubbed, he called them all "electrics," since they were all "amberous." A glass rod rubbed with silk acts in the same way as a stick of sealing-wax or rod of hard rubber when rubbed with flannel or cat's fur. If we comb our hair vigorously on a cold, dry day, the comb will then support long chains formed of bits of paper. Under similar conditions, a cat's fur, if rubbed by the hand, will emit sparks, visible in a darkened room. These, and similar phenomena, are all *electrical* in nature, not *magnetic.* They are due to what we know as *static electricity.*

Magnetization, on the other hand, is a very different phenomenon. While electrification can be produced by rubbing almost any substance, especially non-metal, magnetization can be produced *only* in metals, and in three metals only—i. e., iron, nickel and cobalt—with the exception of a series of alloys composed of copper, manganese, and aluminum. Whereas a

metallic body electrified by friction will not ordinarily have its properties localized in spots, a magnetized body *always* has at least two poles where its magnetism is more or less concentrated. These poles are designated as "North" and "South," and *like magnetic poles repel, unlike attract, each other.* But unmagnetized iron or steel will be attracted by both ends of a magnet.

While the magnets of commerce and industry are, for the most part, artificial products—magnetized steel—a natural magnet (an ore of iron—Fe_3O_4) has been known at least since the days of the early Greeks, and given the name *lodestone* (i. e., leading stone). This ore was once very abundant in Asia Minor, and the name is derived from the town of Magnesia, in Lydia, near which town the ore was mined. (See my "Greek Physics and Modern Science," Little Blue Book No. 837). This ore is now known as *magnetite*, a compound of iron and oxygen.

If a specimen of magnetite be dipped in iron filings, the iron will cling to it, and if the ore be suspended by an untwisted fiber, it will come to rest in a definite position, indicating a certain direction—hence the name "leading-stone" or lodestone. Like all other magnetized bodies it has two unlike poles, one of which attracts the north-seeking end of a compass, while the other end repels it. There are, then, two kinds of magnetic poles just as there are two kinds of electricity.

The peculiar attractive and directive properties of magnetized iron and steel are highly important in their practical application—e. g., in the manufacture of the pocket-compass, compasses of ships, the action of dynamos, motors, telegraph and telephone instruments, and of

the chief appliances for measuring electric currents. Steel magnets are much more powerful and far more convenient to handle than natural ones, and are always preferred in experimental work.

Any piece of steel which has been stroked by a natural magnet becomes itself a magnet. The same result may be obtained by placing the steel within a coil of wire carrying a current, as was shown by Ampére (1775-1836), and by Arago (1786-1853). The latter, in 1820—a year after Oersted's discovery of the effect of an electric current in the magnetic needle—proved that a wire carrying a strong current had the power to lift iron filings, and must therefore be recognized as a magnet. Sturgeon, in 1825, was the first to show that if a core of soft iron is introduced into such a coil the magnetic effect is increased, and that the core loses its magnetism when the circuit is open. The combination of the helix of insulated wire with a soft-iron core is called an *electromagnet*.

"When the helix is used without a core, the greater number of the lines of force pass in circles around the individual turns of wire, comparatively few running through the helix from end to end and back again outside the coil; but when the iron core is inserted, the greater number of lines of force pass in this latter way, because the permeability of iron is very much greater than that of air. Whenever a turn of wire is near the core, the lines of force, instead of passing in closed curves around the wire, change their shape and pass from end to end of the core. The effect of the core, therefore, is to increase the number of lines of force which are concentrated at the poles, and consequently to increase the power of the magnet. . . . The strength of an electromagnet depends equally on the strength of

the current and on the number of turns of wire which encircle the core."[14]

No sooner were the principles of electromagnetism discovered than they were followed by practical applications.[15] In 1831, Joseph Henry (1799-1878)—co-discoverer with Faraday of the laws of electromagnetic induction—used an electromagnet at Albany Academy, New York, for producing audible signals. Henry transformed the feeble electromagnet of Sturgeon into an instrument capable of lifting a weight of 3,500 pounds. In 1916, Dr. E. W. Rice, Jr., then president of the General Electric Company, said, "I may say at once, without fear of successful contradiction, that the entire electrical industry is not only founded upon, but is a direct outgrowth of the work of Henry." For a most interesting and informative appreciation of this great American physicist, see *Science*, November 6, 1925 (Vol. LXII, No. 1610).

In 1837, Samuel F. B. Morse devised the system by which dots and dashes, representing letters of the alphabet, were made on a strip of moving paper by the action of an electromagnet. The possibility of producing rotary motion by the action of electromagnets was, at about this same time, demonstrated by the experiments of Henry, Jacobi, Davenport, and others.

It was in 1876 that Alexander Graham Bell announced to a scoffing world that the human voice could be transmitted by electricity, by employing the principle of induced currents for reproducing sound-waves. The essential part of this apparatus was a hard rubber case containing a permanent bar-magnet—a U-shaped

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[14]Merchant and Chant, pp. 440-441.

[15]The story of these discoveries is told in my "Principles of Electricity", Little Blue Book No. 133.

type is now employed—around each pole of which was wound a coil (with many turns) of a very fine insulated wire. In this "Bell receiver" a disk of thin sheet-iron is supported in such a way that its center does not quite touch the ends of the magnet. A hard rubber cap or earpiece with a hole in the center holds the disk in place. The transmitter was at first just like the receiver, an iron diaphragm in each case being supported in front of one end of the bar-magnet. The terminals of the transmitter and receiver coils were, of course, connected by the line wires.

Sound waves falling upon the diaphragm of the transmitter cause it to vibrate, and these vibrations produce fluctuations in the number of lines of force passing through the coil, which, in turn, cause induced currents to surge to and fro in the circuit. The currents alternately strengthen and weaken the magnet of the receiver and thus set up vibrations in the diaphragm similar to those in the diaphragm of the transmitter.

With the substitution of the horse-shoe type of magnet for the bar-magnet, the Bell *receiver* is still used on all telephone systems; but the original *transmitter* has been displaced by one of the microphone type. It contains a shallow round brass box filled with loosely packed granules of hard carbon, resembling coal-dust in appearance. The front and back of the box are polished plates of carbon, and the sides of the box are insulators. The front carbon is attached to the center of the soft iron diaphragm, and moves in and out a little when the diaphragm vibrates. The other plate is fastened rigidly to the solid back of the case.

"The transmitter acts on the principle that the conductivity of the granular carbon varies

with the varying pressure exerted upon it, as the diaphragm vibrates under the action of the sound-waves." A current from a battery (a large storage battery or a dynamo at the central station) flows through the diaphragm to the front plate, and then back through the granules of carbon to the other plate and then out along the telephone line to a receiver.

"When the diaphragm moves back a little, it compresses the granules, their resistance decreases, and the current gets stronger and pulls the diaphragm of the receiver back also. When the transmitter diaphragm moves out, the current decreases and the receiver diaphragm moves out also. So all the motions of the transmitter diaphragm are reproduced by the receiver diaphragm. If one speaks into the transmitter, causing its diaphragm to move in a corresponding way, the receiver diaphragm moves in the same way and produces the same kind of waves in the surrounding air."[16]

THE ELECTRIC CURRENT

Down to the time of Aloisio Galvani (1737-1798—a physician and professor of anatomy in the University of Bologna—friction and induction were the only methods known for producing electricity. Galvani discovered, quite by accident, that the discharge of an electric machine connected with a skinned (dead) frog produced twitching in the legs. On further experimentation, he discovered that the same convulsive movements of the frog's legs could be produced without a discharge from his electric machine, merely by touching one end of a branched fork of copper and silver wires to the muscles of the leg and the other end to the

[16]Black and Davis, pp. 314-315.

lumbar nerves. This result Galvani erroneously attributed to "animal magnetism."

Alessandro Volta (1745-1827), professor of physics at the University of Pavia, upon investigating the problem, arrived at the correct conclusion that the electric current had its origin, not in the frog, but in the contact of the metals. In the course of his researches Volta found that when disks of copper and zinc were separated by a disk of cloth moistened with salt brine, and joined externally by a conductor, a continuous current of electricity passed through the circuit. He thus invented a *chemical* method of producing electricity continuously. Later, he substituted zinc and copper strips for the disks and immersed them in dilute sulphuric acid, thus giving to the world what is now known as the *Voltaic Cell*, or the *Galvanic Cell.* When several cells are combined they constitute a *battery*, which gives rise to a stronger (continuous) current of electricity.

For the nature and terminology of electricity, space limits require that I once more refer the reader to my "Principles of Electricity." One further consideration, however, should be brought to mind.

It is interesting to reflect upon the fact that if we could reduce the temperature to absolute zero (—273° C., or —459° F.), all molecular movement would cease—but not electronic movement; no chemical action could take place; all electrical resistance would disappear; and electric currents (if these were possible under the circumstances) would go on, presumably, forever. Hence the law that *electrical resistance of pure metals decreases with progressive lowering of temperature;* and the law (Curie's law) that *magnetic susceptibility is inversely proportional to the absolute temperature.*

Prof. Kamerlingh Onnes, of Leyden, Holland, has shown that the resistance of pure mercury at —270° C. is less than one ten millionth of its resistance at 0° C. Professor Onnes has produced a temperature within 1° of absolute zero; that is, he has produced a temperature 272° below the freezing point of water. At —273° C.—one degree less than that already obtained—the atoms and molecules would be packed together in an absolutely inert mass, and all vibrations of the molecules and atoms would cease

What would happen then? No one knows for a certainty just what would happen.

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THE ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE ATOMIC THEORY

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CHAPTER I

THE PYTHAGOREAN ATOMISTS

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE ATOMIC THEORY

It is safe to say that there is no more romantic story in the history of science than that of the origin and development of the atomic theory of matter. Dr. Robert A. Millikan has said that the physical principles laid down by Leucippus in the fifth century before our era might, with a few modifications and omissions, "almost pass muster today" ("The Electron," Page 7). The importance to modern students of sound knowledge of the teachings of the ancient Atomists was emphasized by Sir William Osler (1829-1919), who even went so far as to say that "the student of physics may know Crookes' tubes and their relation to Roentgen, but he cannot have a true conception of the atomic theory without a knowledge of Democritus; and the exponent of Madame Curie and of Sir J. J. Thomson will find his happiest

illustrations from the writings of Lucretius"[1]—the Roman exponent of Epicurus (342-270 B. C.), who revived the atomic theory of Leucippus and Democritus, despite the adverse criticisms hurled at this doctrine by the great Aristotle.

Le Sage observed that "if Epicurus had had but a part of the geometrical knowledge of his contemporary Euclid, and conceptions of cosmogony the same as many then living, he might have discovered the laws of universal gravity, and not only the laws, but, what was the despair of Newton, its mechanical cause" (*Lucrèce Newtonien,*" Berlin Academy, 1782).

Writing of the value to science and modern thought of the atomic theory of the early Greek philosophers, Professor Walter T. Marvin, of Rutgers College, points out that a theory can be significant in at least three ways, namely:— "(1) by destroying or inhibiting other beliefs; (2) by arousing interest in new problems and by suggesting new methods of investigation; (3) by what it itself enables us to explain correctly. This theory was most significant in destroying old beliefs or, to adopt a much used expression, in '*enlightening*'

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[1] "Studies in the History and Method of Science," edited by Dr. Charles Singer, Oxford, 1917.

the cultured Greeks. A thoughtful Greek could hardly believe that the universe is a cloud of atoms moving about in accordance with necessary mechanical laws, and at the same time continue to believe the primitive traditions and superstitions of his people. The worship of the gods and the old magical rites and ceremonies must needs seem to him utterly ineffective and useless, valuable customs no doubt for their purely psychological influence upon the ignorant and unruly masses but of course absurdities for the cultured and disciplined man. Hence no wonder that the spread of this and the preceding cosmological theories would result, in a society such as that of the Greek world in the sixth and fifth centuries B. C., in a *radical enlightenment*. No wonder that their spread was opposed by men of conservative tendencies. In this first respect early Greek science and in particular the atomic theory were of great historical significance."[2]

THE ATOMIC THEORY OF THE PYTHAGOREANS

In the ancient Sanskrit literature of India (written prior to 500 B. C.), an atomic theory of matter is formulated by Kanada (literally "atom eater"—a term of derision), founder of

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[2] "The History of European Philosophy," Page 105, New York, 1917.

the Nyaga system of philosophy, and said to have been a pupil of Buddha. He states that the atoms are eternal and that the ultimate atom is simple.

Kapila, the leading exponent of the Sankhya philosophy, speaks of "five subtle" kinds of particles (atoms), and a substance akin to our luminiferous ether—the five particles being, no doubt, the "five elements" of the Laws of Menu; viz., earth, water, wind (air), fire and ether—this last the parent, so to speak, of all the other elements, through a process of successive transformations.

In the "Angutarra Nikaja," consciousness (mind) is mentioned as a sixth element, also atomic in structure.

In his "History of Hindu Chemistry," Sir P. C. Ray expresses the opinion that the atomic theory of the ancient Greeks was derived directly from the more ancient Hindu doctrine—a view upheld by the great German Sanskrit scholar, Dr. Max Müller, as also by some Greek scholars.

The atomic theory, the earliest known to have been worked out in detail, is that of the Greek philosopher Leucippus, of Miletus, Ionia; though the mantle of honor has fallen mostly

on the shoulders of his far better known pupil, Democritus of Abdera, Thrace.

But the Pythagoreans also were exponents of a form of atomic theory, and it seems probable that Pythagoras, a native of the island of Samos, was the first Greek to advance the doctrine of the discontinuity of matter. At least, none of his disciples ever claimed to have been the originator of this doctrine, and Pythagoras was born some time between 580 and 570 B. C., while the Atomic School of Leucippus was not founded until some time after 500 B. C. Unfortunately, Pythagoras did not commit his doctrines to writing, though a few of the so-called "Golden Sentences" may have been written by him. Most of them, however, are probably no older than the fourth century of our era. Moreover, these throw no light on the subject under discussion.

The first written exposition of the Pythagorean atomic theory was put forward by Philolaus, a native of Tarentum, South Italy. Only fragments of his work have survived, and of those ascribed to him some are undoubtedly spurious. But all of them are very old and contain valuable information concerning Pythagorean doctrines.

Porphyry (233-304? A. D.), a Syrian Neo-

Platonist, residing for some years in Alexandria, wrote a "Life of Pythagoras," and a few years later another "Life" of this philosopher appeared, this time from the pen—or stylus—of another Syrian and Neo-Platonist, Iamblichus. But these works contain much that is wholly mythical concerning Pythagoras.[3]

Our best sources of information are Plato (*Timaeus*), Aristotle (*Metaphysica and Physica, De Anima and De Coelo*), Diogenes Laertius (*De Vitis*) and Stobaeus (*Eclogarum physicarum et ethicarum*). From these authorities we learn that, according to the Pythagoreans, the cosmos was at a certain stage of its (cyclic) changes a compact, inert, spherical mass of lifeless matter, having no distinguishable parts. After a long period of quiescence the "void"—i. e., the limitless outer air—broke in upon the world, entering into "the heaven itself" as if it—the heaven—were breathing. The result of this cosmic inhalation was "a certain separation and definition of things that lie together" (Aristotle, *Physica*, iv, 6)—that is, a separation of the homogeneous mass into

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[3]Cf. Nauck, A., *Porphyrii Opusculati Selecta*, ed. 2, Leipsic, 1886; and *Iamblichi De Vita Pythagorica Liber*, ed. Nauck, Petrograd, 1884; Chaignet, *"Pythagore et la Philosophie Pythagoricienne,"* Paris, 1873. See also Cantor, *"Vorlesungen uber die Geshichte der Mathematik,"* I, 124 ff.

different "elements." These fragments were eventually ground into an all but infinite number of infinitesimal particles, or "monads," analogous to the "atoms" of Leucippus and Democritus.

Now, Philolaus was a famous geometrician as well as an eminent physician and astronomer. Hence he—and presumably Pythagoras before him—thought of these particles (or atoms) not in terms of various qualities, chemically considered,—as Anaxagoras (500-428 B. C.), who was not a Pythagorean, had done before Philolaus wrote—but in terms of form (shape) and number. Each of the various substances known to the ancient world as "elements"—generally recognized as compounds of the real elements since the eighteenth century only—was regarded as made up of particles of a certain geometrical configuration. Philolaus explained that the "element" earth was composed of cubical particles, fire of tetrahedra (pyramidal forms), and the "ether" was identified with the dodecahedron (particles having twelve plane faces, or twelve regular pentagons). In the *Timaeus* of Plato we find this conception further developed, bringing all the five regular solids into the theory. Thus, the octahedron was now assigned to air, and the

icosahedron (a figure having twenty equilateral triangular faces) to water.

Very interesting in this connection is the fact that the positions of the electrons in atoms (the real elements) are being referred to today in terms similar to those employed by the Pythagoreans. Take, for example, the following passage from *Science Progress* (London), July, 1922 (No. 65), Pages 21-22:

"The modifications proposed in the expressions for electric and magnetic forces allow of the electrons in [Sir J. J.] Thomson's model [atoms] to take up positions at rest at the corners of certain well-known polyhedra, such as the tetrahedron, the cube, the rhombic dodecahedron, the cubo-octahedron; and so in the sharing of electrons between atoms and the consequent fitting together of such models we have the explanation of certain facts of crystallography."

But we know now that "fire" is not an "element" composed of tetrahedral atoms; but the combustible portion of coal and wood is the real element *carbon*—and the carbon molecule *is* of tetrahedral form. (See Bragg, Sir W. H. and W. L., "X-Rays and Crystal Spectra.")

On the Pythagorean theory—as on that of Leucippus, and on the latest theories of today

matter is broken up into parts (atoms) that are in themselves unchangeable—apart from radioactivity—but produce by their changes of position in relation to one another all the substances of earth and of living organisms.

To illustrate this principle in terms of modern science: Add four electrons (two positive and two negative) to the hydrogen atom, and you have the element lithium; knock out of the lithium atom (composed of three positive and three negative electrons) one positive and one negative electron, and you have one atom of helium (composed of two positive and two negative electrons.) And *electrons are all alike*, except that some carry a charge of positive electrification and some a negative charge—each kind (species) of atom having an equal number of positive and negative charges, thus attaining stable equilibrium. (See Soddy, *The Interpretation of Radium*, 1922.)

Until quite recently it was believed that atoms could be disrupted only by temperatures higher than those obtainable in our physical laboratories, or by bombardment by electrons and helium atoms spontaneously expelled (always with enormous velocities) from radioactive substances. But this is now known to be an erroneous assumption. It was lately

discovered by P. M. Basset, engineer of the Sperry Gyroscope Company, and Dr. Louis Bell, that when carbon is brought to a temperature of 5,000° C., in an arc-light used in connection with their amazingly powerful searchlight, alpha particles (helium atoms) are liberated. Such discoveries may some day lead to the transmutation of "the baser metals into gold," thus fulfilling the dream of the alchemists of old.

Quite recently, Drs. Milliken and Bowen not only developed a method for "stripping" planetary (valence) electrons one by one from atoms, but these investigations also proved that Bohr's (simple) theory of electron orbits —which includes the statement that the energy developed when an electron jumps from one orbit to another is exactly proportional to the frequency (or wave-length) emitted—is correct. Professor Sommerfeld's theory explaining the cause of double lines in the spectrum of hydrogen and other elements was also verified experimentally. (See *The Scientific Monthly*, Pages 665-669, June, 1924).

An atom of mercury, for example, contains 80 positive charges (electrons) on its nucleus, and 80 negative outlying electrons. Were we able to expel two of its *protons* (positive elec-

trons), it would instantly become the metal platinum. If a negative ("planetary") electron were also taken from it, the mercury atom would then have lost two positive charges (electrons) and one negative; that is, one positive charge on the whole: and hence it would retain 79 positive charges on the nucleus and 79 outlying negative electrons—and thus *become gold!*

Thus, one element differs from another only in the number of electrons composing its atom. And this is only a more precise statement of the essential doctrine of the ancient Greek atomists.

Parmenides, the Eleatic philosopher, who was at the height of his fame about 475 B. C., declared that both motion and change of substance were illusory—that no substances ever transform from one to another. The Pythagoreans and the School of Leucippus admitted that there was, indeed, an element of elements that knew no change, no transformations; and they declared that this primal element was the stuff that *all* atoms are made of. Today we believe his primal element (atom) to be hydrogen—as was suggested by the English physician, William Prout, in 1815. In other words, we are being forced by the mathemati-

cal and experimental data to conclude that all of the 87 known species of atoms (or elements) are but compounds of the original (simplest) hydrogen atom, consisting of one positively charged nuclear electron and one outlying negative electron. However, there is ground for difference of opinion on this question, as shown by Sir Oliver Lodge in his recent article, "Within the Atom," *Scientific American*, November, 1923.

"Thought," comments Professor Alfred Weber ("History of Philosophy," Pages 43-44), "discovers in the atomistic hypothesis the middle term that unites Parmenides, who denies the great empirical fact of generation and change, and Heraclitus, who sacrifices being and its permanence to becoming,—thereby combining the two rival systems into a higher synthesis,—and lays the foundation for every rational explanation of the process of becoming. Henceforth philosophy no longer regards matter as a continuous mass, the essential properties of which are incessantly transformed. It breaks them up into parts that are in themselves immutable, but which continually change their relative positions. As a consequence, there can be both perpetual change in the aspects of matter (bodies) and permanance

in the essence and properties of matter. All change is reduced to change of place: *mechanism.*"

THE FIERY "MONADS" (ATOMS)

"Fire," with the Pythagoreans, as with the followers of Heraclitus of Ephesus (535-475 B. C.), is *the* element *par excellence;* and, as previously stated, was regarded by them as made up of excessively minute particles of tetrahedral (pyramidal) form (Philolaus). This "subtile element" was looked upon as the symbol of the divine principle in nature. They taught that this "fire" is concentrated in a central sun, "the hearth of the universe," "mother of the gods," "citadel of Zeus," etc., around which revolve the earth and the other heavenly bodies.[4] The soul of man is a portion of the world-soul, a spark of the celestial fire, and in this sense material.

Aristotle states (*De Anima*, i, 2) that some of the Pythagoreans held the solar corpuscles (atoms) to be souls, while others referred to that which set them in motion as the soul.

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[4]Thus laying the foundation for the true heliocentric theory, introduced by Aristarchus of Samos about 280 B. C.—a theory accepted and developed by Seleucus of Seleucia in Babylonia, but rejected in the following century by the greatest of the Greek astronomers, Hipparchus of Nicæa, discoverer of the "precession of the equinoxes," and author of a catalogue of 1000 fixed stars.

Schlottman's reading of this passage is: "The solar corpuscles are moved by a soul, and the soul is, generally speaking, the moving principle."

Professor Burnet calls attention to the singular power exhibited by the Pythagoreans in adapting their theories to conditions; and among certain radical changes in their point of view, he thinks the most remarkable is the way the religious side of the doctrine was gradually dropped. "The effort was made to clear the name of Pythagoras himself from the imputation of mysticism. We have the echo of this in the remains of Aristoxenos and Dikairchos, but it must be older; for in their day scientific Pythagoreans had ceased to exist. The statement that Hippasos of Metapontium was guilty of publishing a mystic discourse 'with the view of misrepresenting Pythagoras' (Diogenes, viii, 7) must go back to this generation of the school; for at a later date no one would have any interest in making it."[5]

According to Stobaeus (*Eclogarum physicarum et ethicarum*, i, 308), Ecphantus—an immediate successor of Pythagoras, according to

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[5]Burnet, Professor John, "Greek Philosophy," Vol. I, ¶70, Page 87, London, 1914. See also, by the same author, "Early Greek Philosophy," 2 ed., ¶¶138 sq.

Röth—was the first philosopher to explain the Pythagorean monads (atoms) as something corporeal. But this view is regarded by most authorities as being contrary to the doctrine of the Pythagoreans. While Ecphantus is included among the disciples of the School, his doctrine of material atoms as the original constituents of the Pythagorean "numbers," as well as of matter, cannot, according to Zeller, have been derived from his reputed master. Unlike the followers of Leucippus, Ecphantus believed, with Anaxagoras (500-428 B. C.), that the movement of the atoms (or monads), as well as the formation of the universe, was produced by mind or soul. Atoms, according to Ecphantus, differ among themselves in size, form and *force*. It is interesting to note that this philosopher had not only accepted as true the affirmation of Pythagoras that the earth is a sphere, but he knew also that it rotated upon its axis (Schiaparelli, "*I Precursori di Copernico nell' Antichita*," in *Memorie del Reale Instituto Lombardi*, xii).

Here, then, paradoxically enough, we find in the teachings of the idealistic Pythagoreans the roots of our modern theories of cosmogony and the atomic theory of matter. Their "particles" are qualitatively all alike, differing only in

form. By changes in their number and position these qualitatively homogeneous atoms form all the various substances of earth, sea and sky.

THE "SEEDS" OF ANAXAGORAS (500-428 B. C.)

The "seeds" (or germs) of Anaxagoras must also, in a sense, be considered "atoms." But, so far from being all alike fundamentally, for him each substance was supposed to be composed of its own peculiar particles, there being as many kinds of "seeds" as there are kinds of substances.

Whence came this more or less novel doctrine? Was it wholly original with the sage of Clazomeniæ? Leucippus, the founder of "the materialistic" atomic theory, was a contemporary of Anaxagoras, and both lived after the time of Pythagoras, and may have been indebted either to him or to suggestions from India for their fundamental physical conceptions, finding them, indeed, fully accordant with the primary postulates of the older Ionian physicists—Anaximines (508-524 B. C.), Anaximander (611-547 B. C.) and Thales (624?-548? B. C.). All of these believed that all elements are but compounds or transformations of one primitive element.

It is natural to inquire here how such "suggestions from India" could have reached

Greece. Professor Gompertz, while he does not discuss the possible Indian origin of the atomic theory, would have an answer to this question. He admits that the Greeks "owe to the Orient the elements of material civilization" and much of their science, art and religion to older civilizations. How were these transferred to Greece? This question, he recalls, brings up a striking parallel from the literary history of mediæval Europe. "Practically the entire fairy-lore of the Occident is derived from India. No one," he goes on to say, "disputes this assertion today"; yet, on the other hand, "no one as yet can give a completely clear account of the ways and means by which its journey was accomplished" ("Greek Thinkers," Page 95).

CHAPTER II

THE MATERIALISTIC ATOMISTS: LEUCIPPUS AND DEMOCRITUS

SOURCES OF OUR INFORMATION

While the Atomic Theory is usually identified with the name of Democritus, its real founder was Leucippus, as is attested by both Aristotle (384-322 B. C.) and his successor, Theophrastus. Diogenes Laertius, who flourished about 230 of our era, refers to Leucippus (De Vitis, ix, 46) as the author of "The Great Diakosmos" (or "The Great Order of the Universe"), in which were set forth the principles upon which he based his atomic theory. A treatise "On the Mind" is also mentioned, which appears to have contained in outline the psychology of the materialistic Atomists.

Of the works of Leucippus there remains but one extant fragment, in which Leucippus lays down in clear terms this universal rule: "Nothing happens without a cause, but everything with a cause and by necessity" (Aetius, Doxographers 321 B. 10).

Following in the footsteps of his master, Democritus also wrote a book "On the Order of the Universe," adhering, it would seem, very

closely to the views of Leucippus. The works of his master the great Milesian, were incorporated eventually in the collected works of Democritus.

No writer, subsequent to Theophrastus (born at Lesbos about 390 B. C.; died in 286 B. C.), pupil of and successor to Aristotle as head of the famous Lyceum at Athens, attempted to distinguished the teaching of Leucippus from that of his more brilliant disciple. Zeller remarks that "the work and even the name of Leucippus seems to have been pretty early forgotten by most writers in comparison with the riper and more exhaustive achievements of his disciple. The persistance with which he is ignored by Epicurus, the reviver of the Atomistic philosophy, and by most of the Epicureans, may have contributed to this.[1]

Of the once numerous writings of Democritus himself, only fragments remain, but these are highly important. The chief collector of the extant fragments was Mullach,[2] who places

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[1]Zeller, Dr. Edward, "Pre-Socratic Philosophy," Vol I. Page 209, London, 1883. (English translation by S. F. Alleyne and O. J. Reichel.)

[2]*Democriti Abderitae operum fragmenta*, Berlin, 1843. Cf. Liepmann, Hugo Karl, "*Die Mechanik der leucipp-democrit' schen Atome*," Berlin, 1885; and Liard, *De Democrito philosopho*, Paris, 1873; Lassewitz, "*Geschichte der Atomistik*," Hamburg, 1890.

Democritus first on the list of Greek philosophers for genius and knowledge, and thinks it probable that the great Aristotle himself may owe much of his reputation for learning to diligent perusal of the words of the sage of Abdera. Says he: "(Democritus), although in other things dissimilar, in his equal study of all the arts was most like the famous Aristotle. And I scarcely know whether the Stagirite did not owe to his reading of the works of Democritus his erudition, which surpassed that of all other philosophers."

Aristotle and some later historians make frequent references to his teachings, and according to Zeller, "with respect." Gompertz says that Aristotle confers "a crown of eulogy" upon Democritus "at the expense of Plato."

Professor Lange remarks, however, that "he cites him, for the most part, only when he attacks him, and this he by no means always does with a fitting objectivity and fairness. How often he has borrowed from him without naming him we do not know. Plato speaks of him nowhere, though it is a matter of dispute whether, in some places, he has not controverted his opinion without mention of his name" ("History of Materialism," page 18).

It seems to be quite possible that Plato knew

little or nothing of the writing of Democritus. At any rate, they were not well known in Athens before Aristotle's discussion of his theories. An extant Democritean fragment states that "I went to Athens and no one knew me." Professor Burnet says: "It is not clear that Plato knew anything about Democritus, for the few passages in the Timæus and elsewhere where he seems to be reproducing him are easily explained by the Pythagorean influences that affected them both. Aristotle, on the other hand, knows Democritus well; for he too was an Ionian from the north.

"It is certain, nevertheless, that the Democritean corpus (which included the works of Leucippus and others as well as those of Democritus) continued to exist; for the school maintained itself at Abdera and Teos down to Hellenistic times. It was therefore possible for Thrasyllos in the reign of Tiberius to produce an edition of the works of Democritus arranged in tetralogies just like his edition of Plato's dialogues. Even that did not suffice to preserve them."[3]

Besides being the favorite pupil of Leucip-

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[3]"Greek Philosophy," Vol. I, Pages 193-194, London, 1914.

pus, Democritus (according to Glaubus of Rhegion, a contemporary) had also Pythagoreans for teachers, including the astronomer, geometrician and physician, Philolaus, who was exiled from Italy in the first half of the fifth century B. C. because of his membership in the Pythagorean Order. Burnet thinks that this accounts not only for Democritus' geometrical knowledge but also "for other features of his system."

THE PHYSICS OF DEMOCRITUS.

We know that both Leucippus and Democritus regarded the atoms composing the various substances of the world as being homogeneous—i.e., all alike from a chemical standpoint, but differing from one another in point of size and in rich variety of form. Unlike the minute particles (homœomeries) of Anaxagoras, which were assumed to be infinitely divisible as well as qualitatively different for each substance, the atoms of Leucippus and Democritus were considered indivisible; hence the name *atoma* (atoms) (particles which cannot be cut, or further divided).

But while the atoms are described as "indivisible," because there is no vacuum in them,

this does not mean that they were regarded by Leucippus and Democritus as mere mathematical points, like the atoms of Boscovich[4] or the "point charges" (electrons) of some modern physicists. They were bodies of a definite magnitude, some larger, others smaller, but never of visible size (Sextus, *Mathematica*, vii, 139), much less, as asserted by Stobæus (*Eclagarum physicarum et ethicarum*, i, 348) "as large as a world." According to Simplicius (*Physica*, 18 a), Democritus taught that the atoms were physically indivisible, but he did not claim that they were *mathematically* indivisible.

The variety of substances and organisms seen on every hand is due entirely, according to Democritus—and also to Leucippus, whose views are expressed by Democritus—to the infinite variety of the atoms in form, size and *arrangement in space with reference to one another*—an anticipation of modern stereochemistry (the arrangement of the atoms of a molecule in space) and the work of van't Hoff

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[4]Boscovish, Roger Joseph, *Theoria Philosophae Naturalis*, etc., Vienna, 1758. A Latin-English edition of this work has been issued from the press of the Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago, 1923.

(1852-1911).[5] In all other respects the atoms are alike, and act on one another only by pressure or collision.

THE ATOMIC THEORY OF KNOWLEDGE

Man's sense impressions—color, sound, bitterness, sweetness, etc.—are merely the effect of the impact of atoms upon a particular grouping or arrangement of physically varied but essentially (chemically) homogeneous atoms, constituting our sense organs. Hence these sense qualities have no existence in themselves—are mere deceptive "appearances." "Only in opinion consists sweetness, bitterness, cold, color;

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[5]Van't Hoff was first to explain the cause of a known difference in their behavior toward a beam of polarized light of two distinct substances—both of which are called amyl alcohol—the chemical formation of which is identical (i. e., composed of the same number and kinds of atoms)—by a difference in the order in which the four different groups of molecules are arranged in space about the central carbon atom; the arrangements in the two cases being such that one molecule has the same arrangement as the mirror image of the other—equivalent to the difference between a right-hand and a left-hand glove. Democritus could, possibly, on his theory, have arrived at such an explanation; whereas Aristotle, on his theory of the elements, could not possibly have done so—any more than could Empedocles (495-436 B. C.) have done so with his "four elements."

As for the primal substance ("air") of Anaximines (588-54 B. C.) and the "fire" of Heraclitus (535-475 B. C.), Dr. Gompertz contends that these were implicitly recognized as being composed of "minute, imperceptible particles" ("Greek Thinkers, Vol. I, Page 323).

in truth there is nothing but the atoms and empty space," says Democritus.

The great Protagoras (born about 500 B. C.), also of Abdera, a contemporary of Leucippus and Democritus, had taught that all sensations are equally true for the sentinent subject—i.e., if a substance tastes sweet to a given person, it *is* sweet. For Democritus sweetness and bitterness did not reside as such in the substance tasted, but were merely subjective effects produced on the palate of the consumer. Taste is partly dependent upon the shape of the atoms composing the food (they held) and partly upon the particular taste-sense of the individual. Thus to the normal (or average) person honey has a sweet taste, whereas the same honey to a jaundiced person has a bitter taste.

Parmenides had already declared that taste, colors, sound and the like were only names, standing for no objective qualities. Democritus agreed that sensations *represent* nothing external to ourselves, though they are *caused* by something outside us. For example, what we call pungency, tartness, bitterness, saltiness, etc., were impressions produced on the palate by atoms of a certain shape—sharp, rough, pointed or hooked particles of matter produc-

ing an effect of pungency or acidity. Atoms with smooth surfaces form substances which ordinarily impress the senses agreeably. From this we learn the effect upon our palates of certain substances, but these sensations tell us nothing of the true nature of the substances tasted.

"By the senses," says Democritus, "we in truth know nothing sure, but only something that changes according to the disposition of the body and of the things that enter into it or resist it" (Fragment 9). True reality lies beyond sense impressions; "truth is in the depths" (Fragment 11). Our ideas represent our impressions, and are not direct reproductions of the external objects themselves, "the inner essence of which is concealed from us."

This ancient theory of the differences of taste depending on differences in the shapes—or roughness or smoothness — of the particles composing substances prevailed even well into the eighteenth century of our own era; dictionaries of the period still defining acidity, for example, as due to sharp, pointed particles. Today we still admit that atoms are qualitatively homogeneous—but by "atoms" we now mean electrons, the constituent electrical charges which make up the "atoms" of the

chemist. Differences in the number of electrons in atoms confer upon them qualitative (chemical) differences, though all atoms of any one element are chemically alike—are homogeneous. Differences in the number of spatial arrangement of these atoms (in groups or "molecules") constitute both physical and chemical differences in substances, i.e., in compounds. Quite different substances are produced by combinations of precisely the same *kinds* of atoms, but in different proportions.

Take from a molecule of certain substances one single atom, and they may be changed from a compound necessary to life and growth into a deadly poison. Phosphorus is an element, and thus contains but one kind of atoms; but some (common) phosphorus is yellow and some (amorphous) is red, varying with the spatial distribution of the atoms in the molecules composing the phosphorus.

But the properties (or quality) of a compound are not merely the *sum* of the qualities of the different kinds of atoms composing its molecules (a molecule being the smallest possible quantity of a given substance or compound. Water, for example, is not merely the addition of the qualities of one atom of oxygen to those of two atoms of hydrogen (H_2O). It

is something quite different from either of these two elements. And just so the color of blue sulphate of copper is not a mere mixture of the colors of sulphuric acid and copper. Again, the experiments of Dr. P. W. Bridgman[6] showed that while the application of ordinary pressures to ice causes it to melt, the application of high pressures to water causes it to freeze, and that "there are at least five different kinds of ice, only one of which we are ordinarily familiar with" (Page 192). Paraffin, under pressures as high as 20,000 atmospheres, "becomes more rigid than soft steel" (Page 188). Water, heretofore regarded as absolutely incompressible, was found to decrease in volume about twenty per cent with a pressure under 12,000 atmospheres.

Professor W. T. Marvin could well say, in considering the shortcomings of ancient atomic theories, that "even with our wealth of physical information we cannot yet explain by a rigorous atomistic mechanics water transforming into ice or a stick of wood burning, not to mention the phenomena of living organisms."

Modern science recognizes that not only different *results* may be obtained under different

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[6] "On the Properties of Matter under High Pressure," Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution, 1918.

conditions, but that *absolutely new qualities* emerge at critical moments, both in the domain of chemistry and in the phenomena of biology. We talk now of *emergent evolution*. "We live in a world in which there seems to be an orderly sequence of events. . . . But the orderly sequence, historically viewed, appears to present, from time to time, something genuinely new . . . If there be only regrouping of pre-existing events and nothing more—then there is no emergent evolution."[7]

In the gradual transition from non-living to living matter, an entirely new and peculiar type of energy—"biotic energy" *emerges*, which is not explicable merely on the grounds of increasing complexity of atomic structure. "We call things *living* because of the energy changes they exhibit, and not because they are complex chemically or physically." A dead animal is just as *complex* as a living organism. What is missing is "biotic energy" — the form of energy which gives rise to the distinctive energy-transformations "which we aggregate together under the term *life*." The recognition

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[7]Morgan, Professor C. Lloyd, "Emergent Evolution," Pages 1-2, London, 1923. Cf. Mill, J. S., "Logic," Book III, Chapter VI, ¶2; Lewes, G. H., "Problems of Life and Mind," Vol. II, Problem V, Chapter III, Page 412.

of this fact, however, does not commit us to the outworn doctrine of "vitalism" or to the Aristotelian "entelechy."[8]

Leucippus and Democritus, of course, were not troubled with the problems raised by such phenomena as we have just been considering, since they knew nothing about them. For the founders of Atomism, a multiplicity of substances, living matter, and consciousness could readily be accounted for by the varied combination of variously formed atoms, physically considered. What would be their astonishment to learn that tens of thousands of different substances are actually composed of only four kinds of atoms—viz., hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen and carbon! Yet for them *one* element, qualitatively considered, was sufficient to produce all that is — including the "soul" — provided this primal matter existed in an infinite number of shapes and sizes of atomic dimensions.

DEMOCRITEAN COLOR THEORY

"We have no exact information," says Professor Gompertz, "as to which bodies in the theory of Democritus were simple and which

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[8]See on this point Moore, Dr. Benjamin, "Biochemistry—A Study of the Origin, Reactions and Equilibria of Living Matter," especially Chapter IX, Pages 125-137, London, 1921.

were complex," but he adduces evidences to show that "the infinite multiplicity which Democritus recognized in the sizes and shapes of atoms did not arise from his incompetence to perceive or to conjecture a complex in an apparently simple body."

He remarks that the Democritean theory of color started from the assumption of four primary colors—white, black, red and green. "These, with the exception of green, which had taken the place of yellow, were likewise the primary colors in the scheme of Empedocles." But all other colors "were designated as *mixed*, and we see that all the numerous bodies which were not equipped with one of the four primary colors must have been of a composite nature. That is to say, they must have included other than merely homogenously elementary particles. . . . The statements about the atomic forms underlying the several tastes give rise at first impression (to the idea that) each of the countless 'juices' or materials of taste is composed of homogeneous atoms possessing the size and shape required for the purpose.

"But this, we plainly perceive, was not the opinion of Democritus. His own view of the mixed colors cries against it. The homogeneity

of the atoms was admissible in the case of white salt, but it was not admissible in that of yellow-gold honey or of brownish-yellow human bile. It is true that he must have referred the sweetness of the one and the bitterness of the other to the presence of the atomic forms by which these impressions were produced. But yellow and brown were mixed colors in his theory; and he must accordingly have inferred that honey and bile alike contained atoms of other forms as well."

Professor Gompertz therefore concludes that "the true meaning of those statements should therefore be expressed as follows: 'In all substance of mixed colors at least the kind of atoms which lends them their specific taste is merely the predominant and preponderant kind, and without wasting more words on this subject, Theophrastus, who is our best authority for Democritus' theory of sensation, relates that this doctrine was expressly taught by him'."[9]

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[9]Gompertz, Opus citum, Pages 333-334. (Authorized English translation, from the German edition of 1896, by Laurie Magnus, M. A. (Oxon.), London, 1906.

CHAPTER III

THE ELEATIC VIEW

One of the problems that early perplexed the human mind was that of motion. Parmenides, of the Eleatic school, could not conceive of movement of bodies without vacuous space, and for him there could be no vacuum, since the universe is a *pienum*—the All, the One. Hence there could be no motion, movement of bodies and physical changes being mere delusive appearances.

Leucippus granted that he, likewise, could not conceive of the motion of bodies unless there was empty space for them to move in. But motion he recognized as a fact of nature, as a reality. The Eleatics must, therefore, he said, be in error in supporting the premise that "there is no vacuum." Given empty space, motion followed.

Neither Parmenides nor Leucippus introduced the conception of the vacuum. It was a pre-existing doctrine fervently attacked by Parmenides and supported on logical grounds by Leucippus. "Nor," says Professor Gompertz of Leucippus, "did he do more than to refine and to raise to the dignity of a self-sustained

system the atomic theory which existed before him, though in a rude, rudimentary and imperfect shape."

Given atoms of various sizes and forms, their movement in vacuous space was taken as much for granted as their existence. Just as matter itself had no beginning, and can have no ending, so the natural and original condition of atoms was a state of motion. The state of rest was no more "natural" to the Atomists than was the state of motion. They knew nothing of the doctrine which regards matter as an "inert mass." Matter for them was essentially active and non-quiescent, as it was centuries later for Bruno, Bacon, Leibnitz, Spinoza, and as it is in our own times for all physicists. For *energy* is synonymous with *motion*, and matter itself is but a collection of *energy units* (in constant motion).

DEMOCRITUS' THEORY.

According to Democritus the atoms fall with varying degrees of rapidity, the heavier particles faster, the lighter with less speed, the heavier overtaking and striking against the lighter ones. To quote Lange's succinct statement:

"As the atoms are of various shapes, and the collision will not take place in the center of the atoms, then, even according to the prin-

ciples of modern mechanical science, revolutions of the atoms on their axes and lateral motions will be set up. When once set up, these lateral motions must ever become more and more complicated, and as the collision of constant new atoms with a layer of atoms already in lateral motion constantly imparts new forces, so we may suppose that the motion will continually increase. From the lateral motions in connection with the rotation of the atoms are then easily produced cases of retrogressive movement. If now, in a layer of atoms so involved, the heavier—i. e., the larger—atoms continually receive a stronger impetus downwards, they will finally be collected below, while the light ones will form the upper stratum."[1]

Aristotle said that if there could be such a condition as space devoid of substance (matter), then in such a vacuum all bodies, light or heavy, would fall with equal velocity, which he considered an absurdity. For him the differences in the speed of falling bodies are entirely dependent upon differences in the density of the medium—air or water—through which they fall toward the center of the earth. Epicurus agreed with the Stagirite on the

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[1]Lange, Frederick Albert, "History of Materialism," Vol. I, Page 25, London, 1892.

point of equal velocities in a non-resisting medium. But Aristotle not only denied the possibility of the existence of a void anywhere, but asserted that in such a void — were a vacuum possible — no motion could take place!

Epicurus believed that all atoms, of whatever weight, would fall with equal velocity in a vacuum, in simple parallel lines. They are in everlasting movement, originally a perpetual, equable falling through the boundless infinity of vacuous space, with an incomparably greater speed than that of light-rays; though he believed that these traverse the distance from sun to earth in an instant.[2]

While it is true that in infinite space there is neither an "up" nor a "down," the fact remains, as Epicurus in effect observed, that man considers his head "up" and his feet "down," and a body as being relatively distant from, or as near or on or within, the earth. So the atoms do converge at the earth, falling downwards unless met by bodies which, by a particular movement and weight, drive them to one side or upwards, or in a spiral or whirling motion—"the commencement of the formation of worlds." But if the movement of atoms is

[2]That 498 seconds, over eight minutes, are required for this transmission of light is a discovery of the eighteenth century.

in straight parallel lines, and all move in the vacuum with equal velocity, how could one atom drive another "to one side or upwards"?

Just here is where the weakness in the atomic theory is introduced by Epicurus. Democritus accounted for the collision and rebound of atoms under law, by a *cause*, not by chance. Epicurus threw away the cause and introduced "chance collisions." But no atom was ever deviated from its flight in parallel lines by "chance"—in this case a wholly metaphysical invention. No worlds, no suns or planets could be built up on the theory of particles falling through infinite space in parallel rectilinear paths. There must be collision and recoil of atoms in order that the lateral and whirling movements, or vortices, should be set up, which were supposed to cause the atoms to combine according to their shape, size, and weight, the heavier forming the denser portions of the earth, the lighter constituting the atmosphere.

This difficulty did not escape the astute mind of Lucretius. But in attempting to solve what is really an insoluble problem—the development of worlds under the conditions stated—the great Roman poet only made bad matters worse. For here he introduced the dogma of free will applied to the falling atoms. They

were made to deviate from their parallel lines by a voluntary movement!

And it appears that this was done on the authority of Epicurus himself: "In these errors," says Lange, "Democritus probably had no share; and yet we shall judge them more leniently if we reflect that, even to our own day, the essence of the doctrine of the freedom of the will, with whatever metaphysical subtlety it is elaborated, consists simply of the uncertainty and perplexity of phenomenal appearances." Again: "Whilst, therefore, it is one of the most important efforts of recent materialism to deduce the whole mass of voluntary movements from mechanical causes, we find Epicurus adopting a quite incalculable element into his system."[3]

For Democritus a "chance" occurrence would be a causeless event, and this he could not allow under his law of "necessity." An efficient cause produces always appropriate and calculable results under given conditions, and these results are always uniform, predictable occurrences, given knowledge of the mechanical factors involved.

To the earlier Atomists it seemed clear that particles which are alike in weight and in

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[3]Lange, *Op. cit.*, Page 142.

form would "naturally," when whirled about in a vortex, be brought to the same location; and because of their peculiar shape, become entangled one with another. Since some atoms were supplied with hooks or even with balls and sockets, some with mortice or dovetail, others with sharp, rough or involuted edges, what more "natural" than that groups or combinations of atoms should be formed, even to the cohesion of some atoms in places not suitable to their nature, resulting in the formation of compound bodies?

Some atoms, indeed, were "unsociable," having no means of mutual attachment; hence their combination was effected by enclosing them in a shell formed by the "social" particles. Some atoms had means for attachment at two points, which accounts, in part, for the greater or less mobility of the various atoms. The soul consists of the finest and smoothest atoms, akin to those of fire; and since they penetrate the whole body, their motions give rise to the phenomena of life. All objects project into space images of themselves, composed of atoms, which strike against the senses, and are perceived by similar atoms—"like atoms are perceived by like."

These assumptions were wholly unacceptable

to the critical mind of Aristotle,[4] as well as to his distinguished disciple, Strato of Lampsacus, teacher of Ptolemy Philadelphus. The Roman Stoic, Cicero, regarded the Democritean theory of cohesion and compounding of substances as wholly fantastic.[5] Yet the critics of Democritus had no better theory to offer in its place, since they, like the Atomists themselves, had no conception of the electrical, chemical or gravitational attraction of bodies for each other, or of the fact that the pressure of the atmosphere cause the ascent of fire, vapor and heated molecules in general.

To the foregoing objections, others might be offered, but we add only that in modern terms, the impact of indivisible and indeformable atoms upon one another could not produce the required movement of elementary masses. For "if the atoms are rigid, transmission of motion through impact is impossible; if they are elastic, they are then deformable and composed of parts, which is contrary to the hypothesis and implies forces of cohesion and elasticity."[6]

Democritus, though he was the greatest

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[4] *De Cœlo*, iii, 4; *Generatio et Corruptio*, i, 21; and elsewhere.

[5] *Academica*, ii, 38, 121.

[6] Rougier, Louis, "Philosophy and the New Physics," Pages 7-8, London, 1922.

physicist of his age, could not, of course, be expected to anticipate our modern objections to his doctrine—or his master's doctrine. The immortal Newton (1642-1727) himself, even Dalton (1766-1844), founder of the modern chemical atomic theory (as distinguished from the *physical* atomic theories of his predecessors), could not anticipate the advances that have made possible the relentless criticism of modern physics and chemistry. Newton, Boyle and Huygens had no idea that the "atoms" of their conceptions were occupied mostly by "empty space" (using this phrase in its popular meaning—modern science recognizing no actually empty space: for all space contains a gravitational "ether" if not an electromagnetic field of energy).

Thus the "atom" of the chemist is a highly elastic body—highly resilient. Moreover, thanks to the genius of Professor Frederick Soddy, of Oxford, and of Sir F. W. Aston, we now know that what we considered but three years ago to be a homogeneous element—e.g., lead chlorine, carbon, iron, etc.—is in many cases—if not in all cases excepting hydrogen and helium—a compound body containing particles of different weights (atomic mass). On the other hand, as previously stated, we are

reverting to the Democritean theory that all atoms are composed of but one primitive element, the hydrogen atom. And the hydrogen atom in turn is composed of—*energy;* and energy itself is apparently of atomic structure. All energy is, in the last analysis, electrical in nature, the stuff that lightning, the stars, fire, rocks and metals, the bodies of plants and animals—perhaps the mind of man—are all made of.

With these facts in mind, let us return to Democritus, whose errors—the errors of his age—we may now regard with due allowances.

"SOUL ATOMS

With Democritus, as with Pythagoras and Heraclitus, fire had a special importance, though it was not, as asserted by some of the ancient writers, regarded by him as an element. The primitive substance, the source of all things, whether fire, earth, air or water, was the world of homogeneous atoms, eternal, unchangeable. Fire, composed of minute, round, smooth atoms, was, on account of its mobility, the living and moving principle of nature, though not the direct *cause* of motion. But because of the fiery, mobile nature of its atoms, they become a secondary cause of additional motion, from their impact with and recoil from

less mobile atoms. Sensation and consciousness are possible because of the extreme mobility of the fiery atoms. They are the "soul atoms," but sensibility and consciousness arise only as the result of relatively large aggregations of these excessively minute bodies.

"EFFLUENCES"

In order to account for the mutual action or influence of bodies upon one another, when separated by space,—the void,—the Atomists had recourse to the Empedoclean theory of "effluences," or emanations, which were supposed to be emitted by all bodies (Aristotle, *Generatio et Corruptio*, i, 8). Penetrating the organs of sense, they excite the appropriate sensation, and, in the case of the brain, they produce images or ideas of things. Hence sensation is the only possible source of knowledge, the origin of all thought being the passage through the sense organs of "effluences" from external objects or organisms, acting mechanically, by contact.

But while affirming that sensation is the source of all knowledge, Democritus, nevertheless, agrees with the Pythagoreans and Socrates in rejecting sensation as such as a source of knowledge. He distinguishes be-

tween a "bastard" (*skotie*) knowledge obtained through the special senses and a true-born (*gnesie*) knowledge, obtained by direct-contact of external atoms with the body's "soul atoms." These are not concentrated in the brain nor are they dependent upon the organs of sense. They are diffused throughout the entire organism, and come into direct contact, without the intervention of the deceptive sense organs, with the reality outside our body.

"Poor Mind," he makes the senses say (Fragment 125), "it is from us thou hast got the proofs to throw us with. Thy throw is a fall."[7]

As Burnet points out, the "true-born knowledge is of the same nature as the "bastard," and "Democritus refused, like Socrates, to make an absolute separation between sense and thought," the former being, 'after all, not thought, but a sort of inner sense, and its objects are like the 'common sensibles' of Aristotle." In the "bastard" knowledge, Democritus included sight, hearing, smell, taste, touch. "True-born" knowledge was obtained

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[7]Burnet, Dr. John, *Op. cit.*, Page 153; and Note 2, Page 113. Dr. Burnet is Professor of Greek at St. Andrews University, Scotland

directly by the diffused soul atoms from the external objects, and thus made them known as they really are. All phenomena of life and mind are due to the motion of the mobile fiery atoms. Even where Democritus speaks of "the Divine," he means merely the fiery soul atoms; not a personal being of any kind.

Where there is a large aggregation of the soul atoms, there reason appears, itself a physical phenomenon. Democritus recognized no *Nous* (Anaxagoras) or World-Soul (Plato). or Deity (Aristotle). The only motive force of the world is gravity, the soul being a secondary cause of motion only by virtue of the fiery atoms' being most easily moved by pressure and contact. "Spirit" is "only one substance moving side by side with others."[8]

Every act of the individual, every occurrence in nature, has its efficient cause from which it follows by necessity—or, as we should say, under natural law. All change in things must be reduced to an altered combination of atoms—to new forms and arrangements in space, under the law of "necessity."

The soul is material and disappears with the disintegration of the body, though there exist invisible beings all around us in the air.

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[8]Zeller, *Op. cit.*, Vol. II, Page 253.

But these invisible beings are material bodies also, composed of the finest atoms. At times they project images of themselves which affect our soul atoms, rendering these aerial beings, for the time, visible bodies.

CHAPTER IV

EPICURUS AND LUCRETIUS

ATOMS NOT INFINITE IN VARIETY

Epicurus (341-270 B. C.) agreed with Democritus in assuming that the atoms are infinite in number, but he denied that they were infinitely various in shape, though their variety of form was conceded to be very great, some smooth and round—like the soul atoms and those of fire—some rough and pointed, others again branched or hooked. While the number of forms is limited, there is an unlimited number of each form. None of these variously formed atoms was ever created, and none can ever be either created or destroyed. "Out of nothing, nothing comes."

MANY INHABITED WORLDS

Since space is infinite in extent and the atoms infinite in number as well as varied in shape and weights, there must also be innumerable inhabited worlds (as asserted by Democritus), displaying the greatest diversity; yet some of them may nevertheless be exactly alike, since like causes acting upon like bodies or complexes must inevitably produce like effects.

Metrodorus, of Chios, declared that "a single

ear of corn on a wide-spreading champaign would not be more wonderful than a single cosmos in the infinitude of space."

MAN'S GREATEST ENEMY

Study of Democritus convinced Epicurus that the greatest enemy of mankind is superstition, fear of imaginary gods and of punishment hereafter, making of man a mental slave. Epicurus was not a lover of science for science's sake. He regarded its pursuit as having no greater justification than that through reasoning and observation it would free mankind from the fetters of supernaturalism, thus leaving an open road to peace and happiness. Pleasure is the highest good, and the highest form of pleasure is derived from cultivation of our mental faculties.

"Protected as it was by the emperors, the (Epicurean) school destroyed what remained of the crumbling edifice of polytheism, and at the same time attacked the new religion and the supernatural Christian."[1]

ON THE GODS

In supporting his atomic theory of cosmology, biology and ethics, in refutation of the theological hypotheses of the Platonists and the Stoics, based, they claimed, upon "a study of

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[1]Weber, Alfred, "History of Philosophy," Page 139.

nature and the laws of logic," Epicurus offered what he regarded as logical evidence against the doctrine that the world was ever created or that it is the product of beneficent design. Professor Weber summed up the doctrine of Epicurus, as derived from the writings of the Poet, Lucretius; the biographer, Diogenes Laertius; and other authors of lives of the philosophers of ancient Greece, in the following words (translated by Dr. Frank Thilly, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Missouri):

"The absolute creation and absolute destruction of the world are [according to both Democritus and Epicurus] out of the question. Creation in the proper sense of the term is impossible. In order to convince ourselves that the world is not the work of the gods, we have simply to consider the nature of its alleged creators, on the one hand, and its imperfections, on the other. Why should such perfect and supremely happy beings, who are self-sufficient and have no need of anything, burden themselves with creating the world? Why should they undertake the difficult task of governing the universe?

"Let us, however, suppose for a moment that the world is their product. If they have created it, they have created it either eternally or in

time; in the former case, the world is eternal; in the latter we have two possibilities: either creation is a condition of divine happiness, and then the gods were not supremely happy for an entire eternity, inasmuch as they did not create the world until after the lapse of an eternity of inaction; or, it is not, and in that case, they have acted contrary to their innermost essence. Moreover, what could have been their purpose in making it? Did they desire a habitation? That would be equivalent to saying that they had no dwelling-place for a whole eternity, or at least, none worthy of them. Did they create it for the sake of man? If they made it for the few sages whom the world contains, their work was not worth the trouble; if they did it in order to create wicked men, then they are cruel beings. Hence it is absolutely impossible to hold that creation is the work of the gods.

"Let us examine the matter from the standpoint of the world. How can we assume that a world full of evils is the creation of the gods? What have we? Barren deserts, arid mountains, deadly marshes, uninhabitable arctic zones, regions scorched by the southern sun, briars and thorns, tempests, hailstones and hurricanes, ferocious beasts, diseases, pre-

mature deaths; do they not all prove that the Deity has no hand in the government of things? Empty space, atoms and weight, in short, mechanical causes, suffice to explain the world; and it is not necessary for metaphysics to have recourse to the theory of final causes."[2]

Just as astrologists blame the stars for the individual's short-comings—while at the same time holding on to the doctrine of free will, by assuring us that "the stars incline but do not compel"—and credit the astral bodies for his good traits and successes, exactly so the ancient Greeks placed responsibility for man's derelictions and misfortunes—as well as for his happy achievements—on the gods. Minerva's influence endowed the individual with intelligence; Venus infused the passion of love; Apollo dispersed manly beauty, health and happiness; Mars involved peoples in wars; while Mercury was the god of mathematics, inventions, business transactions, etc. Without

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2Weber, *Op. Cit.*, Pages 136-137. Epicurus was the author of about three hundred writings, according to Diogenes Laertius, but only his Letters, preserved by this historian, and fragments of a work discovered at Herculaneum remain. For the rest we are dependent on the *resume* presented by Lucretius and the quotations found in Greek authors. As Weber remarks (Page 135), "neither polytheism nor Christianity had any interest in preserving his numerous writings."

denying the existence of the gods, Epicurus, as we have seen, did seek to show that the Olympian divinities were not in any way concerned with terrestrial affairs.[3]

Though the gods are dead, we cannot yet say, with Henley,

I am the captain of my soul.
I am the master of my fate,

For modern man has within his own physiological "world" real substitutes for the imaginary gods of Olympus, which really "incline" if they "do not compel," "behavior." While the gods have been all but forgotten, and the "fateful" stars have been reduced to vast incandescent masses of helium, hydrogen, calcium, iron, etc., the endocrine (ductless) glands still largely control or alter personality; though these bodies are but constellations of atomic systems, with electrons for sun and planets, each revolving in an all but inscrutable cosmos of its own.

These still mysterious glands are to-day the real "astral influences"—acting under "necessity"—which confer upon us manly beauty and

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[3]Lange expressed the opinion that Epicurus really believed in the existence of the gods, reverenced them for their perfection: "these careless and painless gods did in fact represent, as it were, an incarnated ideal of his philosophy" (*Op. Cit.*, Vol. I, Page 101.)

intelligence, or, perhaps, a dwarfed body and an inbecilic brain. The pituitary body, originating tens of millions of years ago in the roof of the mouth of some lowly chordate (lancelet stage), in Cambrian times, and now attached to the base of man's brain, has taken the place of Minerva and Apollo; the gonads and the thymus have absorbed the functions of Venus; the adrenals, the combative "influence" of Mars; while the thyroid makes of us—or "inclines" us to become—poets, radicals, "uplifters,"—or maybe, mere lovers of the limo light![4]

Surely this character-building "by necessity" would have delighted the soul of Democritus and brought joy to the heart of his great disciple Epicurus, who introduced an element of chance into Atomism only to bridge what was to him an impassable gulf between the laws of mechanics and observed phenomena.

This insistence of the ancient Atomists on the necessity of attempting to account for all natural phenomena as the result of uniform, immutable, universal "necessity" or law is one of the greatest conceptions handed down to us from antiquity—a monument to the human

[4]See Berman, Dr. Louis, "The Glands Regulating Personality," New York, 1922; Cunningham, J. T., "Hormones and Heredity," London, 1922.

mind equalled only by the attempt to correlate all qualitative differences of substances (atoms) with differences of size, shape and position in space (with relation to one another) and with movement.

Gompertz does not hesitate to declare that this grand work of the ancient Atomists "is destined to survive all changes of opinion and thought." Furthermore, all exact knowledge of nature "rests entirely on this attempt to reduce qualities to quantites, or, to speak more precisely, to establish fixed relations between the two. Mathematical physics was contained there as in a germ, and modern research took its starting-point thence. Galileo, Descartes, Huygens,—they all followed the same path. 'I do not believe,' declared Galileo, 'that anything else is required than magnitudes, shapes, quantities, and slow movements or swift, to produce in us tastes, smell, sounds.' "[5]

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[5]Gompertz, *Op. cit.*, Page 349.

CHAPTER V

POST-CLASSICAL ATOMISM

The two principal links in the chain which binds the world of the ancient Greek (and *one* Roman) Atomists with those of our own times are Descartes (1596-1650) and Gassendi (1592-1655). Gassendi revived and ably supported the atomic theory of Epicurus; while Descartes resuscitated the mechanistic conceptions of the Greek Atomists on the basis of a corpuscular theory of matter, corresponding in many respects to the doctrine of Democritus.

The work of Leucippus connects through Descartes and Gassendi, Huygens, Boyle and Newton, directly with that of Higgins and Dalton, founders of the modern chemical atomic theory.

Dalton had already adopted a physical atomic theory, based no doubt on the work of his illustrious predecessors, and upon his own thorough study of the gases of the atmosphere, before he formulated his chemical atomic hypothesis. He opposed the prevailing belief that the various gases exist in the atmosphere in a state of chemical combination, asserting that the atmosphere is a physical mixture.

In 1805, he extended his atomic hypothesis to the explanation of chemical phenomena. His

first postulate was, of course, that all matter is made up of small particles; these he found possessed the power of attracting (and holding) other particles. He therefore concluded that these invisible particles never subdivide in taking part in chemical changes, and that all atoms of any one element must be alike. But the atoms of the different elements vary in weight, form and combining power. He established the rule, already assumed by William Higgins (1789), that different atoms tend to combine in the porportion of atom to atom.

When a compound was composed of two elements only, it was presumed to be binary; that is, since water, for example, was known to be composed of hydrogen and oxygen, it was supposed by Dalton that it *must* consist of one atom of each of these elements; as was also assumed in the case of ammonia, which he knew to be a combination of hydrogen and nitrogen. Now we know that one atom of hydrogen combined with one atom of oxygen forms, not water, but oxide of hydrogen; while the combining of *two* atoms of hydrogen with one atom of oxygen forms water.

Dalton established the fact that elements combine only in *definite proportions*—e. g., that oxygen and hydrogen will combine only in the

proportion of 8 to 1. Had Dalton known that a molecule of water contains *two* atoms of hydrogen, and *one* of oxygen, he would have known that *one* atom of oxygen must weigh *sixteen* times—instead of eight times—as much as *one* atom of hydrogen. *One part* of hydrogen *by weight* does combine with *eight parts by weight* of oxygen, but this does not prove that the portion of hydrogen in water contains only one atom. Since it contains two atoms, instead of one, then, in order to preserve the relative combining (or "equivalent") weights of the two substances, we must assume that the *atomic* weight of oxygen is 16, for the *combining* weights of elements represent the relative (not actual) weights of the atoms. And each element has its own fixed combining weight, ascertained by experiment.

Water, then, is not a mere mixture or combination of hydrogen and oxygen, in the sense that a pound of hydrogen and eight *and a half* pounds of oxygen will, when exploded, produce 9½ pounds of water. Combination would indeed be effected, but there would be a residue in the container of just one-half pound of oxygen. The mass of oxygen that has combined will weigh exactly eight times as much as the hydrogen; and now we know that the water formed will contain exactly twice as many

atoms of hydrogen as there are oxygen atoms present in the combination, uniting not only "one by one," but, in this case, two to one. What the law of definite proportions proves is that chemical combinations always take place *between atoms*.

But there is also a law of *multiple proportions*. It is found that when one element forms more than one compound with a second element, the quantities of the first element which combine with the combining weight of the second element are always simple multiples—never fractions—of the combining weight of the first element.

We have seen that the *atomic* weight of oxygen is 16—i. e., 16 times heavier than the lightest element, hydrogen, which is therefore (on the relative scale of atomic weights) 1. But the *combining* weight of oxygen is 8—i. e., eight *parts* of oxygen will combine with so many parts (combining weight) of some other element. Suppose we take for example nitrogen. Now the *combining* weight of nitrogen is 14, and its *atomic* weight is also 14. Fourteen parts of nitrogen will combine therefore with eight parts of oxygen. But fourteen parts of nitrogen will also combine with four simple multiples of eight parts of oxygen,

forming in all five different compound substances. For example:

14 parts of nitrogen combine with 16 or 2x8 parts of oxygen.
14 parts of nitrogen combine with 24 or 3x8 parts of oxygen.
14 parts of nitrogen combine with 32 or 4x8 parts of oxygen.
14 parts of nitrogen combine with 40 or 5x8 parts of oxygen.

John Dalton advanced a theory satisfactorily to explain why in successive compounds the amount of oxygen goes up in jumps, and why this jump in each case is equivalent to the combining weight of oxygen. The regular jumps in the case of the five nitrogen compounds simply mean that one more atom has entered, in each successive case, into combination. These combining weights, as we have seen, simply represent the relative weights of the various elements. "Atomic weight" is merely the name given by Dalton to the relative combining weights of the atoms. He had no information as to how many atoms actually combine in making a compound, much less of the actual weight of the single atoms of the elements.

Nor did he know *why* atoms combine at all, in any proportions, but, being a thorough-going Newtonian, both his physical theory and his chemical theory have a common basis in New-

ton's doctrine of mutually repulsive atoms. If an element A units with an element B, the repulsion of the atoms of B from one another must tend, he thought, to the formation of a binary compound. "Binary compounds must first be formed, then ternary, and so on, till the repulsion of the atoms of B refuses to admit any more."[1]

While we have traveled quite a distance in atomic and chemical theory since the days of John Dalton (1766-1844), it is to the everlasting credit of this (at the time) obscure and poverty-stricken teacher of mathematics and physics that he gave us, in 1808, "A new System of Chemical Philosophy" which unites the atomic theory of modern science, first advanced by his admirers and contemporaries, Baron J. J. Berzelius (1779-1848) and Sir Humphrey Davy (1778-1829).

Little did Dalton dream that the "atomic weight" of the elements is equivalent to the number of *electrons* in each atom of a given substance![2] Or that the atomic *number* of an element, arranged (successively) in the order of their atomic *weights*, from 1 (hydrogen) to 92 (uranium), is an index to the number of positive electrical charges on the atomic nucleus, around which revolve in "planetary orbits" an equivalent number of negatively charged *electrons*—the real building-stones of the Universe.

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[1] *Nicholson's Journal*, 29, 147, 1811.

[2] On this point, see Lodge, Sir Oliver, "Within the Atom," *Scientific American*, November, 1923.

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Karl Marx and the American Civil War

Herman Schleuter

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1. Address of the General Council to Abraham Lincoln.

On September 28, 1864, in St. Martin's Hall in London, there took place that famous meeting of workingmen which gave birth to the International Workingmen's Association, an organization which powerfully stimulated and promoted the labor movement of all countries in the sixties. This meeting appointed a provisional central committee for the management of the affairs of the new organization, which came later to be called the General Council, and which was composed of representatives of different nationalities.

Even before the foundation of the International Workingmen's

Association, it was above all others the men who became the members of the General Council who had worked for the cause of the American North in their circles, and who had encouraged and inspired the English working class in their heroic stand against the manufacturers and the Government.

On November 27, 1864, Karl Marx, the leading spirit of the General Council, wrote thus about the elements composing this committee to his friend Joseph Weydemeyer, then in the United States:

"Its English members are mostly chiefs of the local trades unions, hence the real labor kings of London, the same people who gave Garibaldi such a rousing welcome, and who by their monster meeting in St. James' Hall (Bright in the chair) prevented Palmerston from declaring war against the United States when he was on

the point of doing it."*

Previous to the organization of the International Workingmen's Association Marx also had thrown his influence to the leaders of the English workingmen in favor of the Union cause.

The General Council of the International continued the agitation in this direction which its members had previously begun.

In the beginning of November, 1864, Lincoln was elected for the second time to the Presidency of the United States. Under the direct influence and upon the suggestion of the General Council of the International Workingmen's Association, the workingmen of London arranged a new series of meetings to protest against the anti-Union atti-

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*F. Mehring, *Neue Beiträge zur Biographie von K. Marx und F. Engels, Neue Zeit*, 1906-07, Vol. II, p. 224.

tude of the manufacturers and the Government of their country. It was Marx who furnished the initiative for this renewal of agitation.*

In one of the following meetings of the General Council, one of its members, Dick, made a motion, which was seconded by G. Howell, to draft an address to the American people congratulating them upon their struggles and sacrifices in behalf of the principles of freedom and upon their re-election of Lincoln to the Presidency of the United States. A committee was appointed to formulate this address, and this committee submitted its draft, the author of which was Marx, to the General Council at its meeting on November 29th. The draft was

*According to letters to the author by Friedrich Lessner, of London, at the time a member of the General Council of the International Workingmen's Association.

accepted, and a resolution was adopted to forward it by a committee to Charles Francis Adams, the American Minister at London, for transmission to his Government. The following is the text of the address:

"To Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America.

"Sir:—We congratulate the American people on your re-election by a large majority. If resistance to the Slave Power was the watchword of your first election, the triumphal war-cry of your re-election is Death to Slavery.

"From the commencement of the titanic American strife the workingmen of Europe felt distinctively that the Star Spangled Banner carried the destiny of their class. The contest for the territories which opened the *dire epopèe,* was it not to decide whether the virgin soil of im-

mense tracts should be wedded to the labor of the immigrant or be prostituted by the tramp of the slave-driver?

"When an oligarchy of 300,000 slaveholders dared to inscribe for the first time in the annals of the world 'Slavery' on the banner of armed revolt, when on the very spots where hardly a century ago the idea of one great Democratic Republic had first sprung up, whence the first declaration of the Rights of Man was issued, and the first impulse given to the European Revolution of the eighteenth century, when on those very spots counter-revolution, with systematic thoroughness, gloried in rescinding 'the ideas entertained at the time of the formation of the old constitution' and maintained 'slavery to be a beneficial institution,' indeed, the only solution of the great problem of the 'relation of capital to labor,' and cynically proclaimed

property in man 'the cornerstone of the new edifice,'—then the working classes of Europe understood at once, even before the fanatic partisanship of the upper classes, for the Confederate gentry had given its dismal warning, that the slaveholders' rebellion was to sound the tocsin for a general holy war of property against labor, and that for the men of labor, with their hopes for the future, even their past conquests were at stake in that tremendous conflict on the other side of the Atlantic. Everywhere they bore therefore patiently the hardships imposed upon them by the cotton crisis, opposed enthusiastically the pro-slavery intervention—importunities of their betters—and from most parts of Europe contributed their quota of blood to the good of the cause.

"While the workingmen, the true political power of the North, allowed slavery to defile

their own republic, while before the Negro, mastered and sold without his concurrence, they boasted it the highest prerogative of the white-skinned laborer to sell himself and choose his own master, they were unable to attain the true freedom of labor, or to support their European brethren in their struggle for emancipation; but this barrier to progress has been swept off by the red sea of civil war.

"The workingmen of Europe felt sure that, as the American War of Independence initiated a new era of ascendency for the middle class, so the American Anti-slavery War will do for the working classes. They consider it an earnest sign of the epoch to come that it fell to the lot of Abraham Lincoln, the single-minded son of the working class, to lead his country through the matchless struggle for the rescue of the enchained race and the reconstruction of a social world.

"Signed on behalf of the International Workingmen's Association, the Central Council:

"Longmaid, Worley, Whitlock, Blackmore, Hartwell, Pidgeon, Lucraft, Weston, Dell, Nicars, Shaw, Lake, Buckley, Osborn, Howell, Carter, Wheeler, Starnsby, Morgan, Grossmith, Dick, Denoual, Jourdain, Morissot, Leroux, Bordage, Bosquet, Talandier, Dupont, L. Wolf, Aldro vandi, Lama, Solustri, Nuspert, Eccarius, Wolf, Lessner, Pfänder, Lochner, Taub, Balliter, Rypcrynski, Hansen, Schantzenbeck, Smales, Cornelius, Peterson, Otto, Bagnagatti, Setocri; George Odgers, President of the Council; P. V. Lubez, Corresponding Secretary for France; Karl Marx, Corresponding Secretary for Germany; C. P. Fontana, Corresponding Secretary for Italy; J. E. Holtorp, Corresponding Secretary for Poland; H. F. Jung, Corresponding Secretary for Switzerland; Wil-

liam Cremer, Hon. General Secretary, 18 Greek Street, Soho, London W."*

At the meeting of the General Council on Tuesday, February 2, 1865, the General Secretary read a reply, written by the United States Minister in London, which was as follows:

"Legation of the United States of America.

"London, Jan. 28, 1865.

"Sir:—I am directed to inform you that the address of the Central Council of your Association, which was duly transmitted through this legation to the President of the United States of America, has been received by him. So far as the sentiments expressed by it are personal, they are accepted by him with a sincere and anxious desire that he may be able to prove himself

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**Beehive.* London, Jan. 7, 1865.

not unworthy of the confidence which has been recently extended to him by his fellow-citizens, and by so many friends of humanity and progress throughout the world. The Government of the United States of America has a clear consciousness that its policy neither is, nor could be, reactionary; but at the same time it adheres to the course which it adopted at the beginning of abstaining everywhere from propagandism and unlawful intervention. It strives to do equal justice to all states and to all men, and it relies upon the beneficent results of that effort for support at home, and for respect and good will throughout the world. Nations do not exist for themselves alone, but to promote the welfare and happiness of mankind by benevolent intercourse and example. It is in this relation that the United States regard their cause in the present conflict with slavery-

maintaining insurgents as the cause of human nature, and they derive new encouragement to persevere from the testimony of the workingmen of Europe that the National Alliance is favored with the enlightened approval and earnest sympathies.

"I have the honor to be, Sir,
"Your obedient servant,
"Charles Francis Adams."

The attitude of the General Council of the International Workingmen's Association, as reflected in the address to President Lincoln, did not, however, meet with the approval of all its sympathizers in the United States. Among those who protested against it were especially the members of the Communist Club of New York, who held that Lincoln's policy did not deserve to be thus honored.

2. Address of the General Council of the International Workingmen's Association to President Andrew Johnson.

On April 14, 1865, Lincoln was fatally wounded in Ford's Theatre in Washington by a shot in the head fired by the actor, John Wilkes Booth. He died the next morning. At the same time Southern fanatics attempted to kill Secretary of State Seward in his bed and dangerously wounded him and his son. Vice-President Johnson succeeded Lincoln as President of the Union.

It was characteristic of the feeling towards the United States in the dominant circles of England that one of their mouthpieces in the press, on the arrival of the news of Lincoln's assassination, should publish the

following significant suggestion: "The dagger or the pistol in the hands of the weakest worm that crawls in human shape upon the earth can change the destinies of nations or divert the current opinion into a new channel." And immediately following this sentence, without any transition, the paper described Lincoln's successor, Andrew Johnson, as a "bloodthirsty scoundrel," as the scum and outcast of mankind, as a most dangerous tyrant.*

It was of course only the most rabid element among the English public that extolled the assassin Booth as a champion of liberty, as a worthy successor of Brutus and of Tell, while on the other hand a large portion of those who had hitherto been hostile to Lincoln condemned Booth's deed.

On the report of Lincoln's

**Der Deutsche Eidgenosse.* London and Hamburg. 1865, p. 42.

death, the General Council of the International Workingmen's Association resolved to send another address to America, this time to the successor of the murdered President, Andrew Johnson. The address was adopted May 13th, and read as follows:*

"Address of the International Workingmen's Association to President Johnson.

"To Andrew Johnson, President of the United States.

"Dear Sir:

"The demon of the 'peculiar

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*The address was published in the London *Beehive* of May 20, 1865. It has been impossible to procure a copy of this issue of the *Beehive*, and the author of the present treatise has therefore been compelled to retranslate the address into English from a German translation of it to which he has had access. The wording which he here submits is therefore certain not to correspond with the original in every particular, but he feels that he can vouch for the essential accuracy of the message it conveyed.

institution,' for whose preservation the South rose in arms, did not permit its devotees to suffer honorable defeat on the open battlefield. What had been conceived in treason, must necessarily end in infamy. As Philip II.'s war in behalf of the Inquisition produced a Gerard, so Jefferson Davis's rebellion a Booth.

"We shall not seek for words of mourning and horror when the heart of two continents is throbbing with emotion. Even the sycophants who year after year and day after day were busily engaged in morally stabbing Abraham Lincoln and the great republic of which he was the head—even they are dismayed in the presence of this universal outburst of popular feeling and vie with one another in strewing flowers of rhetoric upon his open grave. They have at last come to recognize that he was a man whom defeat could not dishearten, nor

success intoxicate, who imperturbably pressed on towards his great goal without ever imperiling it by blind haste, who advanced deliberately and never retraced a step, who was never carried away by popular favor and never discouraged by the subsidence of popular enthusiasm, who answered acts of severity with the sunbeams of a loving heart, who brightened gloomy exhibitions of passion by the smile of humor, and who accomplished his titanic task as simply and as modestly as rulers by divine right are wont to do trifling things with great pomp and circumstance; in a word, he was one of those rare men who succeed in becoming great without ceasing to be good. So great, indeed, was the modesty of this great and good man that the world discovered that he was a hero only when he had died as a martyr.

"To be chosen at the side of

such a leader as the second victim by the hellish demons of slavery was an honor of which Mr. Seward was worthy. Was he not in a period of general indecision so perspicacious as to foresee the 'irrepressible conflict' and so unterrified as to foretell it? Did he not in the gloomiest moments of this conflict prove himself true to the duty of the Roman never to despair of the republic and its destiny? We hope with all our heart that he and his son will be, in less than ninety days, restored to health, to public activity, and to the well - deserved honors which await them.

"After a gigantic Civil War which, if we consider its colossal extension and its vast scene of action, seems in comparison with the Hundred Years' War and the Thirty Years' War and the Twenty-three Years' War of the Old World scarcely to have lasted ninety days, the task, Sir,

devolves upon you to uproot by law what the sword has felled, and to preside over the more difficult work of political reconstruction and social regeneration. The profound consciousness of your great mission will preserve you from all weakness in the execution of your stern duties. You will never forget that the American people at the inauguration of the new era of the emancipation of labor placed the burden of leadership on the shoulders of two men of labor—Abraham Lincoln the one, and the other Andrew Johnson.

"Signed in the name of the International Workingmen's Association by the General Council, May 13, 1865:

"Charles Kaub, L. Delle, H. Klimrosch, M. Salbasella, Edward Coulson, G. Lochner, I. Weston, G. Howell, F. Lessner, G. Eccarius, H. Bollster, Bordage, C. Pfander, I. Osborne, B. Luirass, A. Valtien, N. P. Stan-

sen, P. Peterson, I. Buckley, R. Shaw, K. Schapper, A. Janks, P. Fox, I. H. Longmaid, M. Morgan, G. L. Wheeler, I. D. Nicass, L. C. Vorley, Dr. Stainsby, F. Carter, E. Holtorp, Secretary for Poland; K. Marx, Secretary for Germany; H. Jung, Secretary for Switzerland; E. Dupont, Secretary for France; E. Whitlock, Financial Secretary; G. Odgers, President; W. R. Cremer, General Secretary."

3. Address of the General Council to the People of the United States.

In September, 1865, the International met in conference in London, as the first congress of the Association which was to have taken place at this time in Brussels had been made impossible by the action of the Belgian Government. This London conference once more returned to a discussion of the question of slavery and resolved to send an address to the American people. The following was the address:

"Address of the Conference of the International Workingmen's Association of September 25, 1865.

"To the People of the United States of America.

"Citizens of the Great Republic, once more we address you,

not in sympathetic condolence, but in words of congratulation.

"Had we not most profoundly sympathized with you in your times of trouble, when foes within and without were eagerly bent on destroying your Government and the principles of universal justice upon which it is based, we should not now venture to congratulate you upon your success.

"But we have never swerved in our loyalty to your cause, which is the cause of all mankind; nor did we ever despair of its final triumph, not even in the darkest shadows of its mishaps.

"In firm devotion to, and unfaltering faith in those principles of equality and fraternal communion for which you drew the sword, we were convinced that as soon as the conflict should be over and victory won, you would return it to its scabbard, and peace would once more come to your country and joy to

your people.

"Success has justified our expectations. Your war is the only example known of a government fighting against a fraction of its own citizens for the freedom of the people.

"Above all we congratulate you upon the termination of the war and the preservation of the Union. The Stars and Stripes, which your own sons had brutally trampled in the dust, once more flutter in the breeze from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, never again, we trust, to be insulted by your own children and never again to wave over bloody battlefields, whether those of domestic insurrection or those of foreign war.

"And may those misguided citizens who displayed so much valor on the battlefield in a wicked cause now display as much zeal in helping to heal the wounds which they struck and in restoring peace to the common

country.

"Again we felicitate you upon the removal of the cause of these years of affliction—upon the abolition of slavery. The strain upon your otherwise so shining escutcheon is forever wiped out. Never again shall the hammer of the auctioneer announce in your market-places sales of human flesh and blood and make mankind shudder at the cruel barbarism.

"Your noblest blood was shed in washing away these stains, and desolation has spread its black shroud over your country in penance for the past.

"To-day you are free, purified through your sufferings. A brighter future is dawning upon your glorious republic, proclaiming to the old world that a government of the people and by the people is a government for the people and not for a privileged minority.

"We had the honor to express

to you our sympathy in your affliction, to send you a word of encouragement in your struggles, and to congratulate you upon your success. Permit us to add a word of counsel for the future.

"Injustice against a fraction of your people having been followed by such dire consequences, put an end to it. Declare your fellow citizens from this day forth free and equal, without any reserve. If you refuse them citizens' rights while you exact from them citizens' duties you will sooner or later face a new struggle which will once more drench your country in blood.

"The eyes of Europe and of the whole world are on your attempts at reconstruction, and foes are ever ready to sound the death-knell of republican institutions as soon as they see their opportunity.

"We therefore admonish you, as brothers in a common cause,

to sunder all the chains of freedom, and your victory will be complete."

The policy of conciliation initiated by the American Government in regard to the South, and the adoption of the constitutional amendments affirming the political equality of the Negroes, were steps in accordance with the address which the conference of the International Workingmen's Association directed to the people of the United States.

A Rejuvenation of Has-Beens

BY H. M. TICHENOR.

Do you feel the infirmities of age creeping upon you? Are the fires of vitality slowly but surely dying out? Have you had dreams of the fountain of youth that made a globe trotter of Ponce de Leon? If such be the case, you are recommended to obtain a monkey, and have a surgeon do the rest.

The following New York press dispatch gives the details:

"Breeding silver foxes in the frozen North for their expensive pelts is a picayune financial proposition compared to the possibilities of breeding and raising monkeys whose glands will be used for the restoration of vitality, according to Dr. Serge Veronoff, Paris surgeon, who has come to the United States expecting to perform gland transplanting operations in colleges and before medical clinics.

"He urged that monkey farms be

established in the United States on a large scale. He said his operation would increase the life of a man from 70 years to more than a century. His several operations performed on Frenchmen have been successful, he declared, and at this time, one of his patients is heading an expedition into the French Congo to obtain chimpanzees which will form the nucleus of a farm in France.

"The immediate purpose of his trip to the United States is to perform an operation transferring the interstitial glands of a person who had met sudden death in a healthy condition to some man feeling the need of renewed youth. Dr. Veronoff said French laws prohibiting the mutilation of corpses have prevented him from performing this operation before.

"Dr. Veronoff was informed that he had a rival in the theory of gland transplanting in Dr. John R. Brinkley, a surgeon of Milford, Kans., who holds to the theory that goats' glands should be used instead of monkeys'.

" 'Monkey glands are better than goat glands for several reasons,' said Dr. Veronoff. 'The blood of monkeys can scarcely be distinguished from that of humans and monkeys are the most highly developed animals, being susceptible to many diseases of man.

Also, monkeys are more prolific than goats. Many of the earlier experiments were on goats, but the 180 operations I performed proved conclusively to my mind that monkey glands are the best.'"

The foregoing prescription for the rejuvenation of has-beens seems simple enough. An injection of "insterstitial glands" does the work. A monkey is preferable, but in an emergency a goat might do. Or even a suddenly deceased healthy human. But to be sure of results get the monkey. And see that the doctor uses interstitial glands; which means, according to Webster's Dictionary, an extraction from an interstice. An interstice, says Webster's, is "a space which intervenes between one thing and another; especially, a narrow or small space between things close together, or between the component parts of a body; a chink; or a cranny."

What you need is the monkey's chink. Or his cranny. Don't get confused over the word "chink" and think it's a Chinaman. Don't make any mistake in the prescription and then blame the bad effects on Dr. Serge Veronoff's discovery.

But seriously, even if the prescription should do the work beyond expectations, if it should made 70-year-old men hop around like youngsters—even if gray hairs departed, and bald spots renewed luxuriant growth, if old teeth were shed and new ones grew, and wrinkles smoothed out into ruddy flesh, and the smoldering embers of age became aglow with fresh fuel—even with all this and more, if it is only the men that are benefited, as seems to be the case according to the New York dispatch quoted, and the women are left to wither away with oncoming years, is

the proposition worth much after all?

Imagine the old man brought back to his twenties while the wife goes about worn and weary with the weight of years. Is this a "consummation to be desired?" No—unless the discovery—and perhaps it may—embraces the women, no gallant septuagenarian would be tempted to try the operation. No matter how successful it might prove, the jump backward to youth would land him out of his class. He would soon tire of being rejuvenated into the younger set, would mourn his lonely lot, when "from love's shining circle the gems drop away." He would long for the loves that had grown with the years. He would repeat with the Irish poet,

"When fond hopes have left us, and loved ones have flown,
O who would inhabit this bleak world alone!"

Completeness of the Sweep

BY H. M. TICHENOR.

The colossal profits coined off the agony and blood, the death and destruction of war is but one of the manifestations of the complete sweep that the capitalist system has developed for the purpose of exploitation.

Every imaginable element arising under a dictatorship of a profiteering class is turned into profits.

The diseases spawned by the foul air of congested tenement and factory districts, adulterated food and impure water, the perversion of nature's sex law, the desolation of poverty and the ravages of war, become profit-makers for a vast army of doctors, druggists and undertakers.

The crimes created by a soc-

ial system that denies millions the full opportunity to produce and retain those things essential to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," become profit makers for a vast army of lawyers, judges, detectives, department of justice officials and lawmaking legislators.

Under the capitalist system dishonesty offers big dividends, while honesty beggars.

And look at the profit that lies bring, platform, press and pulpit lies! Who, with an eye to business, would think of marketing the truth, with the expectation of making a financial success of it?

Uuder the capitalist system it is not only unprofitable to be truthful, but is liable to land the truthteller in jail.

Everything prepared by the profiteering powers that be for the mental absorption of the masses is properly doped in the

interest of the class that prepares it.

The books they offer, the histories, novels and school books, are written to sustain the capitalist system of exploitation and war.

The theatrical performances, and that powerful educational medium, the picture plays, are daily and nightly purveyors of capitalist class dissimulation. To put it mildly, a whole lot of them, especially the picture plays are more poisonous to the minds of the masses than moonshine liquor to their stomachs.

And the masses fall all over themselves to get the poison.

They pay for it, like they pay for everything else purposely gotten up to make them admire a social system that 'bridles and saddles" them so that their "booted and spurred" masters can ride.

The completeness of the sweep that the capitalist system has developed is made particularly, and most offensively prominent during the holiday season. It even takes in Jesus. The ones that live by expropriating the wealth created by workers not only managed long ago to transform Jesus' message of "peace on earth, toward men goodwill" into a bunch of chloroforming creeds, but have succeeded in utilizing his birthday to fill their pockets.

Perhaps future history will record this as the master-stroke of brazen impudence exhibited by the capitalist exploiters during the age of profiteering.

Christian and Jew vie with each other in loudly proclaiming the various Christmas wares they have on sale.

Full-page advertisements blaze the columns of the cap-

italist-class papers announcing bargains in the name of Christ.

Store fronts are covered with monster Santa Clauses lit up with colored electric lights to lure the passerby to let loose his dollars. The Dutch patron saint of children is made a big money-getter under modern capitalism.

And the irony of it all is that if Jesus were here today he would be run in by Palmer's agents and soaked with twenty years in the pen.

What part would he play in a Christmas under capitalism that makes millions of dollars profit for the class that put him out of the way when he was here before?

Next to the sight of Lenin and his red army no historical character would agitate the capitalist class as much as the appearance of the ancient agitator of Palestine. There are

many professing Christians who would pull in their Christmas celebration if Jesus were here to take note. Being absent he comes in with the completeness of the sweep for profits.

A sweep that overlooks nothing—not even funeral expenses—when dollars are in sight.

Such is capitalism.

A complete sweep for profits.

Gathering in everything.

Making profits out of the sufferings of the class that produces all wealth.

No workers, no wealth produced, no profits.

And it requires a capitalist class system to allow the profiteers to take the profits from the wealth produced by the workers.

It isn't arranged for the workers to retain the wealth they produce.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND THE WORKING CLASS.

1. The English Workingmen and the Civil War.

Of the European countries, it was especially England that was affected by the outbreak of the Civil War. As we have seen, England was connected with the Southern States by a bond of common interests. Its textile industry, which had reached its highest development towards the close of the fifties, needed the raw cotton of the cultivation of which the Southern States possessed a monopoly. The latter, owing to the institution of slavery, were interested in the importation of English products free of duty, while the young manufacturing industry of the North favored a protective policy which found actual expression in the national tariff laws. It was consequently in the interest of the English middle class that the Southern States should form an independent confederacy with tariff regulations of its own which should grant England undisturbed free trade. Under such an arrangement the South could supply England with the raw cotton which was so necessary to it, and English manufacturers could export their industrial products of all kinds to the Southern States, free of duty, and without fear of competition. Under the pressure of

these interests the early Abolitionist impulses of the ruling class in England disappeared, and English intervention in favor of the Southern States was advocated in these circles.

Besides England, France also was interested in the events taking place in the United States. Textile industry was of course far less developed in the Second Empire than in Great Britain, and cotton did not play as important a role in French politics as in English. Nevertheless, French textile workers were also affected by the scarcity of cotton and suffered severely from the crisis produced thereby. But although their distress was due to the War of Secession, like their English comrades they stood by the Union and opposed Negro slavery, and by no means shared their ruler's bias in favor of the Southern slaveholders. On the contrary, they took a very decided stand against them.

It was, however, not the part which the cotton famine and all it involved played in France that drove the French Emperor to sympathize with the South. Louis Napoleon was filled with the lust of conquest and aggrandizement. He had designs upon Mexico that could scarcely be realized if the United States remained intact, and for this reason he sided with the Southern States. He would gladly have made the attempt to break the blockade of the Southern ports proclaimed by the Washington Government, and he would even have directly intervened in favor of the South, had he not feared thereby to involve France in conflicts of far-reaching consequences. For

this reason, he desired the co-operation of England in this enterprise, and he did his best to obtain it.

In England the government was far more dependent on public opinion than in France. If public opinion in Great Britain had really demanded the recognition of the Southern Confederacy, if it had demanded active intervention in its favor, the Government would only too willingly have obeyed the pressure. But in the face of the public opinion emphatically opposed to all intervention on the part of England in the affairs of America, the Government dared not pursue a contrary course. The decision consequently lay with England.

Only a few years had passed since England, on the occasion of the visit of Harriet Beecher Stowe, the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the book which graphically described the sufferings of Negro slaves, melted in sentimental approval, especially since the author was the honored guest in the most exclusive circles of the English nobility. After the outbreak of the Civil War not a trace of this sentiment remained in the hearts of the English middle class. "Today [1862] we find only here and there one among the Englishmen who does not fanatically side with the slave States, and that one probably has not the courage to express his opinions"* This was true as far as the

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*Lothar Bucher: *Die Londoner Industrieausstellung von* 1862. Berlin, 1863, p. 155. Bucher evidently considered only the ruling class as "Englishmen."

ruling classes were concerned, and they indeed tried their best to persuade the Government to intervene in behalf of the South. They arranged labor demonstrations and meetings declaring in favor of the South and of open hostilities against the North for the purpose of showing that these sentiments had the backing of English "public opinion." But under the influence of persons, many of whom subsequently belonged to the General Council of the International Workingmen's Association, the workingmen of England offered the most determined opposition to the attempt of forcing them into demonstrations favoring the slaveholders. English workingmen had themselves become only too well acquainted with slavery to espouse its support in one of its most aggravated forms.

The manufacturers now resorted to intimidation to compel the workingmen to join in the cry for war. Starvation, that ever ready weapon in the hands of the middle class, was to force the workingmen of England to declare for slavery in America and thereby enable the Government to say that public opinion demanded its hostile intervention in behalf of the South. The Civil War, and especially the blockade of the southern ports by Northern forces, had created a scarcity of cotton in England which, by the way, was not altogether unwelcome to the manufacturers. For there had been an overproduction in the cotton industry of England in 1860. "Its effects were still felt during the years immediately following. . . . . The demand for labor had in con-

sequence already been decreased here [in Blackburn, where in 1860 there were 30,000 mechanical looms], months before the effects of the cotton blockade made themselves felt. . . . . The stock on hand [of the manufacturers] of course rose in price as long as it lasted, and the alarming depreciation which ordinarily inevitably accompanies such crises was thus avoided."*

A temporary closing of factories thus sent up the prices of the accumulated commodities, a situation by no means deprecated by the cotton lords, especially since they cherished the hope that starvation would speedily cause the workingmen to adopt the views of the manufacturers in regard to the Civil War in America. So the textile factories in the north of England were shut down. More than half of the looms and spindles were idle. The wages of the spinners and weavers who continued to be employed were artificially and forcibly reduced in a manner which literally led to starvation. The manufacturers deliberately increased the misery into which the workingmen had been thrown by the scarcity of cotton, hoping thus to drive them to despair and to demand the Government's intervention in the American troubles. For, as the middle-class organs declared, the intervention of England would put an end to their misery.

And this misery of the workingmen, especially in the textile districts of Lancashire, was

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*_Report on Factories._ October, 1862, pp. 28-29. Quoted by Karl Marx: _Kapital_, III., 1, p. 106.

indeed alarming. In 1863, when conditions had already somewhat improved, the weekly wages of weavers and spinners amounted to 3s. 4d. and 5s. 1d. Despite this low rate, these wages were still further reduced, particularly by fines. In 1862 weavers' wages ranged from 2s. 6d per week up.

"No wonder that, in some parts of Lancashire, a kind of famine fever broke out.* . . . . But the working-people had to suffer not only from the experiments of the manufacturers inside the mills, and of the municipalities outside; not only from reduced wages and absence of work, from want and from charity, and from the eulogistic speeches of Lords and Commons. Unfortunate females who, in consequence of the cotton famine, were at its commencement thrown out of employment, and have thereby become outcasts of society, and now, though trade has revived and work is plentiful, continue members of that unfortunate class, and are likely to continue so. There are also in the borough more youthful prostitutes than I have known for the last 25 years."*

The workingmen of England were starving with exemplary patience. They saw their daughters drift into a life of shame while hunger-typhus decimated their own ranks, but they would not yield to the demands of the brutal factory lords. Not only did they refuse

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*Marx: *Capital,* I., p. 283.

**Report on Factories.* October 31, 1865. Quoted by Marx: *Capital,* I., p. 283.

to fall into line with the wishes of their masters and declare themselves in favor of the South, but on the contrary they declared themselves as distinctly against such a policy. The workingmen of England never had better leaders than at this period, and on these leaders' advice they espoused the cause of the abolition of Negro slavery and protested against the intervention of the Government in favor of the South.

Hardly had Lincoln, after more than a year of cautious dealing with the slavery question, intimated that the War of Secession might be transformed into a war of Negro emancipation, than the workingmen of England, in hundreds of public meetings all over the country, in all industrial sections and large cities, hailed this move with enthusiasm and demanded the initiation of energetic measures against slavery and the slaveholders. In vain were the sneers with which the English ruling class commented on the early defeats of the Union army, in vain was the hypocritical attitude of Gladstone and his colleagues in the Government who sought to disguise their secret desire for intervention by the declaration that the Union could never suppress the Rebellion and that the Civil War meant only useless and aimless bloodshed. Cheerfully, even enthusiastically, the English workingmen bore starvation and misery, and protested more and more loudly against Negro slavery and against the intervention of their Government in favor of the Southern rebels.

In the north of the country, in the cotton

districts, where the manufacturers attempted to coerce their employees by starvation, one of the active agitators in favor of the Union was Ernest Jones, the champion and poet of the Chartist movement. His eloquence was irresistible, and his speeches against the slaveholders were so impressive that the towns of Ashton and Rockdale had them printed and circulated at their own expense. When Jones, before a crowded mass meeting at Blackburn, surrounded by the hostile local manufacturers on the platform, exclaimed. "Why did the South secede?" one of the latter replied, "For free trade," whereupon the speaker instantly retorted, "Free trade in what? Free trade in the lash—free trade in the branding iron—free trade in chains."*

The applause which broke forth from the assembled workingmen need not be described. The glowing eloquence of Jones contributed its share in inspiring the starving textile workers of Lancashire to persist in their position.

Let us compare now with the heroism of the workingmen of England the contemptible hypocrisy of the middle class and its leaders. The same Gladstone who declared the attempts of the North to suppress the rebellion of the slaveholders to be futile, and who only waited for an opportunity to bring about an intervention of England in favor of the Southern States, this same Gladstone declared in a speech that the whole history of the Christian

*Frederick Leary: *Ernest Jones.* London, 1887, p. 72.

church could not furnish so brilliant an example of Christian resignation as that of the workingmen of Lancashire.† Of course, this "Christian resignation" and the exemplary patience of these workingmen were easily explained. Mr. Gladstone himself would have them, had they become impatient, imprisoned and shot to pieces amid the applause of the manufacturers, who were responsible for all the misery.

In New York a committee was formed for the purpose of collecting money for the starving spinners and weavers in the north of England and thus alleviating their misery. The "suffering factory workers" of Blackburn addressed a letter to this committee and "to the inhabitants of the United States" beseeching them to furnish the means for their emigration to the United States. But the starving workingmen of the north of England were of far greater use to the Northern capitalists by remaining where they were and continuing to starve and heroically to protest against the machinations of their masters than by coming to the United States. So money was indeed sent to relieve their immediate distress, but Brother Jonathan lent a deaf ear to their entreaties for emigration on a large scale.

The workingmen of England could count even less upon the encouragement of the ruling class of their own country in their plans for emigration. The great mass of the textile

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†Bucher, pp. 156-57.

workers was indeed without employment at the time, but the manufacturers desired to retain the skilled laborers until they should need them again. On March 24, 1863, a manufacturer declared in the London Times:

"Encourage or allow the working-power to emigrate, and what of the capitalists? . . . Take away the cream of the workers, and fixed capital will depreciate in a great degree, and the floating will not subject itself to a struggle with the short supply of inferior labor. . . . . We are told the workers wish it [emigration]. Very natural it is that they should do so. . . . . Reduce, compress the cotton trade by taking away its working-power and reducing their wages expenditure, say one fifth, or five millions, and what then would happen to the class above, the small storekeepers, and what of the rents—the cottage rents? . . . . . Trace out the effects upward to the small farmer, the better householder, and . . . . . the land-owner, and say if there could be any suggestion more suicidal, to all classes of the country, than by enfeebling a nation by exporting the best of its manufacturing population, and destroying the value of some of its most productive capital and enrichment"*

The manufacturers' cry of despair found willing ears. The emigration of the workingmen was prevented. "Parliament did not vote a single farthing in aid of emigration, but simply passed some acts empowering the municipal

*Marx: *Capital*, I., pp. 362-363.

corporations to keep the operatives in a half-starved state—i. e., to exploit them at less than the normal wages."*

The municipalities ordered public works. The unemployed were set to work on drainage, roads, stone cutting, paving, etc., and drew relief from the local authorities. This action virtually amounted to a relief of the manufacturers, whose skilled hands were kept in the country. Thus "the manufacturer, in secret understanding with the Government, prevented emigration as far as possible, partly in order to have instantly available their capital which consisted in the flesh and blood of these workmen, and partly in order to be sure of the rent which these workmen paid them."†

Many of the manufacturers owned the houses in which the workingmen employed by them were living. Rent could not be paid during the time there was no work. The unpaid rent would have been a pure loss if the workingmen had succeeded in realizing their plan for emigration. Another reason which induced the manufacturers to oppose the scheme with all the means at their disposal was the fact that it offered the workingmen an opportunity to escape from their wretched conditions.

The heroic attitude of the textile workers of England during the Civil War in America constitutes one of the most glorious pages in the history of the working class and must there-

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*Marx: *Capital,* I., p. 364.

†Marx: *Kapital,* III., I., pp. 111-115.

fore be emphasized here. They suffered, starved and even died for the cause of Negro emancipation in America. And yet a little less patience would in this case have made the workingmen even more heroic. But the spirit of the Chartists had passed, and the workingmen of England were now great only in passive resistance. The perfidy of the ruling class never challenged instant active resistance more than did the conduct of the English manufacturers and the English government at the time of the Civil War.

The meetings protesting against a war in favor of the Southern States had in the meantime been continued. It was especially during the late winter of 1862 and of 1863 that one such meeting followed another. Above all others the workingmen of London began to be aroused. The trade unions of the metropolis called a meeting at St. James Hall for March 26th, which was of special importance, and the declarations of which were recognized as the expression of English working class opinion. At this meeting a prominent part was played by W. R. Cremer, then a cabinet-maker, subsequently a member of the General Council of the International Workingmen's Association, and still later one of the champions of the international peace movement. John Bright was in the chair, and among the speakers were John Stuart Mill and Prof. E. S. Beesly. In an address to Abraham Lincoln which was drawn up by this monster meeting this passage occurs:

"Though we have felt proud of our country

. . . . . yet have we ever turned with glowing admiration to your great Republic, where a higher political and social freedom has been established."

And John Bright declared:

"I am persuaded . . . . . that the more perfect the friendship that is established between the people of England and the free people of America, the more you will find your path of progress here made easy for you, and the more will social and political liberty advance among us."*

Lord Palmerston, then at the head of the English Government, was about to declare war against the Union. According to the testimony of Karl Marx it was this monster meeting of the English trade unions, together with the general attitude of the English working class in the matter, that prevented him from carrying out his intention. The Northern States of America have to thank the working class of England that at that trying period in their conflict with the South they were not involved in an additional war with England, and perhaps also with France, which would have seriously imperilled the existence of the Union.

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*Henry Bryan Binns: *Abraham Lincoln.* London, 1907.

2. Abraham Lincoln and the Workingmen of England.

Near the end of September, 1862, Lincoln issued a proclamation to the effect that on January 1, 1863, he would declare free all slaves in those States which should then be in rebellion against the United States and refuse to lay down their arms.

It was natural for the ruling classes of the South to ignore this proclamation. The Southern States had been enabled to maintain a few good privateers for injuring Northern Commerce, aided and encouraged therein mainly by England, its nobility, shipbuilders and merchants, with the Government's tacit approval. The slave-holders had every reason to expect that the English ruling classes would lend the Confederacy still further assistance.

But as we have seen, the English working class put in its veto here. The proclamation by Lincoln of his intention to abolish slavery by January 1st called forth great rejoicing; and although there was heard here and there a note of disappointment because the abolition of slavery was put forth as a war measure and not as an unconditional condemnation of slavery on principle, great demonstrations of workingmen took place, alike in the north and the south of England. In meetings at London and at Manchester it was resolved to send an address to President Lincoln expressing the thanks of the English workingmen for

the Emancipation Proclamation and encouraging him in taking still more decisive steps. Both meetings took place December 31, 1862.

The address adopted by the London meeting read as follows:

"The Workingmen of London to the President of the United States of America.

"To His Excellency, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America.

"Sir: We who offer this address are Englishmen and workingmen. We prize as our dearest inheritance, bought for us by the blood of our fathers, the liberty we enjoy—the liberty of free labor on the free soil. We have, therefore, been accustomed to regard with veneration and gratitude the founders of the great republic in which the liberties of the Anglo-Saxon race have been widened beyond all the precedents of the old world, and in which there was nothing to condemn or to lament but the slavery and degradation of men guilty only of a colored skin or an African parentage. We have looked with admiration and sympathy upon the brave, generous and untiring efforts or a large party in the Northern States to deliver the Union from this curse and shame. We rejoiced, sir, in your election to the Presidency, as a splendid proof that the principles of universal freedom and equality were arising to the ascendant. We regarded with abhorrence the conspiracy and rebellion by which it was sought at once to overthrow the su-

premacy of a government based upon the most popular suffrage in the world, and to perpetuate the hateful inequalities of race. We have ever heard with indignation the slander that ascribed to England sympathy with a rebellion of slaveholders, and all proposals to recognize in friendship a confederacy that boasts of slavery as its cornerstone. We have watched with the warmest interest the steady advance of your policy along the path of emancipation; and on this eve of the day on which your proclamation of freedom takes effect, we pray God to strengthen your hands, to confirm your noble purpose, and to hasten the restoration of that lawful authority which engages, in peace or war, by compensation or by force of arm, to realize the glorious principle on which your constitution is founded—the brotherhood, freedom, and equality of all men."*

On the same day when the workingmen of London in mass meeting assembled framed the above address, the workingmen of Manchester held a meeting for the same purpose. No less than 6,000 persons were present in the hall, the largest of the city. The address adopted here was sent by the Mayor of Manchester by special messenger to the American Minister at London, Charles Francis Adams. The importance which the American Minister attached to this manifestation of the workingmen may be gathered from the letter with which he forwarded the address to Secretary

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**Senate Documents.* Washington, 1863.

of State Seward, in Washington. This letter declared:

"This meeting is in every respect a most remarkable indication of the state of popular sentiment in Great Britain. It will doubtless make a strong impression elsewhere, and, if duly followed up, may have the effect of restoring, in a degree, the amicable feeling between the two countries."*

The address, whose significance was truly set forth by this letter of the minister, read as follows:

"Address to the Workingmen of Manchester to His Excellency,

"Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America.

"As citizens of Manchester, assembled at the Free Trade Hall, we beg to express our fraternal sentiments towards you and your country.

"We rejoice in your greatness, as an outgrowth of England, whose blood and language you share, whose orderly and legal freedom you have applied to new circumstances, over a region immeasurably greater than our own. We honor your free States as a singularly happy abode for the working millions where industry is honored. One thing alone has, in the past, lessened our sympathy with your country and our confidence in it; we mean

*Senate Documents. Washington, 1863.

the ascendancy of politicians who not merely maintained Negro slavery, but desired to extend and root it more deeply. Since we have discerned, however, that the victory of the free North in the war which has so sorely distressed us as well as afflicted you, will shake off the fetters of the slave, you have attracted our warm and earnest sympathy.

"We joyfully honor you, as the President, and the Congress with you, for the many decisive steps towards practically exemplifying your belief in the words of your great founders: 'All men are created free and equal.'

"You have procured the liberation of the slaves in the district around Washington, and thereby made the centre of your federation visibly free. You have enforced the laws against the slave trade and kept up your fleet against it, even while every ship was wanted for service in your terrible war. You have nobly decided to receive ambassadors from the Negro republics of Hayti and Liberia, thus forever removing that unworthy prejudice which refuses the rights of humanity to men and women on account of their color. In order more effectually to stop the slave trade, you have made with our Queen a treaty, which your Senate has ratified, for the right of mutual search. Your Congress has decreed freedom as the law forever in the vast unoccupied or half-settled territories which are directly subject to its legislative power. It has offered pecuniary aid to all the States which will enact emancipation locally, and has forbidden your generals to restore fugitive slaves

who seek their protection. You have entreated the slave masters to accept these moderate offers; and, after long and patient waiting, you, as commander-in-chief in the army, have appointed to-morrow, the first of January, 1863, as the day of unconditional freedom for the slaves of the rebel States. Heartily do we congratulate you and your country on this humane and righteous course.

"We assume that you cannot now stop short of a complete uprooting of slavery. It would not become us to dictate any details, but there are broad principles of humanity which must guide you. If complete emancipation in some States be deferred, though only to a predetermined day, still, in the interval, human beings should not be counted chattels. Women must have rights of chastity and maternity, men the rights of husbands; masters the liberty of manumission. Justice demands for the black, no less than for the white, the protection of the law—that his voice may be heard in your courts. Nor must any such abomination be tolerated as slave-breeding States and a slave market—if you are to earn the high reward of all your services in the approval of the universal brotherhood and of the Divine Father. It is for your free country to decide whether anything but immediate and total emancipation can secure the most indispensable rights of humanity, against the inveterate wickedness of local laws and local executives.

"We implore you, for your own honor and welcome, not to faint in your providential mis-

sion. While your enthusiasm is aflame, and the tide of events runs high, let the work be finished effectually. Leave no root of bitterness to spring up and work fresh misery to your children. It is a mighty task, indeed, to reorganize the industry, not only of four millions of the colored race, but of five millions of whites. Nevertheless, the vast progress you have made in the short space of twenty months fills us with hope that every stain on your freedom will shortly be removed, and that the erasure of that foul blot upon civilization and Christianity—chattel slavery—during your Presidency, will cause the name of Abraham Lincoln to be honored and revered by posterity. We are certain that such a glorious consummation will cement Great Britain to the United States in close and enduring regards. Our interests, moreover, are identified with yours. We are truly one people, though locally separate. And if you have any ill wishes here, be assured that they are chiefly those who oppose liberty at home, and that they will be powerless to stir up quarrels between us, from the very day in which your country becomes, undeniably and without exception, the home of the free.

"Accept our high admiration of your firmness in upholding the proclamation of freedom."

On February 2, 1863, Lincoln sent the following letter in answer to the address of the London workingmen:

"To the workingmen of London: I have received the New Year's address which you have

sent me, with a sincere appreciation of the exalted and humane sentiments by which it was inspired.

"As these sentiments are manifestly the enduring support of the free institutions of England, so I am sure also that they constitute the only reliable basis for free institutions throughout the world.

"The resources, advantages and powers of the American people are very great, and they have consequently succeeded to equally great responsibilities. It seems to have developed upon them to test whether a government established on the principles of human freedom can be maintained against an effort to build one upon the exclusive foundation of human bondage. They will rejoice with me in the new evidences which your proceedings furnish that the magnanimity they are exhibiting is justly estimated by the true friends of freedom and humanity in foreign countries.

"Accept my best wishes for your individual welfare, and for the welfare and happiness of the whole British people."

Abraham Lincoln."*

Previous to this, on January 19th, President Lincoln had sent a more comprehensive reply to the address of the workingmen of Manchester. This reply read as follows:

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*_Senate Documents_. Third Session, 37th Congress, 1862-1863.

"Washington, January 19, 1863.

"To the Workingmen of Manchester, England:

"I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the address and resolutions which you sent me on the eve of the new year. When I came, on the 4th of March, 1861, through a free and constitutional election to preside in the Government of the United States, the country was found at the verge of civil war. Whatever might have been the cause or whoseever the fault, one duty, paramount to all others, was before me, namely, to maintain and preserve at once the Constitution and the integrity of the Federal Republic. A conscientious purpose to perform this duty is the key to all measures of administration which have been and to all which will hereafter be pursued. Under our frame of Government and my official oath, I could not depart from this purpose if I would. It is not always in the power of government to enlarge or restrict the scope of moral results which follow the policies that they may deem it necessary for the public safety from time to time to adopt. I have understood well that the duty of self-preservation rests solely with the American people; but I have at the same time been aware that favor or disfavor of foreign nations might have a material influence in enlarging or prolonging the struggle with disloyal men in which the country is engaged. A fair examination of history has served to authorize a belief that the past actions and influences of the United States were generally regarded as hav-

ing been beneficial toward mankind. I have, therefore, reckoned upon the forbearance of nations. Circumstances to which you kindly allude induce me especially to expect that if justice and good faith should be practiced by the United States, they would encounter no hostile influence on the part of Great Britain. It is now a pleasant duty to acknowledge the demonstration you have given of your desire that a spirit of amity and peace toward this country may prevail in the councils of your Queen, who is respected and esteemed in your own country only more than she is by the kindred nation which has its home on this side of the Atlantic. I know and deeply deplore the sufferings which the workingmen at Manchester, and in all Europe, are called to endure in this crisis. It has been often and studiously represented that the attempt to overthrow this Government, which was built upon the foundation of human rights, and to substitute for it one which should rest exclusively on the basis of human slavery, was likely to obtain the favor of Europe. Through the action of our disloyal citizens, the workingmen of Europe have been subjected to severe trials, for the purpose of forcing their sanction to that attempt. Under the circumstances, I cannot but regard your decisive utterances upon the question as an instance of sublime Christian heroism which has not been surpassed in any age or in any country. It is indeed an energetic and reinspiring assurance of the inherent power of truth, and of the ultimate and universal triumph of justice, hu-

manity and freedom. I do not doubt that the sentiments you have expressed will be sustained by your great nation; and, on the other hand, I have no hesitation in assuring you that they will excite admiration, esteem and the most reciprocal feelings of friendship among the American people. I hail this interchange of sentiment, therefore, as an augury that whatever else may happen, whatever misfortune may befall your country or my own, the peace and friendship which now exists between the two nations will be, as it shall be my desire to make them, perpetual.

Abraham Lincoln."*

On the 26th of February the Senate adopted a resolution† requesting that the correspondence between President Lincoln and the Workingmen of England be laid before it. This was done, and on March 2d the Senate ordered it sent to the printer and incorporated in the Senate Documents.**

President Lincoln's letter to the workingmen of Manchester recognizes the sacrifices which the workingmen of England made in behalf of the Union, and mentions the sublime heroism shown by them, "unsurpassed in any age or land." The polite phrases in regard to the persons at the head of the English Government were probably inserted for diplo-

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*Senate Documents. 1863.

†Congressional Globe. February 26, 1863.

**Senate Documents. Third Session, 37th Congress, 1862-63.

matic reasons. It was really the English working class *alone* that merited the gratitude of the Union.

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LITTLE BLUE BOOK NO. 109
Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

Facts You Should Know About the Classics

Joseph McCabe

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PREFACE

This Little Blue Book is not for students of literature, but just for folks who have not time or opportunity to read the works of the great writers of earlier days. Every thoughtful man or woman would like to know a little about them. Almost every day you read or hear an allusion to Homer or Plato, Vergil or Horace, Chaucer or Dante, and so on. You would like, if it is possible to tell you in a few simple pages, to know who these men were, in what circumstances and on what themes they wrote, what special interest or distinction the most famous plays or poems or books of each of them possesses.

By the classics we mean in literature, not merely the old Greek or Roman works, but the literary masterpieces of every age which live forever on account of their supreme art or interest. It is not good to be entirely ignorant about them: it is easy and pleasant to have a few intelligent ideas about them. About a hundred writers of the last three thousand years have earned this kind of immortality, and we will take them in order. Hence, although this small book cannot be a history of literature—I may provide one later—it will give a kind of sketch of that history and the place in it of each of the great writers who is described.

FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THE CLASSICS

CHAPTER I

CLASSICS OF THE ANCIENT WORLD

Men learned the art of writing, or began to express their ideas to each other by (at first) drawing little pictures of objects, about six thousand years ago, but none of the works which we call "classics" goes back to more than three thousand years ago. We should not expect to find many writings surviving from a date earlier than that, and as a matter of fact, except for business purposes writing was chiefly left to the priests. From ancient Egypt alone we have a few specimens of small books written by laymen; especially the *Maxims of Ptah-Hotep*, a very interesting series of counsels and reflections on conduct by a middle-class Egyptian of four thousand or more years ago.

This, however, is not great literature. For the older civilizations we have to consider only their religious literature, as certain collections of ritual and other sacred writings which, on the analogy of the Hebrew collection, we may call their "bibles." The oldest is what we call *The Book of the Dead* of the Egyptians, parts of which go back thousands of years before Christ. It is not what we should describe as fine literature, and, as it is mainly con-

cerned with the passage of the dead to another world, which to the Egyptians meant a tiresome story of devils and spells and magic, only scholars or special students read it today.

There is nothing corresponding to this in Babylonia, where men did not take an acute religious interest in death, but amongst the mass of writings (or inscribed clay tablets) that we have found we have fragments of a remarkable semi-sacred romance, now called *The Story* (or *Epic*) *of Gilgamesch*, into which are woven the early religious traditions of a creation, deluge, garden of bliss, etc. In substance the story goes back five or six thousand years.

The remaining "bibles" were all written after 1000 B. C., and at least in some of their pages they are really fine literature. The *Old Testament*, which is certainly a literary classic in its English translation, and has some notable poetry in the Hebrew, was written, as we have it, in the fifth century before Christ, but the pieces of which it was then composed spread over several centuries before that date.

The Persian sacred book, *The Avesta*, is a similar compilation of religious traditions and writings, covering much the same period. But it had not, like the *Old Testament*, the advantage of being translated in an age when men still wrote poetical English, and it is only of historical and religious interest, as an account of the high ideals and remarkable beliefs of the ancient Persians.

The oldest Hindu writings, *The Vedas*, mainly a collection of hymns; belong to the same

period; the oldest parts (especially of the *Rig Veda*) may go back to 1000 B. C. There is some fine poetic writing in the earlier parts, but in the later this is succeeded by very abstract and subtle speculation which few would care to read.

The Chinese collection is called the *King* (which means "books" or "bible"), and it includes what are known as the Chinese classics. These are five books written by Kung-fu-tse (Confucius) and his disciples in the sixth century B. C. They are included, with the Persian and Hindu books, in the collection of translations known as *The Sacred Books of the East.* A good deal of early Buddhist literature also is included. But the chief interest of all these works is historical and religious, not literary, and we must pass on to Greece for the earliest works which live because of their splendid literary qualities.

§1. GREEK LITERATURE

The works of ancient Greece which we have are only a tithe of the works written even by the greater Greek writers, yet almost every surviving play or poem is treasured as a classic. If you draw up a list of the fifty greatest writers from the dawn of civilization to the nineteenth century, you will find that at least ten of them are Greeks. However, it was only certain parts of Greece which produced these wonderful artists, and these regions, taken together, never had a population as large as that of Chicago

But we cannot here go into the historical reasons for their brilliance. It is enough for my purpose to say that the *earliest* Greeks were semi-barbarians who filtered down into what we call Greece from the north between 2000 and 1000 B. C. When they reached the Mediterranean they came into touch with the old civilizations and were refined. Large numbers of them crossed to Asia Minor, where they mingled with the polished Cretans and Persians, and it is here that the first great Greek poets and thinkers wrote.

Homer, their first poet, was regarded by the Greeks themselves in their most learned days as their greatest poet, a unique classic; and he is still one of the greatest poets of all time. Whether there ever was an individual named Homer is disputed. Most modern scholars have held for a long time that the poems to which his name is attached were slow growths contributed to by different poets of the tenth century B. C. But this is not at all settled, and many again think that Homer was an individual Greek of wonderful poetical power in or about the tenth century B. C.

His immortal works are the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. These are two long "epic" poems; that is to say long poems to be recited, not sung to music, telling of glorious deeds and romantic adventures. The first deals with the closing days of the ten-year siege of the city of Troy (or Ilium) in Asia Minor by the early Greeks. The hero is Achilles, the Greek prince, who sulks in his tent after a quarrel about a beautiful girl-captive, and is at last stung into

action by the reverses of the Greeks and leads them on to the final destruction of Troy. Another of the chief Greek princes was Ulysses, and the *Odyssey* describes his wanderings over the ancient world after the fall of Troy.

Exploration in Asia Minor has discovered the remains of the city of Troy, and there is now no doubt that early Greek princes did bring their men overseas and destroy it. In the south of Greece we have found the palaces and graves of these princes, their inlaid bronze swords and golden death-masks, and we recognize the vivid realism of Homer. This great victory of the early Greeks would be the chief theme of the bards at every princes' court, and all sorts of picturesque legends would be added to the truth. Homer weaves all these together in two great epics with masterly skill. You can *see* the heroes, sharply and vividly sketched, fighting their great duels, the scenes in camp and court, the dawn or the blaze of the sun on the blue Mediterranean. Much of this powerful and beautiful description is lost in translation, though the old translations by poets like Pope, Cowper and Bryant, are very fine, and the current translations, chiefly by Andrew Lang and collaborators, are excellent. Homer is next to Shakespeare, who surpasses him and all others in beautiful imagery and allegory.

The epic poem remained for two or three centuries the chief writing of the Greeks. They were then royalists with numbers of small courts of chiefs or princes where these story-

poems were recited. As the race advanced in civilization, "lyric" poetry (short poems sung to the accompaniment of the lyre) developed. The most interesting writer of these is the female poet Sappho, who lived in the island of Lesbos in the seventh century. Between Sappho and Homer was the great poet Hesiod (9th century), whose chief poem, *Works and Days*, is full of moral and religious feeling; and in the sixth and fifth centuries Pindar won a high position in Greece and wrote great numbers of songs, hymns, odes, etc. Aesop's famous *Fables* also appeared in the sixth century, though many doubt if there was such a person as Aesop.

But we must confine ourselves here to the greatest names, or this book would not get beyond Greece. Two other kinds of writers arose as Greek civilization moved on toward its most brilliant days. On the one hand was a series of scientists and philosophers, but we have none of the works of these. On the other hand tragedy was born, and Greece had, in a very short period, the three greatest tragedians the world has ever known: Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides.

Tragedy, like the epic before it, and the comedy which followed it, reflects the age in which it was born: just as we get snowdrops in the spring, roses in the summer, and berries in the autumn. King's courts were by this time abolished and the crowd of citizens had to have their entertainments. At the same time a deeper religious mood passed over Greece, and

in Aeschylus (born 523 B. C.) this came to inspire tragic poetry which is artistically magnificent. There was an old custom of having, on the festival of Dionysos, the god of dance and wine, a group of men quaintly dressed who danced round his altar chanting old verses. Out of this the poets created the play, and Athens built the first great theater.

Aeschylus used ancient legends of tragic happenings that seemed to have a profound and somber moral significance. Only seven of his seventy tragedies have been preserved, and as Sir Gilbert Murray has in recent years superbly translated three of the best of these (*Agamemnon*, *Cheophori*, *Eumenides*) an English reader can get a very good idea of his tragic grandeur. These three plays form a trilogy, or connected series, founded on the terrible legend of the curse on the house of King Agamemnon. Behind it all Aeschylus sees the action of a great mysterious principle, Fate, greater than the gods, which brings the punishment of crime. "Eumenides" means the "Avenging Fates." *Prometheus Bound*, from which Shelley took the title of his great "lyrical drama," *Prometheus Unbound*, is another masterpiece of this "father of tragedy."

His rival and successor Sophocles (495-405) is considered even greater: indeed, the greatest tragic poet of all time. In fact there are experts who regard some of the masterpieces of Sophocles, such as the *Antigone* (which ought to be read in one of the current translations), *Oedipus the King*, and *Electra*, as the finest works that were ever written. The theme of

them is, as in Aeschylus, that a semi-divine Fate rules gods and men and avenges crime. Both tragedians take crime on the grand scale —murder, rape, incest, etc., in the legends of the old royal families—and the characters they create will live forever. Sophocles, of whose one hundred and thirteen plays we have only seven, is a little less somber, more humane, more polished than Aeschylus. He creates tragic grandeur out of the moral and religious feelings of the time.

The contrast of the third and latest of the trio, Euripides (480-406), is interesting. He was a cultivated man and clearly did not believe the old legends in their religious side. Skepticism was growing in Greece. But the mass of the people were religious, and Euripides was not generally popular, though eighteen of his seventy-five plays have survived. Technically he improves on his predecessors but he has not the same glow of inspiration. He took similar themes to those of his predecessors—crimes and tragedies on the royal scale—but he was a more self-conscious artist and an intellectual. If you want to see how he wrote Greek tragedy, read a translation of the *Medea*, which is based upon the appalling crimes and tragic adventures of that legendary queen; and, incidentally, it is one of the first pleas for a more just treatment of women. *Alcestis*, *Iphigenia*, *Orestes*, etc., are other masterpieces of Euripides.

Comedy was the next form invented by the Greek poets, and Aristophanes (450-380), the

greatest of the comedians, was a contemporary and (being very conservative) a bitter enemy of Euripides and all innovators. He satirized the growing woman-movement mercilessly in his *Lysistrate* and *Ecclesiazusae*, the philosophers in his *Clouds*, the democrats in his *Knights*, the democratic judges in his *Wasps*, and so on. But his wit was irresistible, and the stubborn old conservative was an idol of the Athenian people for forty years. Of his fifty plays, of which eleven survive, the *Clouds* (against the intellectuals and skeptics) is perhaps the best, though most mischievous. Translations of all these ancient classics can be got in the Bohn, "Everyman," and other collections of great books.

Aristophanes was as free of speech in regard to sex as he was zealous for old creeds. A refinement of comedy came after his time, and the ablest representative of this "New Comedy," reflecting the real domestic life of the Greeks, was "the gentle Menander." But we have only fragments of his comedies. Aristophanes, the loosest, is the only comedian of whom entire plays have been preserved, and we must now take their tone as typically Greek. The austere moralists Sophocles and Euripides, remember, lived at the same time and were played before the same audiences.

History was a third line of development at the time, and two of the Greek historians, Herodotus ("the Father of History," 484-425) and Thucydides (471-400) are classics. The former, who had traveled all over the civilized

world, wrote mainly on the clash of the Greeks and the Persians, but he brings in the whole world which he has seen. The plan is imposing, but he is not critical, and not always reliable even about countries which he visited. Thucydides chiefly describes the Peloponnesian War (with Sparta) and is terser and more faithful to facts. His work is history in the modern sense and finely written.

A classic of a different kind is the orator Demosthenes (385-322), whose *Philippics* (or orations against King Philip of Macedon) are perhaps his best written speeches, and are models of oratory for all time. Philip was insidiously preparing to take over Greece, and Demosthenes fierily denounced him to the apathetic people. He does not use florid rhetoric, but a terse, strong, direct, and simple speech. This and his other speeches are literary masterpieces and are, in their plain, forcible style, considered "matchless eloquence."

Before this a long series of philosophers had begun to use the now perfected Greek language, and the works of some of these are classics. Socrates wrote nothing—Plato gives us his ideas—and the books of the great majority of them have not been preserved. Epicurus, who comes nearest of them all to modern scientific thought, wrote three hundred works, but not one of them has been preserved. We have, in fact, only the writings of Plato and Aristotle.

Plato (427-347), a pupil of the famous Socrates, mainly expressed his ideas by means of dialogues between imaginary or real Athenian

characters. In the Greek some of these dialogues (the *Phaedo*, *Phaedrus*, *Timaeus*, *Critias*, *Symposium*, etc.) are considered to belong to the finest prose-literature of the world, and the famous Greek scholar Dr. Jowett has given us a wonderful translation (in five volumes) of them all. Plato usually writes about religion and morality, but he was also the first social idealist, with very advanced views, and in his *Republic* he sketches an ideal commonwealth.

While Plato is the finest writer of all philosophers—and by far the easiest to read—his successor Aristotle (384-322) was the most learned man (in his time) of all writers and possibly the greatest thinker of all time. These wonderful Greeks were pioneers in everything. While some created the epic, the lyric, tragedy, comedy, history, etc., Aristotle created philosophy as a system of knowledge. The titles of his greater works (*Physics*, *Metaphysics*, *Ethics*, *Logic*, *Poetics*, etc.—he invented these divisions of knowledge) show the vast range of his learning and thought, but his books are scarce and are read only by students of philosophy.

After the days of the philosophers Greece degenerated. The only other Greeks who could be deemed classics are the moralist and philosopher Plutarch (died 106 A. D.) and the very unmoral and witty satirist Lucian, whom we treat a little later. Plutarch's *Lives* (of famous Greeks and Romans) are a biographical classic, but he was a very religious priest of

Apollo and wrote much also on morals, and religion. After these the only great Greek writers were of Alexandria, but these are better known in mathematics and philosophy than as literary classics. Euclid's *Geometry*, certainly a classic of its kind, also belongs to Alexandria, but was written in the third century before Christ.

§2. ROMAN LITERATURE

From what we have now seen the reader will understand, and may learn with amazement, that one of the smallest nations which ever figured prominently in history produced a remarkable proportion of the world's greatest literature, and indeed created nearly every branch of literature. Remember, too, that the Greek classics which we have are mere fragments of the whole. Literally thousands of important works of poets, dramatists, and thinkers have perished. Let us hope that we have the finest fragments. I have given as informing an account of these as my space allows, and will only add that if any reader who has access to a public library with collections of translations wishes to know a little more, without an extensive course of study, I would advise him to read a book of Homer's *Iliad*, then the *Agamemnon* of Aeschylus, the *Antigone* of Sophocles, the *Medea* of Euripides, the *Clouds* of Aristophanes, a few chapters of Herodotus, one of the orations of Demosthenes, and one (the *Timaeus* or the *Phaedo*) of Plato's Dialogues.

The Roman literature is next in time to that

of the Greeks and, in spite of the common misstatement that the Romans were a wholly practical and not an artistic people, it is next to it in importance. The Romans learned the fine arts from the Greeks, and at first they were content with translations of Greek works. Comedy especially appealed to them, and the first classical Roman writers were the great comedians Plautus (254-184 B. C.) and Terentius, or Terence (190-159). Plautus, using Greek and other plots, composed a hundred and thirty comedies, but only a score have survived the literary massacre of the early Middle Ages. The type of comedy he wrote may be understood from Shakespeare's *Comedy of Errors*, which is, like many plays of the Renaissance writers, based upon the *Menaechmei* (a story of twins) of Plautus. Terentius, of whom we have six plays, writes purer Latin than Plautus and has more technical skill, but he has a less rich vein of comedy. He is the author of the much quoted line: "I am a man, and nothing human is foreign to me."

Apart from these there was no Roman writer who need be mentioned here—I wish to restrict the list of names as much as possible—until the first century before Christ, when what is called the Golden Age of Roman literature began. The art, as usual, reflects the economic conditions. Rome's conquest of the world was almost over, and the Eternal City was congested with wealth and athirst for every luxury and refinement. Within two centuries there appeared the great poets Vergil, Horace, Ovid, Catullus, the historians Caesar, Livy, Sallust,

Tacitus, the satirists Martial and Juvenal, the orator and thinker Cicero, and the famous moralists Seneca, Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius. These are all classics, but we must confine ourselves to the chief works of the greater writers.

Vergil (70-19 B. C.) is one of the six greatest poets of all time. His chief work is inspired by Homer. It is a long epic poem (a volume in itself) describing the wanderings of Aeneas of Troy after the destruction of that city, working up the legend that he eventually reached Italy and founded Rome and the Romans. It is therefore known as *The Aeneid.* Vergil was so polished and conscientious a scholar that at his death he ordered the destruction of the manuscript of the great poem, as he had wished to give three further years to perfecting it before publication. The Emperor overruled his will and gave the masterpiece to the world. Vergil wrote also two series of poems of pastoral life, the *Eclogues* and the *Georgics.* He has not the greatness of Homer, but his work is so impressive that the Catholic poet Dante, twelve centuries later, took Vergil as his guide through the underworld.

The next greatest Latin poet, Horace (65-8 B. C.), is the most difficult to translate, yet in his pure humanity and praise of the common pleasures of life he comes nearest to modern sentiments. Apart from a long poem *On the Art of the Poet,* which is now chiefly read in Latin classes, he wrote a large number of satires, odes and letters which are exquisite

poetical appreciations of a life of refined pleasure. It is generally said that he is Epicurean, but the phrase is misleading. Vergil also was a follower of Epicurus—most Roman gentlemen of that age were—yet he is sternly patriotic and speaks of the old Roman gods as if he accepted them.

Somewhere about the same time—we are not sure of the date—there lived a Latin poet of distinction named Lucretius who put into a poem called *On the Nature of Things* the serious philosophy of Epicurus about the world and human life. It is not strictly a literary classic, though a fine poem, but it is memorable as the only complete Epicurean work which we have and the nearest to modern thought. Mr. W. H. Mallock some years ago published a very free but admirable version of it in English verse.

Returning to the greater poets of the Golden Age, we have still to consider Catullus (87-54 B. C.) and Ovid (43 B. C.-18 A. D.). We have 116 exquisite lyrical poems of Catullus, a man of leisure and wealth who largely wrote verse about love for his lady-friends. Catullus is freer in his sentiments and expressions than Horace, but the fourth great Latin poet, Ovid, was the most outspoken of them all. In the gay society of Rome he published *Songs of Love*, *The Art of Love*, and *Remedies of Love*. But these are so far from reflecting the whole life of Rome that Ovid was exiled for his licentious poems—the real reason is said to have been an entanglement with the Emperor's

daughter—and in exile he wrote his more serious works. His masterpiece is the *Metamorphoses*, a mixture of history, legend and mythology in rich and very accomplished verse. Another distinguished poet of the first century is Lucan, whose *Pharsalia* (a poem on the civil war) has a high place in literature.

Of the historians Julius Caesar (100-44 B. C.), a very cultivated man as well as a great general, has left us *Commentaries* on his campaigns, especially in Gaul; plain, straightforward accounts of his actions in one of the easiest of Latin styles. Sallust (86-34) is more of a literary man as well as historian, but his chief work is lost and his *Conspiracy of Catiline* and *War Against Jugurtha* are not masterpieces.

The two most famous historians of Rome are Livy (59-17 B. C.) and Tacitus (55-117 A. D.). Livy belongs to the older Roman world, and his immense history of Rome in 142 books (only 35 of which have come down to us) is more patriotic than critical. Tacitus, on the other hand, falls in the period when the Stoic emperors raised the tone of the declining Empire. His *History* and *Annals* (of later Roman times) are both historical and literary classics: severe and very condensed (and difficult to read) in style, austerely moral in sentiment, and based on precise documents. In the *Annals* there is a famous reference to Christ and Nero's persecution of the Christians, the genuineness of which is disputed. It seems to me sound enough in style but too late in date to be important.

Cicero, the greatest Roman orator, and a statesman and philosopher, belongs to the earlier period (106-43 B. C.), the close of the Republic. His style is a standard of Latin, yet it is comparatively easy to read. His speeches (chiefly delivered in the law-court) are models of oratory, avoiding florid rhetoric and relying, like those of Demosthenes, on force of language and skill of construction. He has left us also the best philosophical essays in the Latin language—the books *On Duty* are most interesting from the ethical point of view —and his many letters are excellent literature and afford valuable pictures of the time.

The moralist Seneca (4 B. C.-65 A. D.) is famous for the many long essays or books which he wrote, from the severe Stoic point of view, on every aspect of virtue and vice. He wrote in the time of Nero, and thus he reminds us that the corruption of that Emperor and his circle did not extend to all Rome. A little later was Epictetus, a Greek of the Roman Empire, whose very austere Stoic sentiments were collected by his pupils and published as his *Encheiridion* or *Manual*. Marcus Aurelius (121-180 A. D.), the most virtuous of the Stoic Emperors, compiled a little volume of moral *Meditations*, very austere in sentiment, which is still much read, though it was rather casually written. Another famous Stoic of the time (died 117 A. D.) was the Greek orator Dion Chrysostom ("Golden-mouthed"), whose eighty extant orations, mainly delivered in Rome, are fine literary expressions of the highest ideals of the time. There was a very

considerable output of this severe moral literature at Rome.

More brilliant from the literary point of view were the satirists Juvenal (60-140 A. D.), and Martial (40-104). Juvenal's *Satires* (five books) are famous in literature, but as pictures of Roman morals they are not now trusted. He wrote, not only as a poor man flaying the rich, but he told of the wealthy Romans of the generation before his own time. Martial has left us fourteen books of *Epigrams*: sprightly verses, of two or three lines each, hitting off the characters and manners of his age. He was a wealthy as well as a witty man, and his mild satires are valuable.

Pliny is the name of two Roman writers who rank as classics. The older Pliny (23 A. D.-79 A. D.) gives us a summary of the slender scientific knowledge of the Romans in his *Natural History*. The younger Pliny, his nephew, was the governor of a province, and his *Letters* (ten books) are good literature and valuable documents.

Lucian, of the second century, is rarely read today, but his witty and pungent *Dialogues* and his stories and essays put him in the rank of great writers. Apuleius was another witty story-writer. His *Golden Ass* has always been deemed a classic, though modern authorities would not permit a literal translation of it. The hero imagines himself turned into an ass by the blunder of a sorcerer and having a series of most picturesque adventures.

After the middle of the second century Rome

was exhausted by war and literature ceased. There were several writers of some distinction in the fourth century, but their works are not classics. The great days of pagan literature were over. The pen passed to the hands of the new Christian writers.

§3. EARLY CHRISTIAN CLASSICS

This section is very short because since we are dealing with literary classics, not masterpieces of theological learning, it has to tell only of two books in a space of a thousand years, from the second century to the twelfth. These two books are St. Augustine's *Confessions* and *City of God.* You will not find translations of any others in any modern collection of literary masterpieces. Even Clement of Alexandria, the most accomplished of the great fathers of the Church, is read only by theologians. St. Jerome, in my opinion, writes the best Latin, but his writings have a purely religious interest.

Augustine (354-430) was certainly the most learned, and probably the ablest, man of his age. His early philosophical essays are not now read, and the voluminous writings or dictated works—shorthand was common in his time—of his later years interest only theologians. But the small volume in which after his conversion to Christianity he describes and bemoans his earlier years, his *Confessions,* is a classical autobiography. He had really very little to "confess" beyond the fact that for a time he had a lady-companion (which was not

then considered immoral), and the fierce light of his new asceticism causes him to write with a singular art and feeling about his youth.

In later years Augustine despised style, as most of the Christian leaders did, out of religious feeling, but he once more exerted all his art of learning in writing *The City of God.* The Roman Empire was in ruins and Augustine set out to prove that it mattered relatively little what became of the City of Man: that the essential thing was to be a citizen of the City of God. This idea he expands into a vast plan which includes a wonderful mass of mythology, history, and philosophy.

The Latin language was already degenerate in Augustine's time, the schools were being closed everywhere, zeal for letters and science grew rarer and rarer. The few Christian laymen who wrote prose or verse are not mentioned even in larger sketches than this of the history of literature, and in a few centuries most of the chronicles and treatises written were of a shocking literary quality, though everybody still wrote in a sort of Latin. The The only noticeable work—by no means a masterpiece—is *On the Consolation of Philosophy* by Boetius, a sixth-century Italian statesman who was put in prison and recommends all sufferers to find consolation, as he did, in Aristotle.

CHAPTER II

CLASSICS OF THE MIDDLE AGES

The Middle Ages are, roughly, the period from about 500 to 1500, though we must not take the limits too sharply. Here I propose to make it cover the writers of the literary Renaissance period, or of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Europe was so demoralized after the fall of Rome that art almost perished; and the Greek Empire was too fossilized to produce great literature. From the second to the thirteenth century no literary worth of the first, or even second, rank appeared in Europe. Then art was reborn and the Renaissance in the broader sense, the re-awakening of Europe, began.

§1. ARAB AND PERSIAN WRITERS

There are, however, two works belonging to that period which will be known to every reader, at least by name: the *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyam and the *Arabian Nights*. Omar was a Persian poet-astronomer of the twelfth century: one of very many gifted poets of the revived civilization of Persia. The refined Epicurian creed of life in his well-known poem reminds us that outside of Europe there was a brilliant and artistic civilization. The *Arabian Nights* reflects a similarly brilliant civilization at Cairo and Bagdad and Damascus. This new

Mohammedan, though really very skeptical, culture spread from Persia to Spain, and had much to do with the reawakening of Europe.

The *Rubaiyat*, which took the modern world by storm in the nineteenth century, is a unique case of a translation being superior to the original. The current version, by the English poet Edward Fitzgerald, is not, in fact, a translation, but to a very great extent a new poem based on that of Omar. Sir Richard Burton's translation (in 16 volumes) of the *Arabian Nights* is, on the other hand, so accomplished and faithful a version of that immortal collection of oriental tales that it is generally kept behind locked doors in a library. The current translations are much pruned, and are therefore false. The tales (by various authors) are generally said to be of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, but Burton held that many are earlier. The well known stories of Sinbad and Aladdin come from this classic. It is a rich reflection of Arab-Persian life.

§2. DANTE AND THE MIDDLE AGES

The immense literary activity and refined life of the Persians and Arabs was bound, especially as their culture was carried to its greatest height by the Moors in Spain, to affect Europe, and in the eleventh and twelfth centuries literature began to reappear. From the south of France, where there was contact with the Moors, the gay songs of the troubadours spread. The *Song of Roland* ran to four thousand lines. The *Poem of the Cid* was another long epic or

warrior-song that appeared in the Christian part of Spain. More notable still is the *Romance of the Rose*, chiefly by Jehan de Meung, a long allegory on love which appeared in France. In Germany some unknown poet of the twelfth century gathered together the old pagan legends in the *Lay of the Nibelungs*: the treasury of legends upon which Wagner has drawn for his famous dramas about Siegfried, the Valkyries, etc.

A notable work of a very different kind is the *Love Letters of Abelard and Heloise.* Abelard was the most brilliant writer of the twelfth century, though his works are on philosophy or theology and do not concern us here. Heloise was a remarkably gifted young woman of Paris, who had a child by Abelard. Her uncle, however, had Abelard castrated, and he became a somber abbot and she, very reluctantly, an abbess. These Latin letters were written long after the outrage and are wrongly called love-letters. Sentiment was dead in Abelard and it only peeps out occasionally from the heart of Heloise. They are, however, known as "the immortal lovers," and the letters are included in all collections of great works.

None of these ought properly to be included in this account of the greatest writers, but they are now constantly referred to and they help us to understand the revival of letters. These poets and chroniclers were gradually beating the new European languages into shape and preparing the way for the masters.

Dante is the first (1265-1321). His great

poem *The Divine Comedy* might be called an epic of religious thought. He imagines himself conducted successively through Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven, and though the theme repels many of his readers—Goethe, Goldsmith, Landor, and other distinguished critics speak very disparagingly of him—he is by common consent numbered amongst the six greatest poets of all time. There might be some difference of opinion about the sixth place, but the five greatest are (omitting the Greek tragedians who wrote in verse) Shakespeare, Homer, Goethe, Vergil, and Dante. I should call Milton the sixth.

Dante's "trilogy," or three-part poem, has several thousand four-line verses and is usually regarded as, on the literary side, the flower of the Middle Ages. Longfellow wrote a beautiful poem in appreciation of it, comparing it to a Gothic cathedral. But it is also interesting as showing how Europe was at the time being awakened by the Arab culture. Dante, who lived in Florence, where there was a great deal of liberality of thought, speaks throughout with great respect of the Arab and Greek philosophers, and in his ethical ideas he is deeply influenced by them. He wrote in Italian and thus inaugurated the great Italian literature of the Renaissance. His minor works, in prose, are *The New Life* and *The Banquet.*

§3. HERALDS OF THE RENAISSANCE

Dante died in 1321, and within two decades of that date were born the great Italian writers Petrarch and Boccaccio, the French chronicler

Froissart, and the gifted English poet Chaucer. Dante himself may in a sense, as I have said, be called a herald of the Renaissance or re-birth of letters, but he is mainly medieval while these four are predominantly characterized by the new spirit of humanity.

Petrarch (1304-74) is the first great figure in the revival of Greek and Latin literature. He wrote mostly in Latin, but the *Sonnets* he composed in Italian are so beautiful that four hundred editions of them have appeared. His contemporary Boccaccio (1313-75), also of Italy, is best known as the author of the *Decameron*. The word means "The Ten Days Work," and the book consists of a hundred witty and skilful short stories which are supposed to be told to each other, during ten days, by a group of ladies and gentlemen. The stories reflect all the gaiety, sparkle, and license of that early springtime of the new Europe.

In France about the same time Froissart (born 1338) wrote a *Chronicle* which is regarded as a classic. He traveled very extensively and tells, with bright coloring, the history of each leading country in Europe in the fourteenth century.

The Re-Birth soon spread from Italy to the northern lands, as Europe was now comparatively settled and men traveled and read. Chaucer (1340-1400), the first great English poet, had met Petrarch and was deeply influenced by him and Boccaccio. His famous *Canterbury Tales* is a broad and wonderfully vivid picture of the life and characters of his

age. All the chief types of the time are introduced as pilgrims on the way to Canterbury, and their tales they tell to each other depict early English life graphically for us. The old English is rather difficult to read, but the humor and shrewd observation make it worth while to try.

§4. THE NEW AGE IN ITALY AND FRANCE

The seed sown by these artists of the fourteenth century led to a rich crop of writers in the fifteenth and sixteenth and seventeenth; and we must remember that there was at the same time a splendid development of painting and a general enrichment of life, as well as a new liberality of thought and feeling. Italy in particular had a crowd of writers as well as great painters: writers on philosophy, writers on art (like Vasari), writers on history (notably Guicciardini) and story-tellers, poets, comedians, etc. To this period belongs the famous work of the diplomatist Macchiavelli (1469-1527), *The Prince*, giving such unscrupulous counsels to princes—a real reflection of the spirit of the times—that we have ever since called such maxims "Macchiavellian." Another classic of the time is the *Autobiography* of the sculptor and goldsmith Benvenuto Cellini (1500-71): a most interesting and candid account of adventurous life in that gay age.

The chief Italian classics of the time are, however, the works of the greatest Italian poets after Dante, Ariosto (1474-1533) and

Tasso. Both lived at the brilliant court of the Dukes of Ferrara who patronized them, but they differ entirely in character. Ariosto wrote comedies and satires and epic verse. He is chiefly known for his *Orlando Furioso*, a poem of great length on the war against the Saracens: which, by the way, no one reads today. Tasso had a more sober and melancholic character. His writings fill forty volumes, but few now read even his materpiece, *Jerusalem Delivered*: an epic of the Crusades, an attempt to adapt the Greek epic to a profoundly religious theme. This inspired Milton's *Paradise Lost.*

The above dates will show that these writers end at the time of the change occasioned by the Reformation, and from that time there was no great literature in Italy until the nineteenth century. The works of Giordano Bruno (1548-1600), Galileo (1564-1642), etc., belong rather to philosophy and science.

Meantime the Renaissance or Re-Birth of Letters, had spread over Europe. Erasmus (1467-1536), a very liberal theologian and humanist of Holland, wrote brilliant and witty critical works on religion with an immense circulation, of which the most readable are his *Praise of Folly* and his *Colloquies* (or "Conversations," his masterpiece).

In France there was in the fifteenth century an adventurous poet, Francois Villon (born 1431), who has become very popular amongst literary men in our time. He was a thief,

vagabond, even a murderer, and was often in prison. But he wrote beautiful ballads and rondels expressing the strange melancholy which his defiant life gave him. Swinburne calls him the "prince of sweet songs made out of tears and fire."

In the sixteenth century the great essayist Montaigne (1533-92) published his three books of *Essays*: a prose-classic of profound influence on thought, expressing the most liberal ideas—though he professed to be a Catholic—about religion and pleading for tolerance amidst the fierce controversies of the time. Montaigne was a universal scholar and the whole of life is reflected in his pages.

Very different was Francois Rabelais (1495-1553), one of the greatest of the Renaissance writers. Though a priest and a monk for thirty years, his long rambling stories (chiefly *Pantagruel, King of the Dipsodes*, and *The Heroic Deeds and Sayings of the Good Pantagruel*) are so free that his name has given us the word "Rabelaisean" for improper stories. I have a literal translation, in five volumes, by Sir T. Urquhart (published in London in 1897), but it is rare. Rabelais is, apart from sex, often filthy, but many critics forget that even in this he is only expressing his world, the faults of which he sought to expose by wit and caricature. He wanted frank mirth and laughter substituted for hypocritical enjoyments.

A French classic of quite the opposite type

is the *Discourse on Method* of the mathematician and philosopher Descartes (1596-1650). His works, however, are now chiefly of interest in the evolution of thought. In the sense in which we take "classics" here we turn rather to the three great poets who supremely represent the Renaissance in France: Corneille, Racine, and Molière.

Corneille (1606-84) and Racine (1630-99) are both best known for their tragedies, which were directly inspired by those of the early Greek tragedians and were written in a severe classical style. Corneille is the more austere and dignified of the two, and he is seen at his best in *Polyeucte* (based upon the martyrdom of an early Christian) and *Andromeda* (a classical tragedy). Racine is, perhaps, a little less severe and more human than Corneille. He also wrote classical tragedies after the Greek model (*Iphigenia*, *Phaedra*, etc.), a biblical play *Esther*, and a number of historical and other plays.

Molière (whose real name was Jean Baptiste Poqelin, 1622-73) is one of the great comedians of the world. He took the name Molière because he went on the stage. He is seen at his best in *Les Precieuses Ridicules* (which pokes fun at pretentious ladies who talk literature), *Tartuffe* (a satire of religious hypocrites), *The Misanthrope*, and *Don Juan*. For the freedom of his attacks on the Church he was excommunicated, but he was protected by the king, to whom his father had been valet.

Boileau, or Nicolas Boileau-Despréaux (1636-

1711), is added to these three as the fourth great poet of the time. His masterpiece is *The Poetic Art.* Like his contemporary Molière he was skeptical (though he rather insincerely wrote a prose-work *On the Love of God*), while Racine and Corneille were devout Catholics.

La Fontaine (1621-95), of the same generation, wrote *Stories* and *Select Fables* (on the model of Aesop) in verse which rank as classics. The familiar children's stories of Red Ridinghood, Bluebeard, The Sleeping Beauty, Puss in Boots, Beauty and the Beast, etc., are from his work. He collected them from popular circulation and expanded them.

Blaise Pascal (1623-62), a famous mathematician as well as writer on religion, gave the world two literary classics in his *Thoughts on Religion* and *Provincial Letters* (an attack on the Jesuits, though the author is a particularly pious Catholic). Montesquieu (1689-1755), a wealthy noble and eminent lawyer, is chiefly known for his *Spirit of the Laws*, a profound study of law from a humanitarian standpoint. Among his many other works his *Persian Letters*, a caustic criticism of contemporary life, long ranked as classic. Although few read it today the same must be said of the novel *Gil Blas*, by A. R. Lesage (1668-1747), a famous dramatist. It appeared in innumerable editions and was the model for later novelists.

§5. CERVANTES AND THE NEW SPAIN

Spain was retaken by the Spaniards from the

Moors (whose whole immense literature was destroyed) in the Middle Ages, and for a time it enjoyed its share of the Renaissance. *Don Quixote*, by Cervantes (1547-1616), belongs to this period. It is a brilliant picture of the life of the time as well as a masterly satire of the exaggerations and eccentricities of Spanish romantic feeling. It should be regarded, like several of the works I have just noticed and others in the next section, as on the threshold between the Middle Ages and the Modern Age. The Renaissance is a first breath of Modernism.

Lope de Vega (1562-1635) was a phenomenal Spanish playwright of the time who is now not much read. He is said to have written eighteen hundred plays (of which we have three hundred). He often wrote a play in a day, yet his construction and verse are of such quality that the Spaniards count him a classic. At the end of a long and very loose life he became a friar and assisted at the burning of heretics.

Calderon (1601-81), the third great early Spanish writer, a poet and dramatist, ranks far higher than Vega, though even his best tragedy, *The Constant Prince*, is rarely read outside Spain. His name is one of the most honored in Spanish literature. Like Vega he became a priest in later life. With Calderon the short spell of fine writing in Spain ended and nothing of great distinction appeared until the latter end of the nineteenth century.

§6. SHAKESPEARE AND THE ENGLISH REBIRTH

Chaucer, we saw, died in 1400, and his *Canterbury Tales* brought the first taste of the new spirit to England. But constant war kept in check the development of culture and during the next two hundred years few writers appeared whom one could call classics. An obscure knight, Sir Thomas Malory, is almost the only one now read. He collected (chiefly from French literature) the old English legends about King Arthur and his court, since made more familiar by Tennyson in his *Idylls*, and wrought them in a poem of distinction called the *Morte d' Arthur* ("The Death of Arthur"). In the sixteenth century Sir Thomas More (beheaded in 1535), at one time Lord Chancellor, wrote his famous *Utopia*, which is based on Plato's *Republic*. More was at the time very liberal in his ideas. The *Utopia* (a sketch of an ideal state), however, had to be written in Latin and published abroad. It was not translated into English until forty years later.

Then, within little more than ten years of each other, were born Spenser, Marlowe, Shakespeare, Francis Bacon and Ben Jonson, the five giants of a wonderful literary age. Spenser's (1552-99) great work is *The Faery Queene*. It is an allegorical poem of remarkable grace and beauty, though at times rather obscure in meaning, purporting to represent the excellences of the English character.

Chris Marlowe (1564-93), "the father of English tragedy," was, as these dates show, a great poet who never reached his full development. He shared the turbulent life of the time and was killed in a tavern brawl. His chief tragedies, *Tamburlane* and *Dr. Faustus* (a model for Goethe's famous work), reveal a poetical and dramatic genius of a high order.

Born in the same year, Shakespeare (1564-1616) survived his early robustness and gave the world the series of poems and plays which award him still the first place in all literature. Alike in light verse, comedy, tragedy, and moral play—you see his personal moral development reflected in this order of production—he is the supreme master. It is, in fact, needless to say much about him here. The little that I should have space to say must be known to everybody, and even a short appreciation or analysis of his work would fill a long chapter in this book. Let me note two things. It is extremely interesting, as I have already hinted, to take Shakespeare's plays in chronological order: to proceed from the loose comedies (suggested by the Italian Renaissance comedians who imitated Plautus) to the historical plays and tragedies, in which one may trace a half-conscious and gradually deepening moral sentiment, to such later plays as *The Winter's Tale*, *As You Like It*, etc., in which he uses his genius to make character attractive.

The other point is that recent attempts to make Shakespeare less titanic than tradition

represents him are not soundly critical. Every reader knows that he is unequal in his inspiration and one can select lines and passages of no distinction. It is, moreover, a question if some of the plays which bear his name were really written by him. Take him as a whole, and in the essential qualities of the poet—which are the expression of things in beautiful images and exquisite little allegories and the use of language of a fitting tone—he surpasses every other poet. I have read at least something of Homer, Hesiod, Aeschylus, Euripides, Vergil, Horace, Dante, Tasso, Racine, Corneille, Calderon, Goethe, and Schiller in their own tongues, and that is my confident judgment. Some modern writers who attack Shakespeare's supremacy cannot, apparently, read his rivals in the original.

But Shakespeare requires a volume or nothing, and we will take him for granted as the first classic. Of Francis Bacon also we must say little. His chief works (*Novum Organon*, etc.) were written in Latin and belong to the history of thought, not of letters. His English *Essays* way be considered a classic. Ben Jonson (1574-1637), finally, though called "rare Ben Jonson" in his time for his beautiful lyrics, pungent comedies, and classical tragedies, is now rarely read.

English literature, in fact, now became a ceaseless and ever broadening stream, and, with all the interests of our modern literature, we have little time, unless we are special students, to read any but the supreme writers of the

earlier days. The Authorized Version of the Bible itself is a wonderful monument of the artistic splendor of that age. Fifty divines, not poets, were set to prepare the translation, from 1605 to 1610, and, wherever the Hebrew text is itself poetic—the far greater part of it (Pentateuch, historical books, etc.) is not at all fine literature—they rendered it in magnificent, sonorous English.

The *Anatomy of Melancholy* by Robert Burton (1577-1640) and the *Religio Medici* of Sir Thomas Browne, a distinguished physician (1605-82), may be selected as the best classics. After these we get poets like Vaughan and Herrick, who are scarcely great enough to be included here, and then John Milton (1608-74), the second greatest poet of the English tongue as well as a sound and deep thinker and a most learned man for his age.

Milton's masterpiece is, of course, *Paradise Lost.* Like Dante, he would show that the Christian creed could inspire an epic as effectively as pagan legends, and no doubt on that account he is, like Dante, less read today than if he had remained purely secular. There is, however, a further parallel which is often missed. Just as Dante rationalizes Purgatory and is not orthodox on many points, so Milton more or less rationalizes Satan and hell. His Prince of Darkness is by no means the horned devil of ordinary believers, and we know that he had, in fact, very liberal ideas. In any case, the poetry is as magnificent as the conception, from the artistic point of view, is grand. It

certainly puts John Milton in the highest circle of the immortals. One ought to read some of his other great poems to correct the common idea that he was absorbed entirely in biblical stories, and I would recommend every one to read, of his superb prose work, at least the *Areopagitica*, an address to Parliament on the liberty of the press. Milton was far from medieval in his social ideals.

As I have already said, we are here dealing with writers who are on the turn from the medieval to the modern age. It is difficult to draw the line, but for my purpose of giving just an idea of the position and character of each classic I may take the spread of Deism in Europe as the beginning of the modern period and carry this section as far as the poet Pope.

One classic of Milton's time that ought to be read is the *Hudibras* of Samuel Butler (1612-80). Butler had the brilliant idea that the sour Puritan was the Don Quixote of English life and this poem is a delicious satire of the type. Royalty was by that time restored, and everybody was prepared to laugh at the men who had made England sober and dismal for a generation. The humor of *Hudibras* is so rich that it is always worth reading.

A very different classic of the age is John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, perhaps the most widely read religious book, apart from the Bible, that was ever written. Bunyan (1628-88) was a pious thinker, but a literary genius. His allegorical figures will never cease to

be quoted. Izaak Walton's *Compleat Angler* is another work of the time that comes near being a classic, and Milton's friend, Andrew Marvell, wrote some superb nature-poetry. More frequently quoted now are the Diaries of Pepys (1633-1703) and Evelyn (1620-1706). The former was a superior civil servant, and he most minutely and pleasantly records nine years of his life in London. Evelyn was a country gentleman and he reflects the life of his class. They are both valuable and interesting.

Dryden (1631-1700) may be taken as, in the broader sense, the last classic of the medieval and Renaissance period. His best known poem is *The Hind and the Panther*, a defense of Roman Catholicism. Not many years before he had written a defense of the Church of England, *Religio Laici.* His character is not regarded as very solid, but most critics would esteem him the third English poet of this period. His satires and odes are often of a very high quality.

CHAPTER III

CLASSICS OF THE MODERN PERIOD

As we approach our own time it becomes more difficult to choose our classics. For the earliest period time itself has made the selection very ruthlessly. Nearly every Greek and Latin work left to us is a classic. Then there is the long blank of the early Middle Ages ending in the luxuriant artistic growth of the Renaissance. By the time we have reached, however, the output of distinguished literature becomes very great. Not only have the introduction of paper and printing and the spread of education to a much larger class encouraged writing, but we must remember that now there are a dozen civilizations, not one or two as in ancient times. John Drinkwater in his *Outline of Literature* devotes one volume to the period from Homer to the middle of the eighteenth century (nearly 5,000 years) and one volume to the literature of the last 150 years! It does not mean that we are so very much richer in classics. The reader must, therefore, not expect to find here a mention of every poet whom some professor or other calls "a classic," but I have gone carefully over Drinkwater's work and Richardson and Owen's *Literature of the World* (which the reader will find more useful if he wants a larger sketch), and give here a short notice of the men about whose

high distinction in letters there is a common agreement.

§1. VOLTAIRE AND FRENCH CLASSICS

After the age of Racine and Molière French literature rarely rose to the height of great distinction—the chief cause, as elsewhere, being the bitter sectarian struggle—until Voltaire appeared. Seeing, however, that Voltaire, was born just before the death of La Fontaine and Mme. de Sévigné (whose letters are very elegant literature) the interval was not long.

Francois Marie Arouet (1694-1778), who took the pen-name of Voltaire, is one of the most remarkable writers of Europe. Competent critics pronounce him the best poet of his age—an age not rich in great poets, however—and in history (*The Age of Louis XIV*), tragedy, and treatment of actual problems (*Letters on the English*, *Philosophical Dictionary*, etc.) he had no superior. But it is as a prose-writer, particularly as a caustic critic of the creed of his country, that he made a reputation which filled the world and has made his name one of the most familiar even in our own time. Such sparkling wit as he had when allied with high poetic talent, profound knowledge of human nature, and rare power of construction formed an ideal equipment for the work to which he chiefly devoted his life. As in the case of Shakespeare, it is useless to write a few paragraphs about him. What little one could write would be known to the reader. Voltaire has to be read, for you cannot adequately describe the

flash and sparkle of his prose. I have translated a few of his smaller pieces (*Selections from Voltaire*) so as to give the general reader an idea of his versatility, and several of his stories (read, especially, *Candide*, a satire on foolish optimism) can be had in the Big Blue Book series (Nos. B-6 and B-30). The world will never tire of reading Voltaire.

Jean Jacques Rousseau (1712-1778), his contemporary (but not friend), was a constructive thinker and emotional writer. His *Social Contract* is a classic of sociological literature, and his *Confessions* is one of the most masterly autobiographies ever written, as well as one of the most candid. His *Émile* and *The New Heloise*, a treatise on education, are hardly less distinguished though now little read.

Two such writers at one time would enrich any country, but Count Buffon (1707-88) must be associated with them as a great writer as well as the most learned naturalist of his time. His *Natural History*, in twenty-four volumes, is a literary masterpiece as well as a scientific encyclopedia. At the same time lived Denis Diderot (1713-84) and a group of writers associated with him. Though none of these is a classic in the literary sense, the great *Encyclopedia* which they jointly wrote is very notable in the history of letters and thought.

A little later, during the Revolution, were Mme. de Stael, a French woman married to a Swede, whose novels were long considered to be great literature, and Chateaubriand, an orthodox Catholic, who (though I find his name omitted from most literary histories) was a

writer of great power and often of rare beauty. His *Genius of Christianity* was certainly esteemed a classic for the next half century.

In the nineteenth century the elder Dumas (1802-70), author of *The Three Musketeers, Twenty Years After, The Count of Monte Cristo*, etc., and Victor Hugo (1802-85) inaugurated the great period of modern French literature. Hugo was an astounding literary genius, both in prose and poetry. His formidable novels, *Les Miserables* (an epic of the poor), *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, etc., may contain all the defects which critics find in them, but they are superb conceptions and the world still reads them as classics. "George Sand" (1804-76) is not, perhaps, read outside France today, but her position in letters is very high. I might recommend her *Consuelo*, but it is of such length that the modern reader would despair of getting through it. Her real name was the Barones Dudevant, though she lived apart from her husband, a woman of passionate adventures. Her friend Alfred de Musset (1810-57) wrote lyric poems of the highest quality as well as literary plays and stories.

With the activity of these we reach the period of the second Revolution in France, the middle of the nineteenth century and the list of distinguished names is long. While it is premature to say which, if any, of their works will rank as classics, Alfred de Vigny (1797-1863) wrote, besides dramas and novels, exquisite poetry of the Romantic school. "Stendhal" (really Henri Beyle, 1783-1842) had a very high reputation as writer of novels (*The Chartreuse of Parma*,

etc.) and essays. Baudelaire (1821-67) was the second best (if not the best) French poet of the century: his book of verse *Flowers of Evil* is certainly a classic. Honore de Balzac (1799-1850) wrote ninety powerful novels (especially the series called *The Human Comedy*, a natural history of contemporary life) and was a master of the short story. Gustave Flaubert (1821-80) was so high and conscientious an artist that he wrote only four perfect novels. Guy de Maupassant, Prosper Mérimée, the de Goncourt brothers (Jules and Edmond), T. Gautier, A. Daudet, Sainte-Beuve, Verlaine (poet), Zola, Rostand (dramatist), and the recently deceased Anatole France, the prince of modern story-writers, make up—without mentioning living writers—a group of brilliant writers who will long be remembered; and to these we ought to add scholars like Renan, Taine, Thiers, Michelet, etc., who were little less distinguished in literature.

§2. GERMANY, RUSSIA AND SCANDINAVIA

Apart from Luther, we have no German writer whom we would call a classic until the second half of the nineteenth century. At the time when the influence of the Renaissance might be expected to reach and stimulate it the country was desolated by a hundred years of warfare about religion. It recovered in the years before the French Revolution and immediately there appeared two poets, Goethe and Schiller, who belong to the highest company.

Goethe (1749-1832) takes rank with Shakespeare. Intellectually—he was an ardent scientist and deep thinker as well as a great poet—he surpassed Shakespeare and, perhaps on that account is inferior to him in the strictly poetic faculty of exquisite imagery. No other poet could have conceived the vast design of *Faust*, at which he worked for seventy years, and at least the opening soliloquy of Faust will always be read. His earlier or romantic style is beautifully seen in his story, *The Sorrows of Young Werther*, and the long novel (or pair of novels) of his later years, *Wilhelm Meister*, is a masterpiece. With his encyclopedic knowledge and his profound intellect Goethe gives the whole epic of humanity, as known in his day, in his work. In mid-life he came under the influence of the Greek and Roman classics, and the result may be read in his stately and beautiful long poems *Tasso*, *Iphigenia*, *Hermann and Dorothea*, etc. But he was masterly in all that he touched, sonnet or tragedy, story or art-criticism or scientific essay.

Schiller (1759-1805), his younger friend and contemporary, is in the stricter sense a poet and dramatist, not a thinker, though he studied philosophy and wrote a famous history of the Thirty Years War. His chief plays (*Wallenstein*, *Maria Stuart*, *Don Carlos*, etc.,) are classics, and his lyrics are superb. Goethe befriended and influenced him, and they composed together some brilliant satirical verses or epigrams on contemporary shams. Like Goethe he began to write in the Romantic vein, but

his later and finer work shows the chaste influence of the Greek and Roman classics.

Notable amongst the predecessors or early contemporaries of Goethe was Lessing (1729-80), whose works on art (*Laocoon, etc.*), comedies, tragedies, and essays gave him a very high rank. Klopstock, Wieland and others, took a great part in the revival of letters in Germany, but I must be content with only a few of the great names. The works of the long and impressive line of German philosophers from Kant to Schopenhauer, cannot be treated here. They are classics of philosophy, but Heinrich Heine (1797-1856) was one of the most brilliant writers of his time. He was the best German lyric writer after Goethe (see his *Book of Songs*), wrote superb books of travel, and had a fund of delicate irony and caustic wit that makes his prose always a delight. Greater still—the greatest German writer after Goethe—was Friedrich Nietzsche (1844-1900), whose volcanic and often beautiful prose-poetry is of a unique order. His best work is *Thus Spake Zarathustra*, a malicious choice of the austere Persian moralist Zarathustra (or Zoroaster), as the mouthpiece of his own fiery indictment of conventional moral ideas.

Italy in this period produced Count Leopardi (1798-1837), an exquisite poet of pessimism, Casanova (or Giovanni Giacomo Casanova de Seingalt, 1725-1803), a poet and adventurer whose memoirs (written in French) are a classic, and Mazzini, the genius of the Italian rebellion. But reaction kept back Italy until

the latter part of the nineteenth century and it is no part of my plan to notice recent works. The same must be said of Spain, Portugal and Austria.

Switzerland had in H. F. Amiel (1821-81), a poet and essayist whose diary, or *Intimate Journal*, is a classic of its kind: a rare and beautiful expression of a mystic mind struggling with modern doubt. In the far north Henrik Ibsen (1828-1906), brought Norway into the field of letters by a series of plays which made him at the time the greatest dramatist of the world. They are modern problem-plays, of advanced thought and rather somber atmosphere. Björnsen (1832-1910), his compatriot and contemporary, also made a world-reputation by his novels, dramas and poems, and won the Nobel Prize. His work does not live as that of Ibsen does, yet there were distinguished literary critics who at his death ranked him with Victor Hugo. In Denmark, a classic of a kind was produced by Hans Andersen (1805-75), the great fairy-tale writer.

At the same time Russia opened its literary age, with a number of brilliant novelists. Pushkin (1799-1837), Nikolai Gogol (1809-52), Ivan Turgenieff (1818-83), Feodor Dostoeffsky (1821-81), and Anton Chekhov (1860-1904), were a group of realistic novelists, poets and essayists who commanded the attention of the world. Tolstoi's *Anna Karenina*, at least, is another Russian work of the classic order, and Maxim Gorki sustained the brilliant tradition of story-writing in recent times.

§3. MODERN ENGLISH WRITERS

The crowd of writers of distinction in every country now becomes embarrassing, and I must either be content with a mere list of names or omit many whom one or other critic chooses to regard as classics. The reader must bear in mind, however, that this is not a history of literature, even in outline, and for the modern period we will choose a compromise, including the names of some who will certainly not live as Vergil and Horace live today, yet omitting many quite familiar names.

I chose to begin the "modern" period with the poet Alexander Pope (1688-1744), because in his work modern ideas begin to show a marked influence. There was at the time a brilliant group of Deistic writers in England, but Pope alone (who vaguely embodies their ideas in his *Essay on Man*, the source of countless quotations), can be called a literary classic. *The Rape of the Lock* was regarded by his contemporaries as his masterpiece.

Another classic of the period is the immortal boys' story *Robinson Crusoe* by Daniel Defoe (1659-1730). None of his other stories has lived, but his *Journal of the Plague* is a work of great importance. Later in the seventeenth century and early in the eighteenth, Addison and Steele were the leading English writers, and their periodicals, *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*, are classics of journalism: a very dignified and stately sort of journalism in magnificent English. Rich-

ardson (1689-1761) was the first great English novelist, and his *Pamela*, *Clarissa Harlowe*, and *Sir Charles Grandison*, had a high reputation. A little later, H. Fielding wrote *Tom Jones*, which ranked as a classic until recent times. L. Sterne (1715-68), whom some ventured to compare to Cervantes, is equally distinguished in his chief novel *Tristram Shandy*, and his *Sentimental Journey*.

Jonathan Swift (1667-1745), one of the most brilliant satirists, is chiefly remembered by his *Tale of a Tub* and *Gulliver's Travels*, which still circulates. He was not, as is commonly said, an Irish wit but was born in Ireland of English parents. Coarse as *Gulliver* is in many pages, Swift was a Dean of the Church of England. But the same looser taste is seen in most of the literature of the time: in Smollett (whose famous novel *Roderick Random* is based on *Gil Blas*); in the dramatist Sheridan (*The Rivals*, *School for Scandal*, etc.), and Beaumont and Fletcher. The poet James Thomson, author of *The Seasons*, and the novelist Jane Austen (1775-1817), whose *Sense and Sensibility* and *Pride and Prejudice* still stand very high, and the poets Oliver Goldsmith (1728-74), author of the *Deserted Village*, and Thomas Gray (1716-71), author of the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, show the more refined feeling of the time.

A unique place must be given to Robert Burns (1759-96), the Scottish poet and the finest lyric poet of the time in spite of his notorious intemperance. Burns is assuredly an immortal and such pieces as *Tam* and *The*

Cotter's Saturday Night are classics. *Auld Lang Syne* is also his. And a very different work of the eighteenth century which is unquestionably a classic of highest rank is the great work of the historian Gibbon (1757-94), *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, the product of twenty years of incessant labor.

The chronicle of English literature now becomes so congested with distinguished names that we must notice only the higher peaks. Classics beyond any question are the two great poets of rebellion who opened the modern period in the stricter sense of the word, Byron and Shelley. Lord George Gordon Byron (1788-1824), was, as his title indicates, the aristocratic poet, yet owing to his critical revolt and his sympathy with rebels like the Greeks, he was ostracised by his own class (a generally immoral class, by the way), and his work has a tinge of melancholy. *Childe Harold*, *The Prisoner of Chillon*, and *Manfred*, his best works, are classics. Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822), was almost equally aristocratic in origin, yet he became the prophet of the democratic and humanitarian movement. His *Prometheus Unbound* is not only a magnificent expression of modern thought, but it is one of the greatest poems in literature from the purely artistic standpoint. While Byron remained romantic, Shelley, like Goethe, felt the spell of the Greek and Roman classics.

Next to these, or even above them or next to Milton, some critics put William Wordsworth (1770-1850), the leading poet of the more conservative school (with Cowper and

Southey). I doubt if many English readers now read his masterpiece, *The Excursion*, while thousands treasure the beautiful work of John Keats (1795-1821), whose classic, *Endymion*, Wordsworth patronizingly called a "pretty piece of paganism." Keats never saw Greece, and had never left London when he wrote his wonderful poems of Greek legend and life (*Hyperion, Lamia, etc.*). Of the British poets of the early nineteenth century, it is impossible, even in a list of classics, to ignore the *Ancient Mariner, Kubla Khan*, etc., of S. T. Coleridge (1772-1834), the *Lalla Rookh* and *Irish Melodies* of T. Moore (1779-1852), and the *Songs of Experience* of that strange mystic-skeptic William Blake (1757-1827).

Classics of the first order are the novels (if not some of the poems) of Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832), of the romantic school, and Charles Dickens of early date, one of the greatest of all masters of fiction. The novels of Thackeray (1811-63), would be put by many as classics of a secondary rank, and at least the autobiographical *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater* of DeQuincey (1785-1859), is a classic: a unique expression of drug-inspired dreams and reveries.

We now, however, reach the Victorian Age of letters in England, and it is difficult to select. Whether Tennyson's smooth and careful verse and Robert Browning's rugged and intellectual poems ought to be included here may be disputed, but much of the poetry of Algernon Charles Swinburne (1857-1909), especially his *Poems and Ballads* and *Songs Be-*

fore Sunrise, has a glow of passion and a beauty of language that puts it in the highest category. The *Essays* of Lord Macaulay (1800-59), the *Sartor Resartus* (a unique philosophical diatribe), and *The History of the French Revolution* of Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881), the noble prose of the *Seven Lamps*, *Stones of Venice* and *Modern Painters* of John Ruskin (1819-1900), the *Marius the Epicurean* of Walter Pater (1839-94), some of the novels of George Eliot (or Mary Ann Cross, 1819-1850), of George Meredith (1828-1909), the *Way of All Flesh* and *Erewhon* of Samuel Butler (1835-1902), Huxley's *Essays* (on science and religion), and Froude's *History of England*, and Darwin's *Origin of Species* (1859), may be selected out of the mass of fine or notable works. I again refrain from noticing living writers, but one wonders if any living British author will be read fifty years from now. Possibly, in fact, half or two-thirds of the works I have noticed in this section will gradually pass out of that select circle which contains the world's classics. Already some whom contemporaries considered as likely to live—Trollope, Southey, Lamb, Hazlitt, Cobbett, the Bronte sisters, etc.—are mere names in the history of English literature.

§4. AMERICAN CLASSICS

This difficulty of selection presses particularly upon one when we turn to American literature. Few great American writers are old enough to have endured and passed the test of

time, and American literature as a whole appears under peculiar circumstances. The reader will have noticed throughout this sketch how great poetry, especially, belongs to definite periods. We talk of the Golden Age of Greek and Latin letters, the art of the Renaissance, the Elizabethan Age, the Storm and Stress Period in Germany, and so on. These artistic periods mark a point where a new civilization has reached its full development yet has not yet become fully intellectualized, or a time when a revolution of some kind or other has entered its blood. All this was over when the United States was born. Its vast population in the nineteenth century was made up from European nations which had long since passed through their feverish periods.

The Revolution itself might be expected to inspire poetry, but a close consideration of the conditions of the time would explain why it did not. The only notable writers of the latter part of the eighteenth century are Franklin (1706-90) and Thomas Paine (1737-1809). Paine remained an Englishman and is not included in chronicles of American literature, but his spirited and superb first work, *Common Sense*, is essentially an expression of the American sentiment, and I prefer to include it here. His *Rights of Man* and *Age of Reason* count rather as English classics, but Paine was a cosmopolitan and would doubtless prefer to be numbered amongst American writers.

Washington Irving (1783-1859) really opens the period of distinguished American literature. His *Knickerbocker History of New York*, *Sketch*

Book, and *Alhambra* take rank in world literature. J. Fenimore Cooper (1789-1851) was for decades read throughout the English-speaking world, and even beyond it, for his stories of the war with the Indians, though one would hardly call them classics of fiction. William Cullen Bryant (1794-1878) is the first poet of distinction, and his *Thanatopsis*, though early, has every mark of great poetry.

By the middle of the century America had a group of writers to compare with those of any country. Edgar Allan Poe (1809-49) even in his prematurely closed career achieved poetry of a very high order, especially *The Raven and Other Poems*. A prose-poem, *Eureka*, which he wrote shortly before his death should be read for the interest of his opinions. Bayard Taylor (1825-78) also wrote fine poetry (*Poems of the Orient*, etc.) and gave us one of the most satisfactory versions of Goethe's *Faust*, a most difficult achievement.

Two early historians also must be included here: William Hickling Prescott (1796-1859), whose *Ferdinand and Isabella*, *Conquest of Mexico*, and *Conquest of Peru* would distinguish any writer, and are remarkable when we reflect that the author was blind, and John Lothrop Motley (1814-77), whose *History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic* and *History of the United Netherlands* are finely written works.

Of the great crowd of American writers of the next generation I would select Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-82) and Walt Whitman (1819-92) as the greatest from the literary point of view. Emerson's *Essays* are written

generally in a noble English which no English writer of the nineteenth century has surpassed. Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, on the other hand, is indisputably an American classic. Even Emerson, whose moral dignity must have been shocked by many of Whitman's sentiments, pronounced the book "the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed." After these, as great and distinctive writing I would give Bret Harte's stories, Mark Twain's works, Lowell's *Biglow Papers*, and Thoreau's *Walden* and *In the Maine Woods*.

Amongst the poets the highest place is usually awarded to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-82), though the simplicity of his work which charms one critic causes others to hesitate to put him in the company of the greater poets. There is, naturally, more fire in the verse of J. G. Whittier (1807-92) who became a passionate prophet of the Abolitionist party (especially in *Voices of Freedom*). I prefer some of the short poems—one might almost say hymns—of Whittier and of James Russell Lowell (1818-91) to anything of Longfellow's; though Lowell is very unequal as a poet and is, perhaps (after his historic *Bigelow Papers*), best known as a literary essayist.

Of the novelists of the time Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864) and W. D. Howells (1837-1920) are confessedly the greatest. Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* is a classic of American fiction. Dr. O. W. Holmes (1809-94) was not a brilliant success as a novelist, but the general thought and excellent writing of his *Autocrat, Poet* and

Professor at the Breakfast Table keep his work on the shelves of every book-lover. Of the great orators, from Webster to Ingersoll, and the scientific and philosophical writers, we cannot give any account here.

And into the merits of more recent and living writers I, as in other sections, decline to enter. Taste changes so rapidly in our time that already our critics seem to believe that no classic was written before the twentieth century. H. G. Wells once in a conversation with me ridiculed the idea that the style of the historian Gibbon was superior to the English we write today. There is much to be said for the directness and flexibility of the modern style, when a master writes it, but on those tests few of the great works I have recorded would maintain their high positions. There are, however, objective standards of art and I have given some idea of the world's masterpieces in all ages which rank highest by those standards.

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John W. Gunn

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The Humor and Wisdom of Abraham Lincoln

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THE HUMOR AND WISDOM OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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I.

INTRODUCTION.

A great man is not most familiarly known by his great deeds, but by some touch of commonness that lights with a human verisimilitude the cold face of fame. Greatness awes; commonness reassures. We demand of the great man a sign that "a man's a man for a' that." Few of the great ones of earth occupy a very intimate place in the thoughts of men. Our own Washington was truly described by Ingersoll as a "steel engraving." He was the "Father of his Country"—and, like most fathers, a little remote and incomprehensible. Contrast Lincoln with Washington. How much nearer to us in human significance is Lincoln. Lincoln had such human and such characteristic traits that his fame will never become statuesque. He will always be one of us, a very real, friendly figure.

Of the many traits of Lincoln, perhaps none appeals to the imagination of the common man more strongly than his anecdotal tendency. He appears in his most human attitude as a story teller. A story quickly creates a mood of sociability; and through his habit of humorous narration Lincoln wins his way easily

to our hearts, as he did to the hearts of his contemporaries. It is true that we have a more unanimous and unmixed admiration of his humor than did his contemporaries. Many of Lincoln's associates, very dignified and solemn men, were rather shocked and mortified by what they considered the crass levity of Lincoln. They thought the President of the United States should be more grave and circumspect, should wear his office with a weighty consciousness, should not betray the very naturalness that marked Lincoln as greater than his meticulous critics. This sad, kindly, understanding man was regarded by certain excessively polite persons as a buffoon, as a cheap jokester.

It was the quality of Lincoln's humor that disconcerted the wise men of the East. They could understand a discreet and polished wit; a statesman should, to be quite in the best tradition, have a certain proper and gentlemanly air of wit about him; but the direct, unpretentious humor of Lincoln, finding its expression in simple anecdotes and homely illustrations taken from the life of the common people of the Western frontier, was neither graceful nor dignified. Lincoln, in the White House, would tell a story with the same unaffected air that he would use if he were lounging in front of a village grocery store or standing in a country courtroom; moreover, he would actually interrupt important conferences, in the midst of a discussion of most portentous affairs, to relate a crude tale of pioneer life or to read the uproariously farci-

cal sketches of Artemus Ward; his humor was too spontaneous and hearty for the shrinking tastes of men who had been trained to permit themselves only the most guarded display of any feeling.

If the quality of Lincoln's humor was thought to be unfittingly crude and commonplace, its occasions were thought to be inopportune. It was not considered seemly to be facetious during this fateful period of the nation's life, with North and South engaged in a bloody struggle the end of which no man could clearly foresee. Impatience was manifested, too, by congressmen, generals and other dignitaries who, calling to interview the President with a sense of the weight and urgency of their missions, were forestalled or interrupted by a story about some funny experience that had befallen Hank Wilson out in Illinois. When Senator Wade had called at the White House to urge that General Grant be dismissed, Lincoln said, "Senator, that reminds me of a story." "Yes, yes," said Wade, "it is with you, sir, all story, story! You are the father of every military blunder that has been made during the war. You are on your road to hell, sir, with this government, by your obstinacy; and you are not a mile off this minute." Lincoln's effective retort was: "Senator, that is just about the distance from here to the Capitol, is it not?"

We need not be in doubt why Lincoln so frequently turned to anecdotes. When a Congressman, upon the heels of exceedingly bad

news from the army, came to Lincoln and the latter started to tell him a story, the Congressman stood up with the remark: "Mr. President, I did not come here this morning to hear stories; it is too serious a time." At once serious, Lincoln replied: "A——, sit down! I respect you as an earnest, sincere man. You cannot be more anxious than I am constantly, and I say to you now, that were it not for this occasional vent, I should die." It was for relief, then, from the unbearable solemnity of affairs that Lincoln told his stories. Through the channel of humor the flood of Lincoln's emotions gently overflowed, giving him a momentary respite from the excess of grief and care.

He was in peculiar need of the relief of humor. He was by nature a melancholy man, the type of brooding thinker. He was raised on the frontier where man, constantly facing the overbearing elemental facts of Nature, acquires a somber, reflective habit of mind. He was a child of Nature, which is not, as many wrongly presume, to be light-hearted and heedless and gay, but to be thoughtful and melancholy and somewhat fatalistic. There was a great deal of the fatalist in Lincoln, the evidence of which is found in various utterances which show that he felt tragedy lay at the end of his career. He frequently remarked that he had a premonition he would not long outlive the war. Lincoln's life was full of struggle, too, and it left its inevitable marks upon his countenance as well as upon his tender, impressionable mind. It was well, then,

that he could laugh at a good story and find relaxation for his weary spirit in the telling of it. It was well for the nation, too, since this humor fed and kept wholesomely alive the patience, kindliness, sympathy and large human understanding of the President. What would he have been without this great emotional protection? What would any of us be without it? It defends our emotional sanity from the worst assaults of time and accident. It kept Lincoln sane and resourceful and alive during his years in the White House, with their vast background of tragedy.

The quality of Lincoln's humor was homely and commonplace, its source the innumerable small incidents of the daily life around him. It was simple and, though absolutely appropriate, was somewhat obvious in its nature. It was not subtle nor profound nor witty in the true sense. It was a very practical sort of humor. It was the type of pioneer humor that distinguishes a community which has not developed a refined artistic sense. The laugh is generally derived from some ridiculous common mishap of man, or from one of those odd yet more or less familiar incongruities which belong with the accidents of life. A man is chased by a bull; finally he catches the bull by the tail, whereupon the animal runs in the other direction, dragging after it the man, who exclaims with a comical air of injury: "Who started this, anyway?"

Such was the humor of Lincoln, a humor plain and rustic. It hits upon immediate natural objects and is enforced by artless meta-

phors derived from homely things. It is remarkably shrewd and apposite. It seldom misses its point. Of all the Lincoln anecdotes there is not one which does not go directly to its purpose. This humor is akin to that of Bill Nye, Artemus Ward and Mark Twain in his more playful moods. It is typical early American humor. If this is not the highest order of humor, it is genuine and deeply characteristic and quite often irresistibly amusing. One must count the influence, too, in the case of a master of narration like Lincoln, of accompanying gestures and facial expression. His stories, to employ a solecism, must have listened better than they read. They were highly useful in one sense: they invariably made clear Lincoln's mental processes, they reinforced a point of argument so directly and forcibly that none could refuse to see. Lincoln was a very busy man and he saved much valuable time that might have been wasted in discussion by immediately going to the heart of a question and revealing it at a stroke. A story that fits the case is often more convincing than the most mighty array of logic.

Closely associated with Lincoln's humor was his shrewd judgment of men and affairs; indeed, it is one of the very good qualities of this pioneer humor that it is based upon a broad understanding of human nature in the rough, without any of the artificial complications and concealments of a sophisticated age. Lincoln had that humor, sympathy and sensible understanding which usually go together.

He laughed with men, loved them and knew their ways of thought and habits of life. There was a profoundly wise sort of humor in his manner of meeting many of the situations that arose while he was in the White House. When a delegate representing unofficially the opinion of certain men of influence in the North, including the governors of a number of states, carried to Lincoln advice regarding the prosecution of the war, Lincoln agreed that, if his adviser would call at the White House the next morning and tell him what he had soberly decided should be done, the policy would be put into effect. The man never kept the appointment; the responsibility shifted to him, he was less certain of what he should do were he in Lincoln's place. There is wisdom and a patient, kindly humor in this incident. It is very Lincoln-like.

As a speaker, the simplicity of Lincoln's utterance has become a model in the use of clear, effective language. His speeches had also a quality of humor that might be more aptly called common sense. His simple way of viewing an issue made the labored sophistries of his opponents appear ridiculously unsound. Lincoln, with his homely sticking to facts and his direct facing of the issue, was able to excel in debate the brilliant and redoubtable Judge Douglas.

Perhaps I have stressed too much the humor of Lincoln. Certainly it was an outstanding characteristic, the touch of Nature that gives us our most intimate glimpse of Lincoln the

statesman. He had also wisdom and eloquence and a great spirit. A fairly good view of Lincoln's personality will be found in the anecdotes that fill the following pages; the purpose of this booklet is to reveal his humor and wisdom by means of careful selections from the most authentic material.

II.

THE HUMOR OF LINCOLN.

From a great deal of material, these selections have been carefully made with a view to completely representing Lincoln's humor and to enlisting most surely the appreciation of the modern reader. The historical value of the anecdotes should be pointed out. They furnish illuminating sidelights upon the early politics of the country, the high points of Lincoln's life in the White House and the various issues, personal and political, of the Civil War. While the material, obviously, is not new, it has been specially written and cast into new form for the pocket series.

EXPOSING A DEMAGOGUE.

Colonel Dick Taylor, a Democratic politician, was apparently an artful hand at the demagogic tricks that characterized, with some degree of picturesqueness, the early politics of America. He used the style of personal attack that was then so common; and he posed touchingly as a friend of the plain people, denouncing Lincoln and his group as "rag-barons and manufacturing lords." Going up to the Colonel, Lincoln quickly pulled at his vest. "It displayed to the astonished audience a mass of ruffled shirt, gold watch, chains, seals, and glittering jewels." Lincoln, in contrast, was

attired in rough frontier dress. His reply to the Colonel was devastating:

"Behold the hard-fisted Democrat! Look, gentlemen, at this specimen of the bone and sinew! And here, gentlemen," bowing, with a gesture to indicate his own homely person, "here at your service, here is your aristocrat! Here is one of your silk-stockinged gentry. Here is your rag-baron with his lily-white hands. Yes, I suppose I, according to my friend Taylor, am a bloated aristocrat.

"While Colonel Taylor was making his charges against the Whigs over the country, riding in fine carriages, wearing ruffled shirts, kid gloves, massive gold watch-chains with large gold seals, and flourishing a gold-headed cane, I was a poor boy, hired on a flat-boat at eight dollars a month, and had only one pair of breeches to my back, and they buckskin. Now, if you know the nature of buckskin, when wet and dried by the sun it will shrink, and my breeches kept shrinking until they left several inches of my legs bare, between the tops of my socks and the lower part of my breeches; and while I was growing taller they were becoming shorter, and so much tighter that they left a blue streak around my legs that can be seen to this day. If you call this aristocracy, I plead guilty to the charge."

COULDN'T TELL A GOOD LIE.

Replying to a political circular sent out by Shields, Democratic State Auditor of Illinois, Lincoln declared:

"I say it's a lie, and not a well-told one at that. It grins out like a copper dollar. Shields is a fool as well as a liar. With him truth is out of the question, and as for getting a good, bright, passable lie out of him, you might as well strike fire from a cake of tallow."

WILD-CAT MONEY.

A story was told by Lincoln to illustrate the worthlessness of wild-cat currency that was circulated in the very early days of the West. The wood supply on a Mississippi steamboat was nearly diminished and the captain had the boat brought to shore by the first pile of wood that was sighted on the bank. The captain bargained as follows with the owner of the wood: "Is that your wood?" "Certainly." "You want to sell it?" "Yes." "Will you accept currency?" "Certainly." "How will you take it?" "Cord for cord."

GRANDFATHER AND GRANDSON.

Lincoln's innate democracy was humorously expressed in this remark about his ancestry: "I don't know who my grandfather was, and I am much more concerned to know what his grandson will be."

A "SMALL CROP OF FIGHT."

A very good example of Lincoln's witty resourcefulness as a lawyer was given by Chauncey M. Depew: "President Lincoln told me once that, in his judgment, one of the two

best things he ever originated was this. He was trying a case in Illinois where he appeared for a prisoner charged with assault and battery. The complainant had told a horrible story of the attack, which his appearance fully justified, when the district attorney handed the witness over to Mr. Lincoln for cross-examination. Mr. Lincoln said he had no testimony, and unless he could break down the complainant's story he saw no way out. He had come to the conclusion that the witness was a bumptious man, who rather prided himself upon his smartness in repartee, and so, after looking at him for some minutes, he inquired. 'Well, my friend, what ground did you and my client here fight over?' The fellow answered, 'About six acres.' 'Well,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'don't you think this is an almighty small crop of fight to gather from such a big piece of ground?' The jury laughed, the court and district-attorney and complainant all joined in, and the case was laughed out of court."

THE OTHER FELLOW STARTED IT.

By a story told in an assault case, Lincoln produced a clever and effective analogy. His client, he said, was in a similar situation to a man who, walking along the road with a pitchfork over his shoulder, was attacked by a farmer's dog. Defending himself with his pitchfork, the man stabbed and killed the dog.

"What made you kill my dog?" the farmer asked.

"What made him bite me?"

"But why did you not go after him with the other end of the pitchfork?"

"Why did he not come at me with his other end?"

Turning quickly, Lincoln thrust an imaginary dog tail-end at the jury. A long argument would not have so clearly presented the well-known defense that the other fellow began the trouble.

THE JUDGE LAUGHED, TOO.

A picture of Lincoln, the irrepressible story teller, is found in the reminiscence of a court clerk:

"I was never fined but once for contempt of court. Davis fined me five dollars. Mr. Lincoln had just come in, and leaning over my desk had told me a story so irresistibly funny that I broke out into a loud laugh. The Judge called me to order, saying, 'This must be stopped. Mr. Lincoln, you are constantly disturbing this court with your stories.' Then to me: 'You may fine yourself five dollars.' I apologized, but told the Judge the story was worth the money. In a few minutes the Judge called me to him. 'What was that story Lincoln told you' he asked. I told him, and he laughed aloud in spite of himself. 'Remit your fine,' he ordered."

A MARRYING JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

When an opposing lawyer in a case argued that precedent was greater than law and that custom legalized all things, Lincoln demolished

this position with one of his delightfully apposite stories that is also humorously descriptive of a type of rural character in those days. The story is:

"Old Squire Bagley, from Menard, came into my office one day and said:

"'Lincoln, I want your advice as a lawyer. Has a man what's been elected justice of the peace a right to issue a marriage license?'

"I told him no; whereupon the old squire threw himself back in his chair very indignantly and said:

"'Lincoln, I thought you was a lawyer. Now, Bob Thomas and me had a bet on this thing, and we agreed to let you decide; but if this is your opinion I don't want it, for I know a thunderin' sight better. I've been a squire eight years, and I've issued marriage licenses all the time.'"

A HORSE TRADE.

Lincoln and a judge were having a friendly contest of wits on the subject of horses, when Lincoln said:

"Well, look here, Judge! I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll make a horse trade with you, only it must be upon these stipulations: Neither party shall see the other's horse until it is produced here in the courtyard of the hotel and both parties must trade horses. If either party backs out of the agreement, he does so under a forfeiture of twenty-five dollars."

It was agreed, and Lincoln and the judge each left to find a horse for the joking trade,

while a crowd collected to watch the fun. When the judge reappeared there was a great laugh at the incredibly skinny, dejected-looking animal, blind in both eyes, that he led. But the uproar came when Lincoln strode upon the scene with a carpenter's saw-horse on his shoulder. Relieving himself of his burden, Lincoln with a disgusted air scrutinized the judge's animal.

"Well, Judge," he said, "this is the first time I ever got the worst of it in a horse trade."

DIGNIFIED BUT RATHER CARELESS.

Upon one occasion Lincoln contested a case with Judge Logan, under whom he had studied law. The Judge was a man of great dignity, but was often very careless of his appearance, a trait which Lincoln knew and cleverly made use of in the trial.

"Gentlemen," said Lincoln to the jury, "you must be careful and not permit yourselves to be overborne by the eloquence of the counsel for defense. Judge Logan, I know, is an effective lawyer; I have met him too often to doubt that. But shrewd and careful though he be, still he is sometimes wrong. Since this trial began I have discovered that, with all his caution and fastidiousness, he hasn't knowledge enough to put his shirt on right."

A glance revealed that the Judge had his shirt—the stiff, pleated variety—put on backwards. The dignified Judge, thus made the object of laughter, was of course utterly disconcerted.

THE LAZIEST MAN.

Major Whitney relates this amusing court scene: "The first term of Davis's court that I attended the Judge was calling through the docket for the first time, in order to dispose of such cases as could be handled summarily, and likewise to sort the chaff from the wheat, when he came across a long bill in chancery, drawn by an excellent but somewhat indolent lawyer. On glancing at it he exclaimed: 'Why, Brother Snap, how did you rake up energy enough to get up such a long bill?'

"'Dunno, Jedge,' replied the party addressed, squirming in his seat and uneasily scratching his head. The Judge unfolded and held up the bill. 'Astonishing, ain't it? Brother Snap did it. Wonderful—eh, Lincoln?'

"This amounted to an order on Lincoln for a joke at this point, and he was ready, of course—he had to be; he never failed. 'It's like the lazy preacher,' drawled he, 'that used to write long sermons, and the explanation was, he got to writin' and was too lazy to stop."

A JUDGE AND HIS FRIENDS.

A vivid glimpse of the social side of legal life in the early days is furnished by the following reminiscence by Major Whitney: "In the evening all assembled in the Judge's room, where the blazing fagots were piled high and the yule-log was in place, and there were no

strays there, although the door was not locked. Davis's methods were known, and his companions well-defined, and if a novice came he soon found out both. For instance, an unsophisticated person might become attracted to the Judge's room by our noise, supposing it to be 'free for all.' If Davis wanted him he was warmly welcomed, the fatted calf was killed, and the ring put on his finger; but if he was really not desired he was frozen out by the Judge thus: 'Ah, stop a minute, Lincoln! Have you some business, Mr. Dusenberry?' If Mr. Dusenberry should venture, 'Well, no! I came designin'—" Davis would interrupt him: 'Swett, take Mr. Dusenberry out into the hall and see what he wants, and come right back yourself, Swett. Shut the door. Now, go ahead, Lincoln! You got as far as—ha! ha! ha! "She slid down the hill and—" But wait for Swett. Swett! Swett!' called he. 'Hill' (to Lamon), 'call Swett in. Now, Lincoln, go ahead (and so forth). She slid down the hill, you know. Ho! ho! ho!' Any one who knew Davis would recognize this. This was a characteristic scene with Lincoln as the headpiece, though we often discussed philosophy, politics, and other human interests."

A JUDGE'S OPINION.

Lincoln shrewdly triumphed over Judge Davis on one occasion, which is related by Whitney:

"I remember once that while several of us lawyers were together, including Judge Davis,

Lincoln suddenly asked a novel question regarding court practice, addressed to no one particularly, to which the Judge, who was in the habit certainly of appropriating his full share of any conversation, replied, stating what he understood the practice should be. Lincoln thereat laughed and said, 'I asked that question, hoping that you would answer. I have that very question to present to the court in the morning, and I am very glad to find out that the court is on my side.'"

BLANK'S UNSUCCESSFUL DEATH.

Here is another Whitney reminiscence: "At the White House once I was regaling him with local news from Champaign (which he was always ready to hear), and I said: 'Blank is dead; his extremely disloyal sentiments so provoked his neighbors that there was serious talk of inflicting vengeance on him, and he was found dead in bed—caused largely by fright.' This man was an old Whig friend of Lincoln, but the reason of his exit from life's trials amused him. His comment was, 'He died, then, to save his life, it seems.'"

THE LIGHTNING ROD.

The quick, resourceful wit of Lincoln, who was always ready to turn the smallest trifle to immediate use, is illustrated by what is said to be his first speech. Friends got him into the race for the state legislature and he, just a country character, emerged from the back-

woods to debate with his opponent in the latter's home town. Passing his opponent's house as he and a friend drove into the town, Lincoln observed a lightning rod on the house—the first he had ever seen. He inquired of his friend the identity and use of the queer object. Beginning the debate, Lincoln's opponent begged his fellow citizens not to take him, an old and tried man, out of the legislature and put in his place an obscure fellow from the backwoods. With the recently observed phenomenon of the lightning rod fresh in his mind, Lincoln said in reply:

"Friends, you don't know very much about me. I haven't had all the advantages that some of you have had; but, if you did know everything about me that you might know, you would be sure that there was nothing in my character that made it necessary to put on my house a lightning rod to save me from the just vengeance of Almighty God."

AN ENDLESS CHAIN.

Lincoln, while a member of Congress, took his stand against the Mexican War; and he declared those who argued the war was not a war of aggression made him think of the Illinois farmer who said: "I ain't greedy 'bout land. I only want what jines mine."

FAT FACE AND LEAN.

In debating with Douglas, Lincoln said:

"Judge Douglas is of world-wide renown. All the anxious politicians of his party....have

been looking upon him as certainly....to be President of the United States. They have seen in his round, jolly, fruitful face post-offices, land offices, marshalships, and cabinet appointments and foreign missions bursting and spreading out in wonderful exuberance, ready to be laid hold of by their greedy hands. And as they have been gazing upon this attractive picture so long they cannot, in the little distraction that has taken place in the party, bring themselves to give up the charming hope, but with greedier anxiety they rush about him, sustain him and give him marches, triumphal entries and receptions, beyond what in the days of his highest prosperity they could have brought about in his favor. On the contrary, nobody has ever expected me to be President. In my poor, lean, lank face nobody has ever seen that any cabbages were sprouting."

BOTH SIDES OF THE BAR.

Douglas once thought to score off Lincoln by relating how, when he first knew him, Lincoln was a "grocery-keeper," selling among other things whiskey and cigars. "Mr. L.," said Douglas, "was a very good bartender!" But the laugh was on the other side when Lincoln made the following reply:

"What Mr. Douglas has said, gentlemen, is true enough; I did keep a grocery, and I did sell cotton, candles and cigars, and sometimes whiskey; but I remember in those days that Mr. Douglas was one of my best customers.

Many a time have I stood on one side of the counter and sold whiskey to Mr. Douglas on the other side, but the difference between us now is this: I have left my side of the counter, but Mr. Douglas still sticks to his as tenaciously as ever."

THE PROPER LENGTH OF LEGS.

From discussing the physical peculiarities of Douglas, who was a very small man, a group of Lincoln's friends turned to the question of how long a man's legs should be. Upon Lincoln's joining the group, he was asked the question.

"Well," he said, "I should think a man's legs ought to be long enough to reach from his body to the ground."

LETTING STANTON JUMP.

When complaints were made to Lincoln of the strenuous dictatorial methods of Secretary of War Stanton, Lincoln made this comparison:

"We may have to treat Stanton as they are sometimes obliged to treat a Methodist minister I know out West. He gets wrought up to so high a pitch of excitement in his prayers and exhortations that they put bricks in his pockets to keep him down. But I guess we'll let him jump awhile first."

SOMETHING FOR THE OFFICE SEEKERS.

A host of office seekers besieged the White House at the start of Lincoln's administration. With his aptness for simile, the President said he was in the position of a man who was so busy letting rooms in one end of his house that he had no time to put out a fire in the other end. However, when he was attacked by the varioloid he thus instructed his usher:

"Tell all the office seekers to come and see me, for now I have something that I can give them."

THE JONESVILLE POST OFFICE.

It was absurd of course that in the midst of civil war, President Lincoln should have to bother himself with many details of political patronage. But the Democrats had enjoyed a long incumbency in federal jobs and now the Republicans were a greedy and impatient horde that constantly annoyed the President. The irony of it was well conveyed by Lincoln. One day when the President was standing in a pensive attitude, a Senator remarked:

"Has anything gone wrong, Mr. President? Have you heard bad news from Fort Sumter?"

"No," replied the President with a solemn air, "it's the post-office at Jonesville, Missouri."

AN EXAMINATION FOR DOORKEEPER.

To a man who asked for the job of doorkeeper in the House of Representatives, the

President, with the best of humor, addressed the following catechism:

"So you want to be doorkeeper of the House, eh?"

"Yes, Mr. President."

"Well, have you ever been a doorkeeper? Have you ever had any experience of doorkeeping?"

"Well, no—no actual experience, sir."

"Any theoretical experience? Any instructions in the duties and ethics of doorkeeping?"

"Umph—no."

"Have you ever attended lectures on doorkeeping?"

"No, sir."

"Have you read any text on the subject?"

"No."

"Have you conversed with anyone who has read such a book?"

"No, sir; I'm afraid not, sir."

"Well, then, my friend, don't you see that you haven't a single qualification for this important post?" said Lincoln with an air of patient reasonableness.

"Yes, I do," admitted the applicant, who turned away, as one might say, "a sadder but a wiser man."

A SICKER MAN.

To a delegation who begged the commissionship of the Sandwich Islands for a certain man, urging that besides being a qualified man he was in bad health, the President said:

"Gentlemen, I am sorry to say that there are eight other applicants for the place and they are all sicker than your man."

NEW JERSEY IN DANGER.

A Congressman from New Jersey brought two citizens of that state to see the President, out of idle curiosity, remarking as he introduced them: "Mr. President, this is Mr. X. and Mr. Y., and they are among the weightiest men in Southern New Jersey." Upon their departure, Lincoln observed: "I wonder that end of the state didn't tip up when they got off it."

A PARABLE OF AMBITION.

When government officials, who wished to secure the transfer of control over certain funds from other hands into their own, approached the President with this request, he met them with this story:

"You are very much like a man in Illinois whose cabin was burned down, and, according to the kindly custom of early days in the West, his neighbors all contributed something to start him again. In his case they had been so liberal that he soon found himself better off than before the fire, and got proud. One day a neighbor brought him a bag of oats, but the fellow refused it with scorn, and said, "I am not taking oats now; I take nothing but money.'"

A BOTTLE OF HAIR RESTORER.

A Philadelphia man, an unmitigated bore, had repeatedly encroached upon the President's time, until the latter at last got rid of him by a

simple and amusing expedient. The story was told by Justice Carter of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. On this day many delegations were waiting to see the President, but this man stayed and talked. Finally Lincoln walked over to a wardrobe in the corner of the Cabinet chamber, and, taking a bottle from the shelf, remarked to the man, who was bald-headed:

"Did you ever try this stuff for your hair?"

"No, sir, I never did."

'Well, I advise you to try it and I will give you this bottle. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. Keep it up. They say it will make hair grow on a pumpkin. Now take it and come back in eight or ten months and tell me how it works."

The man, nonplussed, took the bottle and left without further speech. Judge Carter, coming in with a delegation, found the President in a fit of laughter.

A VERY PARTICULAR JUDGE.

The artist, Frank B. Carpenter, who painted a picture of the Cabinet assembled to hear the Emancipation Proclamation and witness the signature of the President to this historic document, told the following story:

"One evening the President brought a couple of friends into the 'state dining room' to see my picture. Something was said in the conversation that ensued that 'reminded' him of the following circumstance: 'Judge ———,' he said, 'held the strongest ideas of rigid gov-

ernment and close construction that I ever met. It was said of him on one occasion that he would hang a man for blowing his nose in the street, but he would quash the indictment if it failed to specify which hand he blew it with!'"

TAKING COUNSEL.

A friend thought Lincoln took much counsel with David Davis, Judge of the Circuit Court, but Lincoln enlightened him with the following story: "They had side judges down in New Hampshire, and to show the folly of the system, one who had been a side judge for twenty years said the only time the chief judge ever consulted him was at the close of a long day's session, when he turned to the side judge and whispered, "Don't your back ache?'"

THE SAME STAR.

When Noah Brooks had carefully explained to the President how a California politician had unwittingly been led into speaking the truth, the President recalled a similar circumstance about a Negro barber in Illinois, who was a great liar. A crowd in front of the barber ship stood one evening gazing with admiration at the planet Jupiter. "Sho," said the barber, "I've seen that star before. I seen him 'way down in Georgy." Said Lincoln: "Like your California friend, he told the truth, but thought he was lying."

MORE THAN HALF RIGHT.

At one of the public receptions in the White House, an old gentleman from Buffalo, as he shook hands with the President, remarked: "Up our way we believe in God and Abraham Lincoln." To this the President characteristically replied: "My friend, you are more than half right."

A CHANGE OF COATS.

Replying to an invitation to attend a Jefferson anniversary affair, the President said in part: "I remember once being much amused at seeing two partially intoxicated men engaged in a fight with their coats on, which fight, after a long and harmless contest, resulted in each having fought himself out of his coat and into that of the other. If the two leading parties of this day are really identical with the two of the days of Jefferson and Adams, they have performed the same feat as the two drunken men."

A DRY BATH.

Speaking in eulogy of Lincoln at a New York dinner a noted literary man illustrated the President's simplicity and sense:

"Lincoln could not stand tedious writing in others. He once condemned for its tediousness a Greek history, whereupon a diplomat took him to task. 'The author of that history, Mr. President, is one of the profoundest scholars of the age. Indeed, it may be doubted whether

any man of our generation has plunged more deeply in the sacred fount of learning,' 'Yes, or come up drier,' said Lincoln."

THE SAME THREE FELLOWS.

This story was told by Adlai E. Stevenson: "Several months before President Lincoln issued the great Proclamation of Emancipation which gave freedom to the whole race of Negro slaves in America, my friend, Senator Henderson of Missouri, came to the White House one day and found Mr. Lincoln in a mood of deepest depression. Finally the great President said to his caller and friend that the most constant and acute pressure was being brought upon him by the leaders of the radical element of his party to free the slaves.

"'Sumner and Stevens and Wilson simply haunt me,' declared Mr. Lincoln, 'with their importunities for a proclamation of emancipation. Wherever I go and whatever way I turn, they are on my trail. And still, in my heart, I have the deep conviction that the hour has not yet come.'

"Just as he said this he walked to the window looking out upon Pennsylvania Avenue and stood there in silence, his tall figure silhouetted against the light of the window pane, every line of it and of his gracious face expressive of unutterable sadness. Suddenly his lips began to twitch into a smile and his somber eyes lighted with a twinkle of something like mirth.

"'The only schooling I ever had, Henderson,' he remarked, 'was in a log schoolhouse when

reading-books and grammars were unknown. All our reading was done from the Scriptures, and we stood up in a long line and read in turn from the Bible. Our lesson one day was the story of the faithful Israelites who were thrown into the fiery furnace and delivered by the hand of the Lord without so much as the smell of fire upon their garments. It fell to one little fellow to read the verse in which occurred, for the first time in the chapter, the names of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego. Little Bud stumbled on Shadrach, floundered on Meshach, and went all to pieces on Abed-nego. Instantly the hand of the master dealt him a cuff on the side of the head and left him wailing and blubbering as the next boy in line took up the reading. But before the girl at the end of the line had done reading he had subsided into sniffles, and finally became quiet. His blunder and disgrace were forgotten by the others of the class until his turn was approaching to read again. Then, like a thunder-clap out of a clear sky, he set up a wail which even alarmed the master, who with rather unusual gentleness inquired:

"'What's the matter now?'

"'Pointing with a shaking finger at the verse which a few moments later would fall to him to read, Bud managed to quaver out the answer:

"'Look there, marster—there comes them same damn three fellers again.'"

"Then his whole face lighted with such a smile as only Lincoln could give, and he beckoned Senator Henderson to his side, silently

pointing his long, bony finger to three men who were at that moment crossing Pennsylvania Avenue toward the door of the White House. They were Sumner, Wilson and Thaddeus Stevens."

FACTS ARE FACTS.

To a group of citizens who had called to urge him to emancipate the slaves, the President said it was impossible at that stage of the war, and that proclaiming the Negroes free would not make them free. By way of analogy, he asked his callers: "How many legs will a sheep have if you call the tail a leg?" "Five," was the reply. "You are mistaken," said Lincoln, "for calling a tail a leg don't make it so."

WHERE THE CARCASS IS.

Hugh McCulloch, Secretary of the Treasury, in Lincoln's second term, called at the White House with a delegation of New York bankers. Stepping ahead of the group, he said quietly to the President:

" 'These gentlemen from New York have come on to see the Secretary of the Treasury about our new loan. As bankers they are obliged to hold our national securities. I can vouch for their patriotism and loyalty, for, as the good Book says, 'Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also.'

Lincoln's reply was ready: "There is another text, Mr. McCulloch, I remember, that might equally apply: 'Where the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together.' "

GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S TACTICS.

The dilatoriness of General McClellan was proverbial and gave rise to one of Lincoln's most pointed jokes. A New York man, who had spent a week viewing the Democratic Convention of 1864, in which McClellan was considered as a presidential candidate, called at the White House with the Assistant Secretary of War, Mr. Dana. As they talked, the New York man asked the President: "What do you think, Mr. President, is the reason General McClellan does not reply to the letter from the Chicago Convention?" "Oh," was Lincoln's smiling reply, "he is intrenching!"

GENERAL GRANT.

General Grant had a record that is rare in military annals. When he once took a place, he never surrendered it. Speaking of this to General Butler, Lincoln said: "When General Grant once gets possessed of a place he seems to hang on to it as if he had inherited it."

M'CLELLAN'S BODYGUARD.

After the battle of Antietam, when McClellan's army lay unaccountably idle, Lincoln, with his friend, O. M. Hatch of Illinois, went to the front. They stood on a hill from which they could view the vast camp, and Lincoln said:

"Hatch, Hatch, what is all this?"

"Why," said Hatch, "that is the Army of the Potomac."

"No, Hatch, no," said Lincoln, "that is General McClellan's bodyguard."

CUTTING A FINGER.

Lincoln's stories were always remarkable for their simplicity and fitness. The following story was repeated by General Horace Porter:

"We were discussing the subject of England's assistance to the South, and how, after the collapse of the Confederacy, England would find she had aided it but little and only injured herself. He said: 'That reminds me of a barber in Sangamon County. He had just gone to bed, when a stranger came along and said he must be shaved; that he had four days' beard on his face and was going to a ball, and that the beard must come off. Well, the barber reluctantly got up and dressed, and seated the man in a chair with a back so low that every time he bore down on him he came near dislocating his victim's neck. He began by lathering his face, including his nose, eyes and ears, stropped his razor on his boot, and then made a drive at the man's countenance as if he had practiced mowing in a stubble-field. He made a bold swath across the cheek, carrying away the beard, a pimple, and two warts. The man in the chair ventured the remark, 'You appear to make everything level as you go.' Said the barber, 'Yes, and if this handle don't break, I guess I'll get away with what there is there.' The man's cheeks were so hollow that the bar-

ber could not get down into the valleys with the razor, and the ingenious idea occurred to him to stick his finger in the man's mouth and press out the cheeks. Finally he cut clear through the cheek and into his own finger. He pulled the finger out of the man's mouth, snapped the blood off it, glared at him and said: 'There, you lantern-jawed cuss, you've made me cut my finger.'

"'Now,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'England will find that she has got the South into a pretty bad scrape by trying to administer to her, and in the end she will find that she has only cut her own finger.'"

"ROOT, HOG, OR DIE."

When peace terms were being discussed with Southern commissioners (the unsuccessful meeting at which Lincoln is said to have told Alexander H. Stephens that the latter could write any agreement that he wished if he would only let Lincoln write the word "Union" at the beginning of it) one of the commissioners spoke of the chaos that would result from the sudden liberation of the slaves. Idleness would be general, and blacks and white would suffer common starvation. After a pause to give Secretary Seward opportunity to reply to this argument, Lincoln himself replied through the following story:

"Mr. Hunter, you ought to know a great deal better about this matter than I, for you have always lived under the slave system. I can only say, in reply to your statement of the

case, that it reminds me of a man out in Illinois, by the name of Chase, who undertook, a few years ago, to raise a very large herd of hogs. It was a great trouble to feed them, and how to get around this was a puzzle to him. At length he hit upon the plan of planting an immense field of potatoes; and, when they were sufficiently grown, he turned the whole herd into the field and let them have full swing, thus saving not only the labor of feeding the hogs, but that also of digging the potatoes. Charmed with his sagacity, he stood one day leaning against the fence, counting his hogs, when a neighbor came along.

"'Well, well,' said he, 'Mr. Chase, this is all very fine. Your hogs are doing very well just now; but you know out here in Illinois the frost comes early, and the ground freezes a foot deep. Then what are they going to do?'

"This was a view of the matter which Mr. Chase had not taken into account. Butchering time for hogs was away on in December or January. He scratched his head, and at length stammered: 'Well, it may come pretty hard on their snouts; but I don't see but it will be root, hog, or die.'"

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

The Southern commissioners had dined with President Lincoln and General Grant. When the commissioners left, Alexander H. Stephens (a little man, whose top weight was ninety pounds) enveloped his short, slender form in an English ulster, its tails falling to the ground

and its collar sticking above Stephens' head. As Stephens made his exit, Lincoln exclaimed: "Grant, look at Stephens. Did you ever see such a little nubbin with as much shuck?"

GENERALS AND MULES.

Receiving news that a brigadier-general and twelve army mules had been captured by the Confederates, Lincoln's comment was: "How unfortunate! Those *mules* cost us two hundred dollars apiece!"

BURNSIDE'S ARMY STILL ALIVE.

The Northern armies had been inactive for some time, when a telegram came to Lincoln from Cumberland Gap saying that firing had been heard toward Knoxville, where General Burnside was in much peril. Lincoln calmly remarked that he was glad of it. Some one expressing surprise at his remark, Lincoln said:

"You see, it reminds me of Mistress Sallie Ward, a neighbor of mine, who had a very large family. Occasionally one of her numerous progeny would be heard crying in some out-of-the-way place, upon which Mrs. Ward would exclaim, 'There's one of my children not dead yet.'"

A PATRIOTIC FAMILY.

A woman with a commanding air told Lincoln: "Mr. President, you must give me a colonel's commission for my son. Sir, I de

mand it, not as a favor, but as a right. Sir, my grandfather fought at Lexington. Sir, my uncle was the only man that did not run away at Bladensburg. Sir, my father fought at New Orleans, and my husband was killed at Monterey."

"I guess, madam," said Lincoln, "your family has done enough for the country. It is time to give somebody else a chance."

"A MAN DOWN SOUTH."

Amid a hand-shaking procession at the White House, the President was unusually preoccupied and when a close friend passed him in the line, his hand was shaken perfunctorily. Seeing that the President did not recognize him, the man simply stood there. Waking from his abstraction, the President gave his friend's hand a vigorous shake and said: "How do you do? Excuse me for not noticing you at first; the fact is, I was thinking of a man down South." The man down South was Sherman, marching through Georgia to the sea.

GRANT'S DRINKING.

No doubt the best known Lincoln story is his reply to a delegation that demanded the removal of General Grant because he drank. "What does he drink?" asked Lincoln. "Whiskey, and in unusual quantities," was the answer. "Well," said Lincoln, "just find out what particular kind he uses, and I'll send a barrel to each of the other generals." At another time the President said of Grant: "I can't spare that man; he fights."

THE STRENGTH OF THE REBELS.

To a man who asked how many men the Confederates had in the field, Lincoln replied: "*Twelve hundred thousand, according to the best authority.*" "Good heavens," cried the man. "Yes, sir," repeated Lincoln, "twelve hundred thousand—no doubt of it. You see, all of our generals, when they get whipped, say the enemy outnumbers them from three or five to one, and I must believe them. We have four hundred thousand men in the field, and three times four make twelve. Don't you see it?"

KEPT HIM UP, NOT DOWN.

This amusing story is told by Noah Brooks:

"Returning from a visit to the Army of the Potomac, when its depots were at City Point, I gave an account of my visit to the President, as he had sent me with a special pass to Grant's headquarters. He asked, jocularly, 'Did you meet any colonels who wanted to be brigadiers, or any brigadiers who wanted to be major-generals, or any major-generals who wanted to run things?' Receiving a reply in the negative, he stretched out his hand in mock congratulation, and said, 'Happy man!'

"Afterward an officer who had been attentive to our little party did come to my lodgings and complain that he ought to be promoted, urging, among other things, that his relationship to a distinguished general kept him down. I told the incident to the President, after recalling

his previous questions to me. Lincoln fairly shrieked with laughter, and, jumping up from his seat, cried, 'Keeps him down! Keeps him down! That's all that keeps him up.' "

III.

THE WISDOM OF LINCOLN.

The humor and wisdom of Lincoln intermingle. The wise and humorous Lincoln was revealed in everything he said or did. In this chapter, however, are those stories and quotations which particularly display Lincoln's keen logic, his peculiar lucidity of vision, his shrewdness as a leader and executive, and his general grasp on life; as well as his supreme sympathy and his never failing kindliness—wisdom of the finest and rarest.

SAMBO AND DR. ROSS.

Lincoln's human and direct view of the slavery question is shown by the following excerpt from one of his speeches in the celebrated debate with Douglas:

"The sum of pro-slavery theology seems to be this: 'Slavery is not universally right, nor yet universally wrong; it is better for some people to be slaves; and, in such cases, it is the will of God that they be such.' Certainly there is no contending against the will of God; but still there is some difficulty in ascertaining and applying it to particular cases. For instance, we will suppose the Rev. Dr. Ross has a slave named Sambo, and the question is, 'Is

it the will of God that Sambo shall remain a slave, or be set free?' The Almighty gives no audible answer to the question, and His revelation, the Bible, gives none—or at most none but such that admits a squabble as to His meaning; no one thinks of asking Sambo's opinion about it. So at last it comes to this, that Dr. Ross is to decide the question; and while he considers it he sits in the shade, with gloves on his hands, and subsists on the bread that Sambo is earning in the burning sun. If he decides that God wills Sambo to continue a slave, he thereby retains his own comfortable position; but if he decides that God willed Sambo to be free, he thereby has to walk out of the shade, throw off his gloves, and delve for his own bread. Will Dr. Ross be actuated by the perfect impartiality which has ever been considered most favorable to correct decisions?"

SEWARD'S "UNIMPORTANT" ADVICE.

Certain eminent and polished men in the East were not at first ready to admit Lincoln to full eligibility as a statesman. They could not conceive that this comparatively unknown, uncouth frontiersman from Illinois could possibly understand the practical handling of the issues of the day as could they, with their infinite and weighty experience. Some of these self-important doubters were in the President's cabinet. Mr. Seward, Secretary of State, was notably alert to advise Lincoln and show him just what to do. He was perfectly prepared,

in his own mind, to act as President, to serve as mentor to this strange, awkward man from the West who had suddenly arisen to dominate the old and respectable political councils of the Nation. Shortly after the war began, Secretary Seward suggested to Lincoln that the latter devote his attention only to military and domestic affairs, permitting Seward to have complete charge of foreign affairs. Seward suggested that he put this in the form of a carefully written proposal to the President; and Lincoln told him to go ahead. Accordingly Seward came one day with his "state paper," very elaborately prepared—folded and endorsed with the assurance that the matter was accomplished. Gravely the President accepted the paper. On his table there was a row of trays, with the respective labels of "Secretary of War," "Secretary of State," etc., the last tray bearing the label "Unimportant." Into the last tray he calmly deposited Seward's weighty communication, remarking that if Seward's suggestions ought to be carried out, he (the President) would execute them. Thus did Lincoln calmly assert his force. One can imagine the chagrin of Seward. But the Secretary soon came to realize the greatness of Lincoln and, writing to his wife, said: "The President is the best of us all."

AVOIDING COLLISIONS.

Lincoln was very firm in his convinced stand on essential matters of policy, but in less important matters he was very diplomatic and conciliatory, preferring to avoid useless fric-

tion. His common sense diplomacy was illustrated in a delightfully human way. At a Cabinet meeting Secretary Seward said in a joking manner:

"Mr. President, I hear that you turned out for a colored woman on a muddy crossing the other day."

"I don't remember," replied Lincoln, "but I think it very likely, for I have always made it a rule that if people won't turn out for me I will for them. If I didn't, there would be a collision."

"A PUMPKIN IN EACH BAG."

Difficulties with his Cabinet reached such a point toward the end of 1862 that a Senate committee urged the President to solve the situation by making changes in his Cabinet. Despite their differences, Lincoln valued men of ability and he was not prepared at that time to dismiss Seward and Chase, around whom the contention centered. These anxious politicians underestimated Lincoln's shrewdness and independence, and, as Lincoln put it, "While they seemed to believe in my honesty, they appeared to think that when I had in me any good purpose of intention Seward contrived to suck it out of me unperceived." Eventually both Seward and Chase resigned, which enabled Lincoln to propitiate both of the Republican factions. "Now I can ride," he said, "for I have a pumpkin in each bag." He explained his position thus: "If I had yielded to that storm and dismissed Seward, the thing

would all have slumped over one way, and we should have been left with a scanty handful of supporters. When Chase gave in his resignation, I saw that the game was in my hands and put it through."

GREAT ENOUGH TO BE SIMPLE.

One of the best proofs of Lincoln's greatness was his entire absence of vanity and pride of place. He was great enough to be utterly simple at all times. The dignified form of address, "Mr. President," he did not specially like. When an old friend from Illinois addressed him as "Mr. President," he said, "Now call me Lincoln, and I'll promise not to tell of the breach of etiquette." He spoke of his office as "this place," "since I have been in this place," or "since I came here." Speaking of the room in the Capitol that was set aside for the use of the President, he termed it "the room, you know, that they call the President's room."

SLAVERY AND THE UNION.

Writing to Horace Greeley, who persistently urged Lincoln to proclaim the freedom of the slaves, Lincoln very tersely explained his policy:

"I would save the Union. I would save it in the shortest way under the Constitution. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless

they could, at the same time, destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could do it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views as fast as they shall appear to be true views."

THE "DOCUMENTS" IN THE CASE.

When the President sent Montgomery Blair, a man very unpopular in the North, with a peace delegation to the South, there was a feeling of doubt and anxiety in many quarters. The situation is thus described by Henry Ward Beecher:

"There was some talk, early in 1864, of a sort of compromise with the South. Blair told the President he was satisfied that, if he could be put in communication with some of the leading men of the South in some way or other, some benefit would accrue. Lincoln had sent a delegation to meet Alexander H. Stephens,

and that was all the North knew. We were all very much excited over that. The war lasted so long, and I was afraid Lincoln would be so anxious for peace, and I was afraid he would accept something that would be of advantage to the South, so I went to Washington and called upon him. 'Mr. Lincoln, I come to you to know whether the public interest will permit you to explain to me what this Southern commission means. I am in an embarrassing position as editor and do not want to step in the dark.' Well, he listened very patiently, and looked up to the ceiling for a few moments, and said, 'Well, I am almost of a mind to show you all the documents.'

"'Well, Mr. Lincoln, I should like to see them if it is proper.'

He went to his little secretary and came out and handed me a little card as long as my finger and an inch wide, and on that was written:

"'You will pass the bearer through the lines (or something to that effect). A. LINCOLN.'

"'There,' he said, 'is all there is of it. Now, Blair thinks something can be done, but I don't; but I have no objection to have him try his hand. He has no authority whatever but to go and see what he can do.'"

LET THE ELEPHANT RUN.

Charles A. Dana told this story:

"The last time I saw Mr. Lincoln to speak with him was in the afternoon of the day of his murder. I had received a report from the provost-marshal of Portland, Maine, saying that

Jacob Thompson [a Confederate agent] was to be in that town that night for the purpose of taking the steamer for Liverpool, and what orders had the Department to give? I carried the telegram to Mr. Stanton. He said promptly, 'Arrest him;' but as I was leaving his room he called me back, adding, 'You had better take it over to the President.' It was now between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, and business at the White House was completed for the day. I found Mr. Lincoln with his coat off, in a closet attached to his office, washing his hands. 'Hello, Dana,' said he, as I opened the door, 'what is it now?' 'Well, sir,' I said, 'here is the provost-marshal of Portland, who reports that Jacob Thompson is to be in that town tonight, and inquires what orders we have to give.' 'What does Stanton say?' he asked. 'Arrest him,' I replied. 'Well,' he continued, drawling his words, 'I rather guess not. When you have an elephant by the hind foot, and he wants to run away, better let him run.' "

WOULD HOLD M'CLELLAN'S HORSE.

General McClellan was a very pompous and jealous man. Often he could not show even ordinary courtesy to the President, so envious was he of the latter's power and place. Once when Lincoln and Seward called at McClellan's headquarters, the General was not in, so they waited. After they had waited an hour, McClellan returned and was told by his orderly that the President and Secretary of State were there to see him. McClellan went on upstairs

and when Lincoln, under the impression that the General had not been told of his callers, sent word to him, the only satisfaction he got was to be told that the General had retired. Again, when McClellan, Ormsby M. Mitchell and Governor Dennison were to meet at the White House, all arrived but McClellan. When the others showed impatience, Lincoln said: "Never mind; I will hold McClellan's horse, if he will only bring us success."

LINCOLN ENTERING RICHMOND.

This account is given by Carl Schurz:

"Richmond fell. Lincoln himself entered the city on foot, accompanied only by a few officers and a squad of sailors who had rowed him ashore from the flotilla in the James River, a negro picked up on the way serving as a guide. Never had the world seen a more modest conqueror and a more characteristic triumphal procession—no army with banners and drums, only a throng of those who had been slaves, hastily run together, escorting the victorious chief into the capital of the vanquished foe. We are told that they pressed around him, kissed his hands and his garments, and shouted and danced with joy, while tears ran down the President's care-furrowed cheeks."

GENERAL PICKETT'S WIFE.

When in Richmond, Lincoln inquired for the home of General Pickett, he who led the grand tragic charge of the Confederates at Gettys-

burg. A woman with a baby in her arms met him at the door, and he asked: "Is this where George Pickett lives?" The woman was Mrs. Pickett, and Lincoln told her he had come to see her simply as "Abraham Lincoln, George's old friend." He had known Pickett in Illinois and got him his appointment to West Point.

GENERAL HOOKER.

To General Hooker, who had taken General Burnside's place, Lincoln wrote:

"I believe you to be a brave and skillful soldier, which, of course, I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable, if not indispensable, quality. You are ambitious, which within reasonable bounds does good rather than harm; but I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel with your ambition, and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country, and to a most meritorious and honorable officer. I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the government needed a dictator. Of course, it is not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain successes can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship."

BUTCHER'S DAY.

The generals were constantly complaining to Lincoln that army discipline was threatened by

his multiplicity of pardons. But the President persisted in his merciful attitude. When twenty-four deserters were to be shot in a row, Lincoln, in the face of objection, forbade it, exclaiming: "There are already too many weeping widows; for God's sake, don't ask me to add to the number, for I won't do it." Once, going through a pile of sentences that was on his desk, he said: "Tomorrow is butcher's day, and I must go through these papers and see if I can't find some excuse to let these poor fellows off." Lincoln took a very human view of the army. He knew the wisdom of mercy. He knew, too, that many of the Union soldiers were no more than mere lads, and that to punish them for innocent offenses was not just. Reviewing the case of a boy condemned to be shot for sleeping at his post, he said:

"I could not think of going into eternity with the blood of that poor young man on my skirts. It is not to be wondered at that a boy raised on a farm, probably in the habit of going to bed at dark, should, when required to watch, fall asleep; and I cannot consent to shoot him for such an act."

In pardoning another young soldier, Lincoln wrote this simple line: "Let this woman have her boy."

Another time Lincoln wrote: "What possible injury can this lad work upon the cause of the great Union? I say, let him go."

SOME FATHERLY ADVICE.

In reprimanding a young officer who had been court-martialed for quarreling with a fellow

officer, Lincoln wrote in this kindly paternal vein:

"The advice of a father to his son, 'Beware of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in, bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee,' is good, but not the best.

"Quarrel not at all. No man resolved to make the most of himself can spare time for personal contention. Still less can he afford to take all the consequences, including the vitiation of his temper and the loss of self-control.

"Yield larger things to which you can show no more than equal right; and yield lesser ones, though clearly your own.

"Better give your path to a dog than be bitten by him in contesting for the right. Even killing the dog would not cure the bite."

HIS "LEG CASES."

Judge Holt, the Advocate-General of the army, was presenting a number of death sentences to the consideration of the President. One case was that of a young soldier who had taken refuge behind a stump and broken the morale of his regiment by his exhibition of fear.

'Well," observed Lincoln, "I'll have to put that with my leg cases."

'Leg cases!" exclaimed the Judge. "What do you mean by leg cases, sir?"

"Why, why," said Lincoln, "do you see those papers crowded into those pigeon-holes? They are the cases that you call by that long title, 'cowardice in the face of the enemy,' but I call them, for short, my 'leg cases.' But I put it

to you to decide for yourself: If Almighty God gives a man a cowardly pair of legs, how can he help their running away with him?"

WHEN STANTON WAS MAD.

Secretary of War Stanton was very angry because an officer had failed to carry out an order, either through disobedience or from not understanding it.

"I believe I'll sit down," said Stanton, "and give that man a piece of my mind."

"Do so," said Lincoln; "write him now while you have it on your mind. Make it sharp. Cut him all up."

Stanton followed Lincoln's advice with alacrity. He wrote a most pungent and exceedingly candid rebuke. He read it to the President, who said:

"That's right; that's a good one."

"Whom can I send it by?" the Secretary wondered aloud.

"Send it!' said Lincoln, "send it! Why, don't send it at all. Tear it up. You have freed your mind on the subject, and that is all that is necessary. Tear it up. You never want to send such letters. I never do."

WHY HE TOLD HIS STORIES.

A party of officers, among them Colonel Silas W. Burt, interviewed the President on business for Governor Seymour of New York on a summer evening in 1863. As the party prepared to leave, a somewhat intoxicated major slapped

Lincoln on the leg and said with a significant look and emphasis:

"Mr. President, tell us one of your *good* stories."

Says Colonel Burt:

"If the floor had opened and dropped me out of sight I should have been happy. The President drew himself up, turned his back as far as possible upon the major, with a great dignity addressed the rest of us, saying:

"'I believe I have the popular reputation of being a story teller, but I do not deserve the name in its general sense, for it is not the story itself, but its purpose or effect that interests me. I often avoid a long and useless discussion by others, or a laborious explanation on my own part, by a short story that illustrates my point of view. So, too, the sharpness of a refusal or the edge of a rebuke may be blunted by an appropriate story so as to save wounded feelings and may yet serve the purpose. No, I am not simply a story teller, but story telling as an emollient saves me much friction and distress.'"

LINCOLN AND THE THEATER.

Mr. Carpenter, the artist, recommended to Lincoln that he see Edwin Forrest who was playing in the role of Richelieu at Ford's Theater. "Who wrote the play?" Lincoln asked. "Bulwer," was the reply. "Ah," he said; "Well, I knew Bulwer wrote novels, but I did not know that he was a play writer also. It may seem somewhat strange, but I never read an

entire novel in my life. I once commenced 'Ivanhoe,' but never finished it."

After seeing Booth in the *Merchant of Venice*, he said: "It was a good performance, but I had a thousand times rather read it at home, if it were not for Booth's playing. A farce or a comedy is best *played;* a tragedy is best *read* at home."

Pleased one evening with the acting of McCullough, who played Edgar to Edwin Forrest's Lear, he wished to compliment the actor, and asked his companion, Noah P. Brooks, "Do you suppose he would come to the box if we sent word?" The actor was sent for and as he stood in stage attire in the door of the President's box, the latter praised the performance.

A compliment to another actor turned out awkwardly. This actor had played the part of Falstaff to Lincoln's so hearty enjoyment that he sent the actor a brief note of praise. One evening Mr. Brooks, as he went into the President's office, observed the actor in the waiting room. When Brooks came in Lincoln asked him if any one were outside, and upon receiving the answer, said : "Oh, I can't see him! I can't see him! I was in hopes he had gone away. Now, this illustrates the difficulty of having pleasant friends in this place. You know I liked him as an actor, and that I wrote to tell him so. He sent me a book, and there I thought the matter would end. He is a master of his place in the profession, I suppose, and well fixed in it. But just because we had a little friendly correspondence, such as any two men

might have, he wants something. What do you suppose he wants?" He paused. "Well, he wants to be consul at London. Oh, dear!"

A TALK ON TREES.

Francis F. Browne, in *The Everyday Life of Abraham Lincoln*, quotes the reminiscence of a lady who once rode with Lincoln, in the Presidential carriage, to the Soldiers' Home:

"Around the 'Home' grows every variety of tree, particularly of the evergreen class. Their branches brushed into the carriage as we passed along, and left with us that pleasant woodsy smell belonging to fresh leaves. One of the ladies, catching a bit of green from one of these intruding branches, said it was cedar, and another thought it spruce.

"'Let me discourse on a theme I understand,' said the President. 'I know all about trees, by right of being a backwoodsman. I'll show you the difference between spruce, pine and cedar, and this shred of green, which is neither one nor the other, but a kind of illegitimate cypress.'

He then proceeded to gather specimens of each, and explain the distinctive formation of foliage belonging to every species.

"'Trees,' he said, 'are as deceptive in their likeness to one another as are certain classes of men, amongst whom none but a physiognomist's eye can detect dissimilar moral features until events have developed them. Do you know it would be a good thing if in all schools proposed and carried out by the improvement

of modern thinkers, we should have *a school of events.*'

"'A school of events?' repeated the lady addressed.

"'Yes,' he continued, 'since it is only by that active development that character and ability can be tested. Understand me, I mean men, not trees; *they* can be tried, and an analysis of their strength obtained less expensive to life and human interests than man's. This is a mere whim, you know; but when I speak of a school of events, I mean one in which, before entering real life, students might pass through the mimic vicissitudes and situations that are necessary to bring out their powers and mark the caliber to which they are assigned. Thus, one could select from the graduates an invincible soldier, equal to any position, with no such word as fail; a martyr to right, ready to give up life in the cause; a politician too cunning to be outwitted; and so on. These things have all to be tried, and their sometime failure creates confusion as well as disappointment. There is no more dangerous or expensive analysis than that which consists of *trying a man.*'"

A MEETING WITH WENDELL PHILLIPS

A group of eminent Bostonians, among them Wendell Phillips, visited the President in January, 1863, their object being to discuss the manner in which the Emancipation Proclamation was being put into effect. These men were abolitionists, eager for aggressive action in the matter of extinguishing slavery. Lincoln's

policy was a slow and careful one, and much dissatisfaction had been expressed with it. It was at the suggestion of Ralph Waldo Emerson that Wendell Phillips and his friends sought this interview with Lincoln. Emerson never doubted Lincoln's integrity and good purpose. This meeting is described by Moncure D. Conway, who was one of the group:

"The President met us, laughing like a boy, saying that in the morning one of his children had come to inform him that the cat had kittens, and now another had just announced that the dog had puppies, and the White House was in a decidedly sensational state. Some of our party looked a little glum at this hilarity; but it was pathetic to see the change in the President's face when he presently resumed his burden of care.

"We were introduced by Senator Wilson, who began to speak of us severally, when Mr. Lincoln said he knew perfectly who we were, and requested us to be seated. Nothing could be more gracious than his manner, or more simple. The conversation was introduced by Wendell Phillips, who, with all his courtesy, expressed our gratitude and joy at the Proclamation of Emancipation, and asked how it seemed to be working. The President said that he had not expected much from it at first, and consequently had not been disappointed; he had hoped, and still hoped, that something would come of it after a while. Phillips then alluded to the deadly hostility which the proclamation had naturally excited in pro-slavery quarters, and gently hinted that the Northern people,

now generally anti-slavery, were not satisfied that it was being honestly carried out by all of the nation's agents and generals in the South.

"'My own impression, Mr. Phillips,' said the President, 'is that the masses of the country generally are dissatisfied chiefly at our lack of military successes. Defeat and failure in the field make everything seem wrong.'

"His face was now clouded, and his next words were somewhat bitter.

"'Most of us here present,' he said, 'have been nearly all our lives working in minorities, and many have got into a habit of being dissatisfied.'

Several of those present having deprecated this, the President said:

"'At any rate, it has been very rare that an opportunity of 'running' this administration has been lost.'

"To this Mr. Phillips answered in his sweetest voice:

"'If we see this administration earnestly working to free the country from slavery and its rebellion, we will show you how we can 'run' it into another four years of power.'

"The President's good humor was restored by this, and he said:

"'Oh, Mr. Phillips, I have ceased to have any personal feeling or expectation in that matter—I do not say I never had any—so abused and borne upon as I have been.'

"On taking our leave we expressed to the President our thanks for his kindly reception, and for his attention to statements of which

some were naturally not welcome. The President bowed graciously at this, and, after saying he was happy to have met gentlemen known to him by distinguished services, if not personally, and glad to listen to their views, added, 'I must bear this load which the country has intrusted to me as well as I can, and do the best I can with it.'"

EMERSON'S VIEW OF LINCOLN.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, in February, 1862, was accompanied by Senator Sumner in a call at the White House. Emerson thus wrote his impressions of Lincoln:

"The President impressed me more favorably than I had hoped. A frank, sincere, well- meaning man, with a lawyer's habit of mind, good clear statement of his facts; correct enough, not vulgar, as described, but with a sort of boyish cheerfulness, or that kind of sincerity and jolly good meaning that our class meetings on Commencement Day show, in telling our old stories over. When he has made his remarks he looks up at you with great satisfaction, and shows all his white teeth and laughs. * * * When I was introduced to him he said, 'Oh, Mr. Emerson, I once heard you say in a lecture that a Kentuckian seems to say by his air and manners: "Here am I; if you don't like me, the worse for you."' Lincoln being a Kentuckian by birth, the remark was delightfully appropriate.

"PLAY DIXIE. IT'S OURS."

One of the finest utterances that ever came from the lips of a great leader was made by Lincoln on the night after Lee's surrender. Friends were serenading him, and after a short talk by the President, in which he welcomed the South back into the Union, the band played popular patriotic airs such as "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," "Star-Spangled Banner," etc. Finally, Lincoln said to the bandmaster: "Play 'Dixie' now. It's ours."

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An Eye for an Eye

Clarence Darrow

HALDEMAN-JULIUS COMPANY
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Clarence Darrow

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AN EYE FOR AN EYE

I

WHEN Hank Clery left the switch-yards in the outskirts of Chicago he took the street car and went down town. He was going to the county jail on the north side of the river. Hank had never been inside the jail though he had been arrested a number of times and taken to the police court, escaping luckily with a small fine which his mother had contrived to pay. She was one of the best washerwomen of the whole neighborhood, and never without work. All the officers knew that whenever Hank got into trouble his mother would pay the fine and costs. Hank had often been arrested, but he was by no means a bad fellow. He lived with his old Irish mother and was very fond of her and often brought his wages home if none of the boys happened to be near when the pay-car came around. Hank was a switchman in one of the big railroad yards in Chicago. Of course, he and his companions drank quite a little, and then their sports and pastimes were not of the gentlest sort; for that matter neither was their work—climbing up and down running cars and turning switches just ahead of a great locomotive and watching to make sure which track was safe where the moving cars and engines were all around—did not tend to a quiet life. Of course, most people think that no man will work in a switch-yard unless he drinks. Perhaps no man would drink unless he worked in a switch-yard or some such place.

Well, on this day Hank was going to the jail, not on account of any of his own misdeeds, but on an errand of mercy. The night before, the priest had come to Hank's home and told him that his old friend, Jim Jackson, had begged for him to visit the jail. Hank at first refused, but the priest told him that Jim had no friends and was anxious to have a few minutes' talk with him before he died; Jim had some message that he wanted to give Hank that he could not leave with anyone else. Hank knew that Jim was to be hanged on Friday, and he had thought about it a good deal in the last few days and wished that it was over. He had known Jim for a long time; they had often been out together, and sometimes got drunk together. Jim once worked in the yards, but one night one of the other boys was struck by the Limited as it pulled out on the main track, and Jim and Hank gathered him up when the last Pullman coach had rolled over him; and after that Jim could never go back to the yards; so he managed to get an old horse and wagon and began peddling potatoes on the street.

One evening Hank took up the paper, and there he saw a headline covering the whole page and a little fine print below telling how Jim had killed his wife with a poker. Hank did not understand how this could be true, but as the evidence seemed plain he made up his mind that Jim had really always been a demon, but that he had managed to

keep it hidden from his friends. Hank really did not want to go to the jail to see Jim; somehow it seemed as if it was not the same fellow that he used to know so well, and then he was afraid and nervous about talking with a man who was going to be hanged next day. But the priest said so much that finally Hank's mother told him she thought he ought to go. So he made up his mind that he would stand it, although he was a great deal more afraid and nervous than when he was turning switches in the yard. After the priest left the house Hank went down to the alderman and got a pass to go inside the jail. He always went to the alderman for everything; all the people thought that this was what an alderman was for and they cared nothing about anything else he did.

When Hank got down town he went straight across the Dearborn Street bridge to the county jail. It was just getting dusk as he came up to the great building. The jail did not look a bit like a jail. It was a tall grand building, made of white stone, and the long rows of windows that cover the whole Dearborn Street side looked bright and cheerful with the electric lights that were turned on as Hank came up to the door. If it had not been for the iron-bars across the windows he might have thought that he was looking at a bank or a great wholesale warehouse. Hank stepped into the large vestibule just inside the shelter of the big front door. Along each side was a row of people sitting on benches placed against the wall. He did not wait to look closely at this crowd; in fact, he could not have done so had he tried, for Hank was no artist or philosopher and was neither subtle nor deep. He saw them just as he would have seen a freight car stealing down the track to catch him unawares. He did notice that most of these watchers were women, that many of them were little children, and that all looked poor and woe-begone. They were the same people that Hank saw every day out by the yards, living in the rumble of the moving trains and under the black clouds of smoke and stench that floated over their mean homes from the great chimneys and vats of the packing houses. Most of the women and children had baskets or bundles in their arms, and sat meek and still waiting for the big key to turn in the great iron lock of the second door.

When Hank went up to this door someone inside pushed back a little slide, showed his face at the peep-hole, and asked him who he was and what he wanted. Hank shoved the alderman's letter through the little window and the door opened without delay. This was not the first time that the gloomy gate had turned on its hinges under the magic of that name, both for coming in and going out.

Inside the little office was the same motley, helpless crowd of people, the same sad-faced women and weary children standing dazed and dejected with their poor baskets and bundles in their arms. Some were waiting to be taken through this barred door, while others had just returned and were stopping until the turnkey should open the outside gate and let them go.

In a few minutes a guard came to Hank and asked if he was the man who brought the alderman's note. On receiving the reply, the guard told him that the alderman was all right and it was worth while to be his friend. That was the way he got his job and he always stuck

by his friends. Then the guard unlocked another door and took Hank to the elevator where he was carried to the fourth story. Here he was let off on an iron floor directly in front of a great door made of iron bars. The turnkey quickly unlocked and opened this door and let Hank and the guard into what seemed a long hall with iron floor, ceiling and walls. Nothing but iron all around. Along one side of the hall were more iron bars, and a wire netting ran from the ceiling to the floor. Along the whole length of this wire netting was a row of the same kind of people Hank had seen below. They were packed close to the grating, and crowding and pushing to get up to the screening. Most of these were women, here and there one of them holding a little child by the hand and one with a baby in her arms. On the other side Hank saw a row of men pressing just as closely to the netting, most of these looking pale and ill. The evening was hot and not a breath of fresh air was anywhere about. The peculiar odor of the prison, more sickening that the stock yards stench which Hank always breathed, was so strong that he could not tell whether he smelled it or tasted it.

The guards were rushing noisily around among the visitors and inmates, passing bundles and baskets out and in, calling the names of the prisoners to be taken from their cells inside and brought down to the wire netting to get a glimpse of some relative or friend. Hank was bewildered by it all and for a few minutes stood almost dazed, wondering what it meant and what good purpose it all served.

Next to him stood a woman, perhaps forty years of age; in one hand she held a basket, and by the other the hand of a little girl about nine years old. The woman was dressed in a loose, ill-fitting gown and on her head was a black sailor hat. Behind the wire screen was a man of about her own age. He wore only black trousers, suspenders, a grayish woolen shirt and old shoes. The man and woman stood with their fingers touching through the netting. Hank heard the man say that he did not know what to do, that the good lawyers charged so much that he couldn't have them, and the ones who came to the jail did more harm than good. It was funny that you couldn't do anything without a lawyer. One of the prisoners, who was a smart man and had been there a good many times, had told him that the best way was to plead guilty and ask the mercy of the court; that he thought the judge might let him off with a two hundred dollar fine—"you know the State's Attorney gets the money." Hank heard the woman answer that maybe to pay the fine was the best way after all; as soon as he was arrested she took Gussy out of the high school, and Gussy was now working in the department store and thought Aggie could get in as a cash girl; of course Aggie was too young, but still she was pretty large for her age and might get through, as Gussy knew the floorwalker very well—he stopped at the house to visit one evening that week and was real nice.

"I've been scrubbing in the Masonic Temple nights, but it's pretty hard work and I am getting so large I am afraid I can't keep it up much longer. You know I'll be sick next month. There are a few things in the house yet and I might get a little money on them, and then there are the Maloneys next door; you know we were always fighting, but after you went away they seemed kind of sorry and

have been awfully good to us, and I think they might help us a little, although they haven't got much themselves——"

Hank couldn't stop to hear all they said, and besides he felt as if he had no right to stand and listen, so he let his eye wander on down the line. Just beyond he saw an old bent, gray-haired woman with a long black veil and spotless black gown. She was crying and talking to a young man inside the grating. He heard her ask, "How could you have done it?" and heard him answer, "Mother, I don't know, but somehow I didn't seem to think about it at the time." Just beyond were a man and a woman and it was so hard for them to get close to the screen that the man held a little baby up in his arms to look over the people in front. The child looked in wonder and then held out its hands and shouted with delight, "Mamma, there's papa. Papa, have you been here all the time? Why don't you come back home?" Young girls, too, pressed closely up to the screen, each with that look at the youth inside that neither the wise nor the foolish have ever failed to understand. The prison bars and the laws that placed their lovers outside the pale had no power to change their feeling, only to deepen and intensify their love.

While Hank stood in the corridor a number of men called from the inside: "Pardner, have you got any tobacco?" Hank hastily gave away all he had, and thought that if he should ever come back he would buy as much as he could before his visit. But his musing was soon interrupted by the guard tapping him on the shoulder and telling him he was ready. Then another turnkey opened a barred door and let him inside the wicket. Here he stood in a narrow hallway with still another big locked door in front. Soon this was swung open, and at last Hank stood inside the bars and the nettings with a great throng of coatless, hatless men all talking, laughing, chewing and smoking, and walking by twos and threes, up and down the room. Hank had always supposed that these men were different from the ones he knew and had fancied that he would be afraid to be with such a crowd, but when he got inside, somehow he did not think of them as burglars and pickpockets; they seemed just like other men, except that they were a little paler and thinner and more bent. Some of these men spoke to Hank, asking him for tobacco or for money. He saw one man whom he knew very well, one of his neighbors that he supposed was out of town; and he quickly noticed that this man tried to keep out of his sight. Hank had never thought that he was bad, and could not but wonder how he happened to be here.

Hank looked around for Jim, but was told that he was upstairs locked in his cell. The guard explained that the death-watch had been set on him and that for some time no one had left him day or night. He was to be hanged in the morning before sunrise. He himself had gone around that day and handed written invitations to the judges to be present. Some of them had asked him whether they could get in a few friends who wanted to go and see the hanging. The guard said they had over a thousand applications for tickets; that it was one of the most popular hangings they'd ever had in the jail. He supposed this was because Jackson had killed his wife and the newspapers had said so much about it.

He could not help feeling sorry for Jackson. Of course, he supposed he was awfully wicked or he wouldn't have killed his wife, but since he had come to know Jackson he had found him a perfect gentleman and very kind and obliging, and he acted like a good fellow. It really seemed kind of tough to hang a man. He had seen a good many men hung and was getting kind of tired of it. He believed he would go out in the country fishing somewhere tomorrow instead of staying to see it done. They never needed so many guards on that day because all the prisoners were kept locked up in their cells.

As Hank went along, the guard chatted to him in the most friendly way. He pointed over to the courtyard where there were some long black beams and boards, and said that was where they were going to hang Jackson, that the carpenters would put up the scaffold in the night. The murderers' row where Jim was kept was around on the side where he couldn't see the carpenters put up the scaffold. It used to be right in front but it had been changed. The guard said he didn't see much difference, because the men could hear it and they knew just what it was, and anyhow they never could sleep the last night unless they took something. He told Hank that after they got through he would take him down to the office and show him a piece of the rope that they used to hang the Anarchists, and the one they used on Pendergast, who killed Carter Harrison, and the one they had for the car-barn murderers. It was the very best rope they could get; some people wouldn't know it from clothes-line but it was a good deal finer and more expensive.

The guard said it was strange how these men acted before they were hanged.

"You wouldn't hardly know them from the prisoners who were in jail working out a fine," he explained. "They don't seem to mind it very much or talk about it a great deal. Of course, at first they generally kind of think that the Supreme Court is going to give them a new trial; their lawyers tell them so. But half the time this is so that their friends will get more money to pay for carrying the cases up; though I must say that some of the lawyers are good fellows and do all they can to help them. Sometimes some of the lawyers that have the worst reputations are really better than the others. Then after the Supreme Court decides against them, they have a chance to go to the governor and the Board of Pardons. Of course this isn't much use, but somehow they always think it will be, and the case is never really decided until the last day and that kind of helps to keep them up. Now, there's Jackson; I took him the telegram about an hour ago and he read it and it didn't seem to make much difference. He just said, 'Well, I s'pose that's all.' And then he picked it up and read it again and said, 'Well, the lawyer says he's going back to the governor at midnight. Something might happen then; will the office be open if any telegram comes?' I told him that it would and he says, 'Well, I presume that it's no use; but where there's life there's hope.' I s'pose the lawyer just said that to kind of brace him up and that he took the night train back to Chicago, but I didn't tell Jim so. Well, anyhow, I'm going to see that he has a good breakfast. We always give 'em anything they want, either tea or coffee, ham and eggs, bacon, steak,

beans, potatoes, wheat cakes and molasses, almost anything you can think of. Of course most of 'em can't eat much, but some of 'em take a pretty big breakfast. It really don't do any good, only the taste of it goin' down; they are always dead before it has a chance to digest. A good many of 'em feel rather squeamish in the morning and drink a good deal before they start out. We always give 'em all they want to drink; most of 'em are really drunk when they are hung. But I think that's all right, don't you? There were some temperance people once that made a row about it, but I think that's carrying temperance entirely too far myself.

"Well, I didn't mean to gossip with you so much, but I thought maybe you would like to know something about it and so long as the alderman sent you over I wanted to do all I could for you. Give my respects to the alderman. I guess he'll be a candidate next spring. He says he won't, but I think he will. He always knows what he's doing. All he wants is to throw them reform guys off the track. They might know that they couldn't beat him. Our people out there don't care anything about municipal ownership and Civil Service Reform, and things like that. What they want is turkeys on Thanksgiving and to be helped out of the lock-up and pardoned out of the Bridewell and found jobs. That's what they want, and there ain't an alderman in town that tends to the business of his ward better than ours, and we don't care whether the railroads and gas companies give him money or not. We don't expect him to work for nothin' and don't want him to; and what do we care about the streets? None of us has horses and the fellows that wants 'em ought to pay for 'em. Well, here's Jackson, and I'll tell the guard to let you stay with him all you want to; he's a good fellow and will do what I want. You can say anything you please to Jackson and he can talk to you all he wants to; the guard won't listen if he knows you're all right, but it isn't any more than fair, anyhow, for this is his last night."

Hank listened to the guard without being impatient for, in the first place, he felt as if he had made a new friend, and he liked him; he was such a good talker and told him so much that was new and he didn't seem the least bit stuck up, although he had such a good job. Then all the time he felt nervous and uneasy about meeting Jackson; the Jackson he knew was not a criminal but a good fellow who used to play pool and drink beer and go to primaries, while this man was a murderer who was to be hung next day; then again he didn't seem a real man, but a sort of ghost, so that Hank had a good deal the feeling he used to know as a child when he went past a graveyard, or that he felt in a morgue, or when he went to look at some dead friend.

When he came up to the cell Jackson was smoking a cigar and talking with the guard. At the first glance the uneasy feeling passed away. It was the same Jim Jackson that he knew, except thinner and paler than when he saw him last. Before the guard had time to speak Jackson reached out his hand, smiled and said "Hello, Hank, I'm awful glad you came. I've been looking for you all the afternoon." Hank took his hand without the least feeling that it was the hand of a murderer. It was only the old friend and comrade he had known.

The guard unlocked the door and told Hank to go in. Then he said:

"Now, you folks talk all you want to. I won't hear a single word you say. I'll sit out here and if there is anything I can do, let me know."

Hank went into the little cell. On one side was an iron shelf and on this a straw tick and some bed clothing. A little wash-stand and slop-pail stood in one corner, a chair was near the stand, and a few pictures taken from colored supplements were on the white walls. The guard handed in another chair and the two friends sat down. At first there was a short, painful silence. It was plain that both had been thinking what to say and neither knew just how to begin. Hank had thought that he would ask Jim how he happened to kill his wife; he thought he ought to talk with him and tell him how terrible it was. He believed that perhaps this was his duty toward a fellow-being standing so near the presence of his Maker. Then, too, he had the feeling that unless he really told Jim what he thought about his crime, it would be almost the same as being an accessory to the act. In fact, when Hank was going to the jail he had a vague idea that his only right to visit Jim was to preach to him in some way. He would almost have thought it a crime to meet him on equal terms.

After they sat down Jim was again the first to speak. "My room here's pretty crowded but I guess it'll do for tonight. Make yourself just as comfortable as possible for I'd like to have you stay with me as long as you can. It's a little lonesome you know. The guard's a good fellow. He visits with me every night and is as friendly as he can be. He told me that he was in jail himself once for burglary, but you mustn't say anything about it. His lawyer got him out, but he says he was really guilty. That was a good many years ago. He says he believes if he had gone to the penitentiary he would never have amounted to anything, but as soon as he got out of jail he turned over a new leaf and made up his mind to make something of himself, and just see where he is now. He is an awful kind fellow. I know he feels sorry for me. He gives me all the cigars I want and all the privileges he can. There's a guard here in the daytime that I don't like; he was appointed by the Citizens' Association. He's strict and awful good. He's always asking me questions about myself, says he's getting statistics for the association. He seems to think that it must have been whisky that made me do it, and he gives me tracts; of course that's all right, but still you'd think that once in a while he'd say something else to a fellow, or at least give him a cigar. Some way he don't seem to have any feeling. I s'pose he's a good deal better than the other guard but I don't like him near so well.

"But that wasn't what I got you here for. I really wanted to talk with you. You see no one that I knew has been to see me since I came. I don't s'pose I ought to expect they would. I used to know a good many fellers who went to jail but I never went to see 'em. I always kind of thought they wa'n't fit for me to associate with, and I s'pose that's the way most people believe. But since I came here somehow it don't look quite the same. Maybe that's on account of what I done. I told the priest I thought you'd come because we was always

such good friends, and he told me he would go and see you. He's been awful good to me although I never went to church any when I was out. He talks to me as if I was just like other people. Of course he tells me I done wrong, and I know I did, but he don't tell me as if I was the only one that ever done wrong, and as if he and everyone else was so much different, and as if he couldn't see how I done it. He talks just as if my soul was worth as much as anybody's and as if I'd have a better chance afterward than I ever had before. Anyhow he's done me lots of good and I honestly believe he's made me a better man, and if I only had a chance to do anything now I'd amount to something; but of course I can't. But still, I wanted to tell you a few things that I couldn't even tell him, for you know that, no matter how good he is, he somehow seems different from you; you know I kind of feel as if you was just like me. You'll excuse me, I know, for saying this, bein' as the time is so short.

"You remember about my boy. Now of course I always was a rough fellow and never did quite right ever before that, but still I guess you know I always loved that kid. Strange thing, he'll be four years old tomorrow on the very day—well, poor little fellow, I hope he don't know nothing about it. You remember the time that kid had the croup and how we thought he couldn't get well, and you know I went down to the yard to tell you about it and how bad I felt. I almost wish now he'd died, but maybe that's wicked and God will take care of the kid better'n he did of me. Well, I haven't heard a word about that boy since I came to the jail, or since I left him at the house that night, except a little bit in court and what that good guard says. He kind of holds out that he's in some kind of an orphan asylum where he's gettin' plenty to eat and where he'll learn what's right and wrong, and be a good man, and that's all right, but I'd like to know where the kid is. He says if I thought so much of him I ought to have showed it before, and I s'pose I ought; but I did think lots of him; just as much as them rich folks think of their boys. I want him to be taken care of and to be educated and grow up to be a good man, and maybe it's a good deal better if he never knows anything about his father, but somehow I can't help wantin' him to know who I was and don't want him to think of me just like the newspapers and everybody else does. I wouldn't want him to grow up like that guard, even if he is real good. And you see there wa'n't any one but you that I could send for and tell them just how it all happened. No one yet has ever known how it was, and everybody says I was to blame and that I'm a demon and a monster, and I thought maybe if I explained the whole thing to you, just as it was, you could see that I wa'n't so much to blame; anyhow that there was some excuse for what I done, and then some time when the boy's growed up he'd know that I wa'n't so bad as everyone says I was.

"Of course I know you can't, for I know you're poor like me, but so many times when I thought about the boy I thought that maybe you and your mother might raise him just the way I would have done; and then your mother was always so good to all of us. I remember how she used to raise the little geese down along the canal if anything happened to the old goose; don't you remember

about that? My, but them was fine times, wa'n't they? Of course if you could do it I don't know but the alderman would help you; anyhow he'd get free books and clothes off'n the county when he went to school. How are politics up in the ward? Is he goin' to run again? I never hear anything only what I get out of the papers and they're all against him, but I think he'll show 'em yet. Wish I was out so I could help. But I must go on with what I brought you to hear. I'm goin' to tell you the whole story just exactly as it is, and you know that I wouldn't tell you a lie tonight with what they are goin' to do in the mornin'. I can't make you understand unless I commence clear at the beginnin', but I know you won't mind, seein' it's my last time."

II

YOU know I was born in Chicago and never was out of it but once until the night it happened. I don't know anything about my father and mother except what my aunt told me. You know she raised me, and I can't make any complaint about the way she done it. I was real small when I went to live with her. She stayed all alone down on the canal. I guess you knew me when I was livin' with her. She worked hard, but, of course, ladies of that kind don't get much. She used to go over to the south side to do washin' and to clean houses, and things like that, and sometimes when I was small she took me along. They were awful nice houses where we went. That's how I got to know so much about the way rich people live. When I got bigger, she used to send me to school. I was pretty steady in school and got clear up to the sixth grade. I know it must have been awful hard for her to send me the way she earnt her money, but she seemed to think as much of me as if I'd been her own boy. She could have got along better, but every time she got five or ten dollars laid up it seemed as if there was a funeral of some of the neighbors and she had to club in and hire a carriage, and that took her money almost as fast as she could earn it.

"You remember how we used to play around the canal in them days. It smelled pretty bad but we didn't seem to mind it much. We used to sail boats and go in swimmin' and catch frogs and do 'most everything. There was quite a gang of us boys that lived there. It don't seem as if any of 'em ever amounted to very much. Most of 'em are in the stock yards or switchin' or doin' somethin' like that. The only ones that I can think of that growed up down there and amounted to anything is the alderman and Bull Carmody, who went to the legislature. They call both of 'em Honor'ble, you know. I guess anybody is honor'ble who ever had an office or tried to get one. Us boys used to get arrested quite a good deal. Of course we was pretty tough, you know that. We was always in some devilment. All of us rushed the can and chewed tobacco; then we fought a good deal and used to play 'round the cars. Some of the boys would break into 'em; but I never stole anything in my life unless you count coal off'n the cars, and I don't know how we could have got along in the winter without that. Anyhow I guess nobody thinks anything of stealin' coal off'n cars.

"But I don't s'pose there's any use goin' over my whole history. I don't know as it has anything to do with it anyway, only it kind of seems to me that I never had a very good chance and as if mebbe things would've been different if I had.

"Well, you remember when my aunt died I had got to be about fourteen. Then I found a job out to the stock yards. I never liked that work; I used to see so much killin'. At first I felt sorry for the the cattle and the hogs, and especially for the sheep and calves—they

all seemed so helpless and innocent—but after I'd been there awhile I got used to seein' their throats cut and seein' blood around everywhere, all over the buildings and in the gutters, and I didn't think any more about it. You know I stayed there quite a while. Then I went to work for the railroad company. First I was in the freight house unloadin' cars. This was pretty rough, heavy work, but I didn't mind it much; you know I was always kind of stout. Then I thought I'd like to work in the yards; it would give me more air and not be quite so confinin'. So I got a job as switchman, same as you. Well, you know all about that work. It ain't the nicest thing in the world to be a switchman. Of course if they'd make the couplers all alike then there wouldn't be so much danger; but you know when one of them safety couplers comes against one of the old kind that the boys call 'man killers' it's pretty dangerous business. Then, of course, when a car is run down a switch and you have to couple it onto another car just as it bumps in, it's kind of dangerous too. Of course, the rules say you must use a stick to put the link into the drawhead, but nobody ever uses a stick; you know all the boys would laugh at a feller that used a stick. There ain't nothin' to do but to go in between the cars and take hold of the link and put it in. If anything happens to be wrong with the bumpers and they slip past, of course you get squeezed to death; or, if you miss the link, or it gets caught or anything, your head or arm is liable to be smashed off. Then you've got to watch all the time, for if you stub your toe or forget for a second, you're gone. I kind of think that the switch-yards make a feller reckless and desperate, and I don't believe that a man that works in the switch-yards or stock yards looks at things quite the same as other people. Still you know them fellers ain t bad. You've seen 'em cry when they went home to tell a lady how her man had been run over, or tell some old woman about how her boy had got hurt, and you know we always helped the boys out and we didn't have much money either.

"You remember we was workin' together in the yards when the strike come on. I was in debt, just as I always have been. Somehow I never could keep out of debt; could you? The rich people say it's because we drink so much, but I'd like to see them try to live on what we get. Why, you know we hardly ever go to the theater, and if we do we go up in the gallery. I never had a job of work done on my teeth in my life except once when I paid a quarter to get one pulled. Do you s'pose any of us would ever think we could get a gold fillin' in our teeth? Now that suit of clothes over on the bed is the first whole suit of new clothes I ever had. The guard brought 'em in a little while ago, and I'm to put 'em on in the mornin'. But I guess they won't do me much good. I'd rather they had taken the money and give it to the kid for a rockin' horse or candy.

"But I was tellin' about the strike. My, the way I go on! I guess it's because this is the first time I've had a chance to say anything to anyone since it happened, and of course it'll be my last. As soon as I got back my lawyer told me not to talk to anyone, but I

don't see what difference it would have made—them detectives seemed to know everything and a good deal more, they knew more about me than I ever knew about myself.

"You remember all of us went out on the strike. I guess most of the boys was in debt, but they all struck just the same. The papers abused us and said we hadn't any right to strike; that we hadn't any grievance, and it was worse for us to strike on that account. Now it seemed to me that it was better to strike for the Pullman people than for ourselves—it didn't seem so selfish; but the papers and the judges didn't look at it that way. Of course the strike was pretty hard on all of us. I got into the lock-up before it was over, though I never meant to do nothin'. I guess I did hit a scab over the head, but he was comin' to take our job. It's queer how everybody looks at things a different way. Now I never thought it was so awful bad to hit a scab who was takin' another man's job. Of course I know some of 'em are poor and have families, but so have the strikers got families and we was strikin' to help all the poor people. If you read the newspapers and hear what the judges say you would think hittin' scabs was worse'n murder. I don't s'pose it's just right, but I don't hardly see what else is to be done. You remember that scab, don't you, that worked with us on the road, and you remember when he got his leg cut off, and how all the boys helped him, and the railroad fought his case and beat him, and yet they always seemed to think more of him than any of the rest of us. Now it seems to me there's lots of things worse'n hittin' scabs. If I was one of them packers I know I'd give a lot of meat to poor people instead of fixin' every way I could to make 'em pay so much, but the rich people don't seem to think there's anything wrong about that, but it's awful to hit a scab or to strike.

"Well, you know after the strike was over none of us could get a job anywhere, but finally I changed my name and managed to get in again. I believe the yard master knew who I was and felt kind of sorry for me. Anyhow I got the job. Then you know the time Jimmy Carroll got run over by that limited train. I sort of lost my nerve. I wouldn't have thought about it if all the cars hadn't run over him; but when we had to pick up his head and his legs and his arms and his body all in different places, I somehow got scared and couldn't switch any more. So I quit the yards. But I've been runnin' along so over things that really don't have anything to do with the case that I've almost forgot the things I wanted to tell you about. But just wait a minute; I hear someone comin' down the corridor and I want to see who it is. No, it's only one of the guards. I didn't know but possibly my lawyer might have sent—but I guess it's no use.

"Let me see; I was goin' to tell you about gettin' married. You knew her, Hank. You remember when we got a job again after the strike and you know the little restaurant where we used to board? Well, you remember she was waitin' on the table. All the boys knew her and they all liked her too; she was always real friendly and jolly with all of us, but she was all right. Of course she couldn't

have got much wages there for it was only a cheap place where the railroad boys et, but somehow she always seemed to keep herself fixed up pretty well. I never thought much about her, only to kind of jolly her like the rest of the boys, until the time she got that red waist and done her hair up with them red ribbons. I don't know anything about how it was, but them seemed to ketch my eye and I commenced goin' with her, and used to get off as early as I could from the yards, and when she got through washin' the supper things we used to go out and take street-car rides, and go for walks in the parks, and stay out late almost every night.

"Finally I made up my mind that I wanted to settle down and have a home. Of course I knew 'twould be more confinin,' but then I thought 'twould be better. So one night when we was out walkin' I kind of brought it 'round some way and asked her to marry me. I was surprised when she said she would, because she was so much nicer than me or any of the rest of the boys; but she said she would right straight off, and then I asked when it had better be and she said she didn't see any use waitin', so long as it was goin' to be done. Of course, I hadn't thought of its comin' right away, and I wa'n't really prepared because I was considerable in debt and would like to've paid up first. I told her how I was fixed and she said that didn't make any difference, that she'd always heard that two could live as cheap as one, and she was savin' and a good manager and it wouldn't cost us much to start, for she'd noticed the signs in the street cars about four rooms furnished for ninety-five dollars with only five dollars down, and we wouldn't need but three rooms anyway. Then, after I'd asked her to marry me and had made up my mind to do it there wa'n't no excuse for waitin', so the next Sunday we went over to St. Joe and got married. She asked me if I didn't think that was just as good as any way.

"When we come back we rented three rooms down near the yards for ten dollars a month, and went down to the store to buy the furniture, but the clerk made us think that so long as we was just startin' and I had a good job we ought to get better things than the ninety-five dollars, so we spent one hundred and fifty dollars and agreed to pay ten dollars a month, and the furniture was to be theirs until it was paid for.

"Well, we started in to keep house and got along pretty well at first. She was a good housekeeper and savin' and I kind of liked bein' married. Of course, it cost us a little more'n I expected, and when I came to buy clothes and shoes and pay grocery bills I found that two couldn't live as cheap as one, but I hadn't any doubt but that she thought they could. I guess all women does. Then I got hurt and was laid off for two months and couldn't pay the installments, and got behind on my rent, and got in debt at the store, and this made it pretty hard. When I went to work I paid all I had, but somehow I never could catch up.

"Well, about that time the kid was born, and then we had to have the doctor and I had to get a hired girl for a week, for I wanted to do everything I could for her, and that all kept me back. Then

they commenced threatenin' to take the furniture away, and every week the collector came 'round and I did all I could, but somehow I couldn't make it come out even.

"I s'pose you don't see what all this has got to do with my killin' her, and I don't think I quite see myself, but still I want to tell it all. Sometimes I think if I hadn't been so poor and in debt I never would have done it, and I don't believe I would. I was so much in debt that I felt sorry when I knew we was goin' to have the child. I didn't see how we could bring it up and make anything out of it, and how it could ever have any better chance than I had. And then she'd been doin' a little work to help out on the furniture, and I knew that she couldn't do any more after that. But still as soon as the child was born I was always glad of it, and used to think more about him than anyone else, and I would have done anything I could for him. She liked him, too, and was always good to him, and no matter what I say about her I can't say that she didn't treat the boy all right.

"Well, after the kid was about a year old we began to have trouble. She was always complainin' that I didn't bring home enough money. She said I went 'round too much nights and that I drank too much beer and chewed too much tobacco and smoked too much, and she complained 'most all the time, and then I got mad and we had a row. I don't mean to blame her, 'specially after what happened, and since I've been here so long doin' nothin' but countin' the days and waitin' for my lawyer to come, I've had time to think of ever'thing a good deal more than I ever did before. And I don't say she was to blame. I s'pose it was hard for her, too. Of course, the rooms was small and they was awful hot in the summer and cold in the winter, and then the collectors was always comin' 'round, and I used to be tired when I got home, and I was so blue that I said things without really knowin' that I said 'em. Ain't you done that when somebody was talkin' to you and your mind was on somethin' else, kind of answered 'em back without knowin' what they said or what you said? I presume I was cross a good many times and mebbe it was as hard for her as 'twas for me. Of course, I used to wish I'd never got married and that I was boardin' back there to the restaurant when I didn't have all the debts; and I s'pose she'd been better off back there too, waitin' on the table; anyhow she always looked better in them days than she did after we was married, so I guess she must have got more money at the restaurant than I gave her. But after the boy was born I never really wished we wa'n't married, for I always thought of him and knew he never would have been born if we hadn't got married; but of course, that didn't keep us from fightin'. I don't mean that we fought all the time. Sometimes when I got home she was as nice as she could be, and had supper all ready, and we'd read the newspaper and talk and have a real good time; but then, again somethin' would happen to put us out and we'd fight. I can't say that she always begun it. I guess I begun it a good many times. I found fault because the bills was too big and the way things was cooked, and the way she looked, and, of course, if I said anything she got mad and answered back. I've

thought a lot about our fights and that awful one we had last, and I don't believe one of 'em would have happened if it hadn't been for the money. Of course, I s'pose other people would make some other excuses for their fights and that no one would be to blame if you would let 'em tell it themselves, but I'm 'most sure that if I'd only been gettin' money enough to keep a hired girl and live in a good place, and get good clothes and dress her and the boy the way they ought to have been, and not get in debt, we wouldn't have fought.

"The debts kep' gettin' bigger all the time and I begun to get scared for fear the furniture would be took away—we hadn't paid more'n half up and then there was a good deal of interest. I went one day to see a lawyer, but he didn't tell me anything that done me any good and I had to pay him ten dollars out of my next month's wages, so that made me all the worse off. Lawyers get their money awful easy, don't they? I always wished I could be a lawyer and if I had my life to live over again I would be one if I could.

"It seemed as if things kep' gettin' worse at home and I stayed out a good many nights because I didn't want a row for I knew there'd be one as soon as I got home. So far most of our fightin' had been only jawin' back an' forth. Once she threw a dish at me and I slapped her in the face, but didn't hurt her, and I guess she didn't try hard to hit me with the dish; anyhow if she had wanted to she was near enough so she could.

"One night though, I come home pretty late. I'd been out with the boys to a caucus and we had drunk quite a bit. The alderman was running again and had got us a keg of beer. I didn't really know what I was doin' when I came in. I was hopin' she'd be in bed but she was waitin' for me when I come in and said: 'There comes my drunkard again. This is a pretty time of night to get home! You'd better go back to your drunken cronies and stay the rest of the night,'—and a lot of more things like that. I told her to shut up and go to bed, but that made her madder and then she called me a lot of names. I told her to stop or I'd choke her, but she kep' right on talkin', callin' me a drunkard and all kinds of names, and tellin' me how I'd treated her and the boy; I couldn't make her keep still; the more I threatened her the more she talked. Finally she said, 'You cowardly brute, I dare you to touch me!' and she kind of come right up to where I was. Of course I didn't really half think what I was doin', but I drawed off and hit her in the face with my fist. I guess I hit her pretty hard; anyhow she fell on the floor, and I ran up to her to pick her up, but she said, 'Leave me alone, you coward,' and then I was madder'n ever and I kicked her. The next day she went to the police court and had me arrested. The judge was awful hard on me, told me if he had his way 'bout it he'd have a law made to have wife-beaters whipped with a cat-o'-nine tails in the public square, and he fined me one hundred dollars.

"Of course I hadn't any money so I went to jail, but in a day or two she went to the judge and cried and told him I was all right when I wasn't drunk and she got me out. I never thought that judge done right to lecture me the way he did. I don't think that strikin'

your wife is as bad as strikin' your child, and still 'most everybody does that. Most women can defend themselves but a little child can't do anything. Still, of course, I don't defend strikin' your wife, only one word kind of brings on another and it sounds different in the newspaper from what it really is.

"Well, after I got home from the jail we talked it over together and made up our minds we'd better part. Things had gone so bad with us that we thought it wa'n't worth while to try any more and mebbe we'd both be better off alone. She was real sensible about it and was goin' to keep the boy. I promised to give 'em half my wages and was to see him whenever I wanted to.

"When we got our minds made up we went to see about a lawyer. She'd been goin' over to the Settlement a good deal for advice and they'd been good to us but they didn't like me; they blamed me for ever'thing that happened, and of course them settlement ladies wa'n't none of 'em married and they couldn't understand how a feller would drink or fight with his wife. They didn't know what allowance a woman has to make for a man, same as a man does for a woman—only a different kind. When she told 'em what we were goin' to do they all said, 'No, you mustn't do that. You must make the best of it and stay together'; they said that even if I promised to give her half my money I never would do it, but would go off and she'd never see me again. If they knew anything about what I thought of the boy they wouldn't have said it. Then they said it would be a disgrace and that it would disgrace the child. I wish now we'd done it anyway. It would have been better for the child than it is now. Then she went to see the priest. We were both born Catholics, although we hadn't paid much attention to it. That was the reason we went to St. Joe to get married. The priest told her that she mustn't get a divorce, that divorces wa'n't allowed except on scriptural grounds. Of course we couldn't get it on them grounds. There never was nothin' wrong with her—I'll always say that—and as for me I don't think she ever suspected anything of that kind. Even if I had wanted to I never had any money, and besides I've had to work too hard all my life for anything like that. Then when I went to the lawyer he said it would cost fifty dollars, but I hadn't any fifty dollars. So we made up our minds to try it again. I don't see, though, why they charge fifty dollars. If a divorce is right a man ought not to have it just because he's got fifty dollars when a poor man can't get it at all.

"It was a little better for a while. We both had a scare and then when we talked of quittin' I s'pose we thought more of each other. Anyhow we'd lived together so long that we'd kind of got in the habit of it. But still it didn't last long; I don't believe 'twas right for us to stay together after all that had happened and the way we felt and had lived up to that time. If we'd only separated then—but we didn't, and it's no use talkin' about it now.

"It was just about this time that Jimmy Carroll was killed and she didn't want me to work in the yards after that. She was 'most as 'fraid as I was so we made up our minds that I'd quit. It was

then that I went to peddlin'; but wait a minute before I tell that, let's go and speak to the guard."

The two men got up and went to the iron door and looked out through the bars at the shining electric lights in the corridors. The guard sat near the door talking with the prisoner in the next cell. He looked up and put two cigars through the grates.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Jackson?"

"No, I guess not. Nothin' more has come from him, has there?"

"No, but it's early yet."

"Well, I guess it's no use."

The men looked out a moment at the iron corridor and then lighted their cigars and sat down. Hank could hardly speak. Somehow this simple contact with his old friend had driven away all the feeling of the crime that he had brought with him to the jail. He no longer thought of him as Jackson, the wife-murderer, but as Jim, the boy he once knew and the man that had worked in the switch-yards and grown up by his side.

Out in the street they heard a steady stream of carriages and the merry laugh of men and women passing by. Hank listened to the voices and asked who they were.

"Oh, the people drivin' past in their carriages to the theater. You know all the northside swells drive down Dearborn Avenue past the jail. I wonder if they ever think of us in here, or if they know what is goin' to be done tomorrow. I s'pose if they do they think it's all right. What a queer world it is. Do you s'pose one of them was ever in here? Well, I don't believe I'd be either if only I'd had their chance."

The two men sat stripped almost to the skin; the putrid prison air soaked into Hank at every pore. The sweat ran from his face and he felt as if the great jail were a big oven filled with the damned and kept boiling hot by some infernal imps. Here and there along the big corridors they heard the echo of a half demoniac laugh, a few couplets of a ribald song, and the echoing sound of the heavy boots of a guard walking up and down the iron floor. Silently they smoked their cigars almost to the end and then Jim again took up his story.

III

WHEN I made up my mind to quit the railroad I looked 'round for somethin' else to do. It was kind of hard times just then and a good many were out of work and I couldn't find anything that suited me. Of course I never had much schoolin' and 'twa'n't every kind of job I could hold anyhow. I went back out to the stock yards, but they was layin' off men and there wa'n't anything there. One mornin' I went over to see Sol Goldstein. He was a nice old man that we used to buy potatoes of. He told me that he was gettin' so old and kind of sick that he thought he'd have to give up peddlin' and let his boys take care of him the rest of his time. He said he didn't think it would be very long anyhow, and they could do that much for him so long as he'd done so much for them. He said as I hadn't any job why didn't I buy his horse and express wagon and go to peddlin'. I could take his license, that hadn't run out yet, and go right along over his route. I told him I hadn't any money to buy his horse and wagon with, but he told me that didn't make any difference, I could pay for 'em when I earnt the money. So I made a bargain; got the horse and wagon and harness and two old blankets for fifty dollars. Of course they wa'n't worth much; the horse had a ringbone and the heaves and kind of limped in one of its hind elgs. Goldstein said that was on account of a spavin, but he told me there was another one comin' on the other hind leg and as quick as that got a little bigger he'd stop limpin' because he couldn't favor both hind legs to once. Goldstein said the ringbone had been killed and the heaves wouldn't bother him much. All I had to do was to wet the hay before I fed him. So I bought the rig. I didn't know nothin' about horses but I knew what Goldstein said was all right for we'd been friends a long time.

"I went down to Water Street and bought a load of potatoes and went to work. I haven't time to tell you all about my peddlin'; anyhow it ain't got much to do with the case, not much more'n any of the rest. My lawyer always said any time I told him anything, 'Well, what's that got to do with your killin' her?' and the judge said about the same thing whenever we asked any questions. He couldn't see that anything I ever done had anything to do with it except the bad things. He let 'em prove all of them and they looked a good deal worse when they was told in court and in the newspapers than they seemed when I done 'em. I guess there ain't nobody who'd like to hear every bad thing they ever done told right out in public and printed in the newspapers. I kind of think 'twould ruin anyone's character to do that, 'specially if you wa'n't allowed to show the goods things you'd done.

"I hadn't been peddlin' very long until an inspector asked me for my license and I showed it to him, and he said that it wa'n't any good, that I couldn't use Goldstein's license; that it was just for him, and that I must stop peddlin' until I went down to the City Hall

and paid twenty-five dollars for another one. I didn't know where to get the twenty-five dollars; anyhow I don't see why anyone should have to pay a license for peddlin'; nobody but poor people peddles and it's hard enough to get along without payin' a license. Anybody don't have to pay a license for sellin' things in a store and I don't think it's fair. But I went and seen the alderman and told him about it, and he said he could get it fixed and to go right on just as if nothin' had happened and if anyone bothered me again to send 'em to him. So I went right ahead. I don't know what he done but anyhow I wa'n't bothered any more until Goldstein's license had run out.

"Peddlin' is kind of hard work. You've got to get up before daylight and go down and get your potatoes and veg't'bles and things, then you have to drive all over and ask everyone to buy, and most people won't take anything from you 'cause you're a peddler and they're 'fraid you'll cheat 'em. Of course we do cheat a little sometimes. We get a load of potatoes cheap that's been froze, and then again we get a lot of figs that's full of worms and roll 'em in flour and then sell 'em out, but all figs is full of worms, and I guess 'most everything else is, even water, but it's all right if you don't know or think anything about it. And of course, half of the year it's awful hot drivin' 'round the streets and the other half it's awful cold, and sometimes it rains and snows and you get all wet and cold, and it ain't very healthy either. Most peddlers have the consumption, but then there's lots of poor people has consumption. It's funny, too, about where you can sell stuff; you'd think you ought to go where people has got money but this ain't no use; they never will buy nothin' of peddlers and they won't even let you drive on their high-toned streets, even after you've paid a license. If you want to sell anything you've got to go among the poor people. Of course they can't buy very much, but then they pay more for what they get. It's queer, ain't it, the way things are fixed; them as works hardest has to pay the most for what they eat, and gets the poorest stuff at that. Did you ever go and look at one of them meat markets on the south side? Do you s'pose that they'd take any of the meat that's in ours? They might buy it for their dogs and cats but they wouldn't eat it themselves.

"Once in a while I used to take the kid along with me when I was sellin' things, and he always liked to go, but if it commenced to rain or turned cold I had to go back with him, and then he always got tired before night. So I didn't take him very often. I kind of laid out to take him when she done the washin', so he'd be out of her way, and he used to kind of like to drive, and I amused him a good deal that way.

"I think mebbe I made about as much peddlin' as I did on the railroad, but not any more, after I paid for my horse feed and the rent of the barn and gettin' the wagon and harness fixed once in a while. Anyhow I didn't get out of debt any faster, and the furniture men kept threatenin' me until I went to one of them chattel-mortgage fellers and borrowed the money and mortgaged all I had and

paid five dollars for makin' out the papers and five percent a month for the money. This didn't seem like so very much but it counts up pretty fast when you come to pay it every month. Then one day my horse up and died. I didn't know what was the matter with him. He seemed all right at night and in the mornin' he was dead. I didn't know what to do at first so I went and seen the alderman. He gave me a letter to some men who run a renderin'-plant and I went out there and bought an old horse for five dollars. It was one they was goin' to kill, and it seemed too bad to make him work any more; still I guess he'd rather work than be killed; that's the way with people and I guess horses is about like people. I always thought that horses had about the worst time there is; they can't never do anything they want to, they have to get up just when you tell 'em to and be tied in a stall and eat just what you give 'em and depend on you to bring 'em water. Even when they're goin' along the road they can't turn out for a mud hole but have to go just where you want 'em to and never have a chance to do anything but work.

"This horse wa'n't much good but I managed to use him in my business. The boys would holler at me and ask me if I was goin' to the bone-yard or the renderin'-plant, and once or twice one of the humane-officers stopped me and came pretty near takin' it away and killin' it, but nobody ever saw me abusin' it, and I fed it all I could afford. I remember one night in the winter, about the coldest night we had, I heard it stampin' and I couldn't go to sleep. I knew it was stampin' because it was so cold. We didn't have any too much cover ourselves, but it worried me so much I got up and went out to the barn and strapped an old blanket on the horse and then came back and went to bed. I guess this was the other horse though, the one that died, for I didn't have this last one over a winter. But I don't know as it makes any difference which horse it was.

"Well, I can't tell you all about my peddlin', it ain't worth while, and I must go on and tell you about how it happened. It was on the 26th day of November. You remember the day. There's been a lot said about it in the newspapers. It was just three days before Thanksgivin'. I remember I was thinkin' of Thanksgivin', for we'd been livin' pretty poorly, not very much but potatoes, for it was a rather hard fall on all us poor folks. I always hated to take the money for the things I sold but I couldn't help it. You know I couldn't give things away as if I was Rockefeller or Vanderbilt. Well, I knew we was goin' to get a turkey from the alderman Thanksgivin', just two days later, and I should have thought that would have cheered me up, but it didn't. That mornin' it was pretty cold when I got up. It was the first snow of the season, one of them blindin', freezin' days that we get in November, and then, of course, I wa'n't used to the cold weather and wa'n't dressed for it either. I didn't have much breakfast for we didn't have much stuff in the house. She got up and fried some potatoes and a little pork and that was about all, and then I hitched up the old horse and drove away. No one else was on the street. There wa'n't generally, when

I started after my loads in the mornin'. The old horse didn't like to go either; he kind of pulled back on the hitch strap when I led him out of the barn, the way you sometimes see horses do when they hate to go anywhere or leave the barn. I s'pose horses is just like us about bein' lazy and sick, and havin' their mean days, only they can't do anything about it. Well, I went down and got my load. In the first place I had some trouble with the Dago where I got the potatoes; they were pretty good ones but had been nipped a little by the frost in the car, and he couldn't have sold 'em to the stores, at least to any of the stores on the north side or the south side. They was just such potatoes as had to go to us poor folks and most likely to peddlers, and he wanted to charge me just about as much as if they was all right. I told him that I'd some trouble in sellin' 'em and I ought to make somethin' off'n 'em. He said I'd get just as much as I could for any kind, and I told him that I might possibly, but if I was goin' to pay full price I wanted my customers to have just as good potatoes as anyone got, and besides I might lose some of my customers by sellin' them that kind of potatoes. Then he dunned me for what I owed him and threatened not to trust me any more and by the time I left with my load I was worried and out of sorts, and made a poor start for the day.

"Well, I drove over along Bunker Street, among the sheeneys, and commenced calling 'po-ta-to-es.' Nobody much seemed to buy. A few people came out and picked 'em all over and tried to jew me down, and mebbe bought half a peck. I don't know how they thought I could make any money that way. Still the people was all poor; most of 'em worked in the sweat-shops and hadn't any money to waste on luxuries. I worked down Maxwell Street and things didn't get much better. It seemed as if everybody was out there sellin' potatoes, and it was awful cold, and I hadn't any coat on, and the horse was shiverin' every time we stopped. Of course I always put the blanket on him if we stayed long, but the blanket was pretty old and patched. Then I drove down south, where the people lives that work in the stock yards. It went some better down there but not very much; anyhow I didn't get any warmer. Along toward noon I hitched the horse under a shed and gave him a few oats and I went into the saloon and bought a glass of whiskey and took four or five of them long red-hots that they keep on the counter. They tasted pretty good and I never stopped to think what they was made of; whether they was beef, or pork, or horse, or what, though you know everybody always says they work in all the old horses that don't go to the renderin'-plant and some that does, but they was good enough for me and was hot, and when I went away I felt better and I guess the old horse did, too. Well, I drove on down around the streets and did the best I could. I remember one place where an old lady came out and said she hadn't had anything to eat since yesterday and there wa'n't nothin' in the house, and I up and gave her half a peck, though I couldn't hardly afford to do it. You know that half a peck was more to me than it is to Rockefeller when he gives a million to the school, but my lawyer wouldn't let me prove

it when I tried; he said the judge would only laugh if he ever mentioned it. The newspapers never printed a word about it either, although I kind of thought it might lighten up the people's feelin' some and help me a bit; but they did prove all about the time I struck her and some other things I wa'n't on trial for, although my lawyer objected all he could and said I wa'n't on trial for 'em, which I wa'n't; but the judge said no, of course I wa'n't, but they'd show malice, so they went in and was printed in the newspapers, and the jury looked awful at me, but I bet every one of 'em had done most as bad. When I gave the old woman the half peck of potatoes she called on all the saints to bless me to the end of my days. I felt kind of better as I went away, and thought mebbe they'd do somethin' for me, and this wa'n't more than seven or eight hours before it happened.

"Of course, most folks would think that anyone like me wouldn't have given away a half a peck of potatoes, but they don't really understand them things; you've got to do a thing before you can know all about it. If I was makin' the laws I wouldn't let anyone be on a jury and try a feller for murder unless he'd killed someone. Most fellers don't know anything about how anyone kills a person and why they do it, and they ain't fit to judge. Now, of course, most everybody would think that anyone who had killed anyone, unless it was in war or somethin' like that, was bad through and through; they wouldn't think that they could ever do anything good; but here I give away that half peck of potatoes just because I knew the lady was poor and needed 'em—and I see things every day here in jail that shows it ain't so. Just a little while ago one of the prisoners was took down with small-pox and everyone was scared, and another prisoner who was in here for burglary went to the ward and nursed him and took care of him, and took the disease and died. And most all of the fellers will do anything for each other. The other day there were five fellers on trial for robbin' a safe, and the State's Attorney done all he could to get one of 'em to tell on another feller who hadn't been caught or indicted, and he promised every one of 'em that he wouldn't do a thing with 'em if they'd tell, and he couldn't get a word out of any of 'em, and they went to the penitentiary, just because they wouldn't tell; and the State Attorney and the judge all of 'em seemed to think that if they could get one feller to tell on someone else that he'd be the best one of the lot and ought to be let out. If you'd just stay here a few days and see some of the wives and fathers and mothers come into the jail and see how they'd cry and go on over some of these people, and tell how good they was to them, it would open your eyes. They ain't one of them people, unless it's me, that don't have someone that loves 'em, and says they've been awful good to 'em and feel sorry for 'em and excuses 'em, and thinks they're just like everybody else. Now there was them car-barn murderers that killed so many people and robbed so much. Everyone wanted to tear 'em to pieces and no one had a single good word for 'em, but you'd ought to seen Van Dine's mother and how she hung on to her boy and cried

about him and loved him and told how many good thing's he done, just like anyone else; and then that Niedemeyer, who tried to kill himself so he couldn't get hung, you know he went to a detective and confessed a lot of crimes, so that the detective could get the money after he was hung, and the detective agreed to divide the money with his mother. If you was here a while you'd find these fellers doin' just as many things to help each other as the people on the outside. It's funny how human nature is, how anybody can be so good and so bad too. Now I s'pose most people outside can't see how a murderer or a burglar can do anything good any more than the poor people down our way can see how Rockefeller can charge all of us so much for his oil and then give a million dollars to a church or a school.

"There was feller came over here to the jail to talk to our Moral Improvement Club and he had some queer ideas. Most of the prisoners rather liked what he said and still they thought he was too radical. I never heard any such talk before and I don't quite see how they let him do it, but I've thought about what he said a good deal since then and think mebbe there's somethin' in it. He was a good deal different from the other ones that come. Most of 'em tell us about our souls and how we can all make 'em white if we only will. They all tell us that we are a bad lot now; but he kind of claimed that the people inside the jail was just like the people outside, only not so lucky; that we done things because we couldn't help it and had to do 'em, and that it's worse for the people on the outside to punish the people on the inside than to do the things we done. Now, I hain't had anything to do but think about it and what I done, and it don't seem as if I could help it. I never intended to kill anybody but somehow everything just led up to it, and I didn't know I was gettin' into it until it was done, and now here I am. Of course, when I was out I used to rail about these criminals and think they was awful bad just the same as everyone else did, but now I see how they got into it too, and how mebbe they ain't so bad; even them car-barn murderers,—if they'd been taken somewhere out west on a ranch where they could have had lots of air and exercise and not put in school which wa'n't the place for boys like them, I believe they'd 've come out all right and been like most other boys and sobered down after they got older. I really think if they'd been taken away they'd 've tried to be good and if they'd been given plenty of exercise, like herdin' cattle and things like that, mebbe it would have been just as good as to kill 'em. Anyhow there was them Younger boys and Frank James who killed so many people and they are out now and all right. Nobody's afraid of 'em and they won't likely never do anything of that kind any more.

"But I'm gettin' clear off'n my subject again, just as I always am. I was tellin' you about that day. Well, after I gave the lady the half peck of potatoes I went on peddlin', but didn't seem to sell much. I ought to 've got through by two or three o'clock. It was a long enough day for me, and the horse, too, but I had so many potatoes left that I couldn't stop, so I kept on. I got down around

Thirty-fifth Street and was pretty cold and went into a saloon where I saw one of the boys. One of 'em was runnin' for the legislature and he asked us all to take a drink, and of course we did; then he asked us to take another and we done that; and in a few minutes that feller that was runnin' for the senate, he come in and he asked us all to take a drink and of course we done that, and he said a few words about the election and how he hoped we all would vote for him, and we told him we would, and that as near as we could find out all the boys was with him, that the other feller was a kind of stiff anyhow. He went out, and then, just as I was leavin', the feller that was runnin' against him, he come in and he set 'em up a couple of times and said he hoped we was all with him, and of course we told him we was, and then he went away. Well, of course, I took whiskey every time because I was cold and that kind of warmed me up. Then I went out to the wagon again and drove on down Thirty-fifth Street to sell the rest of the potatoes. Finally the horse began to go lame, and seemed pretty tired, and I turned back toward the house, peddlin' on the way. I guess I didn't sell anything after I left Thirty-fifth Street, though I kept callin' out until my voice got kind of husky and all stopped up. I guess it was the cold air that I wa'n't used to yet. The snow was comin' down pretty fast as I drove along and the wind was blowin' quite a bit in my face and it was a bad night. It commenced gettin' dark pretty soon after. You know the days are short along the last of November.

"Then I kep' thinkin' about the cold weather. I always hated winter anyhow, and I hadn't expected 'twould turn cold quite so quick and of course I wa'n't ready for it. I couldn't seem to think of anything but the winter. I s'pose that was the reason I done the things I did afterward. I got to thinkin' about the house and how many cracks there was in it and how much coal it took to heat it. Then I began to think about the price of coal and how it's cheaper in the summer than in the winter, and how the price keeps goin' up so much a month all the time until winter, so, of course, all the rich people can get their coal in the summer when it was cheap and leave the poor people to get it in the winter when it got high. Then I thought how everything seemed to be against the poor and how you couldn't get on no matter what you done.

"I hadn't got my potatoes more'n two-thirds sold out and I didn't have any good place to keep 'em. I couldn't afford to take chances of 'em gettin' frost-bitten any more. You know how easy potatoes freeze. You have to watch out while you're peddlin' 'em in the fall and winter and some days you don't dare take 'em out at all. Before I got home I thought I'd have another drink so I stopped at a saloon where they always had the pollin' place and where a good many politicians usually hung out; and I found some of the boys there, and the fellow that was runnin' for assessor was in the saloon. He asked us all to drink a couple o' times, and then he told us how easy he was in assessin' the poor people's property, and asked us to vote for him. We all said we would, and then

he told us how he was assessor last year and how he'd stuck it onto the rich people and the corporations and how they was all against him this year. We all liked that, and then he gave us another drink. I was gettin' so I felt it just a little, but of course I wa'n't drunk. I could walk all right and talk pretty straight. I don't suppose I'd taken more'n ten or twelve drinks in all day, and you know that won't hurt anybody. I don't know what I would've done such a cold day if it hadn't been for the drinks. Oh, yes, in the last place they got to talkin' about the alderman and said as how he wa'n't goin' to give out any turkeys this year. I didn't like that and some of the fellers had quarreled about 'em and then some of 'em had been givin' 'em to us and we didn't see what right he had to quit. They said the reason he wa'n't goin' to give 'em was because a lot of the fellers had quarelled about 'em and then some of 'em had taken his turkeys and voted the other ticket, and some people had found fault with him because they didn't get any turkey, and it looked as if he was losin' votes instead of makin' 'em. Well, I'd been dependin' on the turkey and it made me feel a little blue, for I didn't know how I was goin' to get anything for Thanksgivin', and I didn't think that you could have much of a Thanksgivin' just on potatoes and mebbe a little pork. So I wa'n't feelin' none to good when I got on the wagon and drove away from the last place. It seemed as if everything had turned against me and I didn't know what I was goin' to do. It's funny how much difference luck makes with a feller. You know somethin' can happen in the mornin' and make you feel good all day, and then again somethin' will go wrong and no matter what you are doin' it seems as if there was a sort of a weight pullin' down on you. Well, I felt kind of blue as I drove home. I don't think I could hardly have kept up only for the whiskey I'd drunk. I was kind of wonderin' what it was all for and I didn't see any reason for anything, or any chance that anything would be any better, or any real reason for livin'.

"Before I went to the house I drove up to the barn and unhitched the horse and led him in, and then I run the wagon in, and took the potatoes out and put 'em under a little bag of hay that I had in the corner, and threw the horse blanket over 'em. Then I unharnessed the horse and bedded him down and gave him some hay and a little oats. I'd watered him at one of the last places I stopped ---one of them troughs they have in front of saloons. Then after I got the horse tended to I went into the house."

Hank got up and went to the door and spoke to the guard. He was still sitting on the stool and talking to the prisoner in the next cell. Once more he handed Hank a cigar.

"Give one to Jim," he said. "I can't do much more for him, poor devil; I'm awful sorry."

Jim came up and took the cigar and looked down at the guard.

"I don't s'pose nothin' has come for me, has there?"

"No, not yet," was the answer.

"Well, I presume it's no use."

Just then the noise of pounding and driving nails and low voices was heard over in the court yard.

"What's that?" Hank asked.

"Don't you know! That's the fellers buildin' the scaffold; they always do it the night before. Strange, ain't it; somehow it don't seem to me as if it was really me that was goin' to be hung on it; but I s'pose it is. Now, isn't it strange about the governor; just one word from him could save my life. I'd think he'd do it, wouldn't you? I s'pose he don't really think how it seems to me. I know I'd do it, no matter what anyone had done.

"But it's gettin' late and I must go on with my story or I won't get it finished before—before you have to go. It's pretty hard to tell all 'bout this part, but I'm goin' to tell it to you honest and not make myself any better'n I am. I've thought about this a good deal when I've tried to account for how I done it, and I guess I can tell everything that happened. When I look at it now it seems years ago, almost a lifetime, not as if it was last November. I guess it's because so much has happened since then. It seems, too, as if it wa'n't me that was doin' it, but as if 'twas someone else. I guess that'll make it easier for me to tell; anyhow, I want you to know how it was, and then some time you can tell the boy, if you think it's the right thing to do."

IV

I FORGOT to tell you about the steak. I don't see how I left that out, for, really, that's what caused the whole trouble. It beats all what little things will do, don't it? Now, lots o' times in my life it has seemed as if the smallest things had the most to do with me. There was that red waist, for instance, that she wore that day she was waitin' on the table. I 'most know I never would have paid any attention to her if it hadn't been for that red waist. And then that beefsteak—in one way I'm goin' to get hung on account of that beefsteak. How many times since that I've just wished I hadn't stopped and bought it. But you see I was feelin' cold all day, and when I come 'round Thirty-fifth Street the wind kind of got in my face worse'n it had done before, and it sort of struck me through the chest too; my legs didn't feel it quite so much, because they had the blanket over 'em. Well, just as I got up to the second corner there was a saloon right in front of me. This was before I got to the corner when I met the senators, and I thought I'd go in and get a drink; and then right on the other side was that meat market and there was a lot of chickens and steak and things hangin' in the window, and they looked mighty good, for I hadn't had much to eat all day. At first I thought I'd go and get a drink, and then I thought I could get enough steak for supper for just about what the drink would cost, and the steak would do the most good, and besides she and the kid could have some of that, and I thought it would make her feel pleasanter and liven her up a bit. We hadn't been gettin' along any too well for some time.

"So I pulled up the horse a minute and went into the shop and asked the butcher about the steak hangin' in the window, and he told me that it was sixteen cents a pound and that it was a sirloin steak. I thought that was most too much and asked him if he hadn't some cheaper kind. He said yes, that a rump steak was just as good, and he showed me one of them and the whole piece came to fifteen cents—just the price of a glass of whiskey—and I bought it and rolled it up in a piece of brown paper and went away.

"Now I was tellin' about this to the good guard that likes to get statistics for the Citizens' Association, and I told him it was the beefsteak that brought me here, and that if I had only got the whisky instead of the steak it wouldn't have happened, but he argued the other way, and then when I stuck to my story he got kind of mad about it and said it was them drinks I had with the senators and the assessor that really done it, and if it hadn't been for the drinks I'd have known better, and he said he was goin' to put it down that way, and I'm sure he did. I hain't no doubt but a good many of the figgers we see about penitentiaries and things is got up the same way.

"Well, when I unhitched the horse and got him tended to and the potatoes covered up and all, I took the steak and started for the house. You know where I live—the barn is just back of the cottage, and there's

a kind of little alley behind the barn and then the switch-yards come in; the railroad curves up toward the house after it passes the barn so it gets pretty near the kitchen. Of course, the trains bother us a good deal and the switch engines are goin' back and forth all the time, and the house is pretty old and not very big, but all them things has to be taken into consideration in the rent, and I got it enough cheaper to make up. I presume that's the reason no poor people live out on the avenues, because the rents is so high, and in one way mebbe the switch tracks is a good thing, for if it wa'n't for them I'd had to go out to the stock yards to live, and I'd rather have the engines and the smoke than the smell. Some of them Settlement people are tryin' to have a park made, out along the tracks right close to where we lived. Of course, flowers and grass would be nice, but I s'pose if they got the park some fellers would come along and pay more rent than we could afford and then we'd have to go out to the stock yards. It seems as if us poor people gets the worst of it no matter how you fix it. But I'm takin' an awful long while to get into the house; seems as if I'm tellin' you everything I've thought of ever since I've been locked up here in jail. It's mighty good of you to set and listen, and I'll always remember it as long as I live, though I guess that ain't sayin' much.

"When I come up to the door I heard the kid cryin' and she was scoldin' him about somethin' he'd done and tellin' him to go in the bedroom and stay till supper was ready and to quit his squallin' or she'd thrash him. Of course, generally, she was good to him, and I don't mean to say she wa'n't, but sometimes she got out of patience with him, same as all women does, I s'pose. Of course you have to make allowances for her. She dassent let the boy go to play back of the house, for there was the yards and the cars, and you know children always goes 'round cars; then she couldn't let him go in front for the electric road was there, and you know about that little boy bein' run over a year ago down at the corner. Then there's buildin's on both sides of us, so she had to have the kid right in the house all the time less'n she went out with him, and of course he got kind of tired settin' in the house all day with nothin' to do but look out in front and see the switch engines. Still I sometimes thought she was crosser to him than she ought to have been at that.

"When I opened the door she was just takin' the boy into the bedroom. In a minute she come out and kind of slammed the door hard, and said, 'Well, you've got home, have you?' I said yes, I'd got home. That's every word I said. Then she said it was a pity that them drunken friends of mine couldn't keep me out all night spendin' the money for whisky that I ought to use in the house. I told her that I hadn't spent no money for whisky. She said 'Yes, your face looks it, and your breath smells it.' Then I told her that I did take one drink but the assessor bought it for me. Then she landed into the assessor, and told me I was in pretty company goin' 'round with him; that Mrs. McGinty had told her all about what kind of a man he was and she didn't want to hear any more about him. Then I asked her about when supper would be ready, and she said she hadn't begun to get it yet, that she'd been doin' the washin' and had that brat of mine to take care

of all day, and she'd get the supper when she got ready. Of course I was hungry and cold, and that made me kind of mad, only I didn't say much, but laid the beefsteak on the table and unrolled it so's she could see it. I thought mebbe that would kind of tempt her, and I told her she'd better cook it and fry a few potatoes. She made some remark about the steak, and about how I'd better got a soup bone, or a chicken, or somethin' cheaper, and no wonder I was in debt with all the money I spent for whisky, and when I did bring anything home to eat it had to be somethin' that cost a good deal more'n I could afford. Then I said that this was a rump steak and only cost fifteen cents, and she said I could get a soup bone that weighed six or seven pounds for that, and I hadn't any business to throw away my money. Then she kind of stopped for a few minutes and took the steak out into the kitchen. Where we'd been was in the settin' room. I went in to see the kid a few minutes and kind of quieted him down, and so long as he laid on the bed and seemed kind of like as if he'd go to sleep I shut the bedroom door and come out again. Then I picked up the paper and read about the alderman not goin' to run any more, and that was the real reason why he wa'n't goin' to give us any more turkeys; then I looked at the sportin' page and then I read a long story about a feller that had killed someone and left 'em dead in the house, and then run away, and how they'd found 'em dead and had offered a thousand dollars reward for the feller who killed the other one. Then I read about a murder trial that they was just havin' and how the jury had found the feller guilty and he was goin' to be hung, and how he never moved a muscle, and how his mother screamed and fell over in a swoond when the clerk read the verdict. While I was readin' she kept comin' out and into the settin' room, bringin' dishes and things to set the table. You know we generally et in the settin' room. Ev'ry time she come in she kind of glared at me, but I let on not to notice her.

"Pretty soon I smelt the steak fryin' and went out in the kitchen. When I got out there I found the steak fryin' in the skillet all right and her just takin' up the tea kettle to pour water on it. Now this made me mad, for that wa'n't no way to fry steak. You know yourself that you lose all the flavor of the steak by pourin' water on it; that makes it more like boiled meat than it does like beefsteak. I just saw her in time, and I called out, 'What are you doin'? Put down that kettle. Don't you know better'n to pour water on beefsteak?' She said, 'You shut up and go back in the settin' room, or I'll pour the water on you.' I said, 'No, you won't; put down that kettle. How many times have I told you better'n to pour water on steak? It's hard enough for me to get the money for a steak without lettin' you spoil it that way.' I started to grab her hand, but before I could reach it she tipped the nozzle over into the skillet and poured a lot of water in, and the steam and hot water and grease kind of spattered up in my face. I don't know whether I struck her or not; anyhow I grabbed the kettle, and when the nozzle turned round some of the hot water got onto me, and burned me a little. I put the kettle down and said, 'Damn you, what do you mean by spoilin' the steak every time I get it? If you ever do a thing like that again, I'll cut your throat.'

"Now, of course, I hadn't no idea of cuttin' her throat, no matter how often she done it. 'Twas just a way I had of showin' how mad I was about what she'd done. You see she done it a-purpose for I'd told her plenty of times before, and I told her then before any of the water got into the skillet, and she just poured it in to spite me. Then she said, 'You drunken loafer, I'd like to see you try to cut my throat. I just dare you to do it. You don't need to wait until you bring home another steak; ain't likely I'll be here by the time you bring home any more steak. I don't care what the Settlement people and the priest say about it, I'm going to quit you. I've stood this thing just as long as I'm goin' to,' and she fairly screamed, just on purpose, so the neighbors could hear.

"Now I didn't want them to know we was fightin', and I seen that she was so mad she couldn't control herself and didn't care who heard or what happened. The neighbors had come in once before, but they'd got pretty well used to our fights. But I thought it had gone about far enough and the steak couldn't be helped, so I went back into the settin' room and picked up the paper. In a few minutes she come in and says, 'Well, come, your old steak's ready, you've made so much fuss about it you'd better come and eat it and let it shut your mouth.' And she went on into the bedroom and got the kid. I drew up my chair and set down to the table. She put the kid into the high chair and then she set down on the other side. I cut up the steak and give each of 'em a piece with some fried potatoes, then we had some bread and butter and some tea. She poured out the tea and handed me a cup. There wa'n't any milk for the tea and I asked her why that was. She told me she didn't have any money to buy tickets, and if I wanted milk I'd better leave some money to buy tickets instead of spending it all for whiskey. I didn't make much of any answer to this but commenced eatin' my steak. Besides bein' boiled it was cooked almost to a crisp, and you couldn't hardly tell whether it was beefsteak or what it was; all the taste was out of it and gone into the water and the steam. I put some of the gravy on the potatoes; this was better'n the steak and tasted more like beef. I et up the potatoes and the steak and a few pieces of bread and butter, and cut up the kid's steak and showed him how to hold his knife so's to eat without cuttin' himself, and I didn't say a word to her and she didn't say a word to me. Of course, I could see by the way she looked that she was mad, and I presume she could see that I was, too; and probably both of us thought it was just as well not to say anything, 'specially so long as the kid was there. All the time I was eatin' I kept thinkin' about the way she'd poured the water into the steak and spoilt it, and how I'd been lookin' forward to it ever since I bought it on Thirty-fifth Street, and the more I thought of it the madder I got. If it had been the first time I don't think I'd have minded it near so much, but I'd told her about it ev'ry time I brought home a steak, and it seemed as if always we had a row pretty near as big as this, and every time she managed to pour the water into it and spoil it in spite of all that I could do. And this time it had been just the same thing again. Anyone would have been mad if they'd been in my place; don't you think so yourself?

"Well, I finished my supper without sayin' a word to her, and she didn't say a word to me, and then I got up and went back into the settin' room and picked up the paper and commenced readin' again. In a min-

ute she come along through with the kid and took him into the bedroom to put him to bed. After she'd been in there a while she came out and shut the door, and stood up for a minute lookin' over toward me. I thought she was waitin' for me to speak, so I just kept my eyes on the paper like as if I was readin', but I wa'n't. I hadn't cooled off a great deal since she poured the water on the steak, and could see that she hadn't neither, so I thought mebbe it was as well to have it out, but I was goin' to wait for her to begin. Of course, I hadn't no idea then of doin' anything like what I did. I was just mad and reckless and didn't care much, and would keep thinkin' of the steak, and you know all the time I was thinkin' I could feel a kind of prickin' up in my head, as if a lot of needles was runnin' up toward my hair. I s'pose it was the blood runnin' up there. That feller that I told you about that was talkin' to us over here kind of made out that a man was a good deal like a machine, or an engine of some kind, and when the steam was turned on he had to go. He said that if the blood was pumped up in the head it made us do things; it made some people write poetry, and some make speeches, and some sing, and some fight, and some kill folks, and they couldn't really help it if they was made that way and the blood got pumped up in the head. I believe there's a good deal in it. You know when the blood don't circulate down in your feet they get cold and kind of dead, and then if you put 'em into a pail of hot water or even cold water, and then rub 'em hard with a towel, they get prickly and red, and you can feel the blood comin' back to 'em and feel 'em wake up again.

"Well, I set perfectly still while she stood by the mantel-piece. First she picked up one thing and then another and kind of dusted 'em and put 'em back. She done this till she had dusted ever'thing on the mantel-piece, and all the time she would be lookin' over toward me, but I kept my eyes down on the paper and pretended to be readin'. I knew that she didn't dust the things because she wanted to dust, for she always dusted in the mornin' just after she swept. I knew she did it because she was nervous and mad, and was waitin' for me to begin. Of course, sometimes when you are mad the longer you wait the more you get over it, and then sometimes the longer you wait the madder you get. It's like a boiler not usin' any of its steam while the fire is goin'; if it waits long enough somethin's got to happen.

"Finally, after she got everything dusted she looked over straight at me and says, 'Are you goin' to read that paper all night?' I told her I was if I wanted to, that it was none of her business how long I read it; there was a part of it that I'd like to give her to read if she wanted to; it was the cookery department, and had a recipe for frying steak. Of course, there wa'n't no such thing in the paper, and I just made it up and said it to be sassy, and I knew I shouldn't have been throwin' it up to her, but I was so mad I really didn't think how 'twould sound. Then she said she didn't want any advice from me or the paper either, about cookin', and she wanted me to understand that the cookin' was none of my business and she'd tend to that herself in her own way, and if ever I interfered again she'd leave me and take the kid with her. She said she learned cookin' long before she ever knew me. Then I said I thought she could make money by startin' a cookin' school; all them rich folks

on Prairie Avenue would come over to get her to learn them how to fry steak. She said she guessed she knew more 'bout fryin' steak than I did, and when I boarded at the restaurant I was mighty glad to get steak fried that way, and I only grumbled about it now because I was so mean and didn't know how to treat a woman, and a man like me never had no right to have a decent wife. Then I said I wished I hadn't; I'd be a mighty sight better off by myself than livin' with her and havin' her spoil everything that came in the house, and I wished I was back boardin' in the restaurant where she found me. She said I didn't wish it half so much as she did, that she got along a good deal better when she was waitin' on the table than she had since she married me; then she had a chance to get out once in a while and see someone and have a good time, but now she stayed to home from one year's end to another lookin' after me and my brat. I told her I guessed the brat was just as much hers as it was mine, and I didn't think that was any way to speak about the boy. Of course I really knew that she didn't say it because she had anything against him, but just because she was mad at me. She always liked him, and I can't make any complaint of the way she treated him, and I want him to know it when we're both dead, and I don't want him to get any idea that she wa'n't perfectly square. I kind of want you to fix it, if you can, so 'twon't look to him as if either of us was to blame, but I guess that won't be an easy thing to do.

"Then I said she was mighty glad to give up the job she had at the restaurant to marry me. She said I asked her to get married, that she didn't ask me. Then I told her that, of course, she didn't ask me, but she gave me a mighty good chance, and that I believed she just got that red waist and fixed up her hair the way she did to ketch me, and when I spoke to her about marryin' it didn't take her very long to throw up her job, and take me so she could get supported without doin' anything. Then she said that if she spent any money to get that red waist to ketch me she was throwin' it away, and that if I thought she ever worked for anyone else as hard as she did for me and my brat that I was mistaken, and it didn't make any difference what she done, I never gave her any thanks or did anything for her. If I ever had any time I spent it with them drunken loafers and politicians and never went anywhere with her; that she wa'n't no better'n a slave, and what was she doin' it all for; pretty soon she'd be old long before her time. Her looks was all gone now, and she hadn't even had a new dress for over a year. I told her that I didn't know what she wanted of looks, she never was a prize beauty and 'twa'n't very like anybody'd ever be fool enough to marry her again, if anything happened to me. And she said if she ever got rid of me there wouldn't be much danger of her marryin' anyone else, she had men enough to last as long as she lived; that all they ever thought of was what they could get to eat and drink, that I'd made more fuss over that miser'ble beefsteak than anyone would over their soul, and she didn't see why she ever stood it from me, and she was just as good as I ever was and knew just as much, and worked a good deal harder, and didn't run 'round nights and get drunk and spend all the money with a lot of loafers, and be in debt all the time and have the collector runnin' after me. I told her I had just about enough of that kind of talk, and wouldn't stand no more of it from her; it was bad enough for her to

burn up the beefsteak and spoil it without blackguardin' me and callin' me names; she was mighty glad to get the clothes and the grub I bought her and to live in my house and have me work hard every day in the cold to get money while she just stayed to home and played with the kid, and if she said another word to me I'd smash her face. Then she said, 'Yes, you miserable wife-beater, you kicked me once, didn't you, but you needn' think you can kick me or lay hands on me again. I ain't afraid of you nor any of your low-lived drunken crew!' Then she kind of reached back to the mantel and took hold of a plaster Paris lady I'd bought of a peddler, just as if she was goin' to throw it at me, same as she throwed that dish once before. I seen what she was doin' and I grabbed her arm and said, 'You damned bitch, don't try that on me'; and I gave her a kind of shove over toward a chair and she missed the chair and fell on the floor.

"Of course, you know I didn't really mean anything when I called her a damned bitch; that is, I didn't mean any such thing as anyone might think from them words. You know us fellers down to the yards don't think very much about usin' that word, and we never really mean anything by it. But I don't think 'twas a very nice word to use and have always been sorry I said it, even if I did kill her.

"Well, she jumped up off'n the floor and made towards the table, like she'd grab a knife, and by this time I had a prickly feelin' runnin' all through my head and up into my hair, and I didn't really think of anything but just about her and what she was doin'. I don't believe I even thought about the kid in there on the bed. Mebbe if I had I wouldn't have done it.

"Well, when she made for the table that way, I just run over between her and the table, and said, 'Damn you, if you move another step I'll knock your damned brains out!' Them's the very words I said. I didn't really think what I'd do, but of course I was mad and didn't mean to give up to her, and wanted to show her who was boss, and that's all I thought about. Then she come right up to me and sort of throwed her arms back behind her, and throwed her head back, and her hair hung down all kind of loose, and her eyes glared like electric lights, and she looked right at me and just yelled so I thought the people could hear her all over the ward. And she said, 'Kill me! you miserable drunken contemptible wife-beater; kill me, I just dare you to kill me! Kill me if you want to and then go in there and kill the boy, too; you'd better make a good job of it while you're at it! Kill me, you coward, why don't you kill me?'

"Just then I happened to look down by the stove and seen the coal pail, and there was the poker in the pail. The poker was long and heavy. Of course I hadn't ever thought anything about the poker, but I looked down there and seen it, and she kept yellin' right at me, 'Kill me! Kill me!' I said: 'Shut up your mouth, damn you, or I will kill you!' But she just yelled back, 'Why don't you do it! Kill me! Kill me! You miserable dirty coward! Kill me!' Then I looked down at the poker and I just reached and grabbed it, and swung back as hard as ever I could.

"Her face was kind of turned up toward me. I can see it now just as plain—I s'pose I'll see it when I'm standin' up there with the black cap over my eyes. She just leaned back and looked up as I swung my arm and she said: 'Kill me! Kill me!' And I brought it down just as hard as ever I could right over her forehead,—and she fell down on the floor."

V

YOU might go and talk to the guard a little bit, I'll be all right in a few minutes. You know this is the first time I've ever told it, and I guss I'm a bit worked up."

Hank got up, without looking at Jim's face. His own was white as a corpse. He moved over to the little iron door and spoke to the guard.

"Could you give me a drink of water—or could you make it whiskey? I'm sure that would be better for Jim."

The guard passed him a flask, and told him to just keep it. Hank took a drink himself and handed it to Jim.

"Well, I guess 'twould do me good. I believe if I was out of here I wouldn't never take any more, but I don't see any use stoppin' now; anyhow I'll need a lot of it in the mornin'. Just ask the guard if any word has come for me. I s'pose he'd told me, though, if it had." Jim held the bottle to his mouth long enough to drink nearly half of what was left.

Hank looked out at the silent corridors. Over in the court he could still hear the hammer and the voices of the workmen; from the upper tiers, the wild shriek of an insane man called on someone to save him from an imaginary foe. A solitary carriage rolled along the pavement, and the voices of two or three men singing came up from the street below. A faint breath from the lake just stirred the heavy prison smell that seemed dense enough to be felt. The guard asked him how he was managing to pass the night. Hank answered that it was going much faster than he had thought.

"Poor fellow," said the guard, "I'll be kind of lonesome when he's gone. He's been a good prisoner." This was the highest character that a guard could give.

"Well, Hank, if you are ready now, I'll go on with my story. That whiskey kind of braced me up, and I s'pose you needed it too, after listenin' so long. I must hurry, for I ain't near through with what I wanted to say. I've thought lots about how I hit her, and I s'pose I ought to think it was awful, and it looks so to me now, and still it didn't seem so then. I can't help thinkin' of what that feller said to us in his speech. He claimed that punishin' people didn't do no good; that other people was just as likely to kill someone if you hung anybody, as they would be if you let 'em go, and he went on to say that they used to hang people for stealin' sheep and still just as many sheep got stole and probably more'n there was after they done away with it. I don't s'pose I ever should have thought anything about it if I hadn't killed her, but, of course, that made me think a lot. I'm sure that I wouldn't do such a thing again; I wouldn't be near so likely to do it as I was before, because now I know how them things commence, and I'm awful, awful sorry for her too. There wa'n't no reason why she should die, and why I should have killed her, and if there was anything I could do to change it, of course I would.

"But I can't really see how hangin' me is goin' to do any good. If it was I might feel different, but it ain't. Now, all my life I always read about all the murders in the newspapers and I read about all the trials and hangin's, and I always kind of wished I could go and see one. But I never thought I'd go this way. Why, I was readin' about a murder and how a feller was found guilty and sentenced to be hung just before I killed her. And do you s'pose I thought anything about it? If there'd been forty scaffolds right before my eyes I'd have brought down that poker just the same. I don't believe anyone thinks of gettin' hung when they do it; even if they did think of it they'd plan some way to get 'round it when they made up their mind to do the killin'. But they don't think much about it. I believe sometimes that the hangin' makes more killin'. Now look at them car-barn fellers; they just went out and killed people regardless, same as some men go out to shoot game. I don't believe they'd 've done it if it hadn't been so dangerous. And then you know when they hung the whole three of 'em at once, and one feller cut his own throat so as to cheat 'em, and they took him right up and hung him, too, though he was so weak they had to carry him onto the scaffold, and the doctors done ever'thing they could do to keep him from dyin' just so's they could hang him. Well, you know they hadn't any more'n finished them until another gang of young fellers commenced doin' just the same kind of thing, and they are in jail now for murder, and you know one of 'em came in here one day and looked at the other ones before he done the killin'. I half believe that all the fuss they made 'bout them fellers and hangin' 'em and printin' it all in the newspapers did more to make the other ones do it than anything else. But I s'pose there ain't no use hangin' 'em unless you put it all in the newspapers, for it won't scare anyone from doin' it unless people know they are hung.

"But, of course what I think about it don't make any difference, so I'd better hurry on. Well, after she fell over I stood still for a few minutes waitin' for her to get up. Of course I thought she'd get right up again, and mebbe come back at me. But she didn't move. Then I thought she was scarin' me, and I just sat down for a few minutes to show her that I wa'n't goin' to be fooled in no such way. Still she didn't stir. Then I commenced to be half scart and half mad. I didn't think it was right to try to make me believe I had done anything like that. So I said, 'When you've laid there long enough you'd better get up.' Then I said, 'What's the use of playin' theater, you can't fool me. I'm goin' to bed and when you get ready you can come along.' But I didn't go to bed; I just sat still a little longer, and then I stepped over by her head and looked down at it, and I thought it didn't look right, and then I was scart in earnest. Just then I heard the kid cry, and I didn't want him to come out, so I locked the outside door and took a good look to see that all the curtains was clear down, and went in to see the kid. I lit a candle in the bedroom and talked with him a little; told him ever'thing was all right and to go to sleep, and I'd come in again in a minute or two. Then I went back to the settin' room to see her.

"Before I looked at her face I looked down to her feet to see if maybe they hadn't moved, for I didn't want to look at her face if I

could help it. And I thought mebbe this would be the best way. But the feet was just where they was before; then I looked at her hands and they hadn't moved, so I knew I just had to look at her face. I hadn't examined her very close before, I was so scart, and I never could look at blood or dead folks, but of course this was different; so I got down on the floor close up to her face, and I seen the great welt along her forehead and top of her head and across the temple, and 'twas all covered with blood and a lot of it had got on the floor. Her eyes was wide open. I knew they didn't see anything. They looked just as if they'd been turned to glass, before she'd had time to shut 'em. I felt of her wrist to see if her pulse was goin'. At first I thought it wa'n't, and then I thought I felt it go a little, and I never felt so good in all my life. I pushed my finger down harder, but I couldn't get it again. Then I felt of her heart and it was just the same way. I leaned over to her ear, and asked her to please wake up, that I was awful sorry, and I didn't know what I was doin', and if she'd just speak I'd be good to her all my life and do ever'thing I could for her, and then I asked her to do it on account of the boy, but still she didn't move. Of course I was almost scart to death by this time; first I thought I'd call the neighbors and send for a doctor and then I thought that was no use. If she wa'n't dead I didn't need him, and if she was I must try to do somethin' so no one would find it out. Then I began to think what could be done to bring her to. I never had much experience with people that got hurt, except the ones I'd seen at the railroad, and I wa'n't just sure what to do with anyone in this fix. But I'd read somethin' about it somewhere, and so I went into the back room and drew some water into a pail and took an old cloth and got down on the floor and commenced washin' her head. But I couldn't see the first sign of life. Then I looked around for some whiskey and found a little in a bottle in the closet and poured some in her mouth, but it all run right out, and she didn't move.

"Of course I never went to school very much but no matter how good an education I had I don't s'pose I could tell you how I felt so you'd know it yourself. I never s'posed I'd do anything to get into any trouble, and I always thought I was different from criminals. But here I was in the house with her dead, and I'd killed her, and what would happen to me? I just pictured the head-lines in the newspapers and the boys callin' 'all about the Jackson murder,' and me tried for murder and hung, and the kid goin' 'round the rest of his life knowin' that his father had killed his mother and then got hung.

"At first I just set paralyzed and sort of held my head in my hands and moaned, and wondered if mebbe it wa'n't a dream and if I couldn't wake up, and then I thought I'd go and give myself up to the police and be done with it, and then I thought I might just as well kill myself, so I went and got an old razor, that I used to shave with sometimes, and tried to get up my nerve to cut my throat. But somehow I couldn't put the edge over my wind-pipe. I wish though now that I had. Did you ever try to kill yourself? Them people that say it's only cowards that kill themselves don't know what they're talkin' about. I'd like to see them try it once. I'd have killed myself only I didn't have the nerve. It wa'n't because I cared anything about livin'; but I just couldn't cut my own throat. Then I thought mebbe she wa'n't dead, and I'd look

again. So I done just the way I had before,—commenced at her feet to see if they'd moved, then when I got up to her hands I thought one of 'em had moved, and my heart just gave a great big jump. Then I remembered that I'd picked it up, when I'd felt for her pulse and had put it down in a different place. Then I looked up to her face and it was just the same. It was white as a sheet, all except the long red and black welt and the blood, and her eyes wide open, and lookin' right straight up to the ceilin' starin' just like a ghost. Then I felt of her hands and feet, and they was cold as ice and she was stiff, and I knew it was all off and she was dead.

"If you don't mind I'll just take a little more of that whiskey before I go on; the whole thing's been a little wearin' on me and I think it'll brace me up a bit. You'd better have some, too. That guard is a good feller, considerin' the place he's in. I believe if you hadn't come I'd told my story to him. I didn't feel as if I could go without tellin' someone how it really was. You see no one ever made the least bit of allowance for me in the trial, and I got tired of talkin' to my lawyer all the time. He always said that what I told him didn't amount to anything, and he was so well educated that he couldn't understand me anyhow.

"When I was sure that she was dead, I just throwed myself over on the floor, and laid my face flat down on my arm and give up. I'm sure I cried and I thought they could hear me next door, but I guess they didn't. Anyhow I cried without payin' any attention to 'em. I must have laid this way for ten or fifteen minutes without once lookin' up, and she was right close to me, and I could just reach out my hand and touch her. And I hadn't begun to think what I'd do. Then after I'd laid a while, I just thought mebbe I'd ought to pray. It had been a long while since I'd prayed. Of course, I hadn't paid much attention to such things when I was all right; I guess there ain't many people that does, except women and children, but I always really believed in it, just the same as I do now. I kind of thought that God knew that I wasn't wicked enough to kill her, and have all this trouble, and bring all that misery on the kid; so I thought I'd try him. I didn't know much about prayers except only the ones I'd learnt long ago, and they didn't any of 'em seem to fit this case. But I didn't need to know any prayers; I just got down on my knees and prayed myself. I begged God to have her come back; I told him how good she was, and how the boy needed her and what a hard time I'd always had, same as I told you, only not near so long, and I apologized the best I could for not goin' to church more reg'lar and not ever prayin' to him, and I asked him to forgive me for the time I kicked her, and the other things I'd done, and I promised if he only would let her come back I'd always be good and take care of her and the boy, and never do anything wrong and always go to church and confessional, and love God and Jesus and the Virgin and all the saints, and quit politics and drinkin', and do right. I prayed and prayed, and I meant it all, too. And I don't believe it was all for myself, 'though I s'pose most of it was, but I really felt awful sorry for her, as I have ever since, and I felt awful sorry for the boy, who never had anything at all to do about it all.

"Then after I quit prayin' I got up slow, thinkin' that it might have

done some good, and that mebbe she'd be all right, so I started in, just as I had before, with her feet to see if they'd moved. I s'pose the reason I done this way was that if I saw her head first and knew she was dead 'twould be all off the first thing; and when I commenced with her feet I always had some hope till I got clear up to her head. Well, her feet hadn't moved a bit. Then I went to her hands, and they was just in the same place, and I began to feel it wa'n't any use to look at her head; but I did. And there it was just as white as that plaster-Paris lady, and her eyes lookin' straight up.

"Then I felt sure 'twas all off. I'd done everything I could think of, and I'd prayed just as hard as I knew how, and I was sure no one ever meant it more'n I did or wanted it any more, and I knew, of course, God had seen the whole thing and could do it if he wanted to and that he didn't want to, and that she was clear dead. I kind of half set and half laid down on the floor a little while longer, tryin' to think about it and what I was goin' to do. But I couldn't make any plans; I kep' thinkin' about how it had all happened, and it begun to seem as if it wa'n't really me that hit her with the poker, but as if both of us was somebody else and I was sort of dreamin' about it all. Ain't you ever had them kind of feelin's when somethin' awful has happened? But, of course, nothin' like that ever happened to you. I thought most about that beefsteak, and how I stopped and bought it, and didn't go in and get a drink, and all the time it seemed to me just as if that was where I made my big mistake. And then I thought how awful near I come to goin' into the saloon instead of the butcher-shop, and then some of the time I'd kind of feel as if mebbe I was goin' into the saloon after all, and it wa'n't goin' to happen. Don't you know how it is when anybody's died or anything happened? You think about everything that's done, so as to see if mebbe you can't make it come out some other way after all? Well, that's the way I done about every little thing, and every word we both spoke till I hit her with the poker. Another thing where I almost missed killin' her was that poker; that coal pail didn't belong in the settin' room at all, but ought to have been in the kitchen, and I don't know how it ever got in there. Mebbe the boy lugged it in for a drum. You know he didn't have many playthings, or mebbe she started a little fire in the settin' room, for 'twas the first cold day. I don't see how it could have been that either, for she was washin' that day and wouldn't have any time to set in there. But I don't know as it makes any difference; the coal pail was in the settin' room and the poker was in the pail, and they was right before my eyes at the time. If they hadn't been I never would've used the poker. When she stood up and told me to kill her, I'd most likely struck her with my fists and that would only knocked her down. But anyhow it didn't do any good to go over it, for I couldn't go into the saloon instead of the butcher-shop, and I couldn't get that coal pail out of the settin' room, and it had all been done—and she was dead! And I'd killed her! After I'd went over this a long time I made myself stop so I could do somethin' that would be some use, for I knew there was lots to be done before mornin', and I hadn't a minute to lose. I knew I must get up off'n the floor and try to act like a man, and not give up, no matter how bad it was. But before I got up I thought I'd just take one more look to make sure that there wa'n't no use. So I

went over her again, just as I'd done before, and it came out the same way anyhow. I didn't much think it was any use then and would've just about as soon begun at the head and got through with it right away.

"After I had looked her over again I got up and set down in a chair to make up my mind what to do. I hadn't been there very long when I knew I couldn't figure it out; 'twas too much for me the way I was, and so I thought I'd just quit tryin' and do a few things first. And then I wondered what time 'twas. I hadn't thought anything about the time before, but I s'posed it must be almost mornin' for just then I heard an express wagon drive along the street, and anyhow it seemed an awful long while since I got home. The clock was right up on the mantelpiece and tickin' loud, but I hadn't thought of lookin' at it before and didn't even know it was in the room. I looked up and seen it was goin' and that 'twas only a quarter to twelve. I was surprised that it wa'n't no later, and wondered how it could be, and just then it struck and I kind of kep' count because I was sort of thinkin' of the clock and it stopped strikin' at nine. Then I thought somethin' must be wrong with the clock too, and I looked back again and seen that I'd made a mistake in the hands and 'twas only nine o'clock. I couldn't believe this was so, but the clock was goin' all right. Then I kind of braced up a little and thought what was to be done. First, I looked 'round the room. I told you, didn't I, that we et in the settin' room? It was a settin' room and a dinin' room both. Sometimes we et in the kitchen, but that was pretty small. The table stood there with the dirty dishes just as we'd got through eatin'. There was the plates and knives and forks, and the teacups and the big platter with some of that steak left, and the gravy gettin' kind of hard like lard all 'round it. The coal pail was there and standin' 'round the table where we'd set to eat, except the rockin' chair which was over by the stove. I looked at all them things, and then I looked down at the floor, and there she lay with her head over toward the closet door and her feet up almost under the table. It was an awful sight to look at her on the floor, but there wa'n't nothin' else to do, so I looked her all over as careful as I had before, then I got kind of scart; I hadn't never been in a room alone with anyone that was dead, except at the morgue; but, of course, this was worse than anything of that kind. I'd always heard more or less about ghosts and haunted houses and things like that, and didn't believe anything of the kind, but they seemed to come back now when I looked over where she was layin'. I was afraid of ever'thing, not of people but of ghosts and things I couldn't tell nothin' about. I knew she was dead and must have gone somewhere, and most likely she was right 'round here either in the bedroom lookin' at the boy or out here seein' how I felt and what I was goin' to do with her. Just then I heard somethin' move over by the closet and it scart me almost to death. I knew it must be her and couldn't bear to see her unless she could come to life on the floor. Finally I looked around to where I heard the noise and then I seen it was the curtain; the window was down a little at the top. I went and put up the window, and then hated to turn 'round and look back where she lay. Then I went to the bedroom door and opened it about half way just so the light wouldn't fall on the bed and wake him up, but so I could hear him breathe and it wouldn't be quite so lonesome. Ever'thing was awful still and like a

ghost except the clock, after I got to thinkin' of it. Then it ticked so loud I was almost 'fraid they'd hear it in the next house. When I got the bedroom door open I thought I must do somethin' about her and the room before I made up my mind what plan to take about myself.

"First I went and hunted up the cat. I'd always heard about that, so I went into the kitchen and there she was sleepin' under the stove. I couldn't help wishin' I was the cat, although I had never thought of any such thing before. Then I took her in my hand and went to the outside door and threw her out in the yard and shut the door tight. Then I came back in the settin' room and thought about what had to be done. I looked over again at her and then I saw her eyes still lookin' right up at the ceilin', and round and shinin' like glass marbles. I thought that wa'n't the way they ought to be and that all the dead folks I'd ever seen had their eyes shut. So I went over and got down by her head and kind of pushed the lids over her eyes, same as I'd always heard they did, and put some nickels on 'em to keep 'em down. I don't know how I done it, but I felt as if it had to be done, and, of course, they wa'n't no one else to do it, and nobody knows what they can do until they have to. And then I saw that there was a good deal of blood on her face, and I wanted her to look decent though I didn't know then what would be done with her, and I went into the kitchen to the sink and got a pan of water and some soap and an old towel, and washed all the blood off that I could find, and wiped her face careful to make her look as well as I could. Once or twice while I was doin' it I kind of felt down to her heart, but I knew it wa'n't no use. Still I thought it couldn't do any hurt, and that God might've thought I wa'n't scart enough so he waited; but I didn't feel nothin' there. Then I kind of smoothed back her hair like I'd seen her do sometimes. 'Twas all scattered round on the floor and pretty full of blood. I couldn't very well get the blood out, but I fixed the hair all back together the best I could. Then I noticed that her jaw kind of hung down and I pushed it up and tied a towel around it to keep it there, and then she looked pretty well, except that great long gash over her face and head where the poker went.

"Then I thought I'd have to fix up the room and the floor a little bit. I sort of pushed back the chairs and the table so I could get a little more room, and then moved her a little way and straightened her out some. First before I moved her I got that paper I'd been readin' and laid it on the floor and then I took up her shoulders and lifted 'em over to one side and laid her head on the paper. Then I moved the rest of her over to match her head and shoulders. There was a lot of blood on the floor where she'd been, and I knew I had to do somethin' about that.

"There was a nice Japanese rug on the floor, and her head had struck just on the edge of it over by the door. I'd bought her the rug for a Christmas present last year, and she liked it better'n anything she had in the house, but it was beginnin' to wear out some. A part of the blood was on the floor and a part on the rug. So I went and got another pan of water and the soap and towel and washed the floor; then I washed the rug the best I could, and lifted it up and washed in under it, and then threw away the water and got some more and washed it all over again. When I seen that the last water was a little bloody I thought mebbe I'd better go over it again, so I got some more water and went over

it the third time, then I threw the water out and washed the towel as good as I could, and went back in and looked 'round the room to see if there was anything else to do. Just then I noticed the poker that I hadn't thought of before. I took it to the kitchen and washed it all over and then dried it and then put it in the stove and covered it with ashes, and then laid it down on the hearth; then I went back in and seen that ever'thing was finished and that she was all right, and there wa'n't nothin' to do except to make my plans. But before I go on and tell you what I done with her, let me speak to the guard a minute."

Hank and Jim got up once more and looked out through the bars. The guard was still sitting on the stool and asked what he could do.

"What time is it?" said Jim.

"Oh, it's early yet, only a little after twelve," he replied. "Wouldn't you like a little more whiskey? I've got another bottle here, and I can get all I want down to the office. If I was you I'd drink it. I don't think whiskey does any hurt. I'm always arguing with that other guard about it. He's bug-house on whiskey."

Jim took the whiskey and then turning to the guard, with an anxious face, said, "You're sure nothin' has come for me?"

"No, there's nothin' come." But after a few minutes he added, "I'll go over to the telephone pretty soon and call up the telegraph office and make sure."

Jim's face brightened a little at this. "I'm much obliged. It might be sent to me, and it might be sent to the jailer or the sheriff. You'd better ask for all of us."

VI

THAT whiskey makes me feel better. I've been takin' a good deal tonight and I s'pose I'll take more in the mornin'. That's one reason why I'm drinkin' so much now. First I thought I wouldn't take any tomorrow—or—I guess it's today, ain't it? It don't seem possible; but I s'pose it is. I thought I'd show the newspapers and people that's been tellin' what a coward I was to kill a woman! but now I think I'll take all I possibly can. I guess that's the best way. It don't make no difference—if I take it they'll say I'm a coward and if I don't, it's only bravado. Most people takes so much that they almost have to be carried up, and they don't hardly know. I guess that's the best way. Some people take somethin' to have a tooth pulled, and I don't see why they shouldn't for a thing like this. Mebbe the whiskey makes me talk more'n I meant to, and tell you a lot of things that hain't nothin' to do with the case, but it's pretty hard for me to tell what has and what hain't.

"After I got her laid out and the floor cleaned, I set down a minute to think what I'd do next. First I thought I'd go in and get the kid and take him away, and leave her there, and I guess now that would have been the best way, and they wouldn't found it out so quick. But then I thought the people next door, or the postman, or milkman, or somebody, would come along in the mornin' and find her there, and I couldn't get far with the kid. Besides I only had about ten dollars and I knew that wouldn't last long. Then I thought I'd just go out and jump onto one of the freight trains they was makin' up in the yards, and leave her and the kid both; then I couldn't bear to think of him wakin' up and comin' out into the settin' room and findin' her there. He wouldn't know what it meant and would be scart to death and 'twouldn't be right. Then so long as I couldn't do either one, I had to get her out, but I didn't know how to do it, and what was I goin' to do with her when I got her out. First I thought I'd try to put her in the sewer, and then I knew someone would find her there for that had been tried before; then I studied to see what else I could think of.

"Finally I happened to remember a place she and I went once picnickin', just after we was married. I don't know how I happened to remember it, 'cept that I couldn't think of anything to do, and then I was kind of goin' over our life, and it seemed as if that was the nicest day we ever had. One of the boys had been tellin' me about the new street car lines that run way off down through Pullman and South Chicago, and out into the country, and how nice it was out there away from all the houses. So one Sunday we went over to the street cars and started out. I don't know whether we found the right place or not, but I remember just when we was goin' to turn somewhere to go to Pullman or South Chicago we saw

some trees off in a field, and thought that would be a nice place to go and set in the shade and eat the lunch we'd brought along. So we went over under the trees, and then I saw some rock further over, and then she and I went over where they was and there was a great deep pond with big stones all 'round the edge. I heard that it was an old stone quarry that had got filled up with water. But it was awful deep and big, and we set down under a little tree on top of one of them big rocks and let our feet hang over the sides, and the water was way down below, and I said to her just in fun, 'Now, if I wanted to get rid of you, I could just push you over here and no one would ever know anything about it.' She kind of laughed at the idea and said if I ever wanted to get rid of her I wouldn't have to push her off any rock, that she'd go and jump in somewhere herself, and I told her if I ever wanted her to I'd let her know, and for her to just wait till I did. And we went all 'round the pond, and I threw stones in it and tried to see how near across I could throw, and we stayed 'round until it was time to take the car and go home. And I don't believe I ever had a better time. Now and then when we was friendly or had got over a fight, we used to talk about goin' back there again, but we never did.

"Well, after thinkin' of ever'thing I could, I made up my mind that the best thing was for me to put her on the express wagon and take her out there, if I could find the place. I didn't believe anybody would ever know anything about it, and if they did 'twould be a long time and they wouldn't know who she was.

"Then I thought it might be dangerous gettin' her out of the house and gettin' the wagon out on the street that time of night. If anyone seen us they'd be suspicious and want to know what I was doin', and then I was afraid the policeman would be watchin' for suspicious people and things along the street. But I didn't see anything else to do, and I knew I had to take chances anyway and would most likely get caught in the end. I looked at the clock and found 'twas only ten, and I felt as if that was too early to start out. The people next door wouldn't be abed and if they ever saw me carryin' her out they couldn't help noticin' it. So I set down and waited. You hain't no idea how slow the time goes in such a case. I just set and heard that clock tick, and the boy breathin' in the other room; it seemed as if every tick was just fetchin' me that much nearer to the end—and I s'pose mebbe that's so, whether we've killed anyone or not, but you don't never think of it unless it's some place where you're waitin' for someone to die, or somethin' like that. Then of course I kept thinkin' of ever'thing in my whole life, and I went over again how I'd done it, but I couldn't make it come out any different no matter how hard I tried.

"Then I wondered what I was goin' to do next, and how long 'twould be before they'd ketch me, and if I'd stand any show to get out, if I got ketched. Of course, I thought I'd have to run away. I never seemed to think of anything but that. I guess ever'body runs away when they do any such thing; 'tain't so much bein' safer, but they want to get away. It don't seem as if they'd ever be any

chance anymore where it's done. But I couldn't just figger out where to go. Of course, I knew I'd take the cars. There ain't any other way to travel if you want to go quick. Then I thought I'd have a long enough time to figger it out while I was takin' that drive down across the prairie. Anyhow I'd need somethin' to think about while I was goin'.

"That feller that talked to us in the jail said the real reason why they hung people and locked 'em up was to get even with 'em, to make 'em suffer because they'd done somethin'. He said all the smart men who'd studied books claimed that hangin' and punishin' didn't keep other people from doin' things. But if it's done to make anyone suffer they ain't any use in doin' it at all. I never suffered so much since as I did when I was settin' there and thinkin' all about it, and what I was goin' to do, and what would become of the kid, and how she was dead, and ever'thing else. You know it takes quite a while to get used to a thing like that, and while I was settin' there beginnin' to realize what it all meant, it was awful! If I'd only had the nerve I'd just cut my throat and fell right over alongside of her. A good many people does that and I wish I could 've. But every time I thought of it I kind of hung back. I don't ever want any more such nights; I'd rather they'd hang me and be done with it. I didn't suffer so much when I was runnin' away or gettin' caught, or bein' tried; even when I was waitin' for the verdict to come in; nor I didn't suffer so much waitin' for the Supreme Court or the Governor, or even since they give up hope and I can hear 'em puttin' that thing up over there in the court-yard.

"I don't s'pose hangin' will hurt so very much after all. The main thing is, I want 'em to hurry after they start out. Of course, I'll be pretty drunk, and won't know much about what they're doin', and I don't s'pose they'll take long after I put on them clothes until it's all over. Goin' from here to the place won't hurt, though I s'pose it'll be pretty hard work walkin' up the ladder and seein' that rope hangin' over the beam, and knowin' what it's for. But I s'pose they'll help me up. And then strappin' my hands and feet'll take some time. But they don't need to do that with me for I shan't do a thing;—still mebbe if they didn't I'd kind of grab at the rope when they knocked the door out from under my feet. I might do that without knowin' it. So I s'pose it's just as well. It must be kind of sickish when they tie the rope 'round your neck, and when they pull that cap over your head, and you know you ain't never goin' to see anything again. I don't s'pose they'll wait long after that; they oughtn't to. You won't feel anything when you're fallin' down through, but it must hurt when you're pulled up short by the neck. But that can't last long, can it? They do say the fellers kicks a good deal after they're hung, but the doctors say they don't really feel it, and I s'pose they know, but I don't see how they can all be so smart about ever'thing; they hain't never been hung.

"I s'pose the priest will be here; he's a trump, and I think more of him than I ever did before. He's been a great help to me, and I don't know what I'd done without him. Of course, he talks religion

to me, but he's kind of cheerful and ain't always making out that I'm so much worse than anyone else ever was. I ain't much afraid 'bout God; somehow I kind of feel as if He knows that I've always had a pretty tough time, and that He'll make allowances on account of a lot of them things that the judge ruled out, and He knows how I've suffered about it all and how sorry I be for her and the kid, and He'll give me a fair show. Still sometimes I can't help wonderin' if mebbe there ain't nothin' in all of it, and if I hain't got through when my wind's shut off. Well, 'scuse me, I didn't want to make you feel bad, but I've thought about it so much and gone over it so many times that it don't seem as if it was me, but that someone else was goin' to get hung; but I hain't no right to tell it to anybody else, and I didn't mean to.

"Well, I set there and waited and waited, until about eleven o'clock, and then I thought mebbe 'twould be safe enough to start. just then the boy woke up, and I heard him say 'Mamma,' and it kind of gave me a start, and I hurried in and asked him what he wanted and he said he wanted a drink of water, and I came out to the kitchen sink and got it and took it back and gave it to him. Then he asked me what time it was, and I told him about eleven o'clock, and he asked me why I had my clothes on and where mamma was, and I told him we hadn't gone to bed yet, and for him to turn over and go to sleep, and he said a few more words and then dropped off

"Then I went out to the barn to hitch up the rig. The horse was layin' down asleep, and I felt kind of mean to wake him, for I knew he was about played out anyhow; but it couldn't be helped, so I got him up and put on the harness. I s'pose he didn't know much about the time, and thought he was goin' down to Water Street after a load of potatoes. I didn't bring any lantern; I knew the barn so well I could hitch up in the dark. Then I took the hay off'n the potatoes and put it in the bottom of the wagon to lay her on, and then run the wagon out and turned it 'round and backed it in again. I 'most always hitched up outside the barn for there was more room outdoors, but I didn't want to be out there any more'n I could help, so I thought I'd get all ready in the barn so I could just drive away.

"Well, I got the horse all harnessed and the bits in his mouth, and ever'thing ready to hitch up, and then went back in the house. I'd been thinkin' that I'd better take one more look, not that 'twould do any good but just because it might. You know when you've lost a knife, or a quarter, or anything, and you look through all your pockets and find it 'tain't there, and then go back and look through all of 'em again and don't find it; then you ain't satisfied with that and mebbe you keep a lookin' through 'em all day, even when you know 'tain't there. Well, that's the way I felt about her, only I s'pose a good deal worse, so when I got in I looked her over again just the same way's I had before. I felt for her pulse and her heart but 'twa'n't no use. Then I got my old overcoat and my hat and got ready to start, but before I left I thought I'd just look out once to see if the folks in the next house was abed, and I found they wa'n't,

for there was a light in the kitchen right next to mine, and I knew 'twould never do to carry that kind of a bundle out the back door while they was up. So I waited a little while until the light went out and ever'thing was still, and then put on my coat and hat and picked her up in my arms. It was an awful hard thing to do, but there wa'n't nothin' else for it, so I just kind of took my mind off'n it and picked her up. When I got her kind of in my arms one of her arms sort of fell over, and her legs kind of hung down like they was wood, and then I see I had to fasten 'em some way or I couldn't never carry her. It wa'n't like a live person that can stay right where they want to; it was more like carryin' an arm full of wood that would scatter all around unless you get it held tight.

"Then I laid her down and found some string and tied her arms tight around her body, and then fastened her ankles together. Then I went into the bedroom and got a quilt off'n our bed and rolled her up in that. You know at my trial they made out that 'twas bad for me to tie her that way, and if I hadn't been awful wicked I wouldn't have done it. But I can't see anything in that; there wa'n't no other way to do it. Then they said it was awful bad the way I took her off and the place I dumped her, and the newspapers made that out one of the worst things about it all; but I tried to think up something else to do and I couldn't, and there she was dead, and I had to do the best I could. I washed her and fixed her all up before I went away, and if there'd been anything else I could have done I know I would.

"When I got her fixed up, I went to the door and looked out, and I saw some drunken fellers goin' along in the alley, so I waited a minute for them; and then I got her in my arms and opened the door and then turned off the light and went out and shut the door as soft as I could. It wa'n't but a few steps to the barn, but I hurried as fast as I could, and just as I was takin' the first step I heard the most unearthly screech that scart me so I 'most dropped her; but in a minute I knew it was only a train pullin' into the yards and I hurried to get to the barn before the engine come up.

"Well, I guess nobody saw me, and I got her in the wagon and laid her on the hay. I fixed her head to the end and her feet reachin' up under the seat. I didn't want her head so near me in that long drive down over the prairie. Then I covered her up the best I could with one of the old horse blankets, so it wouldn't look suspicious if anyone seen me.

"I tell you it was awful pokerish out there in the barn, worse than in the house, for I had a light there. I didn't want to stay in the barn a minute longer than I could help, so I hurried and hitched the old horse onto the wagon, then went out to the alley and looked up and down to see if anyone was there. Then I got on the seat and put a blanket around me and drove off. I was afraid the neighbors would notice me drive out of the barn, but they didn't. The moon hadn't quite got up and there couldn't anyone see unless they was right close. When I got about a block away I seen a policeman

walkin' 'long the street and goin' up to pull a box. Of course I was scart; he looked at me kind of suspicious like, and looked at the wagon to see what was in there, but it was rather dark and I braced up the best I could and drove right 'long and he didn't say nothin'. Then I found a lot of fellers that was comin' down the street makin' a lot of noise. They was a gang of politicians that had been goin' round to the saloons and was pretty full. I was afraid some of 'em might know me, but they didn't pay any attention and I went along up to the corner of Halsted and turned south. I knew Halsted was a pretty public street, but the roads was better and I had a long way to go, so I thought I might just as well chance that.

"I got along down about Twenty-ninth Street and met a gang of fellers that was makin' a lot of noise singin' and talkin', and braggin' and tellin' what they could do. I was a little 'fraid of 'em, not because I thought they'd hurt me, but I didn't know but what they'd see what was in the wagon. When I come up to 'em they told me to stop, that they was the 'Bridgeport threshers' and no one had any right there but them, and they wanted to know what reason I had to be out at that time o' night. I told 'em I was just gettin' home, that I'd been kep' late up town. Then one of 'em said, 'What you got in the wagon?' and I said, 'Potatoes.' Then one feller said, 'Let's see 'em,' and started for the wagon. But another one spoke up and said, 'Oh, Bill, leave him alone, he's all right.' And then they all started up another road and went away. That was a pretty narrow escape and I was 'most scart to death for fear they'd look under the blanket. I met a good many teams but nothin' more happened till I got down to Fifty-fifth Street Boulevard, where I turned east to go over to the Vincennes road.

"By this time the moon had come up and it was about as light as day. It had stopped snowin' and the wind had gone down but it was awful cold. I never saw a nicer night. You could see everything almost as well as daylight. I hurried the old horse as much as I could, but he couldn't go fast. He hadn't got much rested from the day before. Every once in a while I looked back at the load. I kind of hated to look, but I couldn't help it. The blanket commenced to kind of take her shape so it looked to me as if anyone would know that someone was under there. So I got out and moved the blanket and fixed it up more on one side. But I didn't look at her. Then I drove on across to Vincennes road and turned south. Every once in a while I'd meet someone, and I was afraid all the time that something would happen, but it didn't and I drove on. The moon got clear up high and I could see everything on the road and around the wagon, and see where her feet came through under the seat and almost touched mine, and could see all the horse blanket that covered her up. I hadn't got far down the Vincennes road until I thought the blanket had changed its shape and was lookin' just like her again so I got out and fixed it up and went back and drove on.

"While I was goin' 'long I kep' thinkin' what I was goin' to do and I s'pose it was the cold that made me think I'd better go south. I always did hate cold weather, and this winter I thought I'd have

to stay out and run 'round from one place to another, if I didn't get caught the first thing.

"Then I thought I must take the horse and wagon back home, and I wanted to see that the boy was all right; so I thought it might bother me to go clear out to that quarry and get away from Chicago before daylight. But anyhow I could go until one o'clock and then get back by three, and probably ketch a train before mornin'.

"After a while I begun to have a queer idea about her. I thought I could feel her lookin' right at me,—kind of feel her eyes. I drove on, and said it was all bosh and she couldn't do it, and I looked down at her feet and I seen they was in the same place, but still I couldn't get over that feelin'. I thought she was lookin' at me all the time, and I kind of 'magined I could hear her say, 'Where 're you takin' me? Where are you takin' me? Where are you takin' me?' just about the same as when she said, 'Kill me! Kill me! Kill me!' and no matter what I done, or how hard I tried, I could feel her lookin' and hear them words in my ears.

"By this time I was gettin' 'way down the Vincennes road. You know it gets wide 'way down south, and it ain't much built up nor very well paved. There's a lot of road-houses along the street; most of 'em was open and a good many fellers was 'round 'em, just as they always is 'round saloons. I'd like to have had a drink, for I was awful cold and scart, but I didn't dare go in, though I did stop at a waterin'-trough in front of one of the places and watered the horse. He was pretty well blowed and was hot. I had urged him pretty hard and the road was heavy. Wherever there was mud it was frozen so stiff that it could almost hold up, and still let you break through, the very worse kind of roads for a horse to go on.

"After I got him watered I went on and kep' meetin' lots of wagons. I never had no idea how many people traveled nights before. I s'posed I wouldn't see anyone, but I met a wagon ever' little ways and I was always afraid when I passed 'em. A great many of 'em hollered out, 'Hello, pardner,' or 'What you got to sell,' or anything, to be sociable, and I would holler back the best I could, generally stickin' to 'Potatoes,' when they asked me about my load. I thought I knew potatoes better'n anything else, and would be more at home with 'em if anything was said.

"I hadn't got far after I watered the horse before her eyes began to bother me again. Then I kept hearin' them words plainer than I had before. Then I got to thinkin' about all the things I had heard and read about people who were dead, and about murders, and that seemed to make it worse'n ever. Then I began to think of the things I'd read about people that were put away for dead, when they wa'n't dead at all, and about mesmerism, and hypnotism, and Christian Science, but I knew none of them things was done the way she'd been killed. Then I remembered about trances, and how people was give up for dead sometimes for days, and even buried and then come to life, and about how people had dug up old graveyards and found out where lots of people had moved around after they's dead. And then I thought I heard her say, 'You thought

you'd killed me! You thought you'd killed me! You thought you'd killed me!' And the further I went the plainer it sounded. Finally I began to think 'twas so and of course I hoped it was, and I kep' thinkin' it more'n more and couldn't get it out of my head. Of course, I looked around at the houses and the trees and fences and at the moon. It had clouded up a little with them kind of lightish heavy clouds you've seen that run so fast; they was just flyin' along over the sky and across the moon, and I was wishin' I could go 'long with 'em and get away from it all, and then the voice would come back, 'Where are you takin' me? Where are you takin' me Where are you takin' me? You thought you'd killed me! You thought you'd killed me! You thought you'd killed me!' And I felt so sure she wa'n't dead that I couldn't stand it any more, and I looked at her feet, but they hadn't moved, and then I stopped the horse and got off'n the wagon and went back to the hind end and lifted up the blanket kind of slow. For I felt as if I'd stand more chance that way than if I did it all at once, and I got the blanket up, and then I got hold of the quilt just by the edge and kind of pulled it back so as to uncover her face, and just then the moon came out from behind a cloud and shone right down in her face, almost like day, and she looked just as white as a ghost, and the bandage had come off her jaw and it hung clear down, and her mouth was open, and I knew she was dead.

"Then I threw the things back and jumped onto the wagon, half crazy, and hurried on.

"It was gettin' now where there wa'n't no more houses, and I hardly ever met any teams, and I was gettin' clear out on the prairies, and I looked at my old silver watch and saw it was close to one o'clock, and I thought mebbe I might just as well get through with it now as to wait any longer. So I looked along at the fields to find a good place, and after a while I saw where there was a great big field full of hummocks. It looked as if they'd been diggin' for gravel or somethin' of that kind, and I thought that was as good a place as any. So I looked up and down the road, and saw no one comin', and I drove the old horse up in the fence corner and got off the wagon, and then I fixed a good place to get over, and fastened the quilt a little better, and took her in my arms and started as fast as ever I could. I went past the fence and run over to the first hummock, but the hole didn't look very deep, and there was some more further over. So I went to them, but they wa'n't deep enough either. Then I looked 'round and saw one bigger'n the rest and went there. I laid her down and looked over. The moon was shinin' all right, and I could see that the hole was pretty big and deep. I laid her down lengthwise 'long the bank, and then took one more feel of her heart and 'twas just the same. Then I fastened the quilt a little tighter, lifted her clear over to the edge, and held her head and feet in a straight line so she'd roll down the hill all right, and then I give her a shove and turned and run away."

VII

WELL, I hadn't any more'n started to run till I heard a splash and I knew she'd got to the water all right and there wa'n't nothin' for me to do but hurry home.

"I went right back to the wagon and climbed upon the seat and turned 'round. The old horse was pretty tired but he seemed some encouraged, bein' as he'd turned home. Horses always does, no matter how poor a place they has to stay. I urged him 'long just as fast as I could; didn't stop for nothin' except to give him some water at a trough down on Halstead Street, and went right home. Then I put him in the stable and took care of him, and throwed some hay in the manger. So long as I hadn't any oats I emptied about a bushel of potatoes in with the hay. I thought they wouldn't be any use to me any more, and they'd keep him quiet a while and mebbe do him some good.

"Then I went in the house, and struck a match and lit the lamp. I didn't 'low to stay long for I'd got my plans all thought out comin' home, but I just wanted to look into the room and see the kid. I glanced 'round and ever'thing seemed all right, except I thought I'd better take the coal pail out in the kitchen. Then I looked at the floor and the rug and I couldn't see no blood; and the water had pretty near dried up. Then I opened the bedroom door and looked at the kid. He was sleepin' all right, just as if he hadn't been awake once all night. He was layin' on one side with his face lookin' out toward me, and was kind of smilin' pleasant-like and his hair was all sweaty and curly. You've seen the kid. You know he's got white curly hair just as fine as silk. That's one thing he got from her.

"Well, I couldn't hardly bear to go away and leave him, but there wa'n't nothin' else to do. I guess I would have kissed him if I hadn't been 'fraid he'd wake up, but I never was much for kissin'; kissin' depen's a good deal on how you're raised. I guess rich people kiss a good deal more'n poor people, as a general rule, but I don't know as they think any more of their children. Well, I just looked at him a minute and shut the door and went out. Then I noticed the whiskey bottle on the table that I brought out to try to wake her; I hadn't thought of it before; and I picked it up and drank what was left, and turned and blew out the lamp and went away. That's the last I ever seen of the kid, or the house.

"I went right over to the yards to see about trains. There wa'n't nothin' standin' 'round there and I didn't like to ask any questions, so I went down to the other end and see 'em switchin' some cars as if they was makin' up a train, and I walked out in the shadow of a fence until they'd got it all made up and I felt pretty sure 'twas goin' south. I knew them cars and engines pretty well. Then I jumped in a box car that was about in the middle of the train. There was a great big machine of some kind in the car, so there was plenty of

room left for me, and I snuggled down in one corner and dozed off. I don't think I'd been sleepin' long till a brakeman come past with a lantern and asked me who I was and where I was goin'. I told him I was goin' south to get a job, and wanted to get down as far as Georgia if I could, for my lungs wa'n't strong and the doctors had advised a change of climate. I had read about the doctors advisin' rich people to have a change of climate, but of course I hadn't ever heard of their tellin' the poor to do any such thing. I s'pose because it wouldn't do no good and they couldn't afford to leave their jobs and go. But I didn't see why that wasn't a good excuse. He asked me if I had any whiskey or tobacco, and I said no, and he told me that I oughtn't to get on a train without whiskey or tobacco, and I promised not to again, and then he let me go.

"It was just gettin' streaks of light in the east, and I thought I might as well go ahead and prob'ly I'd better ride till noon anyhow, as nothin' much could happen before that time. Then I went off to sleep again. The sun was pretty high before I woke up. I looked at my watch to see what time it was but found I'd forgot to wind it the night before and it had run down. Well, I concluded it was just as safe to stay on the car so long as it was goin' south and so I didn't get off all day, except to run over to a grocery when the train stopped once and get some crackers and a few cigars. I thought I'd have 'em when the brakeman come 'round, and then I fixed myself for the night. I was pretty well beat out and didn't have much trouble goin' to sleep, though of course I couldn't get it out of my head any of the time, and would wake up once in a while and wonder if it wa'n't all a dream till I found myself again and knew it was all true.

"I'd found out that the car I was in was goin' to Mississippi and made out that it was for some saw mill down there. It was switched 'round once or twice in the day, and I think once in the night, and was put on other trains, and the new brakeman had come 'round at different times. After I got the cigars I gave 'em one whenever they come 'round and this kep' 'em pretty good natured. And so long as the car had switched off and I made up my mind they wouldn't find her the first day, I thought mebbe I'd better stay right in it and go to Mississippi. I didn't know nothin' 'bout Mississippi, except that it was south and a long ways off and settled with niggers, and that they made lumber down there. I used to see a good many cars from Mississippi when I was switchin' in the yards. The car was switched off quite a bit, and didn't go very fast, and it was four days before they landed it in Mississippi.

"They stopped right in the middle of the woods, and I made up my mind that this was about as good a place to stay as anywhere, if I could get a job, and I thought it wouldn't be a bad plan to try where they was sendin' the machine. It had been so easy for me to get down to Mississippi that I began to think that mebbe my luck had changed, and that the Lord had punished me all he was goin' to. So I went up to the mill and asked for a job. The foreman told me he'd give me one if I didn't mind workin' with niggers. I told him I didn't care anything 'bout that, I guessed they was as good as I was.

So I started in. My whiskers was beginnin' to grow out some. You know I always kep' 'em shaved off, and now they was comin' out all over my face, and I made up my mind to let 'em grow. I went to work loadin' saw logs onto a little car that took 'em down into the mill. A great big stout nigger worked with me, and we took long poles and rolled the logs over onto the cars, and then it was rolled down into the mill and another one come up in its place. I found the only chance to board was in the big buildin' where all the hands lived. I thought this wa'n't a bad place. Most of the people boardin' there was niggers, but there was a few white fellers, and I naturally got acquainted with 'em.

"I'd been there a week or two when someone brought a Chicago paper into the house. It was covered with great big headlines and had my picture on the front page. It told all 'bout some boys findin' her and about the neighbors hearin' me call her a damned bitch, and about the kid wakin' up in the mornin' and goin' out in the street to hunt its ma. Then it offered a thousand dollars reward in great big letters.

"My whiskers had grown out a good deal and I didn't look so very much like the picture. Anyhow I don't think newspaper pictures look much like anybody. Still, of course, I was awful scart at that. My best chum read the piece all over out loud to me after we got through work, and he said it beat all what a place Chicago was; that such things as that was always happenin' in Chicago; and that Jackson must have been an awful bad man—wouldn't I hate to meet him out in the woods some place! A man like that would rather kill anybody than eat. I didn't say much about it, but of course I didn't contradict him. But I simply couldn't talk very much myself. He said he wished he could get the one thousand dollars, but no such luck would ever come to him.

"When I'd come there I said my name was Jones, because 'twas the easiest one I could think of; there was a butcher right near us that was named Jones, and it popped into my head at the time. Some of 'em asked me where I was from, and I told 'em Cincinnati. I didn't know much about Cincinnati, except that we used to get cars from there, and so I knew something 'bout the roads that went to it. I managed to get hold of the paper and burn it up without anyone seein' me. But after it came I didn't feel so easy as I did before. I stayed there about a month workin' at the mill and pickin' up what I could about the country, and then I began to think my chum was gettin' suspicious of me. He kep' askin' me a good many questions about what I'd worked at and where'bouts I had worked, and how I got there from Cincinnati and a lot of questions about the town, and I thought he was altogether too inquisitive, and of course I would have told him so if I had dared. Finally I thought the other fellers was gettin' suspicious, too, and I thought they kind of watched me and asked a good many questions. So one time right after I got my pay I made up my mind to leave. I didn't wait to say nothin' to anyone, but jumped onto a freight train, and went on about fifty miles or so south to a railroad crossin' and then I jumped off, and

took another train east. Along next day I saw a little town where there was another saw mill, so I stopped off and asked for a job. I didn't have no trouble goin' to work, so long as I was willin' to work with the niggers, and I stayed there two or three weeks, same as the other place, and then I thought the boss began to notice me. He asked me a lot of questions about where I come from, and 'most everything else he could think of. I told him I come from St. Louis, but I didn't know much more 'bout that place than I did 'bout Cincinnati, and I guess he didn't neither. But as soon as pay-day come I made up my mind I'd better start, so I took the few duds I'd got together and jumped on another train goin' further yet, and went away. Finally I stopped at a little town that looked rather nice and started out to get a job.

"Ever since I got off the first train I always looked pretty sharp at everyone to make out whether they was watchin' me or not. Then I always got hold of all the newspapers I could find to see if there was anything more about me. I found another Chicago paper in the depot, and it still had my picture and the offer of a thousand dollars reward, and said I must have took one of the freight trains that left the yards, and would most likely be in the south or in the west. I didn't like to stay there any longer after seein' that paper, but I managed to fold it up the best I could, and just as quick as I got a chance I tore it to pieces and threw it away. Then I thought mebbe I'd better get back away from the railroad. So I seen an old darkey that looked kind of friendly and I asked him about the country. He told me a good deal about it and I started out to walk to where he said there was some charcoal pits. I found the place and managed to get a chance to work burnin' wood and tendin' fires. It was awful black sooty work, but I didn't care nothin' about that. The main thing with me was bein' safe. I had a pardner who worked with me keepin' up the fires and lookin' after the pits at night, and it looked kind of nice with the red fires of the pits lightin' up the woods and ever'thing all 'round lookin' just like a picture. When we got through in the mornin' you couldn't tell us from darkies, we was so covered with smoke and burnt wood. We boarded in a little shanty with an old nigger lady that fed us on hominy and fried chicken, and we didn't have much of any place to sleep that was very good.

"After I'd been there two or three days I got pretty well acquainted with my pardner. One day he asked me where I was from. I never said nothin' to anybody 'bout where I came from, or where I was goin', or asked them any questions about themselves. I just worked steady at my job, and all I thought of was keepin' still in hopes it would wear off in time, and I could start over new. I used to dream a good deal about her and the boy, and sometimes I'd think we was back there in Chicago all livin' together and ever'thing goin' all right. Then I would dream that I was out with the boys to a caucus, or goin' 'round the saloons campaignin' with the alderman. Then I'd dream about fightin' her and hittin' her on the head with the poker, and it seemed as if I throwed her

in Lake Michigan. Then I'd dream about the boy and my learnin' him his letters, and his bein' with me in the wagon when we was peddlin' potatoes, and about the horse, the old one that died, and the last one I got at the renderin'-place. Then I'd kind of get down to the peddlin', and go over the whole route in my sleep, hollerin' out 'po-ta-toes!' all along the streets on the west side where I used to go, and the old Italian women and the Bohemian ladies and all the rest would be out tryin' to get 'em cheaper and tellin' me how I'd charged too much. Then I seen the old lady that I give the half peck to, and could hear her ask all the saints to bless me. Then I stopped into the butcher-shop and got the steak, and ever'thing I ever done kep' comin' back to me, only not quite the same as it is in real life. You know how 'tis in a dream; you want to go somewhere and somethin' kind of holds your leg and you can't go. Or you want to do somethin' and no matter how hard you try somethin' is always gettin' in front of you and hinderin' you and keepin' you back. Well, that's the way 'twas with all my dreams; nothin' turned out right and I always come back to where I killed her and throwed her in the lake, till I was almost 'fraid to go to sleep, and then I was 'fraid I'd holler or talk in my sleep. And my chum slep' in the same room with me and I was 'fraid mebbe he'd find it out, so I never dared to go to sleep until after he did, and then I was always 'fraid I'd holler and say somethin' and wake him up and that he'd find out 'bout me and what I'd done.

"Well, as I was sayin', after I'd been there three or four days we was down to the pits one night tendin' to the fires, and we got to talkin' and tellin' stories to pass the time away, and at last he asked me where I was from, and I said St. Louis. He said he was from the north too; I didn't ask him where he'd come from, but he told me Chicago. I was almost scart to death when he mentioned the place. I didn't ask no questions nor say a word, but he kep' on talkin' so I kind of moved' round a little and leaned up against a pine tree so's the light couldn't shine right in my face, for I didn't know what he might say. He told me that he come down here every winter for his health; that Chicago was so cold and changeable in the winter; that he worked in the stock-yards when he was there and he always went back just as soon as he dared, that there wa'n't no place in the world like Chicago, and he was always awful lonesome when he was away, and he wouldn't ever leave it if he could only stand the climate. He said there was always somethin' goin' on in Chicago; a feller could get a run for his money no matter what kind of a game he played; that if he wanted to have a little sport, there was the pool-rooms and plenty of other places; that if he didn't have much money he could get a little game in the back end of a cigar store, or he could shoot craps; if he wanted a bigger game there was Powers' & O'Brien's and O'Leary's, and if that wa'n't enough, then there was the Board of Trade. There was always lots of excitement in Chicago, too. There was races and elections and always strikes, and ever'thing goin' on. Then there was more murders and hangin's in Chicago than in any other city. Take that car-barn case; it couldn't

never have happened anywhere except in Chicago. And the Luetgert case, where the feller boiled his wife up in the sausage-vat so that there wa'n't nothin' left but one or two toe-nails, but one doctor identified her by them, and swore they was toe-nails and belonged to a woman about her size; one of 'em had seen her over at a picnic and remembered her, and he was pretty sure that the toe-nails was hers. Then that Jackson case was the latest; that happened just a little while before he left, and the papers was full of that one. Jackson was a peddler and he went 'round all day and drunk at all the saloons just so he could get up nerve enough to kill her. He thought she had some property and he'd get it if she was out of the way, so he killed her and took her off and put her in a hole where he thought no one could find her; but they did, and now one of the papers had offered a thousand dollars reward for him, and they were lookin' for him all over the United States. He said as how he took a Chicago paper and kep' posted on everything and read it every day and wouldn't be without it for a minute. And then he asked me if I hadn't never been to Chicago, and why I didn't go. I told him mebbe I would some time, but I'd always been kind of 'fraid to go. I didn't say much but got the subject changed as soon as possible, and managed to put in the rest of the night the best I could, and then went home, and after he'd gone to sleep I packed my valise and paid the nigger lady and told her I had enough of that job and started off afoot without waitin' for my pay.

"I went straight down the road for two or three miles till I come to where another road crossed, then I turned off to the left. I didn't have any reason for turnin', except it seemed as if that would take me more out of the way. I didn't see anyone along the road except now and then some old nigger. I walked several miles, and there didn't 'pear to be no one livin' on the road except niggers with little shanties same as the one I left in Chicago. I stopped once and asked an old darkey lady for somethin' to eat and she give me some fried chicken and a piece of corn bread and I sat and et it, and a whole lot of woolly-headed little pickaninnies sat and looked at me every mouthful. One of 'em was about the size of my kid, and made me think of him a good deal; but he didn't look nothin' like him. I guess 'twas just because he was a boy and about the age of mine. After I et the chicken and the bread I started on and traveled all day without seein' anyone, except niggers, or stoppin' anywhere except to get a drink in a little stream. When it begun to be dark I commenced to think what I'd do for the night, and watched out for a place to stay. So after while I saw an old shack 'side of the road and went in. There was some straw and I was so tired that I laid down and went right to sleep.

"All night I dreamed about bein' follered. First I thought I was out in a woods and some hounds was chasin' me, and I heard 'em bayin' way back on my trail and knew they's comin' for me. I run to a little stream and follered it up same as I used to read in Indian stories, and then started on again, and after a while I didn't hear 'em any more. Then first thing I knew they commenced bayin' again and

I could tell that they'd struck my trail, so I run just as fast as ever I could and the bayin' kep' gettin' louder'n' louder, and I run through bushes and brush and ever'thing, and they kep' gainin' on me till they was so close that I got to a little tree where I could almost reach the branches and I got hold of 'em and pulled myself up and got ahead of the hounds, but they come up and set down around the tree and howled and howled so they'd be heard all through the woods, and I knew it was all up with me; and then I woke up and found that I was in the barn and no one 'round except a cow or a horse that was eatin' over in a corner. So I tried to go to sleep again. Then I dreamed that the policemen and detectives was after me, and first it seemed as if I was runnin' down a street and the police was right behind, and then I turned down an alley and they hollered to me to stop or they'd shoot, but I didn't stop, and they shot at me and hit me in the leg, and I fell down and they come up and got me, and then it seemed as if I was on the cars and detectives was follerin' me ever'where, and whenever I stopped them detectives somehow knew where I was, and they'd come to the place, and I got away and went somewhere else, and then they'd turn up there, all ready to arrest me, and I couldn't go anywhere except they'd follow me. And I kind of saw her face, and she seemed to be follerin' me too, only she didn't seem to have any legs or much of anything, except just her face and a kind of long white train and she just come wherever I was, without walkin' or ridin', but just come, and she always seemed to know just the right place no matter how careful I hid, and when they got all ready to nab me I woke up. By that time it was daylight and there was a darkey there in the barn feedin' a mule, and he said, 'Hello, boss!' just as friendly, and asked me where I was goin'. I told him I was lookin' for a job, and he told me he thought that over about four miles to the town I could get a job. So I told him all right, and asked him if he could give me somethin' to eat. He took me into the house and gave me some chicken and some corncakes and told me if I would wait a while he'd hitch up the mule and take me into town, that he was goin' anyway. I thanked him and told him I was in a hurry to get to work, and guessed I wouldn't wait. I'd got so I was 'fraid to talk with anybody. I thought they'd ask me where I was from, and tell me somethin' 'bout Chicago, and mebbe show me a newspaper with my picture in it.

"Then I went on down the road till I come to a nice town in the middle of big pine trees. It was full of fine white houses and a few brick stores, and two or three great big hotels. I asked a nigger what the place was and he told me it was Thompson, and was a winter resort for Yankees who come there for their lungs; that they spent lots of money and that was what made the place so big.

"I always liked to talk with the niggers; they never asked me any questions, and I never was 'fraid that they'd been in Chicago, and I didn't really think they took any of the papers, for they didn't know how to read. Well, I just took one look at Thompson and then went as far from the hotels as I could, and kep' away from the stores, for I was sure the place was full of people from Chicago,

and that all the newspapers would be there, too. I didn't stop a minute over where all the nice houses was. I seen lots of people out on the porches and settin' in hammocks and loafin' 'round, and I knew they was from Chicago. Then I went along across a little stream and come to a lot of poor tumbled-down houses and tents, and I knew they was the niggers' quarters, so I went into a little store kep' by an old fat nigger lady and bought a bag of crackers and asked her about the roads.

"Before this I made up my mind to go to Cuba. I remembered readin' all about it at the time of the war, when a lot of them stock-yards boys went to fight, and I thought that I'd be so far away that I might be safe, so I knew that I had to go to the Gulf of Mexico, and I kep' on that way. I didn't dare to take the railroads any more, but just thought I'd walk, so I kep' straight on down the road all day until I got a long ways from Thompson. I didn't dare to stop for work, for I'd got it into my head that everyone was after me, and if I waited any more I'd get caught. My shoes was gettin' pretty near wore out and I knew they wouldn't last much longer, and I hadn't got more'n four dollars left, and I knew if I didn't come to the Gulf pretty soon I'd just have to go to work.

"That night I stopped at another old shack, and had about the same kind of dream I did the night before, only I was runnin', and every time I pretty near got away a cramp would come in my leg and pull me back and give 'em a chance to ketch me, and they seemed to come just the same without runnin' or flyin', or anything, and always she'd come just where I was. Still I got through the night and a nigger lady gave me somethin' to eat, and I went on.

"I began to look awful ragged and shabby. My coat was torn and awful old and black where I'd been workin' in the charcoal pit. I'd changed my shirt, and washed the one I had on in a little stream, but the buttons was gettin' off and I was tyin' 'em up with strings. My pants was all wore out 'long the bottom, and my shoes pretty near all knocked to pieces. As for my stockin's—you couldn't call 'em stockin's at all, and I'd made up my mind to get a new pair the next store I come to, but I didn't like to stop in town.

"Along about noon I got to a little place and, of course, I was lookin' pretty bad. Some o' the dogs commenced barkin' at me as soon as ever I got into town. I stopped at a house to get somethin' to eat, and a white lady come to the door and told me to go 'way, that I was a tramp, and that she'd set the dog on me, and I ran as fast as I could. I went down the street and a good many boys follered me, and I began to get scart; so I went through the town as fast as I could, but I see some people was follerin' after me, and one that rode on a horse. So I took to the fields and made for a clump of trees that I saw off to the right. I run just as fast as ever I could and when I looked back I saw some people was follerin' me through the field. I went straight to the woods and ran through 'em, and got pretty badly scratched up, and my clothes tore worse'n they was before. Then I run into a swamp just beyond and two or three

men ran 'round on the other side of the swamp and I knew it was all up, and I might just as well surrender and go back.

"I was so scart I didn't care much what they done, so when the one in front asked me to surrender or he'd shoot, I come out to where he was, and he put his hand on me kind of rough and said I was under arrest for bein' a tramp, and to come with him.

"Then he took me back to town with all the men follerin', and when we got up into the edge of the place 'most all the boys, black and white, turned in and follered too. They took me to a little buildin' over on the side of the town, and went down stairs into the cellar and opened an iron door and put me in. There wa'n't no light except one window which was covered with iron bars, and they locked the door and went away and left me there alone."

VIII

I WAS locked up in the cellar for a long time before anyone came to talk with me. I looked 'round to see if there was any chance to get out, but I seen it couldn't be done. I thought it wa'n't hardly worth while to try. Honestly it seemed a kind of relief to be ketched and know I didn't have to run any more. I didn't know why they arrested me, but I s'posed they just thought I'd done something and they'd try to find out what it was, so I thought about what I'd do, and made up my mind I hadn't better say much.

"After a while some fellers come down to see me and took me up in the office. One of 'em was the marshal and another was a lawyer or police-judge or somethin' of that kind. They said they wanted to fill out some sort of a paper about who I was and where I come from and what my business was and who my father and mother was, and what my religion was, and whether I ever drank, or smoked cigarettes, and the color of my hair and eyes, and how much I weighed, and a lot of things like that. So I told 'em I was from St. Louis, and guessed at the rest of the answers the best I could. Only I told 'em I never knew who my father and mother was. They wa'n't satisfied with my answers and fired a lot more questions at me. And then they told me they thought I lied, and they'd put me in the lock-up until mornin', so they put me back there and give me a plate o' scraps for supper, and a straw bed to sleep on, and then went away.

"Somehow I slept better that night than I had since I'd run away. I rather thought it was all up and only a question of time when I'd get back here, but I knew where I stood and wa'n't so scart. I've slep' fine ever since I was here, only the time when the jury was out and when I was waitin' for the Supreme Court, and some special times like that. As near as I can find out most of 'em does when they know it's all off, just like people with a cancer or consumption, or when they're awful old. They get used to it and sleep just the same unless they have a pain, or somethin'. They don't lay awake thinkin' they're goin' to die. And after all, I guess if people done that there wouldn't any of 'em sleep much. For 'tain't very long with anybody, and bein' sentenced to death ain't much differ'nt from dyin' without a sentence. Of course, I s'pose it's a little shorter and still that ain't always the case. There's two fellers that I knew died since I come here; one of 'em had pneumonia, and the other was a switchman that thought the engine was on the other side-track. John Murphy was his name. Still—I guess my time's pretty near come now.

"Well, in the mornin' the marshal came in and brought me some breakfast. Then he took me up to the office again. He waited a few minutes till the judge come, and then they commenced firin' questions at me. They asked me how I got from St. Louis to where I was,

That kind of puzzled me, for I didn't exactly know where I was. I answered it the best I could; but I know I didn't get it right. They told me I hadn't got over lyin' and I'd have to be shut up some more. Then they asked me what public buildin's there was in St. Louis. I made a guess and told 'em the court-house and state-house. They laughed at this, and said St. Louis wa'n't the capital of Missouri. And of course I didn't argue with 'em about that. Then they wanted to know how I come there and I said I walked. And they wanted to know what places I come through and I couldn't tell 'em. Then they asked me where I had walked, and I couldn't tell 'em that; and they asked me how far I'd walked, and I told 'em not very far, and they laughed at my clothes and shoes and said they was 'most wore out, and they didn't believe it, and told me again that they thought I was lyin' and I'd have to stay there till I learnt how to tell the truth. Then I got mad and said I hadn't done nothin' and they hadn't any right to keep me, and I wouldn't answer any more questions; that they didn't believe anything I said anyhow and it wa'n't any use, and to go ahead and do what they pleased with me.

"Then the marshal went to his desk and got a lot of photographs and hand-bills tellin' about murderers and robbers and burglars and pickpockets and ever'thing else, that was sent to him from all over the country, and he took 'em and looked 'em all over and then looked at me. Then he sorted out a dozen or so and stared at me more particular than before. I seen what he had in his hand; I seen one of 'em was my picture; only I was smooth-faced and now my whiskers had got long. He made me take off my clothes and looked me over careful, and found where I had broke my leg the time that I caught my foot between the rails when I thought I was goin' to be run over. You remember the time? I wish now I had. Then he let me put on my clothes, and he went over all the descriptions just as careful as he could, and he found that the hand-bill told about a broken leg; then he looked at my face again, and then he asked me when I'd shaved last, and I told him I never shaved. Then he wanted to know how tall I was, and I told him I didn't know, so he measured me by standin' me up 'gainst the wall and markin' the place. I tried to scrooch down as much as I could without him noticin' it; but he said it was just 'bout what the hand-bill had it. Then he asked me how much I weighed, and I told him I hadn't been weighed for years. So he called someone to help him, and they put some han'-cuffs on one arm and fastened the other to the marshal and took me over to a store, and made me stand on the scales till I got weighed. He said I weighed just a little bit less than the han'-bill made it, and that if I'd walked from Chicago that would account for the difference. Then he looked over my clothes, but he couldn't find any marks on 'em.

"Then he sent down for the barber and told him to shave me. I objected to that and told him he hadn't any right to do it; that I wasn't charged with any crime, and he said it didn't make no difference, he was goin' to do it anyway. So I knew it wa'n't no use, and I set down and let the barber shave me. Of course I knew it

would all be up as soon as I got shaved. But I didn't care so very much if it was; it wa'n't any worse than runnin' all the time and bein' 'fraid of ever'-one you met and knowin' you'd be ketched at last.

"Well, after the barber got through shavin' me, the marshal took the picture and held it up 'side of my face, and anyone could see 'twas me. He was so glad he almost shouted. And he told the police judge that he'd got one of the most dangerous criminals in the whole United States, and he was entitled to one thousand dollars reward. I never see a boy feel so good over anythin' as he did over ketchin' me. He said that now he could pay off the mortgage on his house and get his girl piano lessons, and run for sheriff next fall. When he told me I was Jackson, I denied it and said I never knew anything about Chicago, and was never there in my life. He didn't pay any attention to this, but wired to Chicago, givin' a full description of me. Of course, it wa'n't long before he got back word that I was Jackson, and to hold me till they sent someone down.

"After the marshal found out who I was he treated me a good deal better'n before. He got me nice fried chicken 'most every meal, and always coffee or tea and corn-cakes, and I couldn't complain of the board. Then he got my clothes washed and give me some new pants and shoes and fixed me up quite nice. He come in and visited with me a good deal and seemed real social and happy. He give me cigars to smoke and sometimes a drink o' whiskey, and treated me as if he really liked me. I expect he couldn't help feelin' friendly to me, because he thought of that one thousand dollars, and that he wouldn't've got it if I hadn't killed her, and in one way a good deal as if I done it on his account. Of course he wa'n't really glad I done it, but so long as I done it, he was glad I come his way. I s'pose he hadn't anything against me any more'n a cat has against a mouse that it ketches and plays with till it gets ready to eat it up. His business was ketchin' people just like the cat's is ketchin' rats. Seems to me, though, I'd hate to be in his business, even if it is a bad lot you've got to ketch. Still he watched me closer'n ever, even if he was good to me. He didn't mean to let that thousand dollars get away. He kep' someone 'round the jail all the time, and he got some extra bars on the windows, and when he come to see me or talk with me he always brought someone with him so I couldn't do anything to him. He needn't worried so much, for I was clean tired out and discouraged, and I felt better in there than I had any time since I killed her. Bein' out of jail ain't necessar'ly liberty. If you're 'fraid all the time and have got to dodge and keep hid and can't go where you want to and are runnin' away all the time, you might just as well be shut up, for you ain't free.

"Soon as the marshal found out who I was, it didn't take the news long to travel 'round the town, and it seemed as if ever'one there come to the lock-up to see me. The boys used to come up 'round the windows and kind of stay back, as if they thought I might reach out and ketch 'em, but I always kep' as far away as I could. Then the people would come down with the marshal to the cell

when he brought my supper and look at me to see me eat, and try to get me to come up and talk to 'em and watch me same as you've seen 'em look at bears when they was feedin' up at Lincoln Park, and they'd point to me and say, 'That's him; just see his for'head. Wouldn't I hate to get caught out alone with him? Anyone could see what he is by lookin' at him. I bet they make short work of him when they get him to Chicago!' I always kep' back as far as I could for I didn't want to be seen. No one had ever looked at me or paid any attention to me before, or said anything about me, and I hadn't ever expected to have my name or picture in the paper, or to have people come and see me, and anyhow not this way.

"Of course, I knew well enough that it wouldn't last long, and that they'd be here for me in two or three days. I can't tell you just how I felt. I knew I was caught, and that there wa'n't much chance for me. I knew all the evidence would be circumstantial, still I knew I done it, and luck never had come my way anyhow, so I didn't have much hopes that 'twould now. Then I began to feel as if it might as well be over. If I was goin' to be hung, I might just as well be hung and done with it. There wa'n't any kind of a show for me any more, and it wa'n't any use to fight. Then I began to figger on how long 'twould take. I knew there was cases where it took years, but I always thought them cases must have been where they had lots of money and could hire high-priced lawyers. And I hadn't got any money, and the newspapers had said so much about my case that I was sure that they wouldn't give me much chance or any more than the law allowed.

"Well, inside of two days some fellers come down from the sheriff's office in Chicago. I didn't know either one of 'em, but they had all kinds of pictures and descriptions and said there wa'n't any doubt about who I was, and said I might as well own up and be done with it. But I didn't see any use of ownin' up to anything, so I wouldn't answer any questions or say much one way or another. Then they explained to me that they hadn't any right to take me out of the state without a requisition from the gov'nor, and it would take a week or so to get that, and I might just as well go back with them without puttin' 'em to this bother; that it always looked better when anyone went back themselves, and anyhow I'd be kep' here in jail till they got a requisition. So I told 'em all right, I'd just as soon go back to Chicago as anywhere, and I hadn't done nothin' that I had to be 'fraid of, and was ready to go as soon as they was. So they stayed till the next mornin' and then han'-cuffed me and put me between 'em and led me down to the depot. Before I left the lock-up the marshal give me a good breakfast and some cigars and shook hands with me, and said he hoped I'd have a pleasant journey.

"When I went down to the depot it seemed as if the whole town, black and white, had turned out to see me, and ever'one was pointin' to me and sayin', 'That's him; that's him.' 'He looks it, don't he?' And pretty soon the train come up and the officers and conductor kep' the crowd back while they took me into the smokin'-car. It seemed as if ever'one in the car and on the whole train knew

who I was and just what I'd done, and they all come up to the smokin'-car to get a look at me, and pass remarks about me, and ever'one seemed glad to think I was caught and was goin' to be hung.

"It ain't no use to tell you all about the trip home. It didn't take me as long to come back as it did to go 'way. At pretty near ever' station there was a crowd out to see the train, and all of 'em tried to get a look at me. The conductor and brakemen all pointed me out and the people come to the doors and stood up before the window and did ever'thing they could think of to see me. The detectives treated me all right. They gave me all I could eat and talked with me a good deal. They didn't ask many questions, and told me I needn't say any more'n I had a mind to, but they told me a good deal about politics and how that the alderman was runnin' again, and all that was goin' on in Chicago, and where all they'd been huntin' for me since I run away. I had to sit up at night. One of 'em kep' han'-cuffed to me all night and another han'cuff was fastened to the seat. I don't s'pose they could've made it any more comfortable and see that I didn't run away. But still I don't ever want to take that kind of a ride again and I s'pose I never will.

"I felt queer when we began to get back into Chicago. In some ways I always liked the city; I guess ever'one does, no matter how rough it is. And I couldn't help feelin' kind of good to see the streets and fac'tries and shops again; and still I felt bad, too. I knew that ever'one in the town was turned against me, and I didn't have a friend anywhere. We'd got the Chicago papers as we'd come along and they was full of all kinds of stories and pictures about me, and some things that I'd said, 'though I'd never talked a word to anyone.

"The papers said that they hoped there'd be none of the usual long delays in tryin' my case, that I was a brutal murderer, and there wa'n't no use of spendin' much time over me. Of course, I ought to have a fair and impartial trial, but I ought to be hung without delay, and no sentimental notoriety-huntin' people ought to be allowed to see me. They wished that a judge could be found who had the courage to do his duty, and do it right off quick. I had already been indicted, and there wa'n't nothin' to do but place me on trial next day, and the verdict would be reached in a few days more. It was unfortunate that the law allowed one hundred days before a murderer could be hung after trial; that the next legislature must change it to ten days; that would be plenty of time for anyone to show that a mistake had been made in their trial, even if he was locked up all the time. The papers said how that the Anti-Crimes Committee was to be congratulated on havin' found a good lawyer to assist the state in the prosecution, and that the lawyer was a good public spirited man and ought to be well paid for his disagreeable work.

"The papers told all about the arrest down in Georgia, and how the marshal and a force of citizens followed me into the swamp and what a desperate fight I made, and how many people I'd knocked

down and 'most killed, until I was finally overpowered and taken in irons to the county jail.

"I can't make you understand how I felt when they was bringin' me into town. We come along down the old canal where we used to stone the frogs and the geese and all along the places where us boys used to play. Then we come down through the yards where I used to work, and right past the house where I left that night with the kid sleepin' in the bedroom. That was the hardest part of all the trip, and I tried to turn away when we come down along back of the barn by the alley; but it seemed as if something kind of drew my eyes around that way, and I couldn't keep 'em off'n the spot. And I thought about ever'thing I done there just in a flash, and even wondered how long the old horse was tied in the barn before they found him, and whether he got all the potatoes et up before he was took away. But I looked away as quick as I could and watched all the streets as we passed, to see if I could see anyone I knew. I felt pretty sure that I wouldn't leave Chicago again, and I guess I never will.

"Pretty soon they pulled into the big depot, and the train stopped and we got off. I wa'n't expectin' nothin' in the station, but when we landed the whole place was filled back of the gate, and I could see that they was looking for me. The crowd was about like one that I was in down there once when McKinley come to Chicago. A squad of policemen come down to meet us, and they got us in the middle of the bunch and hurried us into a patrol wagon. I could hear the crowd sayin', 'That's him; that's the murderer; let's lynch him!'—'He don't deserve a trial! Let's hang him first and then try him'—'The miserable brute!' 'The contemptible coward!' —I guess if it hadn't been for all the policemen I'd have been lynched, and mebbe 'twould have been just as well. 'Twouldn't have taken so long, nor cost so much money. Anyhow, I wish now they'd done it and then it would be all over; and now—well, 'twon't be long.

"There was a lot of people in the street and every one of 'em seemed to know who was in the patrol-wagon, and they walked all the way over, and lots of little boys follered the wagon clear to the jail; then the newsboys on the street kep' yellin', 'All 'bout the capture of Jim Jackson! Extra paper!' and it seemed as if the whole town was tryin' to kill me. Somehow I hadn't realized how 'twas as I come 'long, and, in fact, ever since I went away. Of course, I knew how bad the killin' was, and how ever'one must feel, and how I wished I hadn't done it, and how I'd have done anything on earth to make it different, but all the time I'd been away from the people that knew all about it, and I didn't somehow realize what they'd do. But when I come back and seen it all I felt just as if there was a big storm out on the lake and I was standin' on the shore and all the waves was comin' right over me and carryin' me away.

"Well, they didn't lose any time but drove as fast as they could down Dearborn Street over the bridge to the county jail. Then they hustled me right out and took me straight through the crowd up to the door; the Dearborn Street door (that's the one you came

in, I s'pose), and they didn't wait hardly a minit to book me, but hurried me up stairs and locked me in a cell, and I haven't seen the outside of the jail since, and I don't s'pose I ever will."

Jim stopped as if the remembrance of it all had overpowered him. Hank didn't know what to say, so he got up and walked a few turns back and forth along the cell, trying to get it all through his clouded mind. Such a night as this he had never dreamed of, and he could not yet realize what it meant. The long story and the intense suffering seemed to have taken all the strength that Jim had left.

Hank turned to him with an effort to give him some consolation. "Say, Jim, don't take it too hard. You know there ain't much in it for any of us, and most people has more trouble than anything else. Lay down a little while; you can tell me the rest pretty soon."

"No," Jim answered, "I ain't got through; I can't waste any time. It must be gettin' along toward mornin', and you see I don't know just when it'll be. They seem to think it's treatin' us better if they don't tell us when, only just the day. Then you know, they can come in any time after midnight. They could break in now if they wanted to, but I s'pose they'll give me my breakfast first, though they won't wait long after that. Well, I ain't got any right to complain, and I don't mean to, but I s'pose I feel like anyone else would."

Just then a strange dull sound echoed through the silent corridors. Hank started with a nervous jerk. It sounded like a rope or strap suddenly pulled up short and tight.

"What's that?" Hank asked. Jim's face was pale for a moment, and his breath was short and heavy.

"Don't you know? That's the bag of sand."

"What bag of sand?" Hank asked.

"Why, they always try the rope that way, to see if it's all right. If they don't, it's liable to break, and they'd have to hang 'em over again. They take a bag of sand that weighs just about the same as a man and tie the rope to the sand, and then knock the door out and the sand falls. I guess the rope's all right; I hope so. I don't want 'em to make any mistake. It'll be bad enough to be hung once. I wonder how I'll stand it. I hope I don't make a scene. But I don't really think anyone ought to be blamed no matter what they do when they're gettin' hung, do you?

"It seems to me, though, that they might be a better way to kill anyone. I think shootin' would be better'n this way. That's the way they kill steers down to the stock-yards and I don't believe the Humane Society would let 'em hang 'em up by the neck. I should think 'twould be better to take some cell that's air-tight and put 'em to bed in there and then turn on the gas. But I s'pose any way would seem bad enough. Did you ever stop to think how you'd like to die? I guess nobody could pick any way that they wanted to go, and mebbe we'd all rather take chances; but I don't believe anybody'd pick hangin'. It seems to me the very worst way anybody could die. I wonder how they commenced it in the first place. Well, I

goodness knows. I believe I'll ask the guard for another drink before I tell any more."

The guard came at the first call.

"Sure, you can have all the whiskey you want. I was just down to the office a little while ago. Take this bottle. I think it's pretty smooth, but it's a little weak. Guess the clerk poured some water in, thinkin' it was goin' to the ladies' ward. You'd better take a pretty big drink to do you any good."

Jim thanked him as he took the bottle, and then inquired:

"Did you go down to the telephone again to see whether there had anything come over to the telegraph office?"

"No—I didn't," the guard answered, "but I'll go back pretty soon. They keep open all night. It's early yet, anyhow."

Jim offered the bottle to his friend. Hank took a good drink, which he needed after the excitement of the night. Then he passed the bottle back to Jim.

"If I was you I'd drink all that's left; it's good, but it's pretty weak, all right. I'm sure you'd feel better to take it all."

Jim raised it to his lips, tipped his head back and held the bottle almost straight until the last drop had run slowly down his throat.

IX

JIM laid the bottle on the bed and then sat down on his chair. "My head begins to swim some but I guess I can finish the story all right. I know I'm pretty longwinded. Still I guess I can't talk very much more if I wanted to. I'm glad the whiskey's beginnin' to get in its work; I don't believe I'll have much trouble gettin' so drunk that I won't know whether I'm goin' to a hangin' or a primary.

"Let me see; oh, yes, they hustled me into a cell and locked me up. I guess they thought best not to waste much time, for a good many people had got together on the outside.

"I think 'twas on Friday they put me in. There wa'n't nothin' done on Saturday; but on Sunday they let us all go to church up in the chapel. They kep' me pretty well guarded as if I might do somethin' in the church, but there wa'n't no way to get out if I wanted to. The preacher told us about the prodigal son, and how he repented of all his wanderin's and sins and come back home, and how glad his father was to see him, and how he treated him better'n any of the rest that hadn't never done wrong. He said that's the way our Heavenly Father would feel about us, if we repented, and that it didn't matter what we'd done—after we repented we was white as snow. One of the prisoners told me he was gettin' kind of tired of the prodigal son; that 'most every preacher that come told about the prodigal son just as if that story had been meant specially for them.

"Some of the prisoners seemed to like to go to church; some acted as if they understood all about it, and wanted to do better, and some of 'em seemed to go so as to get out of their cells. Anyhow I s'pose the people that run the jail thought 'twas a good thing and believed it was all so. But I know one feller that killed a man—he was kind of half-witted—and was tried the same as the rest of us when they had that crusade against crime. Of course they sentenced him to death. He got religion and used to pray all the time, and used to talk religion to all the rest of the fellers, and ever'one said that he was really sorry and was fully converted and was as pure as a little child. But they took him out and hung him anyway. It don't quite seem as if they believed what the preacher said themselves, or they wouldn't hang a feller when he's turned right, and when God was goin' to treat him like all the rest after he gets to heaven.

"When I went back to my cell, I begun thinkin' about what I'd do. Of course I knew you can't get any show without a lawyer, and I knew that I might just as well not have any as to have one that wa'n't smart. I didn't know any lawyer except the one that charged me ten dollars for nothin', and of course I wouldn't have him. But one of the guards was kind of nice and friendly to me and I thought I'd ask him. He told me

that gettin' a lawyer was a pretty hard matter. Of course, my case was a celebrated one, and would advertise a lawyer, but the best ones didn't need no advertisin' and the others wa'n't no good. He told me that Groves was the best fighter, but it wa'n't no use to try to get him for he'd got more'n he could do, and most of his time was took up prosecutin' people for stealin' coal from the railroads, except once in a while when some rich banker or politician got into trouble. Then he took a good slice of what he'd got saved up. I asked him 'bout some others and he told me the same story of all the rest that amounted to anything. I told him I hadn't got no money, and I thought the horse and wagon and furniture was took on the chattel-mortgage before this, and he said he s'posed the court would have to appoint someone and I might just about as well defend myself.

"Monday mornin' they come to the jail and told me I had to go before the judge. I didn't s'pose 'twould come so soon, for I knew somethin' about how slow the courts was. You remember when Jimmy Carroll was killed by the railroad? Well, that's more'n three years ago, and the case ha'n't been tried yet. I was su'prised and didn't know what to do, but there wa'n't much to do. They come after me and I had to go; so I put on my coat and vest and they han'-cuffed me to a couple of guards, and took me through some alleys and passages and over some bridges inside the buildin', and first thing I knew they opened a door and I came into a room packed full of people, and the judge settin' up on a big high seat with a desk in front of him, and lookin' awful solemn and kind of scareful. As soon as I stepped in there was a buzz all over the room, and ever'body reached out their necks, and kind of got up on their chairs and looked at me. The guards took off my han'-cuffs and set me down in a chair 'side of a big table. And then one of 'em set back of me and another one right to my side.

"They waited a few minutes till ever'one got still, and then some feller got up and spoke to the judge and said 'People against Jackson.' The judge looked at me and said, just as solemn and hard as he could, 'Jackson, stand up.' Of course I done what he said, and then he looked the same way and said, 'Are you guilty or not guilty?' Of course I was kind of scared before all of them people; I'd never been called up in a crowd before, except a few times when I said a few words in the union where I knew all the boys. But these people were all against me, and anyhow it was an awful hard place to put a feller, so I stood still a minit tryin' to think what I ought to say, and whether someone was there that I could talk to. Finally the judge spoke up and says, 'The prisoner pleads not guilty.' 'Jackson, have you a lawyer?' and then I said: 'I hain't got no lawyer.' Then he asked if I wanted him to appoint one, and I told him I wished he would. He asked me who I'd have. Of course I thought I could choose anyone I wanted, so I said Groves. Then he laughed and ever'one else laughed, and he said he guessed Groves had too much to do to bother with me. So I chose one or two more names I'd heard of, and he said none of 'em would do it neither. Then he said he'd give me till tomorrow to make up my mind who I wanted, and he told the bailiff to take me back to jail. So they put the han'-cuffs on and we went back through the alleys and over the bridges to the jail. When I got to my cell I asked the guard what he

thought I ought to do about a lawyer, and he said that lots of lawyers had give him their cards and asked him to hand them to the prisoners and told him they would divide the fee, if they got any. They mostly wa'n't much good for the business. He said there was one young feller who seemed pretty smart, but he hadn't never had a case, but he'd probably work hard to get his name up. I told him that it didn't seem as if a lawyer ought to commence on a case like mine, and he said that wouldn't make any difference, most of the murder cases was defended by lawyers that was just startin'. There wa'n't hardly anyone who was tried but was too poor to have a good lawyer. Then I told him to send me the young lawyer, and he did.

"The lawyer wa'n't a bad feller, and he seemed interested in the case, and was the first person I'd seen since I done it who wanted to help me. Of course I could see he was new at the business, like one of them green-horns that comes in the yards the first time and brings a stick to couple cars with; but I liked his face and seen he was honest. It didn't seem quite fair, though, that I should have a lawyer that hadn't never had a case. I didn't believe they'd take a young feller who was just out of a medicine-college and set him to cut off a leg all by himself. the first thing, or even take a country-jake and let him kill steers at the stock-yards, but I didn't see no way to help it, and I thought mebbe if I didn't take him I'd do worse instead of better. He asked me all about the case and seemed disappointed when I told him how it was; he said he was afraid there wa'n't much show, unless he claimed insanity. I told him I didn't see how he could make out that I was crazy; that I thought self-defense or somethin' like that would be better. He said he'd think it over till to-morrow, and talk with some of the professors at the college, and be in court in the mornin'. The next day they come for me right after breakfast, and put on the han'-cuffs and took me to court again. The same kind of a crowd was there as the day before, and I was pretty badly scart; but my lawyer was at the table with me, and he spoke to me real friendly, and that made me feel a little better. Then the judge called the case, and asked if I had a lawyer, and my lawyer spoke up and said he was goin' to defend me; so the judge said all right, and asked if the other side was ready. They said they was, and that they wanted the case tried right off. Then the judge asked my lawyer if he was ready and he said 'no,' that he'd just come into the case and hadn't had no chance to get it ready. Then the lawyer on the other side said that I was notified yesterday that I must be ready today and I didn't have anything to do but get ready; that they wanted to try it now; that next week he wanted to go to a picnic, and the week after to a convention, and it must be done now; then, there had been so many murders that no one was safe in Chicago, and the whole public was anxious to see the case tried at once. Besides there wa'n't any defense. I had killed her and run away, and wa'n't entitled to any consideration.

"My lawyer said it wouldn't be right to put me on trial without a chance to defend myself, that I couldn't get away yesterday to look up witnesses, and I had a right to a reasonable time; that he wanted at least four weeks to prepare the case. This seemed to make the judge mad. He said there wa'n't no excuse for any delay, but as this was such a clear case he wanted to give me every chance he could, so he

would continue till next Monday. Then I was took back to the jail, and my lawyer met me over there and I told him ever' place I went the day I done it, and ever'one I saw, and all about her, and what she'd done to make me mad, and he said he'd go out himself and look it up, and do what he could, but he was 'fraid there wa'n't no chance. The papers had said so much and the citizens had got up a Crime Committee, and ever'one who was tried either went to the penitentiary or got hung.

"Ever'day the lawyer would come and ask me something 'bout the case, and tell me what he'd found out. He said he couldn't get any witnesses to say anything; that the man where I got the beefsteak was 'fraid to come and testify; that someone had been there from the State's Attorney's office and most scart him to death, and he was 'fraid of gettin' into trouble and gettin' mixed up with it himself, and anyway he didn't see as he'd do the case any good if he came. He said he couldn't find anything that helped him a bit. He'd been to the house, but the poker and everything that would do any good had been taken by the state, and he didn't know which way to turn. He kep' comin' back to my insanity, and asked me if any of my parents or grand-parents, or uncles or aunts or cousins, or anyone else was crazy. I told him I didn't know anything 'bout them but I didn't think it was any use to try that. I knew what I was doin', all right. Then he told me if I had a hundred dollars he could get a good doctor to swear I was crazy; but I hadn't any hundred dollars of course, and besides I never thought 'twould do much good. So I told him that he wa'n't to blame for it, and to just uncles or aunts or cousins, or anyone else was crazy. I told him I didn't expect much myself anyhow. He said he'd have me plead guilty and the judge would most likely give me a life-sentence, only since this crusade against crime the judges dassent do that; there was so much said about it in the newspapers, and they was all 'fraid of what the papers said. He told me that he didn't believe it was anything more than second-degree murder anyhow, but there wa'n't any chance now, the way public opinion was.

"I begun to get pretty well acquainted with the prisoners in the jail and some of 'em was real nice and kind and wanted to do all they could to help ever'one that was in trouble. Of course some of 'em was pretty desp'rate, and didn't seem to care much for anything. Then there was some that had been in jail ten and fifteen times, and been in the penitentiary, and ever'where, and just as soon as they got out they got right back in again; they didn't seem to learn anything by goin' to prison, and it didn't seem to do them any hurt. They said they'd just as soon be there as anywhere else.

"But one thing I noticed a good deal that I never thought anything about until that feller come and spoke, that was how that the outsiders was really the ones that got punished the worst. It was sickenin' to see how some of them poor women would cry and take on because their man was in jail, and how they'd work and scrub night and day and nearly kill themselves to earn money to get him out; and then the little children that come to see their fathers, how they'd stay out of school and work in the packin'-houses and laundries and do anything for a little money to help them out. Hones'ly I believe if anyone stays 'round here for a week he'll see that the people that ain't done nothin' is pun-

ished a good deal more'n the others. Why, there was one awful pretty-lookin' girl used to come here to see her father, and the fellers told me that she was studyin' music or somethin' like that, and her father was put in jail on a fine, and she came here to see him every day, and done all she could to earn the money to get him out, but she couldn't do it, and finally she went into one of them sportin' houses down on Clark Street, and lived there long enough to get the money. I don't know, of course, whether it's so, but I don't see why not. Lots of the girls go to the department stores and laundries and stock-yards and they ain't much harder places on a girl's health. Anybody'll do everything they can to earn money to save anyone they care for.

"Well, the week went away pretty fast. I didn't s'pose 'twas so hard to get a case continued. You know that Carroll case? You remember we quit our work four or five times and lost our pay, and the judge continued it just because the lawyer had somethin' else to do. But I knew 'twouldn't be no use for me to try to get mine continued any more. And I didn't care much. I was gettin' so I'd just about as soon be done with it as not, and still I was pretty sure I'd be hung.

"The next Monday mornin' I was taken into court the same way, and the han'-cuffs was unlocked, and I was set down to the table by my lawyer. One guard set just back of me and the other at the side. Someone started a story that a gang of Bridgeport toughs was comin' to rescue me, but of course there wa'n't nothin' in it. I didn't have a friend that even come to see me—but the newspapers all printed the story, and, of course, that was against me too.

"When the judge called the case, he asked if we was ready, and my lawyer said he needed more time; that he'd done all he could to get ready, but he hadn't had time. But the judge wouldn't pay a bit of attention to him, and said he must go to trial at once, and told the bailiff to call a jury. So the bailiff called the names of twelve men and they took their seats in two rows of chairs along one side of the room. Ever' one of 'em looked at me as if he didn't like to be in the same room where I was. Then the lawyers commenced askin' 'm questions—where they lived, and how long they had lived there, and where they lived before, and how much rent they paid, and what they worked at, and how long they'd worked there, and what they'd done before, and what their fathers done, and where they come from, and was they dead, and if they was married, and how many times, and if they had children, and how many, and how old, and if they was boys or girls, and if the children went to school, and what they studied, and if they belonged to the church, and what one, and if they belonged to any societies or lodges or labor unions, or knew anyone, or read the papers, or didn't believe in hangin' people, and if they believed in 'circumstantial evidence,' and if they'd hang on circumstantial evidence, and if they believed in the law—and a lot of other things that I can't remember. If anyone didn't believe in hangin' he was let go right away; and if they didn't believe in circumstantial evidence they didn't keep 'em either.

"The other lawyer asked questions first and it didn't take him very long to get the ones that he wanted. Ever'one said he believed in hangin', and they all said they'd hang anybody on circumstantial evidence. After he got through my lawyer questioned 'em. They all said

that they'd read all about the case, and had formed an opinion about it —and they all looked at me as if they had. Then my lawyer objected to 'em, and the judge said to each one, 'Well, even if you have formed an opinion, don't you think you could lay that aside and not pay any attention to it, and try the case on the evidence and give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt? Don't you think that in spite of the opinion you could presume him innocent when you begin?' Most of 'em said they could; one of 'em said he couldn't. Then the judge lectured him for not bein' able to give anyone a fair trial, no matter who he was, and said we'd have to take the others, and told us to go ahead and get another one. So my lawyer tried another one and found him just like the rest. But the judge made us take him anyway. He said they was perfectly fair jurors, and we couldn't expect to get men that sympathized with crime.

"It ain't any use to tell you all about gettin' the jury, and then I hain't got time. Both sides had a right to strike off twenty without any reason at all, only that they didn't like 'em. We took a long time to get a jury. We didn't get much of any until after we had struck off 'most all of our twenty. All the jurors seemed to have made up their minds, but pretty nearly all of 'em said it didn't make any difference; they could give me a fair trial even if their minds was made up.

"I noticed that they struck off workin'-men and Catholics, and people that didn't have any religion, and foreigners, and I noticed my lawyer struck off Baptists, and Presbyterians, and Swedes, and G. A. R.'s. It took three or four days to get the jury, and then we hadn't any more challenges left, and so we had to take 'em. Pretty near ever'one of 'em said they'd read all about the case in all the papers and had their minds made up. I knew, of course, that meant they was against me. But still they all said that didn't make no difference if they had got their minds made up, they could forget their opinions and go at the case as if they believed I was innocent. But ever'one of 'em said he believed in hangin', and all of 'em said that circumstantial evidence was good enough for him. I set there 'side of the table with my lawyer and looked 'em over, and tried to make up my mind what they was thinkin' of, but they wa'n't one of 'em would look at me when they knew I was lookin', and I could see from the way they did that they was sure all the time that I done it, and ought to swing. Of course, I know it's the law that when a feller's placed on trial they're s'posed to be innocent, but I knew that the judge and all them twelve men felt sure I was guilty or I wouldn't have been there. Of course I done it. I don't know anything that would've done any good, but all the same it's pretty tough to be tried by a jury when they think you ought to be hung before they commence.

"After they got the jury the other lawyer told 'em about the case, and he made it awful black. I don't know how he ever found out all the things he said. Of course a good many of 'em was true and a good many wa'n't true, but he made out that I was the worst man that ever lived. The judge listened to ever' word he said and looked over to me ever' once in a while, as if he wondered how I ever could've done it, and was glad that I was where I belonged at last. The jury watched ever' word the lawyer said, and looked at me ever' once in a while to see how

I stood it. Of course it was mighty hard, but I done the best I could. When he got through the judge asked my lawyer what he had to say, and he said he wouldn't tell his side now. Then they commenced puttin' in the evidence.

"I s'pose you read all about it at the time, but the papers always gave me the worst of it, and the evidence wa'n't near so bad as it looked in the papers. Of course they proved about the boy goin' out the next mornin' to the neighbors, and cryin' for his pa and ma, and about ever'one lookin' all over for us without findin' us nor any trace of either one, and about the horse and wagon both lockin' as if it had been out all night. And then the folks as lived next door told about hearin' me say 'you damned bitch,' and hearin' someone fall, though they didn't think much of it then as they'd heard so many rows before. And then they told about findin' a piece of brown paper covered with blood, and then they brought in a doctor, or someone who said he'd examined it with a magnifyin' glass and it was human blood. He wa'n't quite sure whether it was a gentleman or a lady; but he knew 'twas one or the other. Then they brought in the paper and handed it to the jury, and passed it down along both rows, and ever'one took it in his hand and felt it, and looked at it just as if they never had seen any paper like that before, and wanted to make sure 'twas paper and not cloth. Of course the minute I seen it I knew it was the paper that had the beefsteak in it, and I told my lawyer what it was. An' I got right up to say something and the judge looked at me just as cross and says 'Set down and keep still; you've got a lawyer to talk for you, and if you say anything more, I'll send you to jail.' Of course I was scart to hear him speak to me that way before the jury and the whole room full of people, and I knew that it would show ever'one that the judge was against me. Some of the papers next day made out that I jumped up and was goin' to run away when I seen the bloody paper.

"My lawyer had another doctor examine a piece of the paper that night, and he said it was a cow or an ox, but he wouldn't come and testify to it unless I'd give him a hundred dollars, but of course I didn't have that. The court room was awful still when they passed around that paper; you could hear the jurors breathe and they held their heads down as if they felt sorry about somethin'. And after they'd looked it all over the lawyer took it, and the judge says: 'Let me see that paper,' and he put on his spectacles and looked it all over, first on one side and then on the other. He had a little bit of a magnifyin' glass in one hand, and he put it over the paper and looked at it through the glass, and then he looked at me just as solemn as if it was a funeral, and I seen it was all up with me. Of course, I told my lawyer just where I got it and what it was, and he went down to the butcher shop and seen the man, but the man was 'fraid to come, and said he didn't remember 'bout the steak nor about me; he guessed he'd seen me—I used to come down that way to peddle—but he couldn't tell whether I was in the shop that night or not.

"Then they brought the boys who had found her in a pool of

water out on the prairie two or three days after, and they brought some of the clothes she had on. They was all covered with mud, and they passed 'em all around to the jury and the judge, just the same as they did the paper. Of course, these did look pretty bad, and they made me feel kind of faint, for I'd thought about her a good deal the last few days, and dreamed about her almost every night, and sometimes I'd dream that ever'thing was all right, and then wake up and remember just how 'twas. I don't know which is worse: to dream that the thing was done and see it all before you, just as if you were doin' it all over again, and then wake up and know it was a dream, and then know it was so, or to dream that you're livin' together all right and are happy, and then wake up and find that's a dream, and you're in jail for murder and can't never get out alive.

"Then they proved about how the poker just fit into the place in her head, and how it was took back into the kitchen and put into the ashes again, so 'twouldn't show, and how far I drove that day, and ever' saloon I stopped into on the way, and just how much I drank, and ever'thing I done, except the beefsteak I bought and that half peck of potatoes that I gave away to the old lady. Then they proved all about my runnin' away, and where I'd been, and what I'd done, and my changin' my name, and the way I was caught.

"A good many times my lawyer objected to something that they tried to prove, or to something that the other feller was sayin', but ever' time the judge decided 'gainst my lawyer, and he 'most always seemed kind of mad when my lawyer said anything. The other one was a good deal the smartest; ever'one said he wanted to be a judge, and he took all the murder cases he could get, and they called him the 'hangin' lawyer,' because ever'one he had anything to do with got hung.

"There was always a big crowd in the court room ever' day, and a lot of people waitin' outside to get in, and there was always some awfully nice dressed ladies settin' up there with the judge ever' day, and they had a sort of glass in their hands, and they'd hold it up in front of their eyes and look at me through the glass just like the judge looked at the paper.

"It took about two days for their side to call all the witnesses they had, and finally their lawyer got up just as solemn and said that was their case.

"Then the judge give them a few minutes recess for ever'body to walk around a little, and ever'one looked at me, just as they'd done all the time. When they come to order the judge told us to go on with our side. My lawyer turned to me and said he didn't see what use it was to prove anything, and we might just as well let the case go the way it was. I said I ought to go on the stand and tell about that paper, and how it was nothin' but the one that come around the beef, and he said they wouldn't believe me if I said it. And anyhow it wouldn't make any difference. If I once got on the stand they'd get me all mixed up and the first thing I knew I'd tell 'em all about ever'thing, and so far as witnesses went he couldn't find anyone to do me any good.

"I thought 'twould look pretty bad not to give any evidence at all, and he said he knew that but 'twould look a mighty sight worse if we put any in. So my lawyer got up and ever'one watched to see what he was goin' to do, and then he just said 'May it please the court, we have concluded not to put in any evidence.' And ever'one commenced to whisper, and to look at me, and to look 'round, and the judge looked queer and kind of satisfied, and said then if there was no evidence on our side they would take a recess till mornin' when they could argue the case. Of course, after I went back to the cell and got to thinkin' it over I could see that it was all off more'n ever, but I didn't see that the lawyer could have done any different."

Here Jim got up and went to the grating and called to the guard.

"I'm gettin' a little tired and fagged out and it ain't worth while to go to bed. Won't you just give me some more whiskey?"

The guard came up to the door. "Of course, you can have all the whiskey you want," he said. "Here's a bottle I've just fetched up from the office. You'd better drink that up and then I'll get you some more."

Jim took a long drink at the bottle, and then passed it to his friend. Hank was glad to have something to help him through the ordeal, which had been hard for him to bear.

Presently the guard came back to the grating and asked Jim what he wanted for breakfast.

"It ain't breakfast time yet, is it?" Jim gasped.

"No, but I'm going to the office after a while and I want to give the order when I go. You'd better tell me now. You can have 'most anything you want. You can have ham and eggs, or bacon or steak, and tea or coffee, and bread and butter and cakes; or all of 'em—or anything else you want."

"Well, I guess you'd better bring me ham and eggs. I don't seem to care for steak, and I don't think I want any coffee. I'd rather have a cocktail. You'd better bring me plenty more whiskey too when you come. You know I hain't slept any and I'm kind of nervous. I guess it'll be better if I don't know much about it; don't you?"

"Sure thing," the guard answered back. "We've got some Scotch whiskey over there that's all right. I'll bring you some of that. All the boys takes that. I don't think you'll be troubled much after a good drink of that Scotch. I guess you'd better hurry up a little bit with what you want to say. I don't like to hurry you any, but I'm afraid they'll be along with the breakfast after while, and they don't allow any visitors after that."

The guard turned to leave, but before he had gone far, Jim called out, "You'd better telephone over to the telegraph office, hadn't you? Somethin' might have come maybe."

"All right, I'll do that," the guard answered back, "and Jim, I guess you might as well put on them new clothes before breakfast; they'll look better'n the old ones—to eat in."

X

JIM drank the remnant of whiskey in the bottle he was holding, draining it to the last drop. As he sat in his chair he leaned against the side of the cell.

"My—how many bottles of this stuff I've drunk tonight. It's a wonder I ain't dead already. I don't believe I could keep up only I've got to finish my story. But this cell begins to swim 'round pretty lively; I guess it ain't goin' to take much to finish me. Think a little of that Scotch will just about do the job. I don't care what anyone says, I'm goin 'to get just as drunk as I can. I sha'n't live to see what they say in the newspapers and it won't make any difference when I'm dead. I don't know as I ought to eat anything; it might kind of keep it from actin', but still I might as well. I guess the Scotch'll do it all right anyway.

"Well, there ain't very much more to tell, and I guess you're glad. It's been a tough night on you, poor feller. I hope no one'll ever have to do it for you. But, say—you've done me lots of good! I don't know how I'd put in the night, if you hadnt' come!

"Well—the last mornin' they took me over to court, the room was jammed more'n ever before, and a big crowd was waitin' outside. I heard the other lawyer say that the judge's platform looked like a reception; anyhow it was full of ladies with perfectly grand clothes, and most of 'em would hold their glasses up to look at me. The other lawyer didn't say much in his first speech, only to tell how it was all done, and how they had proved that everything happened in Cook County, and what a high office the jury had.

"Then my lawyer talked for me. I didn't really see how he could have done any better and the papers all said he done fine. Of course there wa'n't much to say. I done it, and what more was there to it? And yet I s'pose a lawyer is educated so he can talk all right on either side. Well, my lawyer went on to make out that no one had seen it done, that the evidence was all circumstantial, and no one ever ought to be hung on circumstantial evidence. He went on to show how many mistakes had been made on circumstantial evidence, and he told about a lot of cases. He told the jury about one that I think happened in Vermont where two farmers was seen goin' out in the field. They hadn't been very good friends for a long time. Someone heard loud voices and knew they was fightin'. Finally one of 'em never come back and afterwards some bones or somethin' was found, that the doctors said was a farmer's bones. Well, they tried that farmer and found him guilty, and hung him. And then years afterwards the other man come back. And he'd just wandered off in a crazy fit. And after a while another doctor found out that them bones was only sheep bones, and they'd hung an innocent man. He told a lot of stories of that kind, and some of the jury seemed to cry when he told 'em, but I guess they was cryin' for the Vermont man and not for me.

"After my lawyer got through the other lawyer had one more chance, and he was awful hard on me. He made out that I was the worst man that ever lived. He claimed that I had made up my mind to kill her long ago, just to get rid of her, and that I went 'round to all the saloons that day and drank just to get up my nerve. Then he claimed that I took a bottle of whiskey home and drank it up and left the empty bottle on the table, and I took that just to nerve me up. He made more out of the brown paper than he did of anything else, and told how I burned all the rest of the evidence but had forgot to burn this, and how I'd gone into the kitchen and got the poker out of the stove and come back into the settin'-room and killed her, and then took it back; and how cold-blooded I was to take her, after I'd killed her, and go and dump her into that hole away out on the prairie, and how I'd run away, and how that proved I'd killed her, and then he compared me with all the murderers who ever lived since Cain, 'most, and showed how all of 'em was better'n I was, and told the jury that nobody in Chicago would be safe unless I was hung; and if they done their duty and hung me there wouldn't be any more killin' in Chicago after this. I can't begin to tell you what all he said; but it was awful! Once in a while when it was too bad, my lawyer would interrupt, but the judge always decided against me and then the other lawyer went on worse'n before. The papers next day told how fast I changed color while he was talkin', and what a great speech he made, and they all said he ought to be a judge because he was so fearless.

"It took the crowd some time to quiet down after he got through and then the judge asked the jury to stand up, and they stood up, and he read a lot of stuff to 'em, tellin' 'em about the case. 'Most all that he read was 'gainst me. Sometimes I thought he was readin' one on my side, and he told 'em how sure they must be before they could convict, and then he'd wind up by sayin' they must be sure it was done in Cook County. Of course there never was any doubt but what it all happened in Cook County. When the judge got through 'twas most night, and he told the bailiff to take charge of the jury, so he took 'em and the clothes and the brown paper with the blood out in the jury room, and they han'-cuffed me and took me back to my cell.

"I don't believe I ever put in any night that was quite so hard on me—exceptin' mebbe the night I done it—as that one when the jury was out. I guess ever'one thought they wouldn't stay long. I couldn't see that any of 'em ever looked at me once as if they cared whether I lived or died. I don't believe that they really thought I was a man like them; anyhow ever'-one thought they would sentence me to hang in just a few minutes. I s'posed myself that they'd be in before supper. My lawyer come over to the jail with me, because he knew how I felt. And anyhow he was 'most as nervous as I was. After a while they brought me in my supper, and the lawyer went out to get his. Then the guard told me the jury had gone to supper, and he guessed there was some hitch about it, though ever'one thought the jury wouldn't be out long. After a

while the lawyer came back, and he stayed and talked to me until nine or ten o'clock, and the jury didn't come in, so he went to see what was the matter, and come back and said he couldn't find out anything, only that they hadn't agreed.

"Well, he stayed till twelve o'clock, and then the judge went home, and we knew they wa'n't goin' to come in till mornin'. I couldn't sleep that night, but walked back and forth in the cell a good bit of the time. You see it wa'n't this cell. The one I had then was a little bigger. I'd lay down once in a while, and sometimes I'd smoke a cigar that the guard gave me. Anyhow I couldn't really sleep, and was mighty glad when daylight come. In the mornin', kind of early, I heard that jury had agreed and I knew that 'twas bad for me. The best that could happen would be a disagreement. I hadn't allowed myself to have much hope any of the time, but I knew that now it was all off.

"Still I waited and didn't quite give up till they took me back to the courtroom. Then when ever'one had got their places the jury come in, lookin' awful solemn, and the judge looked sober and fierce-like, and he said, 'Gentlemen of the Jury, have you agreed on your verdict?' And the foreman got up and said, 'We have.' Then the judge told the foreman to give the verdict to the clerk. He walked over to the row of chairs and the man at the end of the bottom row reached out his hand and gave the paper to him. The people in the room was still as death. Then the clerk read, 'We, the jury, find the defendant guilty, and sentence him to death.' I set with my head down, lookin' at the paper; I expected it, and made up my mind not to move. Ever'one in the courtroom sort of give a sigh. I never looked up, and I don't believe I moved. The papers next day said I was brazen and had no feelin', even when the jury sentenced me to death.

"The judge was the first one to speak. He turned to the jury and thanked 'em for their patriotism and devotion, and the great courage they'd shown by their verdict. He said they'd done their duty well and could now go back to their homes contented and happy. And he says: 'Mr. Sheriff, remove the prisoner from the room.' Of course, I hadn't expected nothin', and still I wa'n't quite sure—the same as now, when I think mebbe the governor'll change his mind. But when the verdict was read and they said it was death, somehow I felt kind of dazed. I don't really remember their puttin' the han'-cuffs on me, and takin' me back to jail. I don't remember the crowd in the courtroom, or much of anything until I was locked up again, and then my lawyer come and said he would make a motion for a new trial, and not to give up hope. My lawyer told me that the reason they was out so long was one man stuck out for sendin' me to the penitentiary for life instead of hangin' me. We found out that he used to be a switchman. I s'pose he knew what a hard life I had and wanted to make some allowances. The State's Attorney said he'd been bribed, and the newspapers had lots to say about investigatin' the case, but there wa'n't nothin' done about it. But I s'pose mebbe it had some effect on the next case.

"There wa'n't nothin' more done for two or three days. I just stayed in my cell and didn't feel much like talkin' with anyone. Then my lawyer come over and said the motion for a new trial would be heard next day. In the mornin' they han'cuffed me and took me back as usual. There was a lot of people in the courtroom, though not so many as before. My lawyer had a lot of books, and he talked a long while about the case, and told the judge he ought to give me a new trial on account of all the mistakes that was made before. And after he got done the judge said he'd thought of this case a great deal both by day and by night, and he'd tried to find a way not to sentence me to death, but he couldn't do it, and the motion would be overruled. Then he said, 'Jackson, stand up.' Of course I got up, because he told me to. Then he looked at me awful savage and solemn and said, 'Have you got anything to say why sentence should not be passed on you?' and I said 'No!' Then he talked for a long time about how awful bad I was, and what a warnin' I ought to be to ever'body else; and then he sentenced me to be removed to the county-jail and on Friday, the thirteenth day of this month—that's today—to be hanged by the neck till dead, and then he said, 'May God have mercy on your soul!' After that he said, 'Mr. Sheriff, remove the prisoner. Mr. Clerk, call the next case.' And they han'-cuffed me and brought me back.

"I don't know why the judge said, 'May God have mercy on your soul!' I guess it was only a kind of form that they have to go through, and I don't think he meant it, or even thought anything about it. If he had, I don't see how he really could ask God to have mercy on me unless he could have mercy himself. The judge didn't have to hang me unless he wanted to.

"Well, the lawyer come in and told me he ought to appeal the case to the Supreme Court, but it would cost one hundred dollars for a record, and he didn't know where to get the money. I told him I didn't know either. Of course I hadn't any, and told him he might just as well let it go; that I didn't s'pose it would do any good anyhow. But he said he'd see if he could find the money somehow and the next day he come in and said he was goin' to give half out of his own pocket, and he'd seen another feller that didn't want his name mentioned and that thought a man oughtn't to be hung without a chance; he was goin' to give the other half. Of course I felt better then, but still I thought there wa'n't much chance, for ever'body was against me, but my lawyer told me there was a lot of mistakes and errors in the trial and I ought to win.

"Well, he worked on the record and finally got it finished, a great big kind of book that told all about the case. It was only finished a week ago, and I s'posed anyone could take his case to the Supreme Court if he had the money; but my lawyer said no, he couldn't, or rather he said yes, anyone could take his case to the Supreme Court, but in a case like mine, where I was to be hung I'd be dead before the Supreme Court ever decided it, or even before it was tried. Then he said the only way would be if some of the judges looked at the record and made an order that I shouldn't be hung

until after they'd tried the case, but he told me it didn't make any difference how many mistakes the judge had made, or how many errors there was, they wouldn't make any order unless they believed I hadn't done it. He said that if it had been a dispute about a horse or a cow, or a hundred dollars, I'd have a right to go to the Supreme Court, and if the judges found any mistakes in the trial I'd have another chance. But it wa'n't so when I was tried for my life.

"Well, when he'd explained this I felt sure 'twas all off, and I told him so, but he said he was goin' to make the best fight he could and not give up till the end. He said he had a lot at stake himself, though not so much as I had. So he took the record and went to the judges of the Supreme Court and they looked it over, and said mebbe the judge that tried me did make some mistakes, and mebbe I didn't have a fair trial, but it looked as if I was guilty and they wouldn't make any order. So my case never got into the Supreme Court after all and the hundred dollars was wasted.

"Well, when my lawyer told me, of course I felt blue. I'd built some on this, and it begun to look pretty bad. It seemed as if things was comin' along mighty fast, and it looked as if the bobbin was 'most wound up. When you know you're going to die in a week the time don't seem long. Of course if a feller's real sick, and gets run down and discouraged, and hasn't got much grip on things, he may not feel so very bad about dyin', for he's 'most dead anyway, but when a feller's strong, and in good health, and he knows he's got to die in a week, it's a different thing.

"Then my lawyer said there was only one thing left, and that was to go to the gov'nor. He said he knew the gov'nor pretty well and he was goin' to try. He thought mebbe he'd change the sentence to imprisonment for life. When I first come to jail I said I'd rather be hung than to be sent up for life, and I stuck to it even when the jury brought in their verdict, but when it was only a week away I begun to feel different, and I didn't want to die, leastwise I didn't want to get hung. So I told him all the people I knew, though I didn't think they'd help me, for the world seemed to be against me, and the papers kept tellin' what a good thing it was to hang me, and how the State's Attorney and the jury and the judge had been awful brave to do it so quick. But I couldn't see where there was any bravery in it. I didn't have no friends. It might have been right, but I can't see where the brave part come in.

"But every day the lawyer said he thought the gov'nor would do somethin', and finally he got all the names he could to the petition, and I guess it wa'n't very many, only the people that sign all the petitions because they don't believe in hangin'; and day before yesterday, he went down to Springfield to see the gov'nor.

"Well, I waited all day yesterday. I didn't go out of the cell for exercise because I couldn't do anything and I didn't want 'em to see how nervous I was. But I tell you it's ticklish business waitin' all day when you're goin' to be hung in the mornin' unless somethin' happens. I kep' askin' the guard what time 'twas, and when I heard anyone comin' up this way I looked to see if it wa'n't a despatch,

and I couldn't set down or lay down, or do anything 'cept drink whiskey. I hain't really been sober and clear-headed since yesterday noon, in fact, I guess if I had been, I wouldn't kep' you here all night like this. I didn't hardly eat a thing, either, all day, and I asked the guard about it a good many times, and he felt kind of sorry for me but didn't give me much encouragement. You see they've had a guard right here in front of the door all the time, day and night, for two weeks. That's called the death watch, and they set here to see that I don't kill myself, though I can't see why that would make any great difference so long as I've got to die anyhow.

"Well, 'long toward night the guard came and brought me that new suit of clothes over on the bed, and I guess I've got to put 'em on pretty quick. Of course, the guard's been as nice as he could be. He didn't tell me what they's for, but I knew all the same. I know they don't hang nobody in their old clothes. I s'pose there'll be a good many people there, judges and doctors and ministers and lawyers, and the newspapers, and the friends of the sheriff, and politicians, and all, and of course it wouldn't look right to have me hung up there before 'em all in my old clothes,—it would be about like wearin' old duds to a party or to church —so I've got to put on them new ones. They're pretty good, and they look as if they're all wool, don't you think?

"Well, a little while after they brought me the clothes, I seen the guard come up with a telegram in his hand. I could see in his face it wa'n't no use, so of course I wa'n't quite so nervous when I read it. But I opened it to make sure. The lawyer said that the gov'nor wouldn't do nothin'. Then, of course, 'twas all off. Still he said he'd go back about midnight. I don't know whether he meant it, or said it to brace me up a little and kind of let me down easier.

"Of course, the gov'nor could wake up in the night and do it, if he wanted to, and I s'pose such things has been done. I've read 'bout 'em stoppin' it after a man got up on the scaffold. You remember about the gov'nor of Ohio, don't you? He come here to Chicago to some convention, and a man was to be hung in Columbus that day, and the gov'nor forgot it till just about the time, and then he tried for almost an hour to get the penitentiary on the long distance telephone, and he finally got 'em just as the man was goin' up on the scaffold. Such things has happened, but of course, I don't s'pose they'll happen to me. I never had much luck in anything, and I guess I'll be hung all right.

"It seems queer, don't it, how I'm talkin' to you here, and the guard out there, and ever'body good to me, and in just a little while they're goin' to take me out there and hang me! I don't believe I could do it, even if I was a sheriff and got ten thousand dollars a year for it, but I s'pose it has to be done.

"Well, now I guess I've told you all about how ever'thing happened and you und'stand how it was. I s'pose you think I'm bad, and I don't want to excuse myself too much, or make out I'm any saint. I know I never was, but you see how a feller gets into them things when he ain't much different from ever'body else. I know I don't like crime, and I don't believe the other does. I just got into a sort of a mill and here I am right close up to that noose.

"There ain't anyone 'specially that I've got to worry about, 'cept

the boy. Of course it's awful hard for a poor feller to start, anyhow, unless he's real smart, and I don't know how 'twill be with the boy. We always thought he was awful cunnin'; but I s'pose most parents does. But I don't see how he'd ever be very smart, 'cause I wa'n't and neither was his mother. As I was sayin', 'twould be awful hard for him anyhow, but now when he's growed up, and anyone tells him about how his mother was murdered by his father, and how his father got hung for it, and they show him the pictures in the paper and all that, I don't see how he'll ever have any show. It seems as if the state had ought to do somethin' for a child when the state kills its father that way, but it don't unless they sends him to a poor house, or something like that.

"Now, I haven't told you a single lie—and you can see how it all was, and that I wa'n't so awful bad, and that I'm sorry, and would be willin' to die if it would bring her back. And if you can, I wish you'd just kind of keep your eye on the boy. I guess it'll be a good deal better to change his name and not let him nor anyone else know anything about either of us. A good many poor people grow up that way. I don't really know nothin' 'bout my folks. They might've been hung too, for all I know. But you kind of watch the boy and keep track of him, and if he comes up all right and seems to be a smart feller and looks at things right, and he gets to wonderin' about me, and you think 'twill do any good you can tell him just what you feel a mind to, but don't tell him 'less'n you think it will do him good. Of course, I can't never pay you in any way for what you've done for me, but mebbe you'll think it's worth while for a feller that hain't a friend in the world, and who's got to be hung so quick."

Hank struggled as hard as he could to keep back the tears. He was not much used to crying, but in spite of all his efforts they rolled down his face.

"Well, Jim, old feller," he said. "I didn't know how it was—when I come I felt as if you'd been awful bad, and of course I know it wa'n't right, but somehow I know it might have happened to me, or 'most anybody, almost, and that you ain't so bad. I can't tell you anything about how I feel, but I'm glad I come. It's done me good. I don't think I'll ever feel the same about the fellers that go to jail and get hung. I don't know's they could help it any more'n any of us can help the things we do. Anyhow, I sha'n't never let the boy out of my mind a single minit, and I'll do as much for him as if he was mine. I'll look him up the first thing I do. I don't know about changin' his name, I'll see. Anyhow, if he ever gets to hear a bit of it, I'll see he knows how it was."

Jim wrung Hank's hand for a minute in silence, and then said: "And just one word more, Hank; tell him not to be poor; don't let him get married till he's got money, and can afford it, and don't let him go in debt. You know I don't believe I ever would have done it if I hadn't been so poor."

Hank drew back his hand and stepped to the grated door and looked out along the gloomy iron corridors and down toward the courtyard below. Then he looked up at the tiers of cells filled with the hapless outcasts of the world. On the skylight he could see the faint yellowish

glow that told him that the day was about to dawn. The guard got up from his stool and passed him another flask of whiskey.

"Here, you'd better get Jim to drink all he can," he whispered, "for his time is almost up."

Hank took a little sip himself, and then motioned Jim to drink. Jim took the bottle, raised it to his mouth and gulped it down, scarcely stopping to catch his breath. Then he threw the bottle on the bed and sat down on his chair. With the story off his mind it was plain that the whiskey was fast numbing all his nerves. He was not himself when he looked up again.

"I guess mebbe I'd better change my clothes, while I have a chance," he said. "I don't want anyone else to have to do it for me, and I want to look all right when the thing comes off."

A new guard came up to the door, unlocked it and came in. He nodded to Hank and told him he must go.

"His breakfast is just comin' up and it's against the rules to have anyone here at the time. The priest will come to see him after he gets through eatin'."

Over in the corridor where Hank had seen the beams and lumber he could hear the murmur of muffled voices, evidently talking about the work. Along the corridor two waiters in white coats were bringing great trays filled with steaming food.

Slowly Hank turned to Jim and took his hand.

"Well, old fellow," he said, "I've got to go. I see you're all right, but take that Scotch whiskey when it comes; it won't do you any hurt. I'll look after everything just as I said. Good-bye."

Jim seemed hardly to hear Hank's farewell words.

"Well, good-bye."

Hank went outside the door and the guard closed and locked it as he turned away.

Then Jim got up from his chair and stumbled to the door.

"Hank! Hank! S'pose—you—stop at the—telegraph—office—the Western Union—and the—Postal—all of 'em—mebbe—might—be somethin'——"

"All right," Hank called back, "I will! I will!—I'll go to both to make sure if there's anything there; and I'll telephone you by the time you've got through eatin'."

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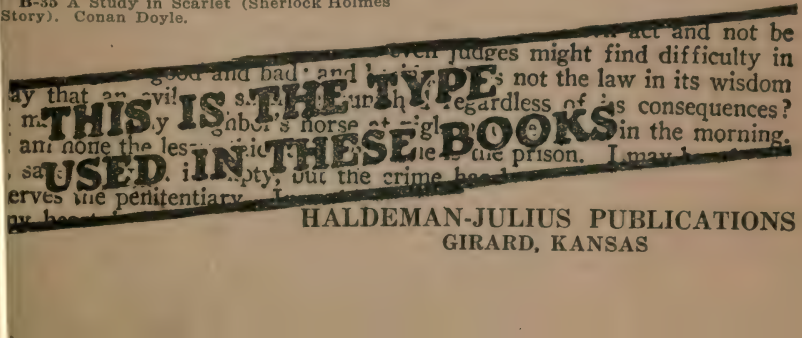

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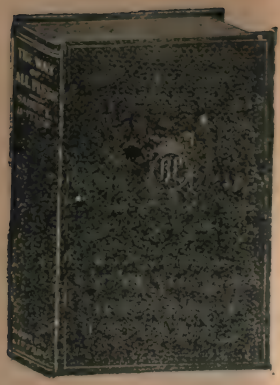

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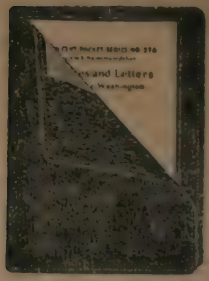

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CHEMISTRY FOR BEGINNERS

PART I

The ancient Greeks, when they looked about them on the world in which they lived, came to the definite conclusion that everything is in a constant state of flux, or change. Things animate and inanimate gradually disintegrated and tended either to disappear (apparently) or to change into other forms of matter. With their true æsthetic sense, they felt it necessary that there should be some *one* permanent thing in the world, underlying all the changes which they saw going on about them, and many of their early speculations were devoted to the nature and constitution of this one "permanent thing." Thales, of Myletus, who flourished about 585 B. C., and who was, perhaps, the first great philosopher and physicist, contended that the essential principle of things,—the substance, or stuff, of all things,—must be *water*. He held the view that, by condensation and rarefaction of water all things rise, and he actually attempted an evolutionary account of the Genesis of Man, Plants and Animals, with this idea as a basis for his thought.

Anaximenes said that *air*, or *ether*, must be the substance of things. Heraclitus regarded *fire* as the most primary element in the universe,—from which all else arises. Anaximander said that the "unlimited"—a sort of boundless, animated mass—is the ultimate substance. Plato, as we know, contended that the per-

manent reality of things was not anything material at all, but was mind, or *spirit*. Empedocles, (495-435 B. C.) advanced the theory that there are four elements—Earth, Air, Fire and Water. Anaxagoras contended that nothing changed of itself, but that it is caused or made to change, and that *that* which produces these changes is the permanent reality. This he believed to be a sort of mind or universal intelligence (*Nous*), but he regarded this mind as strictly impersonal, as well as immaterial, and did not attempt to answer the difficulty as to how mind can affect matter in any detailed manner.

It was only natural that, prior to the discovery of the laws of the indestructibility of matter and energy, that this sense of "change" should have struck these early thinkers very forcibly, since they had no means of ascertaining that, when matter disappears from our sight, it is not actually destroyed. We now know that, when we burn a candle, the candle disappears, but that the elements composing the candle are merely changed into invisible gaseous compounds, which are no longer visible to the human eye. Lacking delicate instruments of precision, the ancients could not know this; to them, the matter of the candle would have disappeared. Hence, it was only natural that they should seek the ultimate reality behind these changes, and speculate as to its origin and nature.

ALCHEMY

The modern science of chemistry is rel-

atively new. It gradually emerged from alchemy, which practically constituted the chemistry of the middle ages. The objects of alchemy were various: (1) the transmutation of the base metals into gold, by means of the so-called "Philosopher's Stone"; (2) The fixation of Mercury; (3) The discovery of the elixir of Life, etc. These were the purely chemical aspects of alchemy, but we now know that the alchemists had much more than this in mind, in their experimental work, and that they hinted at their true meaning in many of their veiled writings. Many of the higher types of alchemists were also mystics, and when they wrote in chemical symbols, they really concealed their inner meaning; they referred, very largely, to the inner spirit of man, and the methods by which this could be changed or transformed into some higher spiritual being (See "Alchemy Ancient and Modern," by H. Stanley Redgrove; "Alchemy, Its Scope and Romance," by the Rev. J. E. Mercer, etc.) Mr. Foster Damon has lately published a series of articles in which he has brought forward a mass of evidence tending to prove that the alchemists were also deep students of psychic phenomena, and that their experiments relative to the "First Matter" were really experiments in so-called "Materialization!" He has published his findings in a series of articles in the "Occult Review."

MODERN CHEMISTRY

Modern chemistry may be said to begin with Robert Boyle (1626-1691). He defined an ele-

ment as a substance which could not be decomposed, but which could enter into combination with other elements, giving compounds capable of decomposition into these original elements. The number of elements which were thought to exist varied greatly,—some contending that they were but few in number, others that they were numerous. It must be remembered that all this was before the time of Dalton, and that the atomic theory had not yet been advanced as a scientific hypothesis, since the days of the ancient Greeks, when Democritus and Epicurus had defended this view. The swing of science, at that time was, therefore, toward the materialism of those older writers, and the atomic theories which they had then proposed.

Chemistry is that branch of science which investigates the nature and properties of matter in all its forms. It is, perhaps, the most materialistic of all the sciences, since it deals essentially with matter. Physics deals with forces or energies, or the energies manifested by and through matter, but the two are more or less inter-related—especially of late years, as we shall see. Chemistry is essentially an *experimental* science, and practically everything which has been learned about it has been acquired by means of laboratory experimentation. But here as elsewhere theories have woven together the mass of separate facts, and of them made a consistent and philosophical science.

There are two main divisions of chemistry—inorganic and organic; that is to say, the chem-

istry of "dead" matter, and the chemistry of "living" or organic substances, Chemical experiments may be for the purpose of *analysis*—discovering the constituents of a given substance; *synthesis*, in which a compound substance is "created" from several simpler ones; or purely *experimental*, in which certain tests are made, and the results or reäctions noted.

MEDIAEVAL CHEMISTRY

As before stated, Chemistry is more or less the direct child of Alchemy; but before the modern, scientific period of chemical research had been reached, two transitional stages were first of all passed through. These were (1) The so-called "Iatro-Chemical" period — the period of medical mysticism; and (2) the "phlogistic" period. A few words will be necessary to explain each of these terms, and the period of chemical development which they covered.

As may be inferred from the name, the iatro-chemical period was one in which attempts were made to combine chemistry and medicine, and make the former serve the latter. All kinds of weird concoctions were tried, and attempts were made to explain, on chemical principles, all the changes and reactions occurring in the body—an attempt which was necessarily futile for the chemistry of that day. However, many important results were achieved, as the consequence of experimentation, and chemical science was on the whole enriched, even though

the workers of that day were inspired by totally erroneous views.

The Phlogistic Period takes its name from a hypothetical substance denominated "phlogiston." This was supposed to be an invisible principle or entity, constituting the basis of Fire, and corresponds to the "pure fire" of Zoroaster. The Phlogiston theory was propounded and championed by Stahl, and it was defined by him as follows:

"Phlogiston is . . . a very subtle matter, capable of penetrating the most dense substances; it neither burns, nor glows, nor is visible; it is agitated by an igneous motion, and it is capable of communicating its motion to material particles apt to receive it. The particles when indued with this rapid motion constitute visible fire . . . ."

This conception dominated the whole scientific world for many years. The experimental work undertaken by Scheele and Priestly, however, finally enabled Lavoisier to discover the true nature of "fire"—combustion. In a famous "Memoir," published in 1783, entitled "Reflections Concerning Phlogiston," he showed that all the observed phenomena could be accounted for without the presence of any hypothetical phlogiston; in fact, as he himself says, they "can be better explained without phlogiston than by means of it." His discovery of oxygen, in the atmosphere, was a fundamentally important step in modern chemical science. Hitherto, the air was thought to be a single gas, or a mixture of various gases; but oxygen

was unknown as its most important constituent. Lavoisier's discovery finally disposed of the phlogiston idea, and ushered in the new era of scientific chemisty.

It may be thought that undue space has been devoted to this theory of Phlogiston; but anyone reading the history of Chemistry will realize the extent to which this idea completely dominated the minds of men at that time, and how all chemical researches were perverted by it. The discovery of the true nature of combustion was one of the fundamental turning-points in the history of scientific thought.

The material world in which we live is very evidently composed of a variety of substances. At least some of these were soon seen to exist in at least three different states—solid, liquid and gaseous. These seemed to differ radically from one another; ice, water and steam are as different as one can imagine; and yet, somehow, they were the same thing after all; for ice melts and becomes water, and water, when heated, becomes steam. On the contrary, steam cools and becomes water again, and when it is sufficiently cold, will again form ice. There must be some fundamental Thing, therefore, of which water is composed. What is this Thing? How many such Things are there in the world? Are there a limitless number, or only a few? If a certain, limited number, how many? And how discover them? These were questions which naturally occupied the minds of men throughout the ages. No answer was

found, however, and it remained for John Dalton to discover and formulate the Law which enabled men to obtain their first glimpse of the nature of the ultimate constitution of matter.

JOHN DALTON

John Dalton (1766-1844) was born in Eaglesfield, in Cumberland (England), and was the son of a poor weaver. Endowed with natural aptitude and an indomitable will, he utilized all possible opportunities for the study of mathematics and natural philosophy. He taught school, while devoting all his spare time to his beloved scientific researches. In fact, he earned his living as a private teacher to the end of his life, never having enough money to pursue his investigations unhampered by material considerations.

It was, of course, well known that mere *mixtures* were entirely different things from chemical *compounds*. We can mix sand and sugar together, but they remain sand and sugar, and can be separated again, having undergone no change. Or we can mix together two liquids or two gases, and they also can again be separated by suitable means. But when two substances chemically combine one with another, then we have some third thing which is entirely different from the original two, and which possesses properties dissimilar from either. Now, what has happened when substances thus combine? What are the laws of such combinations? And what are the ultimate constituents of matter, which render these

combinations possible? Dalton was the first to undertake an explanation of these phenomena, backed up by experimental evidence. The historic importance of this cannot be overestimated. As Dr. Raphael Meldola says, in his "Chemistry":—

"The doctrine of equivalence, even in its most elastic form, is still nothing more than a quantitative expression of the facts of chemical composition. Of course, there must be some underlying principle—some explanation of this simplicity of multiplicity. Such explanation was first definitely formulated in 1807-08 by John Dalton, who not only discovered the law of Multiple Proportions, but suggested a theory, the introduction of which marks one of the greatest epochs in the history of Chemistry. The reason why combination takes place in definite proportions by weight, and why, when the same element has more than one equivalent the principle of integral multiples is maintained is, according to Dalton's explanation, because the combination is between the ultimate particles of which elementary matter is composed. This is the notion of the discontinuity or discreteness of matter. The "particles" of which matter is composed—whatever its state of aggregation—are, from Dalton's point of view, ultimate in the sense of being indivisible. For this reason he called them *atoms*."

THE ATOMIC THEORY

Here, then, we have at last the Atomic Theory—the theory, that is, that all matter,

in all its stages, is built-up of extremely small particles which are so small, indeed, that they can no longer be sub-divided. They are the ultimate of matter—the "building stones of the Universe"—of which everything, animate and inanimate, is composed.

These atoms were held to be spherical in shape, of a certain definite weight and figure, according to the element or substance in question. Thus: "every particle of water is like every other particle of water, every particle of hydrogen is like every other particle of hydrogen, etc." These ultimate particles—atoms—were held to be indestructible. These atoms all had their own particular *weights*, which might be denoted by number. Hence "atomic weight"

These atoms, then, combine, forming molecules, or compounds of atoms; and molecules make up matter as we see and know it.

Further, most of the matter in the world is composed of a variety of elementary substances, limited in number. When more complex bodies are analyzed or broken-down, these elementary substances are always found. The number of these in Dalton's day was unknown; but they had long been known as *elements*. Elements were, of course, composed of their own particular atoms; while all other substances were made-up of combinations of elements.

THE ELEMENTS

Dalton's views ushered in a new era in chemistry. Prolonged researches were at once

undertaken, in order to determine the precise atomic weights—investigations which are being carried on even today. The exact size, shape, texture, etc., of the atom was subject to endless investigation. The nature of chemical combinations (how two elements combine with one another) held the fascinated attention of chemists for a hundred years, and it is only within the past few years that a definite solution has been found, and this has only been rendered possible by the newer views of matter, entirely different from those maintained during the past century.

During the hundred years which have elapsed since Dalton's time, a number of new elements have been discovered, and there are reasons for supposing that there are some yet to discover. It is now believed, however, that there are 92 primary elements, of which Hydrogen has the lowest atomic weight, and Uranium the highest. Typical elements are: Oxygen, Iron, Fluorine, Silver, Sodium, Sulphur, Gold, Zinc, Copper, etc. A complete list may be found in any standard Chemistry.

ATOMIC WEIGHTS

When work was undertaken, to discover the exact atomic weights of these various elements, it was soon found that these could not be expressed in *exact*, whole numbers. Fractions or decimal numbers were nearly always found to exist. Thus, the atomic weight of Hydrogen was not exactly 1, but 1.008; copper was 63.57, etc. For long it was thought that

these variations were due to errors of experiment, and renewed attempts were made to reach more accurate conclusions, in which these apparently annoying fractions were absent. But the most painstaking experimental work only served to confirm these results, and still later researches have shown us *why* this is so. It would take us too far afield, however, to go into that question at present.

The various elements were given symbols. for the sake of brevity; some of these represented the first letters of the name of the element; some were the first letters of the Latin word for that element. Thus, Co=Cobolt, S=Sulphur, Ne=Neon, Bi=Bismuth, On the other hand, Fe=Iron (Latin, ferrum), etc. This served greatly to abbreviate chemical language, and at the same time simplified chemical formulæ and equations.

VALENCY

We must now explain one or two terms which are extremely important for understanding what is to follow. The first of these is *Valency*. We know that chemical combinations take placed in fixed proportions by weight; this is known as the "Constancy of Composition." There is always an equivalence noted. This doctrine of equivalence is merely the numerical expression of the definiteness of chemical change. Calculations are made from the point-of-view of combining with a unit-weight of hydrogen (the Unit element). In chemical compounds, then, the doctrine of equivalence

says that these atomic weights represent quantities of different elementary substances which are of the same chemical value as measured by their capacity for displacing the same weight of hydrogen.

A new property of the atom is thus brought out, *viz.*, its value as measured by the number of atoms with which it can combine. This property is appropriately described as the "Valency" of the atom. If the atomic weight contains the equivalent once, *i. e.*, if the equivalent and atomic weight are identical, that atom can combine only with one atom of hydrogen, or of chlorine, bromine, etc. The formulæ of the compounds, HCl, HBr, etc., expresses this fact. If the equivalent is contained twice in the atomic weight, then that atom can obviously combine with two atoms of hydrogen, chlorine, etc.; if it is contained three times in the atomic weight, the combining capacity or valency of the atom is three; and so forth.

THE PERIODIC LAW

The work which had been done upon the atomic weights rendered possible one of the most brilliant generalizations of modern times, in this field. This was the *Periodic Law.* In the year 1864, Newlands published a Table containing the various elements arranged in the order of their atomic weights. In a side column the differences between these weights were given, each being deducted from the one next higher in the scale. The next year, Newlands announced his "law of octaves," which

he deduced from his arrangement of the elements. He said in part that: "If the elements are arranged in the order of their equivalents, with a few slight transpositions . . . it will be observed that elements, belonging to the same group usually appear on the same horizontal line. . . . It will also be seen that the number of analogous elements generally differ either by seven or by some multiple of seven; in other words, members of the same group stand to each other in the same relation as the extremities of one or more octaves in music."

This pioneer work of Newlands rendered possible the Periodic Law, as finally formulated and worked out in detail by Mendeleeff. Briefly, the Law states that "the properties of an element are a periodic function of its atomic weight."

This is merely another way of saying that if you know the atomic weight of an element, you also know its properties, since these are fixed or invariable. Mendeleeff arranged the elements in various "Groups," according to their atomic weights, and it was found that the properties of the elements periodically recur as the weights of the atoms rise. There were certain empty spaces in Mendeleeff's Table, waiting for new elements which should fit into these empty spaces, if discovered. At the time they had not been discovered; but several of them have been since, and it is a remarkable fact that they invariably fit into his table exhibiting all the properties which

they should theoretically exhibit, and might have been predicted to, years before. This is one of the surest confirmations of the accuracy of Mendeleeff's general Law, and is one of the finest generalizations ever made in science.

The conclusion which we may draw from this Law is that there is a definite *relationship* between the chemical elements. How or why this relationship existed was not known at the time, and only became clear half a century later, when the newer discoveries concerning the ultimate constitution of matter rendered this clear.

EARLIER DISCOVERIES

Mendeleeff's Law could not have been formulated had not an immense amount of research work preceded it, and a number of new elements been discovered. Such was, however, the case. Immediately following the great work of Lavoisier, a host of brilliant chemists appeared, and rapid and important advances were made in consequence. Cadmium was discovered by Stromeyer in 1817; lithium in the same year by Arfvedson. Silicon was isolated in 1810 by Berzelius. In 1827, Wohler isolated aluminum; and the same scientist also isolated beryllium the following year. Bromine was discovered by Balard in 1826; iodine, in 1811, by Courtois. Tellurium had been discovered by Muller von Reichenstein in 1782; Berzelius discovered an element closely analogous to it —selenium—in 1817. Elements continued to be added to the list—and then no more! Had

every element been discovered? Some were inclined to think so. With the discovery of Radium, by the Curies, however, another whole list of elements was brought to light—all of which have been added to the Table of the Periodic Law.

Meanwhile, further discoveries of the curious properties of matter were being made. For example, it had been noticed that at least three distinct varieties of sulphur existed: (1) A pale yellow, brittle solid; (2) translucent needles; and (3) soft and rubber-like sulphur. These were all different physical varieties of one and the same substance—nevertheless they are all sulphur! This element, then, can assume more than one form, and because of this, the term "allotropic" has been applied, to signify the varieties of appearance which the same substance can be made to assume. A good example of this afforded by charcoal, graphite (or black-lead) and diamond,—which would hardly be suspected of being all the same substance; and yet they are!

ANALYSIS AND SYNTHESIS

Compounds may be broken up into their constituents, during the process of analysis, or they may be made to combine one with another, in synthesis. All the resources of modern science have been brought to bear, in efforts to effect these various alterations or changes. Great heat, extreme cold, chemical reägents, enormous pressures, high vacua, electrical currents and sparks, bombardment with

radio-activity, etc.—all have been employed in these chemical investigations. Suitable laboratories have been constructed, encasing immense boilers, huge refrigeration machines, electrical contrivances of all kinds, etc. What tremendous strides have been made in this field during the past century—from the simple grass retorts, flasks and apparatus of a century ago! But this only shows us how tremendous would be our progress could men but learn to work together, in harmony, welded together by a common interest,—instead of butchering one another, or wasting their precious lives and energies in scandals and political intrigues!

But let us return to earth again—to matter—the subject of chemistry!

FORMULAE AND EQUATIONS

We have seen that the various chemical elements combine with one another in certain proportions. In order to express these varied reactions, chemical formulæ have been devised, which can be read at a glance, showing the changes which have taken place in any given combination. When one atom of one element combines with one atom of another, the letters signifying these elements are simply written side by side, thus: HCl. When, however, two atoms of one element combine with one of another, a small figure is placed under and to the right of the element, thus: H_2O. Here we see at a glance that two atoms of hydrogen have combined with one of oxygen, forming

water. This is the simplest type of formula, and is often known as the *empirical* formula. There is, however, another way of writing a formula, which is more expressive, thus: $A{=}C{=}\begin{matrix}B\\B\end{matrix}$ This is known as a *structural* or *constitutional* formula, and from it we can see at a glance that A is bivalent, C is quadrivalent, and B univalent. This type of formula shows us more readily than the other the structure of the molecule in question. The complexity of such formulæ naturally increases with the complexity of the molecules, and in many cases may be extremely intricate. Ordinary chemical formulæ, however, are written empirically. Any chemical changes which take place as the result of some reaction are expressed in this manner.

ORGANIC VS. INORGANIC CHEMISTRY

As before stated, chemistry has been divided into two categories—organic and inorganic. It was stated at the time that these divisions represented the chemistry of living and dead matter, respectively. As a matter-of-fact, this description is not quite accurate. This was the older view of the observed facts, because it was believed that some mysterious "vitality" was responsible for the peculiar substances found in living bodies, but the chemist has now succeeded in making, in the laboratory, a number of these substances which were thought to be the result of life only; and in addition has succeeded in making great numbers of

organic compounds not found in the living body. Over 150,000 "organic" compounds are now known to the chemist, only a small fraction of which are known to be the product of "vitality." All living things—animal and vegetable—contain carbon, as their most important constituent, so that the modern view of organic chemistry is that it is, very largely, the chemistry of carbon compounds. Whether or not any form of "vitality" exists aside from the living matter studied is a question usually passed over by chemists as beyond their province.

There is no doubt, however, that the human body presents many problems still unexplained by modern chemistry. Take, for example, the miracle of digestion. A potato, a cabbage, an apple, a chicken running about the yard, a piece of candy—all these are eaten by little Mary Jones, and are somehow turned into the body of little Mary Jones, making hair, teeth, eyes, lungs, liver, nerves, brain, etc. The food material is somehow transformed into the living body of the person eating it! Much has been discovered as to the innumerable changes which the food undergoes during the various stages of digestion, but the final result—how this pabulum is converted into bodily tissue—is still largely a mystery. We know, for example, that proteins are broken-up into simpler compounds, the most important of which are the amino-acids. Fats are broken up into fatty acids and glycerine, and substances resembling soaps are formed in the body. Carbohydrates are resolved into levulose, glucose,

maltose, etc., which are utilizable by the human system. But just how these substances are converted into bodily tissue is still largely a problem.

ORGANIC COMPOUNDS

The living matter of the body is composed of a variety of substances, of which protoplasm may be taken as typical. This is highly complex, and while it can be imitated by the chemist, its living properties have not been reproduced. (See my book on "Life: Its Origin and Nature," in the present series.) The various secretions and excretions of the body have been studied exhaustively by physiological chemists. *Plants* have also been studied minutely from a similar point-of-view.

A number of important discoveries have resulted from this work, however, and nearly all the essential animal and vegetable substances are at present accessible to artificial synthesis from their very elements. Even protein matter seems to have lost much of its mystery since we have learned from Emil Fischer's work that amino-acids can be combined in the same way as they occur in protein. Compounds of Amino-acids can be obtained, which show all the main reactions of protein substances. Emil Fischer, of Berlin, was the same chemist who, in 1886, discovered how to prepare grape-sugar from glycerine. A considerable number of plant alkaloids have also been artificially prepared in the course of the last five or six decades. The most important coloring matters of plants—for instance, alizarin and indigotin,—are no

longer extracted from plants for technical purposes, but are accessible from the products of coal-tar.

CATALYSIS

We now come to a remarkable series of chemical phenomena, which have been much studied during the past century, and which have a bearing upon both organic and inorganic chemistry. More than a century ago, it was discovered that certain chemical substances, which will not normally combine with one another, can be made to do so, if another substance is brought into contact with them. This third substance does not in any way enter into the combination, or share in the reaction; its mere presence seems to bring it about. Thus, oxygen and hydrogen may be mixed together; but if a small amount of "platinum black" be introduced, an explosion of the gases at once occurs. Hydroperoxide is rapidly split into oxygen and water when in contact with "platinum black," etc. These contact-effects are very curious, and have engaged the attention of chemists for a long time. Berzelius is responsible for the term now generally used—*catalysis*. We now speak of catalytic power, catalytic reactions, and so forth.

These catalytic reäctions soon became very important factors in organic chemistry and biology, as well as in the field of inorganic chemistry. In 1833, Payen and Persoz in Paris made the discovery that germinating seeds contain a peculiar contact-substance, which transforms starch into sugar. This substance they named

Diastase. Similar effects were noted to occur elsewhere,—particularly in the protein digestion in the stomach of man and the higher animals. We now know that many such reäctions occur in the living cells, and the chemical phenomena of life have had an entirely new light thrown upon them by these findings.

ENZYMES

They led, in short, to the discovery of the so-called *Enzymes.* Until relatively recently, the expression "Ferment" was used, as the phenomena were akin to fermentation. Soluble ferments are termed Enzymes, and the phenomena connected with living protoplasm are now known to be largely due to the action of a group of Enzymes. These are catalytic substances, are of a limited field of action, of colloidal nature, and very little resistant to heat. When injected into the veins of animals, other substances are at once manufactured, which have been called "anti-enzymes," which have the effect of offsetting their action. Sunlight and ultra-violet light destroy enzymes. Their importance in the field of biology may be discerned when it is stated that researches have shown us that, *e. g.*, the amount of protein digested in a certain time is not proportional to the quantity of the enzyme itself, but to the square root of the quantity of the enzyme.

HORMONES

These enzymes must not be confused with other internal secretions, such as the *hor-*

mones. These are substances generated by the so-called ductless glands,—such as the thyroid, the pituitary, the adrenals, etc. These ductless glands secrete substances which when absorbed into the blood-stream greatly affect the life of the body, its functions, its structure and its growth, and to a certain extent at least the mental life. Researches in this field are of relatively recent origin, but of extreme importance. I have mentioned this subject at greater length in my little book on "Life: Its Origin and Nature," in the present series, and the interested reader may refer to such a work as Dr. Louis Berman's "The Glands Regulating Personality," for further details.

There is no matter anywhere in the universe, living or dead, which modern chemistry does not attempt to analyze. Not only in the laboratory are these tests undertaken, with minute particles of matter. The very earth on which we dwell has been subjected to chemical analysis, and so have the stars, the planets and suns which circle around us in space,—perhaps separated from us by many millions of miles. The ability to do this is assuredly one of the greatest achievements of the mind of man, and represents one of the greatest conquests over nature, over time and space.

CHEMISTRY OF THE EARTH

The water constituting our seas, lakes, rivers and oceans; the air constituting our atmosphere; the materials of the earth on which we dwell—clay, rock, mud, granite, metals—

all have been analyzed, and their chemical composition accurately determined. It has even been possible to measure the density and weight of our earth, and to calculate its age, from the salinity of its oceans. (Of this more anon.) But when it comes to ascertaining with great accuracy the chemical constitution of distant stars, *that* seems a feat well-nigh impossible, and unless the process by means of which it is accomplished were explained, it might very well be disbelieved.

How, then, can this be accomplished?

For our explanation, we must go back to a classical experiment made by Sir Isaac Newton. He proved that white light, when made to pass through a glass prism, is split up into a variety of colors. There are seven primary colors, constituting the visible spectrum. These are red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet. We now know that there are both "ultra-violet" and "infra-red" rays, invisible to the eye, above and below the spectrum, but this was not known until long after. The essential fact is that light, when passed through a prism, is split up into its primary colors.

THE SPECTROSCOPE

The instruments employed were necessarily soon refined, and the modern "spectroscope" resulted,—a piece of apparatus of great delicacy, capable of studying these effects with exactitude.

The function of the spectroscope is to re-

ceive a sample of light and to separate its different components. In a broad sense, everything that can be seen has a spectrum—flame, blue sky, red hot metal, the sun, the electric spark, etc. We can at once divide these things into two classes, (1) those that are visible because they emit light of their own; (2) those that can be seen only by virtue of their reflecting, diffusing or transmitting light that falls upon them from other sources. The former are called "emission spectra" and the latter "absorption spectra."

Now, when practically any spectrum be examined in this way, it will be seen that certain bands of shadow, or dark lines, cut across the light spectrum, in absorption spectra, these are the things which are studied. Thus, when we observe the spectrum of the sun, or of many of the stars, we find that the spectrum may be described as a continuous spectrum, from which a number of narrow lines are omitted. The lines consequently appear dark on a bright ground. These are called "absorption lines."

Just why these dark lines appear would take us too far afield to explain here; suffice it to say that every chemical element has been found to yield a different spectrum; that is to say, the number and arrangement of these dark lines will indicate the presence of the element in question. Whenever certain lines appear on the spectrum, we may be sure that such-and-such an element is present. Thus, Kirchhoff first proved that two of these dark lines were caused by the white light of the

solar photosphere having suffered absorption at the sun, by passing through a stratum of glowing sodium vapor. Sodium was thus shown to be present in the sun. Other elements were similarly identified, not only in the sun, but in the millions of stars in the heavens. By means of spectrum analysis, therefore, it has been possible to detect and identify the various chemical elements present in any given sun or star in space.

ASTRO-PHYSICS AND CHEMISTRY

In this manner, about forty terrestrial elements have been shown to exist in the sun. Carbon, oxygen, iron, silicon, nickel, etc., exist in the sun just as they do on our earth. On the other hand, many elements, such as mercury, nitrogen, sulphur, and boron do not appear, although they are found in abundance on the earth. Yet several elements were shown to exist in the sun which up to that time had not been discovered here. Helium is an example. (From the Greek, *Helios*, the Sun). And yet, when attention was directed to this element, it was soon found in our earth, and is today so common that helium gas is employed to inflate balloons, in preference to hydrogen, on account of its non-combustibility.

SPECTRUM ANALYSIS

Spectrum analysis, then. tells us the precise chemical constitution of the various suns, or stars, in space, and it also tells us that these stars are incapable of supporting life such as

we know it. As Dr. E. Walter Maunder says, in his book, "Are the Planets Inhabited?":

"The application of the spectroscope to astronomy is not confined to the sun, but reaches much further. The stars also yield their spectra, and we are compelled to recognize that they also are suns; intensely heated globes of glowing gas, rich in the same elements as those familiar to us on the Earth and known by their spectral lines to be present on the sun. The stars, therefore, cannot themselves be inhabited worlds any more than the sun, and at a stroke the whole of the celestial luminaries within the furthest range of our most powerful telescopes are removed from our present search (*i. e.*, whether or not life may exist upon them). Only those members of our solar system that shine by reflecting the light of the sun can be cool enough for habitation, the true stars cannot be inhabited, for, whatever their quality and order, they are all suns, and must necessarily be in far too highly heated a condition to be the abode of life. Many of them may, perhaps, be a source of light and heat to attendant planets, but there is no single instance in which such a planet has been directly observed; no dark, non-luminous body has ever been actually seen in attendance on a star. Many double or multiple stars are known, but these are all instances in which one sun-like body is revolving round another of the same order. We see no body shining by reflected light outside the limits of the solar system. Planets to the various stars may exist in countless numbers, but they are invisible to us. . . ."

Thus has the science of chemistry been wafted across hundreds of millions of miles of space, and has enabled us to tell, not only the composition of these distant bodies, but also the degree of their habitability, and their possible sources as abodes of life.

INDUSTRIAL CHEMISTRY

But if all this is of purely theoretical interest, the chemistry of our earth and its products is of immense practical importance. It may be *applied*, and the day of "industrial chemistry" is here. By studying the chemistry of soils, the farmer has been enabled to increase both the quality and the quantity of his crops. By employing artificial fertilizers, production has been greatly increased. An analysis of the earth's strata has thrown great light upon geology. Analytical chemistry has proved of service in criminology,—by enabling experts to detect poisons, blood-stains, etc. (Unfortunately, it has also been applied detrimentally, in the manufacture of explosives, poison gases, etc., employed in war.) Dentistry and surgery have been rendered painless by the discovery of anæsthetics. The wholesale manufacture of illuminating gas has been instrumental in lighting millions of homes. The manufacture of steel, paper, ink, dyes, stains, paints, perfumes, bread, and a thousand-and-one useful articles of our daily lives has been rendered possible by the progress of chemical research. Artificial preservatives have enabled us to keep foodstuffs for long periods of time. By the dis-

covery of the nature of iron rust, bridges, buildings, etc., have been preserved intact. Our food, our clothes, our very lives themselves, may be said to depend upon modern chemistry for their maintenance and preservation.

Let us pass in rapid summary a few of these results. Let us take, for example, *glass*.

Glass is made from silica. What is silica? It is a substance of remarkable infusibility, and is the oxide of silicon, which is a near neighbor of carbon. Glass is made by mixing sand, limestone and carbonate of soda or potash in large pots, and melting them together at a temperature of 3,500° F. The sand, being silica, combines with the lime of the carbonate of lime, to give silicate of lime, and with the soda (or potash) of the carbonate of soda (or potash) to give silicate or soda (or potash). These two silicates become intimately fused and form the glass, which remains liquid in the pot. It is then blown into various shapes or rolled into thin sheets for window glass. We know what an effect windows have had upon the comforts of modern life!

By mixing together several metals, *alloys* are obtained which very often have properties quite different from those of the substances which compose them. Thus: Bronze is a mixture of copper and tin; plumber's solder is an alloy of lead and tin; brass is an alloy of copper and zinc; ferro-silicon is a union of silicon and iron, etc. Many of these alloys are of great utility in the various arts and sciences, as well as in manufacture.

Gilding, silvering and electroplating have

been rendered possible by modern chemistry. Alumina and porcelain have been produced. Alumina is the oxide of aluminum. One variety of clay known as "kaolin" is employed in the manufacture of porcelain. China and earthenware are made by very similar processes. Alcohol, wine and beer have depended upon scientific chemistry for their production. Ice can be manufactured artificially by means of freezing mixtures. The manufacture of oxygen gas has rendered possible high altitude flights by aviators. Camphor can now be manufactured, instead of depending upon nature's resources for this valuable substance. Woodpulp, starch and sugar owe much to modern chemistry. Artificial silk is manufactured on a large scale. Soaps and fats have likewise been developed in vast quantities. The perfume milady uses has been developed by the chemist. Colors and dyes now constitute an enormous industry. For our medicines we depend upon the chemist, when visiting the nearest drug store. These are but a few examples, which might be lengthened almost indefinitely, illustrating the extent to which we are dependent upon modern chemistry, in our daily lives.

And chemistry is capable of explaining many things which would be unintelligible without its aid. Let us take a simple example by way of illustration. You have probably noticed that a frozen potato has a characteristic sugary taste. The cause of it is this: the potato contains in its tissues a great quantity of starch, as well as a diastase capable of transforming this starch

at the moment of its sprouting. These two substances are kept apart by the membrane of the tissue. But if a frost occurs, the ice tears this membrane, and the starch comes in contact with this diastase and is, therefore, transformed into sugar, just as it is when the sprouting of the potato begins.

INSTRUMENTS OF RESEARCH

These applications of chemistry have been rendered possible by improved methods of investigation, a greater knowledge of the nature of matter itself, and the perfection of scientific instruments of precision. These instruments are so much finer and more delicate than our senses that they have been the means of disclosing the actual constitution of matter. A man might sit and "meditate" upon the nature of matter for years, but he would be no nearer an actual *proof* as to its constitution than he was at the beginning. It is generally conceded that Aristotle possessed one of the finest minds the world has ever known; yet any school boy today knows more of the ultimate constitution of matter than did Aristotle. The reason for this is that instrumental methods of research have enabled us to see and measure the ultimate properties of matter,—which our unaided senses would never permit us to do. The development of science in other fields, therefore, has rendered possible the rapid growth of chemistry, during the past century; and chemistry, in turn, has assisted the other sciences. Thus does all knowledge work hand in hand, when co-operation is rendered possible!

SALINITY OF THE OCEANS

I referred some time ago to the calculations which had been made as to the age of the earth, based upon researches as to the salinity of the ocean. As we know, the water of all the oceans is salt water; only that of rivers and lakes is "fresh." But the degree of the ocean's saltness is not quite constant. It varies, since evaporation is constantly taking place; sediments are deposited; and above all vast quantities of water are being poured into the ocean by the hundreds of rivers which flow into it, carrying all kinds of earthy deposits which have been washed away by their passage through the river-beds over which they flow.

In 1715, the famous astronomer Edmund Halley published a paper entitled "A Short Account of the Saltness of the Ocean . . . . With a Proposal by Help Thereof to Discover the Age of the World." No definite progress was made, however, until 1899, when Joly pointed out that of the many elements which enter into the composition of salt water, sodium alone tends to accumulate. All the others are sooner or later rejected, associating themselves with the detrital sediments, or forming chemical or organic sediments by their ultimate precipitation. He accordingly used sodium as the index of the age of the oceans. He assumed that the annual increase of sodium has been more or less constant, being added to every year by the quantity washed into the ocean by the rivers. How long a period of time would it require to reach its present degree of saltness? Taking all the

oceans as one, the volume of the ocean is approximately 320,000,000 cubic miles. Its density (according to Murray) is 1.026. On the basis of these figures, Joly, and after him Sollas and others, calculated that it would require from 80 to 150 million years for the present degree of salinity to be reached. Ninety or a hundred million years would be a fair estimate. Indirectly therefore, the study of the salinity of the oceans has thrown light upon the age of our earth, and its chemical constitution throughout geological ages.

THE NEWER CHEMISTRY

It will be seen, therefore, that chemistry has not only proved of the utmost practical value to mankind, but that it has been instrumental in solving some of the greatest enigmas confronting the mind of man, and in settling some philosophical and even theological questions. (The age of the earth, the composition and habitability of distant stars, etc.) Attempts have been made to account for life itself along purely physico-chemical lines. And all this was attempted—and in part even rendered possible—before the ultimate constitution of matter was known! During the present generation, an entirely new light has been thrown upon this central problem, and the ideas of centuries have been discarded. Let us trace the final steps of research in this direction, and see how the latest findings of modern science have thrown light upon the world-old problem of the ultimate constitution of matter.

RADIO-ACTIVITY

We saw at the very beginning of this little book that, from time immemorial, something corresponding to Atoms were regarded as the ultimate "building stones" of the universe—tiny particles, incapable of diversion, beyond which it was impossible to go. Beginning with Epicurus and Democritus, this idea took scientific form; it was held by many philosophers throughout the ages; it formed the basis of Dalton's atomic theory, and was assumed by the Periodic Law. It was not until the last years of the preceding century that this idea was called into question. The discovery of *radium*, by the Curies, caused a sensation in the scientific world. How account for the phenomena observed? Radium seemed to give off energy continuously, without losing any; heat was constantly being radiated without lessening the original amount. Had the secret of perpetual motion been discovered? What was happening? The discovery of other radio-active elements only tended to increase the problem, instead of solving it. Here was some new property of matter, hitherto unsuspected, going on before the eyes of chemists, which they could not understand or explain.

INTRA-ATOMIC ENERGY

Professor E. Rutherford, of M'Gill University, Canada, was among the first to propose a new and startling theory. He said: Suppose that the atoms are *not* indivisible? Suppose that

they are capable of being split-up into something still smaller and finer? If the atoms themselves are being disintegrated, immense quantities of energy would probably be available—"intra-atomic energy"—which would account for the results obtained. It is true that we should no longer have our stable atoms; they would vanish and be represented by something else. And that "something" would no longer be matter, in the sense that we now understand it; but we could account for the observed facts (radio-activity, etc.), and we can then endeavor to discover what atoms are resolved into later on. This theory was soon proved to be true; atoms were shown to be divisible, and capable of being split-up into something still smaller, which were no longer "matter" in the old sense. Matter, in short, had technically disappeared, and had been resolved into its component parts. This being so, the question at once arose: Of what is matter (the atom) composed?

THE THEORY OF MATTER

Without going into great detail, or attempting to trace the history of the various discoveries which led up to it, it may now be stated definitely that matter is built-up of *electricity*. For the proof of this, the scientific world has to thank Sir J. J. Thomson, who first popularized this view in his book "Electricity and Matter." He was closely seconded by Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Crookes, and many other eminent scientists. On this view, matter totally disappears, as such; it becomes super-sensible;

it is resolved into energy. Electricity and the ether somehow are responsible for matter, but just *how* was not at the time understood.

It took many years of patient research to arrive at definite conclusions; in fact, it may be said that definite conclusions have not even yet been reached,—though more or less unanimity of opinion exists as to the structure of atoms. The new theory of matter is that each atom is built up of negative "electrons," and positive "protons"—the former revolving round the latter in orbits analogous to those of our solar system. The protons, positively charged, remain in the center of the atom; the electrons, negatively charged, circle about them, just as our planets circle about the sun. The number of these protons and electrons varies according to the nature of the element. Hydrogen representing unity, has but one electron revolving around a single proton; helium comes next, with two; and so on, up the scale, until we reach uranium, which has ninety-two. The positive and the negative charges balance one another in all stable atoms; and when this is not the case, the atom tends to go to pieces or disintegrate; electrons are shot off, which join some other atom, and radio-activity results. The nature of the element itself is accordingly changed, and may even be so fundamentally changed by this process that it turns into something else; *i. e.*, the transmutation of one element into another has taken place, as dreamed of by the alchemists! Hence we often hear of the "new alchemy." This, in rough outline, is

the modern conception of the atom, and of the constitution of matter generally.

WITHIN THE ATOM

Let us now endeavor to analyze the atom more closely, in the light of these newer researches. We have seen that the electrons revolve round the central protons. These protons are probably composed of electrons and hydrogen nuclei. The total central "sun"—to use the astronomical analogy—is known as the nucleus. The relative sizes of these bodies may be appreciated when it is stated that they have been compared to the sizes of the planets, relative to the distances separating them from the sun. Vast spaces exist, therefore, within the atom, in which the electrons revolve. Yet the atoms themselves are inconceivably small! The following quotation from Bertrand Russell's "A. B. C. of Atoms" will perhaps make this clear. He says:

"It will help us to picture the world of atoms if we have, to begin with, some idea of the size of these units. Let us begin with a gramme of hydrogen (1-453 of a pound), which is not a very large quantity. How many atoms will it contain? If the atoms were made up into bundles of a million-million, and then into a million-million of these bundles, we should have about a gramme and a half of hydrogen. That is to say, the weight of one atom of hydrogen is about a million-millionth of a million-millionth of a gramme and a half. Other atoms weigh more than the atom of hydrogen, but not enormously more; an atom of oxygen weighs

sixteen times as much, an atom of lead rather more than 200 times as much. *Per contra*, an electron weighs very much less than a hydrogen atom; it takes about 1,850 electrons to weigh as much as one hydrogen atom.

ELECTRONS

The inner rings of electrons give rise to X-rays when they are disturbed, and it is chiefly by means of X-rays that their constitution is studied. The nucleus itself is the source of radio-activity. . . . The most complex atom known is that of uranium, which has, in its normal state, 92 electrons revolving round the nucleus, while the nucleus itself probably consists of 238 hydrogen nuclei and 146 electrons. . . .

Under normal conditions, when the hydrogen atom is unelectrified, the electron simply continues to go round and round the nucleus, just as the earth continues to go round and round the sun. The electron may move in any one of a certain set of orbits, some larger, some smaller, some circular, some elliptical. But when the atom is undisturbed, it has a preference for the smallest of the circular orbits, in which the distance between the nucleus and the electron is about half a hundred-millionth of a centimetre. It goes round in this tiny orbit with very great rapidity; in fact its velocity is about a hundred-and-thirty-fourth of the velocity of light, which is 186,000 miles a second. Thus the electron manages to cover about 1,400 miles in every second. To do this, it has to go round its tiny orbit about seven thousand mil-

lion times in a millionth of a second; that is to say, in a millionth of a second it has to live through about seven thousand million of its "years"!

Such figures, such facts, stagger the imagination. The mind of man cannot really conceive them. And yet we know that they are not fanciful; calculations and indirect measurements have been made with the utmost exactitude. And, after all, the infinitely little is no more staggering than the infinitely great. For in astronomy we know that stars billions of miles distant from us in space have been seen, measured, photographed and analyzed. Tens of thousands of "light-years" separate us from them (*i. e.*, space which would be travelled by light, speeding at 186,000 miles a second). And yet the structure of the atom closely resembles the planetary system! Is the whole Universe, great and small, built according to the same plan, according to the same model? It would appear so!

It will be seen from the above that the modern science of chemistry overlaps other sciences in many directions—physics, biology, astronomy, etc. These sciences are to a certain extent now inter-woven and inter-blended. Where the one ends and the other begins it is hard to say. Again we see the importance of co-operation in these various fields of inquiry!

THE NATURE OF MATTER

These newer researches in chemistry have finally enabled us to realize the ultimate constitution of matter; we have seen that it is

composed of atoms, but these atoms themselves are complex things; they in turn are composed of electrons, and in the last analysis matter may be said to be non-existent! It has been resolved into electricity. But this conception of matter has also enabled us to explain many things before inexplicable—chemical combination, radio-activity, and what not. The world-old problem as to the nature of matter has at last been solved. It now devolves upon the physicist to explain the ultimate nature of electricity!

Matter, then, in a sense, can dissociate, disintegrate, dematerialize. It can also integrate, materialize, come into existence. Matter can be made to vanish and reappear. The old law of the "indestructibility of matter" is not valid, as generally understood. Matter can be resolved into energy. And this energy is radiated into space, or converted into other modes of energy, and finally into heat, which is in turn radiated into the surrounding medium. The whole universe seems to resemble a clock, which has been wound-up, and is slowly running down. Even the law of the "conservation of energy" has been called into question (See LeBon, "The Evolution of Matter," and "The Evolution of Forces"). Is the whole Universe in some mysterious manner also being wound-up? Or does it move in vast cycles, of alternate action and inaction, as the Hindu philosophers have always contended? These are ultimate questions which only the science of the future can solve!

PART II

We have now made a rapid survey of the history of chemistry, and traced the evolution of thought which has rendered possible the newer conceptions of the constitution of matter. We must now say a few words as to the nature of the various elements themselves, and give a brief account of some modern researches. A few practical hints as to experiments may also be of interest to the reader.

We have seen that when two chemical elements combine, some third substance is formed, quite different in properties from the original two. Thus, water seems to us entirely different from the two invisible gases which compose it —oxygen and hydrogen. Yet a simple experiment will prove that such is the case. We can decompose water by means of an electric current, when the original gases are given off, in the proportion of two to one—hydrogen collecting at the negative pole, and oxygen at the positive. This process can be kept up until all the water has been decomposed, and only hydrogen and oxygen gases remain. This process of electrical decomposition is known as *electrolysis*.

THE ELEMENTS

Hydrogen is the lightest of all gases, and, as we have seen, the simplest of the elements, in its constitution. Like all gases, it can be liquefied, and even frozen solid into a hard lump, like ice. On the other hand, even the densest

of substances can be liquefied, and even turned into gas or vapor at a sufficiently high temperature. (Gases are rendered liquid or solid at a very low temperature.) Liquid air, for example, is so cold that when a can of it is set upon a block of ice the liquid air boils and gives off "steam"!

Oxygen gas constitutes about one-fifth of our atmospheric air (the other four parts being nitrogen) and is the most essential element in supporting life. Without it, life would at once become extinct. All forms of combustion take place very rapidly in oxygen, and the combustion going on within the human body is no exception to this rule. The atmospheric nitrogen acts as a sort of dilutant, being an inert gas. If a mouse be placed under a jar of pure oxygen gas, it will often run round and round until it drops dead with exhaustion. In an atmosphere of pure oxygen, we should soon burn up, and live our lives too rapidly.

Oxygen has a great tendency to combine with various other elements, particularly metals. Thus, iron rust is due to the combination of oxygen with iron; the blackening and tarnishing of cooking pots is due to the slow oxidation of copper, etc.

In breathing, we take in oxygen from the air, which combines with the gases in the lungs, forming carbon dioxide. Curiously enough, plants thrive upon this gas, which is so poisonous to human beings, and in turn give off oxygen. Hence the value of plants and flowers in the room, or in any densely inhabited area.

Nitrogen is a very important element, entering into many chemical combinations. It forms the basis of explosives, used in war. Until relatively recently, this element had to be obtained from substances dug out of the ground, but during the late war, methods were devised for obtaining it from the air. "Nitrogen fixation" became possible. If it had not been for this discovery, Germany would have had to give up the war in 1916, at the latest.

Nitrogen combines with hydrogen, to form ammonia; with oxygen and water, to form nitric acid; with nitric acid and potash to form gunpowder, etc.

Certain oxides combine with water, to form what are known as *bases*. Bases can combine with acids, giving rise to *salts*.

Carbon is an essential element for all living matter; it combines with oxygen, to yield carbonic acid; with hydrogen, giving rise to a great number of compounds, such as benzene, turpentine, etc. Marsh gas, illuminating gas, acetylene, etc., are compounds of carbon.

Chlorine is a very important element, combining with sodium to form common salt. As we have seen, the saltness of the sea is due to this substance. Owing to its great affinity for hydrogen, chlorine decomposes water, setting free oxygen. The result of this is that a mixture of chlorine and water has strong bleaching qualities.

Chlorine also combines with hydrogen to form hydrochloric acid. On the other hand, it shows little sympathy for oxygen, forming but few stable compounds. Chloroform, so long

useful in surgical anaesthesia, is a compound of chlorine, carbon and hydrogen.

Sulphur can assume a variety of appearances (allotrophic variation) as we have seen. Sulphuric acid, etc., are its compounds. The latter substance is used for bleaching violets, but the flowers become violet again when put into an ammonia solution.

Sodium is a metal, which burns when thrown into water. It is the other constituent of common salt, and enters into a great variety of combinations. Carbonate of soda is one of these.

Many of the elements—iron, nickel, gold, platinum, silver, etc.,—are too well known to necessitate more than a brief note. It is interesting to notice, however, that there are certain "family relations" among a number of the elements. Thus, sodium and potassium are "related"; and so are barium, strontium and calcium. Again, oxygen and sulphur have a number of points in common,—although one is a solid and the other a gas! Gold stands rather apart from the rest.

Two very interesting groups should be mentioned in this place. The first is the group of *rare gases*—argon, neon, etc.,—most of which have been discovered only recently. They are inert, and partly on account of this, and partly on account of their rarity, their discovery was so long delayed.

RADIO-ACTIVITY

The second list is the *radio-active* group of elements,—uranium, radium, thorium, actinium,

etc. These all possess their characteristic properties in varying degrees,—giving off alpha, beta and gamma rays. A certain mysterious "emanation" is also emitted by radio-active elements, but the study of these rays and their influence would take us into the realm of "physics," and would more properly belong to a book on physics than in the present, dealing with chemistry.

One very interesting fact should, however, be mentioned in this connection, and that is the evolution of matter which has been observed, as the result of spectrum analysis. We have heard much of organic evolution, meaning the evolution of life upon our planet. It is equally true that there is an inorganic evolution, in which the gradual development of chemical elements may similarly be traced. Thus, it has been noticed that, in the hottest stars, (gaseous) the fewest chemical elements exist; in those of medium temperature (metallic), more elements are found, while in those having the lowest temperature (carbon stars) the greatest number of chemical elements are to be distinguished. This seems to prove that the higher the temperature, the fewer the elements, which in turn leads to the conclusion that all elements are perhaps ultimately ONE — as Sir William Crookes suggested many years ago. As these stars cool, more and more elements seem to be "crystallized out," so to say,—the many being formed from the fewer. The newer researches on the constitution of matter render this idea all the more plausible.

THE ORIGIN OF LIFE

Just here, it might be well to point out the late place occupied by life, in this process of inorganic evolution. The Absolute Zero of inter-stellar space is about —273°C. On the other hand, the temperature of the hottest stars is more than 30,000°! (Argo, Alnitam etc.) The temperature must fall from this to a few degrees above Zero (the boiling point of water), before life can become manifest at all. Life as we know it can only exist between the boiling and the freezing points of water. This point is only reached towards the very end of the scale. It has therefore been said that, cosmically speaking, life is only a "flash in the pan" between two eternities"—but for us that flash in the pan is everything!

The question of the origin of life upon our planet has been discussed at some length in my little book on "Life: Its Origin and Nature," in the present series. It may be of interest to mention here, however, a few of the experiments which have been made upon the artificial creation of life, by means of inorganic chemicals, since these properly fall into place in a book devoted to chemistry.

Dr. H. Charlton Bastian, of England, conducted many years ago a series of experiments of this character, in which he claimed to have made living matter from sterilized chemicals. He placed these in a glass bottle which had been sterilized, heated the contents until steam issued from the mouth of the flask, and then instantly sealed up the bottle, preventing the

entrance of air. The flasks were then put away for several days, and at the end of that time were found, upon examination, to contain living organisms.

"CREATION" OF LIFE

The reader will probably be interested in knowing the precise chemical formulæ employed for obtaining these astonishing results. Several such formulæ are given in Dr. Bastian's book, "The Evolution of Life," of which the following are samples:

Sodium silicate, two, or three, drops.
Ammonium phosphate, four, or six, grains.
Dilute phosphoric acid, four, or six, drops.
Distilled water, one fluid ounce.

Another formula is the following:

Sodium silicate, three drops.
Liquor ferri pernitratis, eight drops.
Distilled water, one fluid ounce.

The reader can try the experiment for himself. It should be said, however, that although Dr. Bastian's results were undoubted, they failed to carry conviction to the scientific world as a whole, since they contended that some experimental error must have crept in, to render these results possible; and it is significant, in this connection, that the same experiments repeated by other men failed to yield the same striking results.

Chemistry, then, enters into practically every field of inquiry—the constitution of human beings, no less than that of metals, earths or distant nebulæ. Everything material in the Universe is composed of elements, of atoms, and

these atoms are built-up, as we have seen, of electrons, which are not matter at all, but bundles of energy. No two particles of matter in the world actually touch, or come near to touching one another. It is an interesting thought, when one stops to think of it that, for instance, the steel pillar supporting a "sky-scraper," upon which rests an enormous weight (the whole of the superstructure) is not really dense and solid, as it appears, but is actually tenuous and shadowy, and that no two of its atoms ever touch one another; they are separated by relatively vast spaces, filled only with the hypothetical "ether." The whole weight of the building may be said to rest upon nothing,—or at most upon ether, which thus bears its strain!

THE ETHER

And what is this ether? Is it matter in some subtle form, or is it something else? We do not know; certainly it is no form of matter known to us, and its reality has even been called into question of late. Hæckel, as we know, contended ("The Riddle of the Universe") that the ether must be like some extremely attenuated jelly, and that a sphere of it the size of the earth would probably weigh about 250 pounds! Such crude conceptions have long since been given up. It is far more subtle than this. Is it analogous to the finest gas? Some have thought so; and yet Sir Oliver Lodge, one of the greatest authorities upon the ether, has contended that it is more dense and solid than platinum or gold, and that mat-

ter represents mere "bubbles" within this dense medium, capable of moving freely through it. In support of this view, he has cited (in his "Ether of Space" the enormous gravitational pull of the earth upon the moon, *e. g.*, or of the sun upon the earth. The mass of the earth is approximately 6,000 trillion tons; that of the moon one-eightieth of this. From these data, the gravitational pull of the earth upon the moon can be calculated; and, regarding this, Sir Oliver says:

"A pillar of steel which could transmit this force, provided it could sustain a tension of 40 tons to the square inch, would have a diameter of about 400 miles. . . . If this force were to be transmitted by a forest of weightless pillars, each a square foot in cross section, with a tension of 30 tons to the square inch throughout, there would have to be 5 million million of them."

Calculating the gravitational pull of the sun on the earth, in a similar manner, it was calculated that the strain in this case would have to be borne by "a million million round rods or pillars each thirty feet in diameter."

It may readily be seen, then, from these figures, that something enormously dense, apparently, must exist in order to bear this strain, and this must be the ether. And yet no physical experiments have proved to us the existence of the ether; we only infer its presence, and say that it *must* exist, in order to account for certain phenomena observed in physics. It was, I think, Lord Kelvin who remarked that no man could believe in the ether without at the same

time believing it to possess opposite and contradictory properties! Indeed, it would seem so!

CHEMISTRY AND META-PHYSICS

Such speculations as these lead us far afield, into the realm of mathematics, metaphysics and ultimate realities. Even the most material of all the sciences—chemistry—leads thither when pushed to its final analysis. The visible, sensible universe vanishes, and is replaced by the invisible, the super-sensible. Yet science has been our guide throughout. William James once remarked that metaphysics is merely "persistently clear thinking." It endeavors to find the ultimate causes of things, the *noumena* behind phenomena, the reality behind appearances. The physical world in which we live is a world of phenomena only; real in a sense, and for all practical purposes, and yet the greatest of all unrealities in another sense. It is a mere world of appearances; a phantasmagoria of fleeting shapes and shadows. We feel that reality must exist somehow, somewhere; yet we can never find it. We can no more find it by chemical analysis than we can discover the mind and soul of man by dissecting the brains of corpses, —or even by vivisection! Something always escapes us—the Soul of Things, the Ultimate Reality, the Great Unknown.

Such thoughts and speculations as these, however, need not occupy the mind of the practical chemist. For him, atoms exist, so do elements, so does "matter." For practical, daily life, we certainly have to live *as if* matter ex-

isted, and the chemist has to proceed with his work upon the assumption that matter actually does exist—it is "real." Certain it is that the practical furtherance and application of this science can come about in no other way. Chemistry has revolutionized our lives; it has penetrated all fields of commerce and industry, and its practical application has rendered possible and pleasant the lives of countless thousands of persons now living upon our planet. We owe more to chemistry than we can ever repay —or rather to those brilliant and unselfish men who have built up the modern science of chemistry. It is my hope that the present little book may in some degree have helped to emphasize this fact.

Is Religion Necessary?

YES, REV. ROBERT MACGOWAN
NO, CLARENCE DARROW

HALDEMAN-JULIUS
PUBLICATIONS
Girard --- Kansas

Is Religion Necessary?

(Debate)

Yes, Rev. Robert MacGowan

No, Clarence Darrow

HALDEMAN-JULIUS PUBLICATIONS
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IS RELIGION NECESSARY?

DEBATE

Affirmative: Rev. Dr. Robert MacGowan, minister of Bellefield Presbyterian Church, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Negative: Clarence Darrow, eminent criminal lawyer and agnostic, Chicago, Ill.

FOREWORD

[At Carnegie Music Hall in Pittsburgh, Pa., Thursday evening, January 15, 1931, a Scotch Presbyterian minister, the "Highland tongue" still with him, matched arguments with Clarence Darrow, veteran of a half century in the criminal courtrooms of America. The debate centered on the question, "Is Religion Necessary?"

Before a tense audience, Rev. Dr. MacGowan, student at Glasgow, Edinburgh and London Universities, opened the discussion with a 25-minute statement. Mr. Darrow followed negatively with 35 minutes. Each speaker had 25 minutes for rebuttals, and Rev. Dr. MacGowan closed the argument with a 10-minute sur-rebuttal. There was no judges' decision.

Following the debate, members of the audience, meeting the speakers on the platform, questioned them and produced their own arguments for a full hour.

As will be noted in the text which follows, war "caught hell" from both debaters.

The Pittsburgh meeting was held under the auspices of the National Speakers' Forum, of which George G. Whitehead, Columbus, O., is the director.

Elbert R. Moses, of the Pittsburgh School of Speech, was chairman.]

FIRST AFFIRMATIVE

Reverend MacGowan: "Is Religion Necessary?" The answer is yes, and we are trying to give our reasons in the very simplest and most human terms. In the first place it is necessary in order to explain man's habitation. "This is my playground, this world; it is my working place, too, and it is my cradle and it is my grave, but somehow there is a mystery in it all, and I would like to know what that mystery is that lies behind all that I see."

I begin to ask why, where, when and how, and so long as I do, religion will suggest itself to my mind.

Now, why should I be asking questions? Because I look at nature all about me, and I see—and it is always the first argument—I see evidences of intelligence in nature as it rises in its grandeur here and there. I see more; I see that everything—and this comes from scientists themselves, that everything in nature, organic and inorganic, is subject to a reign of law. Law! That is the wonder of the most eminent scientists in the world today.

I see more; I see evidences of a will, too, in the processes of the seasons, in the beauty of azure skies; there is plenty and to spare for mankind. Nature gives it; where it goes is another matter; that may be an economic device, but nature is plentiful for you and for me.

There is evidence of goodness, there is evidence of might, vast power there. But we call it not just might; we call it creative will. I said intelligence is behind it. Then intelligent energy becomes creative, producing the highest things from the very humblest beginnings in life, as science knows it today.

But there is other energy organized for the purpose of producing the highest end. What am I to say about it? Intelligence, goodness and will, what are these? And these are the parts of my own being; they constitute personality, and so we say that behind this universe of ours there is personality.

But you say, "You are only thinking in terms of your own nature; it is anthropomorphic"—that is the scholarly name for it.

Well, how can I do otherwise? I must think within the limits of my own personality laid down for me from the beginning. And so we speak of God as a personality. It makes no difference whether the world be this big or that big, old or new, it comes to the same thing. There is evidence of that creative will, and we call that God.

In the second place, that is my habitation, my home, where I live; there is somebody here. In order to complete man's nature religion is necessary. Man is not content in the physical at any time. There is something driving him beyond it; even when his

appetites have been satisfied. It is then when he feels it more. There is an urge in his nature that calls him upward. There is a desire, a hunger that waits for fulfillment. Why? Because you are two—I don't want to say you are two men, but dual—they are both part of the same personality, but I mean to say that there is one lower and a higher man, not that there is anything wicked about the first, for a moment, but simply that it is the moral nature that is within that fits us to the higher life.

The truth is that just as I live in a physical universe of things that are visible to me, so I live in a moral universe. How do I know? I go to nature, the plant, the flower. And it says to me, "I cannot fulfill my destiny unless I obey every law that nature lays down for me. If I want to fulfill my destiny in the sun I must die." And mortality says "Aye, must," to his body, and for that higher part of man, too. So there is in us an instinct for self-realization and self-completion. It is the soul's adventure all through history.

And where first to find that completion? Not in anything that is thrown to him, not the husks that are thrown to him day by day; not in his books, even books of great men. These only give him glimpses of a greater wonder that is always beyond him. His completeness lies in God. He clamors for higher moral profit with all the longings of his nature, I care not what they be.

In the third place, to satisfy the heart of man it is necessary to have religion. Do you know how knowledge comes to men and women? It comes from personal relationship. How? A little baby, the first teacher is its mother interpreting the world for it. The teachers afterwards are the school people and the comrades, and the better they be the more blessed for any boy and girl. And later on again there is the corroborating experience of history, of autobiography and of literature, but it is through personality that we come to know.

Now, how do I come to know about the highest of all? Through personality. There is a presence in the world communicating itself to my mind and my heart. There is a reservoir of power there for me to draw from if I will. Do you remember how Wordsworth put it? "I have felt a presence that disturbs me with the joy of elevated thought, but the joy—the joy." All right, that is to say that man longs for friendship here in the world, and the best thing on earth for you and me is friendship. But he longs for more than that; he longs for friendship the way Walt Whitman says, "He longs for that friendship eternal." That means—call it consolation, comfort and all the rest of it. God be blest that there is a lot of it in the world. Happy is that man who can be called the friend of God.

In the fourth place, to fulfill my instincts it is necessary to believe in a God. Now wait—I want to stress this very particularly tonight—we are told by the behaviorists in psychology—do you know what the behaviorists are?—we are told by the behaviorists that we are the children of necessity; everything we do we are com-

pelled to do by something that has come to us in our life. Behaviorism says to us this, "Look, behaviorism is the reaction of my response mechanism, this body of mine, this being of mine—of my response mechanism to external stimuli."

See that light? The light air waves come to my eye. My eye is made to respond so that by the response of my eye to that stimulus out there there comes the knowledge that I can see; I can see light. Now wait—then I know why I act like an animal; it is the response of my appetite to the physical things that are there around me. That is granted, isn't it? But here is my question, "Why do I act religiously?" You are an exception? There are millions for every one. Now, I am not saying that the minority are always wrong or the majority always right. Not fear, not dreams nor anything else can explain this reaction of this body of mine and this soul of mine, if you will, to this stimulus that is there inspiring my nature and inspiring me to better things.

What explains my desire for fellowship? Wait—you can easily call that desire. What explains prayer? What explains the joy of service with God? And of the union with him? What is it? It is the response of the mechanism of my being in response to an external stimulus. Where is it? What is that external stimulus? I say that it is the unseen presence in the world communicating Himself to my light, and my religious attitude is the response of my being to the eternal God. Until I do respond like that I am not at peace; my nature is disorganized. Aye, and human life all about me will be, too. There is some fault in my nature.

What men should be doing today is sensitizing themselves, sensitizing this response mechanism of men's life in order that it may give the proper and appropriate response to God and to that unseen presence when the time arrives for it. The result is this, that we allow ourselves to become vulgarized, and that aspect of our life is the last thing to receive mention and attention.

In the fifth place—now wait—in the fourth place, to fulfill the instincts of my being. Wait—the response mechanism now of my being—religion is necessary. Now, these are for the intellects of men. Think with me along a few practical lines for a minute. God is necessary, religion is necessary—because I think my definition of it can be maintained as I go along—religion is necessary to inspire the ideals of mankind.

The unbeliever, the atheist or skeptic laughs at the religious man, because he says he cannot reach absolute certainty, and we agree at once. Where is absolute certainty ever found about anything? We cannot attain to that. Then what are we to do? We shall do what science does. What is that? Here is the method of science; science makes its assumptions from its experiment and its observation. Then what? Does it put them in a museum and sit down and admire them? Not a bit of it, not a minute. It goes on and puts into practice the things it believes it knows.

That is what I want to say to men that doubt these days; you cannot reach absolute, unblemished certainty, but what you can do is to demonstrate the purpose of God, the purpose of God's love in your own experience, in your every-day thought and actions; ally yourself to some great and good cause, go out and fight your battle in the name of God, and he will prove to you that he is on the side of those who seek right and who seek his kingdom.

I like that phrase so often quoted by George Bernard Shaw. It speaks of man, the appetite; the appetite for evil uses. I like that. What is it? That God has made man a citizen of a world that lies ahead, and that faith releases energies in man that make that world possible. Where? In some vast universe beyond the grave? Not a bit of it, but right here and now, and God can do it through the men who are willing to trust him to the limit and follow his footsteps.

The trouble is that we don't get near enough to God, many of us, in order to get that message clearly enough, to inspire the ideals of men. Alas, what a world it would be if there were no such authority for such ideals!

There is another thing, sixthly, to encourage man's enterprise. You know, this travail has been long, difficult, hard and has been dangerous. Sometimes we say to the church, what good has the church done? She represents religion. Well, we have to bow our heads in shame for the little she has done; we have to bow our heads in shame, too, for the tragedies that have been due to her misconceptions of God, and the misconstruing of his purposes, for that is just what it means. But while we say that, we remember the saints and the martyrs, we may remember the prophets and the reformers, the men who gave their lives and died on crosses even to make that better day possible for mankind. We remember—we can look back, we can see slavery, and we can see persecution, we can see bigotry, we can see all the torture of human life. But will you remember this, that most of it happened at a time when all men were supposed to be members of the same church. It was not the church persecuting somebody outside of it; it was the church putting the fetters on its own people, and there is just a little bit of difference, remember that.

But when we think of that progress that has come and the evils that have been left behind, I can remember the words that are in the Capitol at Washington, and these words have had a mighty place in bringing that better place to pass for mankind: "What doth the Lord require of me?" Listen, you men who are speaking of a better day for mankind—"What doth the Lord require of me but to do justice, to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God." What powers these words have been for making men better. And you know where they come from.

And is brotherhood coming, the brotherhood of man? Yes, we believe it is, when wars will be no more, to the ends of the earth, and

when usury will no longer curse the dreams of the poor, when there will be no more Sohos and Buckingham palaces, when there will be enough for all. And I am not affecting it, for I have learned to starve too, I have had to do it in my time, and God knows I curse it with all the blasphemy of my soul. Do you think that God means it or stands for it? No, but it does something for man; it develops a part of his glorious spirit. That is all, yet the day is coming.

Why do I talk about that? Because I believe in the fatherhood of God, one life, one blood, one law, that is why, and the day is coming when it will be realized. But only the blessed God in heaven has kept that vision clear in the minds of men who have had to starve to let it come to pass in their being.

What a struggle it has been! But God's spirit has been there. Or what else? Is man only cosmic dust, a speck? Not for a moment.

Somebody argues for the conservation of value. Personality conserves all the good that man has come to through the ages, of art, of science and all that is good, and somehow there is an inerrancy in our moral evolution. Do you want me to demonstrate it? It is to laugh. And I know there are multitudes like me. Heaven to me is not something up yonder. Heaven to me is what it was to Plato, with its invisible city; Plato, who said, "The man who has the invisible city in his brain will not be long until he attempts to accomplish it on earth." That's what it is, the power to drag men out of dirty boots into the higher things of the spirit. It is a great thing for the soul. I feel like Bacon in the time of the Renaissance. You remember how he put it; he drew the symbols of his song, "The Pillars of Hercules," supposed to be the end of the world; nobody went beyond it. He drew the picture, and there was a ship in full sail; there was a ship in full sail, passing through the Pillars of Hercules with "Plus Ultra" above. There is more yet; there is more yet. That is why I think religion is necessary. [Applause.]

FIRST NEGATIVE

Mr. Darrow: Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen. If I can present what I have to say in as quiet and reasonable a manner as my able opponent presented what he has, I should think I have learned a great deal from it, and perhaps even if I can't do it I have learned something from him.

I think I will say further that while he and I doubtless will disagree on many things—as I will attempt to demonstrate—there is not anything that he said that is in the least offensive to me—I don't mean personally; I mean religiously, because I know they would not be personal.

I have no objection to any sort of religion that he is talking about. The only question in my mind is whether that is really religion. I wish it was. If it was, I wouldn't be debating.

I don't mind telling you that I really have a purpose in these debates, although I know I will never accomplish it. I would like to make human beings freer if I could; I would like to make human beings kinder if I could. I would like to make them more tolerant of each other.

Now, the doctor here has not given me anything to say in opposition to him on any of these subjects that are nearest my heart. Of course, intellectually, we can disagree, and do disagree upon this question. It might have been better to have had a definition of religion, but I don't think that is necessary right now. I can tell you where we disagree and why I disagree. I don't disagree with him with any such violence in my own mind as I disagree with many people who are sure they are right and want to send me to hell because I am wrong. I don't want to go. But I would rather go than to stultify—I would rather take a chance on the going, at least, than to stultify my own conscience and my own reason, poor as that may be. And reason, like everything else, is not perfect. The best reasoners make their mistakes. I know that, because some of them don't agree with me. [Laughter.]

I would have liked—and still I am glad of it—I would like to have had him say something about religion as it is generally preached today. But that is not necessary; there will be others who will do that. But I kind of like his religion as far as he got. Now, let me see why I don't believe in it—all of it. I can accept all of his conclusions without accepting his premises, because he evidently wants a better world, he is evidently thoroughly tolerant of everybody; he doesn't insist anybody should agree with him; none of that. But how he gets at it is beyond my ken.

His first statement, which occupied the largest part of his talk, was on the proofs of God. He doesn't prove it by the Bible. It would be all right if he did—we would talk about that. I am not going to now. Of course my friend knows that I must have heard this argument many times before. It is almost always advanced, ever since the days of Paley's Natural Theology, which once took the world by storm, but they have somewhat abandoned it. Paley's idea was that you could everywhere see order and purpose in the universe. I am not quite certain—it is a long time since I have read Paley. I am not certain whether he said that the eye was made especially so that it could see. But it wasn't; it wasn't especially made, and last of all so that we could see. The first animals didn't have any eyes. They couldn't have used them if they had. The orthodox religious idea is that whatever was necessary to use in this universe was made for it. Not at all. In the long, tortuous, slow progress of life the eyes were put in and the ears were put in and such other things as man has, meager though they are, and poor though they are, have slowly been attached to him. And those who had the germs and who gradually developed them lived, and those who didn't died. In other words, all that we are has come through the long, slow progress or change of nature, from the most insig-

nificant life, and even back of it, for the working of the survival of the fittest. Now, I say that as if it was true. It is a theory very well established, and I doubt if my learned friend would take the other view, although many people do.

There is no such thing as a perfect eye. How many of you people are wearing glasses? How many more of you would wear them if you were doing any close work? As Helmholz once said, "The eye as it is made or comes to man is a clumsy piece of botch-work." It is, because it is developed, just as I have stated—it is developed a little at a time, slowly to help him out in his fight with the elements, and in his needs in life. It was not made out of hand at all. Nothing else was made out of hand. Nothing in nature was made that way. As high as we are, we have come up through travail and sorrow and death, and we are not very high yet. There is nothing about us that is perfect. We know nothing about perfection; we have no organs that are perfect; we have no insight that is perfect; we have nothing that can approach perfection, and no two are alike in any of these things.

And however perfect it is, life is short, and we give it up. My friend says it wouldn't be perfect if there wasn't a heaven. Now, that is no reason for believing in heaven. It wouldn't be perfect if it wasn't, because why torture us here to make us happy hereafter?

Nature knows nothing about perfection; man even knows nothing about perfection, but we can show the imperfections in everything, because the means does not satisfy the end that is desired anywhere.

And if nothing would be perfect without a heaven, that is no proof that there is a heaven. Nothing is very perfect or agreeable in civilized society without a bank account, but that doesn't give us the bank account; it has got to come from an entirely different kind of activity. If we could will ourselves something we wouldn't need to worry; but we can't do it.

My friend says in effect—I may not quote him literally—that we had all these desires and aspirations, and no desire and aspiration is planted into the human being without the means to satisfy it. He knew—I can't speak about him, but as for myself, most of the desires I have had were not satisfied. How about yours? Do you mean to tell me that you have had all that was coming to you, or, more than that, all that you expect and wish? There is going to be a whole lot left over when you are dead, if your life cannot be complete without heaven.

How do you know it is going to be complete? Is there any evidence of it? I say there is not, not the slightest in the universe. He says there must be a God because there is order and there is system; the eye is adapted to light, everything is adapted to something. Everything that survives has to be attached to something, but not very well adapted, and when the adaptation is over, or over on a vital point, the organs decay.

I don't know anybody who is thoroughly adapted at any time. He may have good eyes and a weak stomach. He may have good eyes and a good stomach, but a weak head. [Laughter.] That isn't uncommon. He may have a good eye, a good stomach and a good head, but have flat feet. [Laughter.] Show me anybody that hasn't got something that he would like to get rid of, and then I will take some stock in the perfect workman that must have made the human being.

I remember the stories I used to read in McGuffey's Reader about everybody complaining about their ailments. The good fellow came along and said he would give them another chance; let all of them throw their burdens in the heap and come and pick out something else. One fellow came up with a set of bow legs; another one with a humped back, and another with a nagging wife, and another with a squint eye. Everyone had something they threw in the heap, and they took something else, and after they limped along on the new deformity they came back and asked the good fellow to let them exchange it for the old, because they had gotten used to it. [Laughter.]

Now, that is all there is to it. Show me a perfect person, physically, mentally—or to borrow from my good friend, spiritually. Of course that is a word I don't fully understand or partially understand; I don't know anything about it. But I do know something about physically and a little about mentally. Show me any of them that are perfect. There is no such thing. The seeds of death are born in all of us; the seeds of decay of every part of us; the seeds of disease are ever active. Where is the evidence of design?

Our good friend here is not the first one that I have heard say that God is good. How do you know? True, he makes the rose, if there is one—I mean if there is a God. True, he makes the rose that is fragrant and beautiful, but he also makes the cancer that is hideous, and it would take an earth covered with roses to make up for one cancer. If you are going to make him responsible for anything, he makes health and he makes disease; he gives us life and cuts it off when we are just ready to live. He gives us imperfect bodies and imperfect minds and terrible experiences, if he is responsible for any of it. And if he is responsible for any of it, by the same logic, he is responsible for all of it.

Can you prove the goodness of God in the death of a babe twenty-four hours old? And can you any more prove it in the death of an old man or an old woman who has fought the battle, worked for health and strength and freedom and finally lies down to his last long rest? You can prove nothing by it. Then why talk about it?

My friend has said some things that I cannot dispute. He says he can feel God in the universe. Maybe he can; maybe he just

thinks he can. I cannot. I would like to know what he feels like. Maybe I have felt it and don't know.

He speaks about prayer and how he knows what it means. Well, now, my friend is an intelligent man, but I think it is silly to say you know what prayer means. I am intelligent, but I think things that are silly—everybody tells me so every once in awhile, but I don't agree with them. Did he or any other human being know of a prayer that has been answered? I say men have implored heaven by day and by night as the years have rolled around and no single prayer was ever answered. They have prayed for the deliverance of a dying wife from the angel of death that hung over her bed—and she died. They have prayed that the life of a new-born babe might be saved—and it died before it ever knew life. They prayed for deliverance from pestilence and disease and famine and prison, but the universe was deaf to their prayers—and they still pray.

Can anybody prove that any single prayer ever uttered by man was answered? Now, let me give you one example, and see what you think about it. Just think about it. I want *you* to think about it too—[addressing Dr. MacGowan]. We just went through a war. The Germans prayed for victory and the French prayed for victory. Blooming idiots, both of them, praying for victory. [Applause.]

The English prayed for victory to their God and the Turks prayed for victory to Allah. The Americans prayed for victory and the Austrians prayed for victory. A lot of good it did them, didn't it? And they left heaps of dead. If there had been any God in the universe and that God had been good, I know of no reason for thinking that that war could have come to torture the earth. [Applause.]

But let us look at it in a bigger way. My friend says that you can see order and system in the universe, and where there is order it must be that somebody orders it. Well, there are two things on which I disagree. If there is order, it does not follow that anybody ordered it. But there is not any order. Let us see—what does man know about order anyway? If I didn't misunderstand my friend, he practically said that man did not know much about order. But I might have misunderstood him, because he still made the argument for order. What does he know about it? All that man knows about order is what he learns from the universe of which he is a part. If you say there is order or disorder you must have a pattern for it, or you don't know it exists.

Our pattern is the universe as we know it, and to say the universe is in order is simply to say that the universe is the universe, that is all.

Some say that the earth goes around the sun practically in an oval or an ellipse, year after year; that shows order. Suppose it

went rectangularly, that way, that way, that way, that way. Would that be order? Why not? The very corners would show order because it was happening. Supposing it went around triangularly. Would that be order? Clearly it would. Can you imagine any way that it could go that would be disorder? Oh no, your mind would be accustomed to it and it could not be otherwise.

Let us take it a little further; what about the earth itself? Is there any order here? You have to get a pattern of order. But even in the visionary pattern that is generally taken, is there any order? There are ten thousand earthquakes on the earth every year. Is that order? If so, what is disorder? The solar system of which we are a part was probably once a great star or planet and in some collision or on account of some force that we know not of, it burst and the fragments were scattered in every direction until this fragment and that fragment were caught by gravitation, as we call it, and it kept on its way around. What has happened, will happen. Doubtless the universe is filled with stars that once belonged to bigger stars, and every now and then they are blotted out, and they die.

What do we know about order, anyhow? Is there any order in the universe? Anything but order! There is movement of what we call matter constantly taking new forms—not constantly, but often. We know nothing about how many and how often these catastrophes take place. We know that some have been blotted out, so far as we can see, or they have gone away such immense distances that we can't see them, and they seem to be blotted out. Is that order? We don't know the meaning of the word.

Take our own country; the Allegheny mountains were once 30,000 feet high; so the geologists tell us, by measuring the slant of the upheaved rock, and who know where they meet at the top, as it once was. They have been bitten by frost, carried away by rain and rivulets into the great seas, and deposited two or three thousand miles away and built up the delta of the Mississippi. Was it order? If so, why didn't they stick the delta in at the start?

The Rocky Mountains have recently—recently as a geological period—been raised, some of them 15,000 feet high, destroying everything that was life—if there was life—and making the world over anew.

The whole valley of the Nile was washed down from the mountains south of the Equator, and they are building up a new delta year by year. Everything is in flux, everything is changing, nothing is fixed.

What about earthquakes? And here is one for the goodness of God. Some people say I haven't any right to judge God. Well, I haven't, but I don't judge him when I say he is bad any more than the other man judges him when he says he is good. To judge him, you judge him, and I admit we have to judge him, if we do it, by the

puny intellect we have. Mine might be all right, and that of my good friend; you can't tell. By his intellect, he judges him good. By mine, I can't understand how a good God could permit the endless injustice to every human being and every animal. [Applause.]

You remember the Lisbon earthquake. You don't remember when it happened, but you read about it. Thirty-five thousand people killed in Lisbon in the twinkling of an eye. Of course to show his wisdom and goodness more particularly, the great loss of life occasioned in this earthquake, it happened on a Sunday and a Saint's day, and the great number who were killed were worshipping in the church.

Now, of course, that was not a Protestant church (laughter), but I am quite sure my friend would say that does not make the slightest difference. What about a catastrophe to an ant-hill? Is there any reason why God should not look after ant-hills the same as human hills? Aren't they his creatures too? We have a great deal of what Weber and Fields called "proud flesh" if we think about ourselves. If the ants wrote books they would be the important ones and we the unimportant.

Everywhere nature is red with tooth and claw. In every human organism are the germs of all the diseases that man is heir to. We begin dying when we begin living, and whether it shall be long or short depends on a thousand things which we hear nothing about.

Wouldn't it show that God was wiser and better if we lived longer? If not, wouldn't it show that God was wiser and better if we lived shorter? And still wiser and still better if we never lived at all? (Applause). Because if we don't live we don't need to die or suffer a lot of other things.

I say first that there is no way of finding out what is order. He says seeds grow. They do, some of them. Weeds grow easier, and you have to take pains with wheat. Most all that nature produces is something that we have to get rid of. Why do we? I don't know; perhaps my friend knows and can still explain the goodness of God. I don't know anything about it except that it happens.

Now, why do we say that there is a God? That is not because anybody feels it in his heart. He doesn't feel anything in his heart unless he gets along toward my time of life and it doesn't work right. His heart is just an organism for pumping blood; he doesn't feel anything in his heart. Why then do they believe in God? Well, the primitive man saw the lightning coming down, and it is perfectly natural that he should think it was thrown down, and if it hit someone it was natural for him to think that God didn't like that person. And it was perfectly easy to get up a set of propitiations to God not to do that. The explanation is perfectly easy; there is nothing mystical or hard to understand about it at all.

Now, let us see about God anyway. Has he always existed, or did somebody make him? Did he exist from all eternity and then finally make up his mind he would make a universe? What was he doing before? I don't know. Does anybody know? What is the use of talking about it if we don't know anything about it?

Assuming God made a universe, was there any matter here to make it out of? And if there was, it must have been in some form. Why not in its present form? Did he re-mould it or make it entire? Now, can you imagine God making the universe out of nothing? You can't do it. Maybe he did, but you can't imagine it, because you never saw anything like it nor heard anything like it.

Did he make it out of himself? Do matter and God mean the same thing? If so, what is the use of both of them? Can anybody answer any of these questions? I think not. I don't pretend to know; I am quite sure I do not. I cannot even think about it, for I cannot comprehend or understand the terms I am using. To me they mean nothing, and of course they can bring no result.

And finally, if the universe could not make itself, and therefore it is necessary for us to make God so he would make the universe, then who made God? Isn't it just as necessary to make a God so he can make *that* God, and so on world without end? (Applause.)

AFFIRMATIVE REBUTTAL

Reverend MacGowan: I gave him something to hit at, didn't I? That has been my task. And there you are! And he has been doing it to perfection. Now, mind you, all the thunder is over. He did the very utmost that atheism can do to destroy the living.

Hear that! That is the utmost. Put them together and think them over as a scheme of life! With all the difficulties of the explanation!

Don't ask me about the problem of human suffering; that is the great tragedy of the world. But I am going to tell you—I am going to talk about some other things for him to shoot at. I am going to tell you this now, if you take out of the world the suffering that is caused by your own rottenness you will see a lot of it eliminated. [Applause.] And mind you, don't blame God for that, because he made you a free man, imperfect in a world that fits you; in an imperfect world. Now, when I say "made," please forgive me; he used the same word; he used the same word.

And we have no quarrel on the question of evolution. He had me say that the eye evolved until it became possible for this response mechanism to react to the rays of light. Now, we believe in that. Today the day is coming—theology is in an awful way. Look at science. The physicists are standing on their heads, with the new quantum theory and the Einstein theory, which is opposite to their

atomic theory. Utterly changed! Styles change in atoms just as they change in automobiles, and the atom of 25 years ago is as utterly different from the atom that the physicist has to deal with today as the Ford tin Lizzie is different from the Cadillac 16 that you [pointing to man in balcony] sell today. That is good advertising, isn't it? There you are—you should have gone and paid the bigger price, all the same. [Laughter.]

Now, wait a minute, can we give him something? This problem of evil is one thing, and then another thing. How much of that evil is due to our ideas of it? Don't talk to me about cancer. I was talking to a cancer patient the other day; poor fellow, had a tube in his throat. What was he saying about it? Was he kicking about it? He was perfectly calm about it. What did it? It was his religion. Calmly and religiously he went out into the unknown, poor little fellow. He said, "Doctor, watch that man Darrow; he is a wonderful cross-examiner."

What is that? That is the triumph of the spirit of man over the suffering that came to him in life. Mark you this, young men and women, don't fear to go and marry; don't fear the sorrow and struggle. It gives you confidence and heart. The folks who don't get on are the folks that are subsidized by their fathers and mothers, and they don't find the satisfaction in one another as they should; and they are not compelled to stick together and fight for what they ought to become. And the result is the divorce court, Reno and so forth. Suffering is sometimes good for humanity. [Applause.]

I will tell you more, that is what has made humanity in the struggle upward; that is the progressive part of the human race, and we are going to be fit for the great aims that have come through the centuries that have gone by, when we achieve what is in the minds and hearts of some of us for the better day.

But there is more. God seems to work good out of apparent evil. Have you proved it in your life? The things that you would have liked to have done; the things that you did. You were mad when they didn't come to you. And afterwards you said, "Praise God it didn't come; I am better as it is." That is often true, that is, that good comes out of evil.

That is what I came through in my college career, Mr. Darrow; I had to find my way. I gave up every part of the faith that came to me as a young Scotch Presbyterian. When I left Doctor Jones' class-room in Europe I believed nothing; I had to find my way, and there was my sorrow. You talk about your cancers in your body; my God, what about cancers in your mind? What do you know about torture, my friend? Sometimes you know about it in a case that involves millions, but oh, when a man feels his foot slipping and his heart heavy, that is different altogether.

Don't ask me about the thirty-five thousand people that were killed in that church. Don't ask me; I can't tell you. There is the

mystery. Brothers and sisters, I told you that there is a mystery about the world, and I would like to go behind it and see it. If I didn't believe it, I would say what Mr. Darrow said at the end of his speech. What was it? What was it? Wait—wait until we see it. I have lost the place, like the wee fellow in school. Here it is, "Better if we had never lived at all."

Mr. Darrow: I said it might be better.

Dr. MacGowan: That is the conclusion of atheism. Now we have caught it, fatalism and pessimism. "Might have been better if we had never lived at all." Now then, if that is life, I am sick of it. If that is all the world has to give me, it is a mighty poor business. No, no, there is a vigor and a passion and a joy in life.

You asked me what God was. What is my answer? Power, the sense of power, the confidence to believe that it is well and that there is triumph for the good cause in the world. That is what I mean. And there is a great happiness in it; that is the joy of faith in God.

I tell you, it is the response of my whole mechanism; not of my spirit—what is spirit—I don't know, nor do I care. Leave out spirit, brothers, in any part of you. I get religion without the vital—I get the religion without Jesus, but I please to take behind me, because I don't want you, Mr. Darrow, to hammer at them in the presence of these people. But if you want education on the latest ideas of the things that everybody ought to know, you get hold of that old Oxford handbook, and that will tell you. And I will give you an idea of what it is all about.

What else? The question of prayer, and prayer never answered. What do you mean by answering prayer? Do you mean I am going up to God with a collection plate and say, "God, fill it"? That is the old idea of God, but it is all gone; don't talk about that. I tell you what to do; if you want to get the latest ideas—we are talking from a modernistic platform; don't become alarmed, my Presbyterian friends! If you want the latest idea of what prayer is, I want you to go and take Mather's book. Now, Mather is professor of geology in Harvard University; nothing much higher than that, is there? Do you know what he does? He defines prayer. Wait now, scholar that he is, physicist and scientist, he defends prayer as a law of nature.

It sounds odd to me, and I am a religionist. Strange, but there it is; that is the very latest, that book was published in the last year. That is a wonderful defense of prayer, prayer that means the growth of one's mind, one's purpose, just through fellowship.

Now, that mystery that is there; you get no mystery? All right, some of us do, that is all there is to it.

Then that last, the war! How many died? I have stopped

counting. The war! If I had talked the way I wanted to in England as a young preacher they would have thrown me out of England or put me in jail. What would I call it? A dirty big dog fight. Blooming fool! What was the blooming fool business? And blooming idiot? Oh, it was the prayer of the German against the prayer of the French, it certainly is. But we were blooming idiots to be in it at all. (Applause.) There is where the idiot is, and if the people had prayed more and kept in contact with the purpose of God it never would have come. (Applause.)

I lived in the Old Country. I knew the divisions that produced the war. I knew how men lived it, lived for it, prepared for it, set that thing before them—and they got it, and they deserved it. (Applause).

Now, free will, that is what we will to do. When it started, long before it came, the conditions were in the making. Who did it? God did it? Oh, he said it, "You blooming idiot; why did you let it go on?" And it is religion that said it and has said it from the beginning, before doubt was known, because doubt in its modern sense was not known before the 18th century.

It was the man of God who said, "They shall beat their swords into plow shares and their spears into pruning hooks, and they shall practice war no more." What did that? It was religion, and don't you forget some of us haven't lost it now. And if the time comes for war, I will tell you now, if I have to speak for it, I will tell men to go into it if they want to, but leave Jesus and God out of it. "You stand there until I stick my brother through and gut him." That is all; blooming idiots. Aye, blooming idiots for not going to the source of unction, of peace and love.

Now, what else? Can I give you something about prayer? Another thing—and here it is from a scientist. Some of you men know about Charles P. Steinmetz. Do you know what he said a little while before he died? He said this: "Some of you people don't understand that material things don't just happen"—that is the exact phrase. Then he goes on: "The time is coming when science, realizing that, will turn its laboratories over to the study of prayer and of God." Wait now, I am quoting exactly: "And we shall make more progress in one generation than in the last four." Charles P. Steinmetz! That is a bigger authority than I am; I can't speak for Mr. Darrow. These are wonderful things to talk about.

Well now, about the war again. Ha, ha, who were the big men behind the war in Europe at the time? Mention them. Georges Clemenceau; what was he? A rank atheist of the most pronounced type. There you are. The Tiger, the man who had the blood. God would have taken the claws out of the man if he had given him his spirit. The man who had no place for God.

What else? Go back to the thing that made the war, farther back, to Germany. Who was the great leader? Bismarck. A great

Christian, you say? A member of the established church in Germany, was he? Do you know what his confessions say? They say this: "In the bosom of my family I believe in God; he is real to me, but when I go to the Foreign Office, God is dead and religion is false." I am quoting exactly, Mr. Darrow, from the life of this man, that was published. I will give you the quotation if you like.

Now wait, there were two influences behind the making of that great war. Bismarck only found that the stark facts that were there before him made it impossible to conduct the business of nations on a religious basis. Men were treating one another like animals, and that is all there is to it.

This is the age of the conquest of doubt; in this way, doubting God. We have had it here, but I have just one quarrel with the atheist up to date; I mean Walter Lippmann, Krutch and Bertrand Russell. They make no attempt to prove the non-existence of God, none. What I want is that they should prove their negation, modern skepticism, and prove as finally as they expect the religious man to prove his hypothesis.

In the second place, I can use doubt as a good weapon just as well as an atheist or a skeptic can. It is free to every man, because it is of the spirit, just the way old Wyckliff said about the keys of Saint Peter, when they spoke to him: "They belong to so and so." "No," he said, "because the keys of Saint Peter are spiritual, and they belong to no man."

We have the question of materialism. Do you know what materialism grew out of in the past? That these little atoms were indivisible, indestructible—they couldn't be removed, they were solid. Now what? As I say, the little atom has changed its nature. Now we talk about electrons and protons. Nobody has ever seen them, but it is the new theory of the atom, and the result is that Professor Dewey in his different lectures tells us that we don't talk about substance any more. Where was matter to begin with, he asks? Dewey says we don't talk of substance any more. He says we talk of activity or energy.

Do you know what has happened? The electric proton has so disappeared from man's view that it has come to the very border of this mysterious world. I am not trying to mislead anybody—to the very border of that unseen, mysterious world.

The physicist today, for the first time in history, even when he talks of physical knowledge, is talking in terms of the 90's. Do you know what A. S. Eddington has said? When I talk about religion I should quote my authorities. Sir James Jeans in the terms of this mysterious universe? It is a tome of a thing, printed within the last three months. A. S. Eddington: "The Nature of the Physical World," published within the last year, and a companion volume with it. I recommend it to men who are altogether flat-footed on the sight of religion for that reason, because religion is in its purposes approach-

ing the border land where we think of God. We are speaking today of the doubt of the finality of science.

Watch now! Thank God for what science has done, but science is not an instrument of precision. As Mr. Darrow has said—there is nothing perfect. Take a watch, take it all apart. Have you the watch left? No, you have not. What have you lost out? Value, its usefulness, its beauty, its power in human experience. Science cannot touch these invisible values that lie beyond, that is all. And we are doubting the finality of science in our own time. We are doubting doubt. Hear me, doubting doubt. Why? Because doubt has told us this, religion and doubt and materialism stand over against each other. Religion explains man, man's lower being in terms of the higher. That is why I was living and thinking in such a high, exalted atmosphere in my first talk, and it seemed so different from Mr. Darrow in some of the things, just because of that. Idealism. Materialism explains the higher in terms of the lower. What kind of life comes from that? Great, good and noble in the case of Mr. Darrow, but is it going to be the case in the experience of all men and women? Explain the higher things, your ideals and inspirations and all the nobility of your appetites as an animal—a little more than that—God save me from a world when it comes to accepting that kind of thinking. We are beginning to doubt doubt for that very reason.

We are doubting the substitute for God. What is the substitute for God? Wait now, this ideal thing, this quest of the soul; call it poetic or romantic or what you like. What am I going to offer men and women for that? Where am I going to get the authority for it or the strength to offer it? I am doubting the substitute.

Now then, the eminent German apostle of atheism who died a few weeks ago, that man said his God is X. That is what you do in the comic. His is a godless mysticism. He is an atheist. What about Spalding and Alexander and Hoffman and all these men? They say you must worship the process of evolution, submit yourself to the laws of nature. And then I saw the thing that you saw, Mr. Darrow; that is, in my consciousness I saw a big volcano, and I saw the hideous face like a Chinese demon. I said, "I have got to worship the processes of nature?" No sir, maybe I will worship a God that is in all this thing and who is striving with his very life's blood to make a better humanity, a better world yet to be. A God striving—Oh, let me not say it, for fear the Presbyterians will get after me. (Laughter). There is the point; we are doubting. (Applause).

NEGATIVE REBUTTAL

Mr. Darrow: It is pretty hard to be a Christian. He says if a man is laughing and healthy, that is an evidence of God. If he says he is miserable and has a cancer, God knows he needs to be

chastened. Take your choice. If God is bad he is good, and if he is good he is good, and both of them prove that there is one, that God is good and bad.

Now really, I wonder if my friend says anything that proves God. I am not an atheist; I have never explored the universe. I might find something I wasn't looking for. But there is no evidence that any reasoning human being could call evidence to justify such a belief. If there was a God and he wanted us to believe in him, wouldn't we know it; it ought to be easy, and it *is* easy. Don't you think you crowded just a little bit on Clemenceau and atheism? Clemenceau didn't start this war; he was called in on the last day, after everybody else had been exhausted.

And if the French were right and your religion is right, why God must have sent for him as the last hope.

But the Kaiser was talking about war from the beginning, about God all the time. He and God got so mixed you couldn't tell which was which. And the Czar was for God, and King George was for God, and everybody was for God. No wonder God got all mixed up and didn't know which side he was on. Nonsense! Why, Christians have been fighting forever, haven't they, since there has been a Christian? Look at the Crusades; look at every war that has happened on the earth since Christianity. Now I am not blaming Christianity. Human beliefs do not reach as deep as human emotions, do not reach as deep as human feelings, as deep as human hatreds and human love. Life rests on those; it doesn't rest on beliefs and fantasies.

Now, think this over a little bit, when you get a little time. Is this a good world? If it is there is no difference between good and bad, so why talk about it? Is it a bad world? If there is a difference between good and bad, much of it, at least, is horribly bad, and you can pray till the cows come home and it doesn't change. How many mothers filled the churches during the war, praying that their sons would get home safely? And how many of them died in agony and despair and never saw their home again? What has God been doing all through the troubled ages in which men have lived? What was he doing when men were crucified for their beliefs? They were killed through the middle ages by the hundred thousands because they didn't believe in a particular kind of God. What was he doing?

He must be there because everything was so bad, but he must be there because everything was so good. They haven't got a scrap of evidence, not one little wee particle of evidence; you just say it because you want it to be true. The thing is true because you want it!

Now, let us see; my friend is a very able man; he is a logician, and then he asks, if you are discussing the question of God, is it up to *you* to prove there is one, or is it up to *me* to prove there isn't? Now, any logician knows better; he affirms there is; give me one

scrap of evidence. It is not up to me to prove *the blank;* I wouldn't undertake it anyway, because that is a subject nobody can possibly fathom. First causes cannot be reached by human intellects, if there are such things as first causes.

Now, I don't know; my friend seems to be somewhat of a mixture of scientific thought. He is honest enough and intelligent enough not to ignore science, but if it comes to science and theology, why he is very strange on the theology. Has Eddington or any of these men changed the theories that have been coming for years about matter? I say no. True, we used to believe in the atom as the last unit. That is not true, because they have discovered that the atom is made of something else; they call them electrons; they are electrons and a nucleus, but they are just as hard and just as solid as they ever were. You can't make me believe that there is no such thing as what we call matter. When I sit down on a chair I feel the greatest confidence that something will stop me before I reach the floor. (Laughter.) There is not a word in any of these men that he quoted that upholds the theological views of the world, not a single word, and I am pretty familiar with most of them.

After we get through, I want you to tell me, Doctor MacGowan, where I can find that quotation from Steinmetz; but you needn't bother now. I can't believe it. It can only be explained in two ways; one is that he meant something entirely different from what you people mean, and the other is that he was losing his mind when he died.

Now, I will tell you why I say it; he was one of the greatest scientists that ever lived; no doubt about it. He was an unbeliever all his life—all his life. Of course histories are full of unbelievers that died Christians, but practically all of them denied. Now, I don't mean to tell you that I don't believe yours. I have heard of Bob Ingersoll's repenting before he died, and yet the very people that lied about him knew that he didn't have time to repent, for he dropped dead. (Applause.)

For a lifetime Steinmetz was a wizard in electricity, a thorough materialist, an ardent socialist—and very few of them are anything else, although some of them are—very few—and I have difficulty in believing that he ever said any such thing, although it might be so—it might have been published. I know it has, because my friend said it has. I would like to have held an inquest on his sanity when he died.

Now, what else? He says he believes in the soul. What does he know about the soul? What does the man say when he says he believes that you have a soul? Is it anything but a word? What does he mean by it? Where does the soul come from? We know where life came from; we know it came from the union of a spermatozoon with a cell, and from that kind of a union, life came; if it was

that kind of a cell, it came into existence, and we know that with death or accident or disease, the cells break apart and the person is known no more.

I tell you it is not possible. I don't blame anybody for wanting to see Mary Jane in heaven; I don't blame them. I know some people that I would like to see myself, and some that I wouldn't. But I know it is an absolute impossibility. Let me ask you—just go home and think about it, if you want to. If it makes you unhappy, shut it off. You are going to heaven, are you? Where is it? Did you ever hear of anybody going and coming back? What is your soul? It is not matter, evidently. Just what? Did anybody ever hear of intelligence disconnected with a brain and a nervous system? It is utterly unknown in human life; there is no such thing, so far as I know.

Let me ask you this question, and I want you to think it over for half a second—that is long enough—and then if you want to claim that you believe something entirely impossible, go ahead with it; you can't get too much pleasure out of life—go to it and get some fun out of it. Suppose someone told you you were going to Kamchatka next week and you were going to stay a week, and you had to go. What would you do? You would look up a book that tells something about Kamchatka. Yes, and you would go to a railroad office or a steamship office and find out what kind of people live there. You would want to know all about the country.

Now, let me tell you Christians—I have no objections to Christians except that most of them aren't, but let me ask you to be honest about it. Suppose a doctor comes and tells you that something is terribly wrong with you and you had better make your will, because within one week you are going to Goofville; you were not going to take your body with you, but you were going; leave your body here and start off to Goofville. You are not going for a year, but you are going for all eternity. Millions and millions and trillions of eons in Goofville. Don't you suppose you would try to find out where Goofville was and where you were going and how you were going; whether you were going by airplane or submarine or ship or railroad, or going to walk? And what are you going to take? You don't take your body. So a man, it seems to me, must be plumb crazy to talk about it.

Now, everybody knows that if they believed that there was such a place, they would try to find out where it was, wouldn't they, and how they get there. Somewhere in heaven! Where is heaven? Ninety-five million miles from here to the sun, and you haven't started! When you get out a ways it is as cold as the most frigid winter, black as night, groping through darkness to nowhere. Tell me that there is any sense in it! It is a vain, vague, insane dream, born of hope and fear.

Now, I don't want you to wake up; if you want to believe in

it, believe in it if you can, but you don't. The most ardent Christia in this audience doesn't believe in it. Let me prove it. You are gc ing to be happy when you get to heaven. Suppose you had a cance —I am crazy about cancer (laughter). They show the goodness c God for making us unhappy so that we can be happy. That i what we need, is to be unhappy, for we all have a plenty.

Now, let's see, suppose you have a cancer and you paid out al your money; and suppose you are a Christian and you prayed unti you are black and blue in the face, and your wife and your childrei and your husband and your neighbors prayed too, and they have : prayer for you in church, and everybody is praying, and the docto is working. And you have got religion and you know you are going to heaven; you know you are going to heaven, and you go and ge an operation and suffer agony so that you will live a little longer ir hell. And you hear of all kinds of doctors, and you try them, ever down to Christian Science, and still you are in torture. And you go all over the world and get cut to pieces by inches so you can live a week longer, suffer pain and torture, rather than go to a heaven and be happy. Now, explain it! There isn't a thing in it except the dread of death and the hope that springs eternal, that's all.

I used to want to live forever—I can't say I have entirely got over it, and be honest, and I want to be perfectly honest with you as I understand it—I have absolutely given it up.

My friend gives his religious experiences. It is funny how many of these preachers used to be atheists, especially how many of those with whom I have debated. Some of them I have doubts about, but not this one. There are more preachers who have been atheists, and if I was a father to a young man I would wish that he would be an atheist, so he would become a preacher. (Laughter.)

But I never was a Christian in the sense we call a Christian, in believing in a heaven and having a definite belief in a God and a Savior. I never did, but I used to want to believe I could live forever. It is a long time; it would be pretty horrible if you couldn't die if you wanted to. But that is still another thing. Things are not this way or that way because we want them; they are just this way or that way because they are this way or that way, that's all. I have given it up, and I have had more consolation and peace since I have given it up, and I have had more peace than I ever had while I was trying to believe in it. That is just what you Christians are doing this minute, you are trying to believe in it, but there is not a scrap of evidence that is not violation of all human reason and all human experience. I don't want to make you unhappy; I honestly believe you would be happier if you gave it up.

What is all this about higher and lower; which way is higher and which way is lower? Blamed if I know. My friend looked up when he said higher, and down when he said lower. When he gets up, answer me—the world will have moved several hundred thou-

sand miles, and so he had better look down when he says higher and up when he says lower. Does it mean anything other than words? That is all, just words. Why do you suppose God is so almightily interested in whether we are higher or lower? If he wants us higher he can do it; if he wants us lower he can do it, and if he is right it is none of our concern.

And this other idea, free will. Whoever knew anything about free will? Did you manage to get yourself born? That is pretty important. If you didn't do that you didn't do anything. Did you pick out your parents so that you could have money or education? Did you tell how big a brain or how fine a one you would have? Did you choose that? Did you choose whether you would be lame or halt or blind? Did you have that choice? If you are rich, was that because you had the free will to get it? If your health is good, was that free will or luck? If you are happily married—well, if you are! (Laughter.) Did the husband and wife come together by will, or did they happen to be crossing a street at the same time, and meet? What was it? Free will? A man has no more free will to do with himself than a wooden Indian has to do with it. We are born without effort, we die without our free will; you haven't any free will when it comes to dying. We die against our will. Most of us are poor against our will; most of us have pain and suffering when we will to have happiness. Friends we love most die and leave us, deserted and alone. When you live to the time that I have lived, almost everyone that you knew in the vigor of your manhood is dead. When you think about it, what do you know about free will? Free will is a misnomer and a nonsensical idea. Nietzsche says that free will is invented for giving God an excuse for damning man. If he is bad it must be because he wanted to be bad; therefore you justify God.

We are just like all the rest of "creation"; we come and we live and we have our joys and our sorrows, our brief triumphs and our bitter despairs, and we die, and we are not consulted; we are not bidden to the feast of life; we are not asked whether we desire to die; we are moved here and there by every breeze that blows, in spite of our strongest inclination or our deepest desire, and we haven't a single thing to do about it. (Applause.)

AFFIRMATIVE SUR-REBUTTAL

Dr. MacGowan: The Steinmetz quotation may be found in one of two books, for certain. I would imagine that it is in Brightman's book—Brightman, who is the University of Boston philosophy professor, and I am now reviewing the book for Carnegie Library and it will be on the shelves, if I am not too lazy, within the next few days. And the other book—this next one is fifteen cents, but it is a wonderful compilation of essays on "What Religion Means to Me,"

from every point of view except your own, Mr. Darrow, and it is a wonderful book, but I will get it for you and see that it is put in your hands. You will get it right there in one of these two books.

Now, an agnostic. Was I wrong in talking about an atheist, a materialist? He is talking to you about free will. He is not questioning free will; he is saying there is no such thing. What is that? That is not an agnostic. When you talked to these people about heaven, do you know what you said? You said, "I know that it is an absolute impossibility." Now, what is that? That is atheism.

Mr. Darrow: If I said that about God, it would be.

Dr. MacGowan: No, no, that is about heaven; that is the approach of atheism to heaven. So that you can't call yourself, afte all is said and done, an agnostic.

And you say that God is a blank. My, but you are desperately interested in a blank. Why do you come here and talk about a blank? Men don't shoot sparrows. (Laughter.)

Maybe I am wrong in getting into the argument at all, but go and tell them, Mr. Darrow, I am not scared, because the trend is that maybe He is here to take the blank out of your mind and serve humanity in doing it, and making you believe that way.

But I believe—this man's father was a Unitarian preacher—I believe that there is a religious complex in that man's nature. I would like a psycho-analyst to get hold of him. The fact that he comes here to discuss religion at all is a backhand compliment to the thing for which I stand.

Now, about Christians all being at war. I wonder if he has heard about the company, when they were called out, company after company; they were called out and cut down by the Emperor, for what they stood; for that cause they would not fight. Not always have they stood for war. May war become impossible as the centuries go by.

Religion without heaven; is it possible? Why, certainly. How much heaven did you hear about in the Old Testament? Very, very little. Even Jesus does not lay the emphasis altogether on that subject. The point is this, that it is best to live, even if you think about it not at all. So it is better to live no matter what the eventuality may be,

You remember Butler, how he directed his thoughts toward God. He began with one word, probability. He said "Probability is the guide of life," and from that probability it is true—it may possibly be true.

The Court Jester! I have worn the fool's hat, Master, for long. And you are dying; you are going on a long journey, Master, and he has made no preparation; he has no food for the way, no horse

for the way, nothing, nothing. What do you think of that man? Fool he is. Well, sir, take my mark, you are that fool. The king had made no preparation for that journey. I don't care a snap; let there be no heaven; it will be better anyhow at the end of the day to have lived the right life.

If I had been you and if I had conducted your argument I would have dismissed the thought of heaven with a puff of my breath and have said, "So much for that!" and gone on about something far more important. Nobody wants to think about it, anyhow. There you are.

There are three eras for mankind throughout the centuries. The first is man mistakes himself for God. That is what mutiny may do; that is what the Kaiser did; he mistook himself for God.

Secondly, they mistake their bodies for their souls, and they live for their appetites. That is hell.

And thirdly, they mistake time for eternity. Better is it that man should say, "Let this be the preparation for something better, even if it only be a better generation that is to come after me."

What substitutes have we had tonight for what I have offered you? Tell me? What substitutes for your mind, for the heart of you that waits to be satisfied?

This omission that I talked about to begin with, what have you to offer? I don't know. My heart would still be hungry and my brain would be clamoring for its sense of finality. Was it talked about protection? We made no argument on protection, we made no argument about the finite or infinite, that was not in the substance, but if you like perfection in the mind as a dream, for the imagination, to stir men on to better things, you reformers, you men who are working for the improvement of the classes.

One thought more and I will finish. I have been reading Dr. Cotton's book on Bishop Laud, in the early 13th century in England. Bishop Laud was a dictator, a tyrant, and he would drive men into the kingdom of the church, and the poor Quakers, oh how they suffered, and the Puritans, alas and alack for them. And so they coined a phrase for him, and they said "Jesus was the lamb of God; behold the lamb of God," but they said, "Lord Bishop Laud, the ram of God; behold the ram of God." I like to think of it that way. Now wait, Mr. Darrow, I don't mean it as an insult—you Protestants and Catholics, to ram you into sensibility and tolerance—but to lead you into a deeper study and clearer understanding. I am glad some of you are here to get that impact and to strengthen you that belief is not the easy thing that some people say.

With labored steps we slowly swing along the way,
Seeking the soul not all men know,
And of the weary wait while the shadows grow,
Trusting hard that the morn will show,
A clearer road to the hills of God.

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WANTED—A VOLTAIRE

By E. HALDEMAN-JULIUS

America needs a Voltaire. It needs more than anything else the simple message to be cried out that is expressed in the single simple word: TOLERATION. And that single simple word, TOLERATION, should be a constant, strong, white light to pour a flood of illumination over the complex, wretched tangle of slogans, rituals, platforms and prejudices that confuse and completely overwhelm the American mind. The awful burden of formulas, of little narrow catch-phrases and catch-principles, is oppressing us to the death of all honest thought and cluttering the paths to knowledge with the unburied swollen corpses, the grotesquely animated skeletons (how sinister in their unnatural, lifeless but powerful, activity!) and the tireless dark flitting ghosts of the world's intellectual past.

We are living in a vast graveyard. Tombstones cast their blighting shadow over all our activities. We wear the ghastly hue of corpses and our step is the ghost-like, sleep-like tread of those who wander aimlessly in the midst of scenes that are mechanical and meaningless. We cannot see. We cannot breathe. We must get out of this graveyard! Out where there is air! Where there is light! Where there is brave, joyous, significant motion, and not the pale flash of the jerking limbs of skeletons!

Out into the broad highway, under the sky and sun—the road to Truth that is marked with the signposts of Toleration.

Truth—Toleration—the two are one. There can be no glimpse of Truth without Toleration for a guide. And Toleration leads inevitably to the only Truth we can know.

VOLTAIRE

Voltaire was born in Paris in 1694. At that time, Louis XIV was on the throne in France. Through long years of profligacy and dissipation the lords and rulers of France had reduced the country to poverty and the people to slavery and superstition. France was nothing but the king and the favorites of the court. Noblemen, priests and women of easy virtue were the rulers, and people lived only to furnish them amusement and dissipation. Everyone believed in miracles, witchcraft and revealed religion. They not only believed in old miracles but in new ones. A person may be intellectual and believe in miracles, but the miracles must be very old.

Doctors plied their trade through sorcery and sacred charms. Lawyers helped keep the poor in subjection; the criminal code was long, cruel and deadly. The priest, the doctor and the lawyer lived for the rich and helped make slaves of the poor. Doctors still believe in sorcery, but they administer their faith cures through a bottle instead of vulgar witchcraft. Lawyers still keep the poor in their place by jails and barbarous laws, but the criminal code is shorter and less severe.

When Voltaire was born there was really but one church which, of course, was ignorant, tyrannical and barbarous in the extreme. All creeds are alike, and whenever there is but one, and the rulers honestly believe in that one,

they are bound to be ignorant, barbarous and cruel. All sorts of heresies were punishable by death. If any one dared to write a pamphlet or book that questioned any part of the accepted faith, the book was at once consigned to flames and the author was lucky if he did not meet the same fate. Religion was not maintained by the precepts of the priest, but by the prison, the torture chamber and the fagot. Everyone believed; no one questioned. The religious creeds, while strict and barbarous, did not interfere with the personal conduct of any of the rulers. They were left free to act as they pleased, so long as they professed to believe in the prevailing faith.

France was on the verge of bankruptcy. Her possessions were dwindling away. There was glitter and show and extravagance on the outside; poverty, degredation and ignorance beneath. It was in this state and at that time that Voltaire was born. He was a puny child, whom no one thought would live. The priest was called in immediately that he might be baptized so his soul would be saved.

Voltaire's father was a notary of mediocre talents and some property, but his name would have been lost, excepting for his brilliant son. His mother was his mother, and that was all. In his writings, the most voluminous ever left by any author, he scarcely mentions his mother a half dozen times. He had a brother and sister whose names have only been rescued from oblivion by the lustre of Voltaire. No one can find in any of his ancestors or kin, any justification for the genius of Voltaire.

Had the modern professors of eugenics had power in France in 1694, they probably would not have permitted such a child to have been born. Their scientific knowledge would have shown conclusively that no person of value could have come from the union of his father and mother. In those days, nature had not been instructed by the professors of eugenics and so Voltaire was born.

In a few days, his parents and nurse grew tired of waiting for him to die, and while he was yet a child, his education was left in charge of a priest named Chateauneuf. His teacher drew a salary as a priest, but was irreligious, profligate, clever and skeptical in the extreme. He was kind-hearted and good-natured and fond of his pupil, who was also his god-son, and did his best to keep the young mind free from the superstition of the age.

Before he was ten years old, it was plain that the young Voltaire had a clever mind. At that age he was sent to a boys' school in France. His body was lean and thin and his mind was keen and active, and neither his body nor his mind changed these characteristics to the day of his death. At the school he says he learned "Latin and nonsense," and nothing else. In two hundred years, the schools are still teaching Latin and nonsense. The course of Latin is the same, but the kinds of nonsense have somewhat changed. At the school he was not like the other boys. He did not care for games or sports. While the other children were busy with youthful games he was talking with the fathers, who were the teachers in the school.

In vain they tried to make the boy join the rest in play. He turned his eyes to his professors and said, "Everyone must jump after his own fashion." One of the professors, who was close to him, remarked, "That boy wants to weigh the great questions of the day in his little scales."

While a boy at school he began to write verses, not, of course, the easy, fluent, witty poetry of his later years, but still verses of such promise and originality as to attract the attention of his teachers. The one father who disliked him at school, in answering a brilliant retort of the child, said, "Witch, you will one day be the standard bearer of Deism in France."

On his return from school, about fifteen, his father decided to make him an advocate. He picked out the profession for his son, as most fathers do, because it was his own; but Voltaire's early efforts at poetry had given him the ambition to write and he insisted that he should not follow his father's footsteps, but devote his life to literature. This his father would not consent to. "Literature," said the parent, "is the profession of the man who wishes to be useless to society, a burden to his relatives, and to die of hunger." But even Voltaire's father could not make a lawyer out of a genius. To be a good lawyer, one must have a mind and a disposition to venerate the past, a respect for precedents; believe in the wisdom and sanctity of the dead. Voltaire had genius, imagination, feeling, and poetry, and these gifts always have been, and always will be incompatible with the practice of law. While he was studying law, he

was writing verses; verses that were wicked, sacrilegious, and sometimes malicious. He was also making up for the play he missed in youth and was having a gay time with his friends. On account of some boyish scrape, he was sent by his father to Caen and, although in a way under restraint, at once captured the society and intellect of the town. His father seeing something of the boy's brilliancy, sent him word that if he would come back home he would buy him a good post in the government. "Tell my father," was the answer, "I do not want any place that can be bought. I will make one for myself that will cost nothing." Later in his life, in writing the story of the great dramatist Moliere, he said, "All who have made a name for themselves in the fine arts, have done so in spite of their relations. Nature has always been much stronger with them than education." and again, "I saw early that one can neither resist one's ruling passion nor fight one's destiny."

Voltaire is only one illustration of the wisdom of these remarks. The usual is always mediocre. When nature takes it into her head to make a man, she fits him with her own equipment and educates him in her own school.

His father got him a post in Holland, where he wrote more verses, and fell in love, or at least thought he did, which comes to the same thing. He was forbidden to see his mistress. After various difficulties in meeting, she wisely concluded that the chances were so uncertain, she had better take someone else. Naturally this serious matter made a deep impression on

a boy. He concluded there was nothing to live for and turned more deliberately to literature for consolation. He went seriously to work and never stopped until he died at eighty-four. Had he been able to marry the girl, then—but what's the use in speculating upon that?

Louis XIV died in 1715. His reign was splendid, corrupt and profligate. The people were hungry and turbulent; the notables tyrannical and insolent. The last few years the king was the absolute monarch of France, and he was ruled by a woman and a priest. The news of his death was received with joy by the multitude. Young Voltaire was at the funeral. This funeral resembled a fete more than a day of mourning.

Voltaire by this time was known for his epigrams, his rhymes and his audacity. The salons of Paris were at once opened to him. Whatever else he was during his life, he was never dull, and the world forgives almost anything but stupidity. Commencing early in his life, most of the epigrams and brilliant satires in France were charged to Voltaire. On account of a particularly odious epigram, he was exiled to Sully. His keepers found him a most agreeable guest, and he was at once a favorite in the society of the place. "It would be delightful to stay at Sully," he wrote, "if I were only allowed to go away from it." He spent his time hunting, flirting and writing verses. In his verses and his epigrams he could flatter when he thought flattery would accomplish his end, and by this means his exile was brought to a

close and he returned to Paris after an absence of about a year.

No sooner was he back, than a violent attack on the government appeared. This was at once charged to Voltaire, who had in fact not written it. During this time he had been writing his first play, which had been accepted and was then on rehearsal at the theater, but on account of the anonymous verses, which he did not write, he was sent to the Bastile. A few days after he was placed in prison he signed a receipt for "two volumes of Homer, two Indian kerchiefs, a little cap, two cravats, a night cap and a bottle of essence of cloves."

It was some time before he was given a pen and ink, which all his life he needed more than anything else; but without these, he began to compose a new play. He was able to carry in his mind whole cantos of the play and, as Frederick the Great said, "His prison became his Parnassus." Voltaire was not the first or last man to convert a prison into a hall of fame. A prison is confining to the body, but whether it affects the mind, depends entirely upon the mind.

It was while in prison that he changed his name from the one his father gave him—Arouet—to the one he has made famous throughout all time—Voltaire. He said, "I was very unlucky under my first name. I want to see if this one will succeed any better."

His verses soon won him the clemency of the regent, who wrote him, "Be prudent and I will provide for you." Voltaire answered, "I shall be delighted if your highness will give me my

board but beg that you will take no further trouble about my lodging." In a year he was released, but whether in prison or surrounded by the gayest court in Europe, he was always forging his keen, witty, malicious darts against the enemies of truth and liberty.

When Voltaire was twenty-four, his first play "Œdipe," was produced in Paris. His verses and epigrams had already made him famous throughout the capital and a packed house made up of the intellectual and important people of Paris greeted the play with wild enthusiasm. It ran for forty-five nights, and at once made Voltaire famous as a playwright; which fame was with him to the end. This play, together with his earlier works, got him a pension, but the pension did not succeed in keeping his mouth closed, as is generally the case. Pensions are the favors of the powerful, and dangerous to any great intellect. It is only here and there down throughout the ages that a Voltaire is born who does not fall a victim to their blandishments. Not only pensions, but what the world calls good society, was always open to Voltaire. He needed but to obey the mandates of the rulers to live as the pampered child of luxury and ease, but this Voltaire always refused to do. He went his way writing his plays, making his epigrams, reading his verses, witty, audacious and heterodox, dodging officers and jails, doing his own work, flattering those whom he despised, managed to keep out of jail most of the time, and died at the old age of eighty-four.

Much of his work he did while confined to

his bed. He was always an invalid, always obliged to take great care of himself, living constantly with death just before him, never idle a moment for fear his work would not be done. Probably no man ever lived who assailed the Church and the State with the same wit and keenness that was always at Voltaire's command; and yet in spite of this he managed to live comfortably, accumulate riches and die in peace.

Voltaire with all his other talents was a business man. For this he has been criticised by biographers and enemies. While he was ever generous to his friends and ready to give his time and money for an unpopular cause, he constantly haggled and dickered over business matters and seldom got the worst of any trade. No iconoclast can possibly escape the severest criticism. If he is poor he is against existing things because he cannot succeed. If he is rich, he is not faithful to his ideals. The world always demands of a prophet a double standard. He must live a life consistent with his dreams, and at the same time must obey the conventions of the world. He cannot be judged either by one or the other, but must be judged by both. In trying to live up to both standards, one invariably misses both. It is hard to be true to the two, especially when the standards of the new and the old are in conflict. The ravens should feed the iconoclasts, but they don't.

Voltaire loved the good things of life. He loved society; he loved the witty and intelligent; he loved fame; and he was singularly vain. He loved the society of the courts of

Europe. He spent many days at the magnificent courts of France, adapting himself the best he could, but at the same time seeing through its shams, despising its vanities, its cruelties and its injustice to the poor; but he must do his work, and to do his work in France two hundred years ago, he must have the patronage of princes, of priests, of kings and influential courtesans.

Writing from the court of Louis XV, he says, "It is a dreadful bore to be here, but it is very advantageous—the cage is so exquisitely gilded that one must try not to see the bars through the gold." For another of his brilliant sayings he was thrown into the Bastile for a short time in 1726. He was pardoned on the condition that he go to England. No sooner had he reached that island than he was at once received by the poets, philosophers and statesmen of England. Swift, Pope, Young, Gray and Walpole were then shedding their lustre on the British isle. Newton was dying and Locke, though dead, had just begun to speak.

Voltaire at once threw himself into the life of England. Here he found a land where one could write and speak and publish his honest thoughts. Here he felt that he had reached the "promised land." He was everywhere received by the intellectual spirits of England, and within six months he was master of the English tongue, and all the rest of his life could read and speak that language almost as fluently as if native born. Here he met the Quakers, studied their religion, and was captivated by their simplicity and their tolerance.

"What! you have no priests?" said Voltaire to the Quaker. "No, friend," he replied, "and we get along very well without them."

Voltaire was an admirer of the English and their land. He found "greatness without insolence and without Bastiles." "It has taken seas of blood to drown the idol of despotism, but the English do not think they bought their laws too dearly." When he was an old man he said he once lived in a land "where a professor of mathematics, only because he was great in his vocation, had been buried like a king who had done good to his subjects." He spoke of Locke as the "wisest of human beings." "The catechism reveals God to children, but Newton has revealed him to sages." "Locke dared sometimes to speak positively, but he also dared to doubt." "I love people who say what they think. We only half live if we dare only half think." "What would you have done had you been born in Spain?" asked Voltaire's secretary. "I would have gone to mass every day, kissed the monk's robes and set fire to their convents."

Voltaire's residence in England made a great impression on his future life. He seemed to dedicate himself anew to the great cause of human liberty. He felt that it was for him to destroy oppression, superstition and tyranny. He never ceased to fight for the cause as long as life remained.

After three years in England, Voltaire managed to get permission to return to Paris. He set to work to write another play and to organize a company to act it. During all his

life he was passionately fond of the stage, writing plays on every subject, ancient and modern, plays which always held keen thrusts against the injustice of the world. He was busy organizing companies to produce his plays, constantly associated with actors; in his later years he built a theatre of his own at Ferney and frequently took part on the stage in his own plays. In those days the business of an actor was more despised than it is to-day. Actors were servants of the rich, men and women who contributed to their pleasure for the purpose of satisfying their idle hours. Everybody went to the theatre, but no one had any regard for those who performed a part. While the king might sit in a box, the dead player could not be buried in consecrated ground.

Soon after his return to Paris, Adrienne Lecouvreur died at the age of thirty-eight. She was the greatest actress of her time and her death made a profound impression upon Voltaire. He had known her in her younger years; had been her friend and admirer up to the time of her death. She was a woman of genius and intellect. She was taken with a fatal illness while playing one of Voltaire's plays. Voltaire hastened to her bedside. She died in his arms, in agony for which the doctors of that day could furnish no relief. Her fame and her fate made a profound impression in Paris at the time.

In her death she could have neither priest nor absolution; was denied Christian burial; taken out of the city at night and "thrown in

the kennel" like a dog. It was said of this brilliant woman that "she had all the virtues but virtue." Whatever she was, her life had been no worse than the paramours, friends and mistresses of the kings and nobles over whose graves priests had pronounced eulogies and benedictions, and who had been laid in consecrated ground; but her intellect, her genius, and her heart were far above all these. For a time Voltaire forgot to be a cynic, but was touched to the soul by the injustice of the French law, French society and French religion. He had been, he said, "her admirer, her friend, and her lover." "Shall I ever cease to see," he wrote, "the light-minded Frenchman sleeping under the rule of superstition?" Is it only in England that mortals dare to think? Men deprived of burial here to whom Greece would have raised altars! In London she would have a tomb among geniuses, kings and heroes. Ye gods, why is my country no longer the fatherland of glory and talent?"

During the rest of his life he worked tirelessly to improve the condition of the actors of his day. Even as an old man he could never forget the injustice done to this great woman. "Actors are paid by the king," he said, "and excommunicated by the church. They are commanded by the king to play every evening and by the church forbidden to do so at all. If they do not play, they are put in prison. If they do, they are spurned into a kennel. We delight to live with them and object to be buried with them. We admit them to our tables and exclude them from our cemeteries."

Even in old age, singularly enough, his greatest dread was that he might be thrown into the gutter after his death.

There was no field of literature that was not open to Voltaire. A poet, an essayist, a writer of plays, a historian, a novelist, a scientist, a philosopher. He tried them all and excelled in all. His histories were as brilliant as his plays. He understood, as well as any man who every lived, the difficulty that besets the author who would write history. "Whoso writes a history of his own times," he says, "must be expected to be blamed for everything he has said and everything he has not said."

His *English Letters* had been prepared in England and after his return to France. These, he knew, were too dangerous to be published in Paris. He was saving them until it might be safe. Somehow they were stolen and appeared in 1734. These letters contained studies of the great English philosophers and comments on life, which were modern then and are still modern. The truth is always modern and there never comes a time when it is safe to give it voice.

The publisher of his *English Letters* was thrown into the Bastile, the book was denounced and publicly burned in Paris by the hangman as "scandalously contrary to religion, morals and society," but still Paris was not so old-fashioned. Men are constantly thrown into prison today in America for publications which are "scandalous" and "contrary to morals and authority"—publications which tell

the truth, and which are condemned simply because they tell the truth. Voltaire's house was searched, but he got the news in time and once more fled to save his liberty and his life.

There is no parallel in history for this great genius. Born in Paris, placed in the Bastile for audacious writing at eighteen, driven to Holland, to England, Prussia and the far off provinces of France. All his life he loved Paris, and although he died at an advanced age, probably five or six years would cover all the time that he lived in Paris during his mature life.

Voltaire could not keep out of trouble. Almost every person of importance was his enemy at some period of his life, but he was not a nonresistant. He never turned the other cheek. When he was attacked, he replied with pamphlets and epigrams more poisonous than those any other author ever penned. Whenever he was at peace, he was uneasy to be at war. If his critics and traducers let him alone for a time, he was busy writing some pamphlet, poem or play to get himself into trouble once more. He seldom signed his own name to the production of his pen. More than one hundred names were used by Voltaire in the course of his long literary career, but whatever the name and whether written by him or not, if especially bitter, mocking, rebellious or ungodly, it was always laid to Voltaire; and whatever the utterance that made the trouble, whether it was his or not, Voltaire was ready to deny that he was the author.

Most of his pamphlets and many of his more

pretentious works he promptly denied. He did not write the pamphlet or the poem. He did not write the essay on Natural Rights. He did not write the attack on priest or king. He did not write the Philosophical Dictionary. He had nothing to do with the Encyclopedia. He wrote only words of flattery for the king and nicely turned stanzas for the women of the court. He sometimes condemned his own books and was present in the crowd to see them burned, but no doubt most men would have preferred to deny the pamphlets than to have been burned with them. It is idle to speculate whether a man should or should not have done this or that. No doubt some men would have been burned with the first pamphlet that they wrote, but not Voltaire. He preferred to live to an old age and dodge and flee and deny and lie and still pour forth upon the world the greatest mass of rebellious literature that ever came from the pen of man.

Voltaire fled from Paris when the *English Letters* were published. He fled to a distant part of France. From there he went to live on an old estate with Madame du Chatelet and her husband. The husband was an army officer and seldom at home, and of very little consequence when he was. Madame du Chatelet was one of the most remarkable women of her age, or any other. Brilliant and learned, she loved pleasure and she loved work. No book was too deep for her understanding. She was a mathematician, an astronomer, a philosopher and a woman. Voltaire was forty

years of age when he fled from Paris to the estate of Madame du Chatelet and his life and fortunes were bound up with her for sixteen years. The estate was old and dilapidated and in a barren and dreary part of France, but with his industry and his money, he made it a place of beauty sought by the greatest people of Europe.

Madame du Chatelet was not a housekeeper. She never swept the floor or dusted books or knew how to cook a meal or to see that anyone else did it. She was intellectual, and no woman ought to expect to be intellectual and a housekeeper too. She was difficult, irascible, and voluble. Voltaire was impressionable, sensitive, quick tempered. They kept each other very much entertained. Sometimes they loved, often they fought, but still they seemed to find each other necessary for their work. Together they studied astronomy, mathematics, philosophy, history and religion. Together they visited nobles, princes and courts, perhaps "the most brilliant pair in France" of that day. No doubt after some years, the tie between them grew galling to Voltaire, and perhaps to Madame du Chatelet, but it had grown to be a habit. Had they been married, they would probably have gotten a divorce; but as they were not married, they could not be divorced and stayed together.

Voltaire was particularly blessed by two women, Madame du Chatelet, at whose estate he lived for sixteen years, and Madame Denis, his niece, who kept his house near Geneva for more than twenty-five years. Neither of

them gave him a moment's peace, and forced him to flee to his study for consolation and rest. If either of these women had made his life comfortable his great work would probably never have been done.

There are two things that kill a genius—a fatal disease and contentment. When a man is contented he goes to sleep. Voltaire had no chance to be contented, and so he wrote eternally and unceasingly, more than any other man in the history of the world. Toward the end, the relations of these two grew galling in the extreme, until finally Madame du Chatelet transferred her affections to a young army officer who lived in the house, a protege and friend of Voltaire. Soon after she died and Voltaire was without a home.

While Voltaire was living with Madame du Chatelet in the far province, he was always yearning for Paris. Scheming, conniving, urging his friends to get him the right to return. "I will declare that all priests are disinterested; that the Jesuits are honest; that the inquisition is the triumph of humanity and tolerance. In fact I will say anything they like if they will but leave me in peace."

During this time there was growing up that deep and weird friendship with Frederick the Great. Frederick was then a prince, but would one day be king of Prussia. He was skeptical, tolerant and filled with humane thoughts. He hated war, he loved learning, he appreciated Voltaire and, with his keen insight, set him down as the greatest man in Europe. The letters between the two were voluminous and

continued through all sorts of difficulties and quarrels to the time of his death. Frederick addressed him as "dearest friend," "charming, divine, Voltaire," "sublime spirit," "first of thinking beings." To Voltaire Frederick was "Marcus Aurelius," "the star of the North," "not a king among kings, but a king among men." Frederick replied that his "whole creed was one God and one Voltaire." For a long time they worshiped each other at a distance, which is always a safe way to worship. Frederick constantly urged Voltaire to come to his court, but Madame du Chatelet was in the way. She was extremely jealous. For a long time she kept him from making the journey. Frederick urged him to come, so he arranged to take Madame du Chatelet with him. Frederick replied that he could bring her if he wished, but he preferred to have him come alone. Finally, with great reluctance, Madame du Chatelet granted him a leave of absence and he made the journey.

The king and Voltaire were fascinated with each other for a time. Voltaire corrected Frederick's verses, helped him about his French, entertained him and his brilliant company, swapped compliments with him, and was the life of his court; but all geniuses are difficult, especially when more than one is present at the same time. Genius cannot be confined to narrow limits or to fixed conventions even though they are the limits and conventions of another genius. Their friendship grew strained and Voltaire went away, went back to Madame du Chatelet; but still

they continued to write. With the long distance between them, Voltaire was the greatest man that ever lived and Frederick the greatest prince on earth. Both Frederick and Voltaire hated war. Both of them believed that there was something better for men than to kill each other. Voltaire looked for great things from Frederick when he should become king.

About the first act of his reign was to declare war. Somehow the king business looked different to him when he was the king. Voltaire could not understand it. He was shocked and grieved and wrote and pleaded with Frederick to abandon war and follow his instincts for peace; to build up a great kingdom dedicated to liberty, to humanity, to justice for all.

Voltaire made no concealment of his disappointment with Frederick's acts and his changed views, but still they were friends. Through many years they wrote constantly to each other, letters on philosophy, literature, religion, life, morals and war; but still Voltaire stayed on at Madame du Chatelet's estate.

When Voltaire was fifty years old, Cardinal Fleury died. He was a member of the French Academy and Voltaire wanted his place. What the membership could do for Voltaire, is hard to understand, but no one likes bubbles and trinkets and decorations as do the great. Voltaire set himself to work to get this place. Madame du Chatelet helped. He must have the king and to get the king he must have his favorite mistress, who at that time was Madame du Pompadour, but neither could do anything without the pope. So Voltaire set to

work, first, on Madame du Pompadour. He wrote her verses. One of the poems begins:

"Every grace and charm and art,
Pompadour, in you is found."

Of course she "fell for it." She got the king on his side. Then he started for the pope. Voltaire never did anything half way. If he wanted a thing he went after it. He was always afraid of doing too little, but never afraid he was doing too much.

He had already written his play "Mahomet". This of course had been pronounced sacrilegious and profane and had been consigned to the flames. Still he thought the pope did not fully understand the play. He wrote long letters to people in society to prove what a good Christian and church man he was, but he did not succeed in deceiving any one. The Academy could not accept him as a successor to a cardinal, but England elected him a member of the Royal Society. Germany placed him in her Hall of Fame. Everybody recognized him but France. Still he was not satisfied. Then he started a still bolder campaign to mollify the pope. He read all his works, complimented him highly and thereupon the pope called him his "dear son" and sent Voltaire his "blessing". Then he wrote the pope asking permission to dedicate to him his play "Mahomet," and although it had been burned as sacrilegious, the pope consented. The pope doubtless thought it would be better to have Voltaire his friend than his enemy, so he sent Voltaire his "apostolic benediction" and accepted the dedication

of "your admirable tragedy". Voltaire replied that he "laid the work against the founder of a false religion, at the feet of the chief of the true religion". He flattered the cardinals and went into ecstasy over the pope's virtues.

With Madame Pompadour, the king and the pope at his back, he could not fail. Another vacancy occurred a few years later and Voltaire, at the age of fifty-two, was admitted to the French Academy, long after he had been admitted to almost every other great society in Europe.

It was the custom of the new members to read a paper, so Voltaire read one to the Academy. At once he became Voltaire. The paper was witty, audacious and sacrilegious. It offended all the august personages who heard and read it. They regretted that he was a member of the Academy, but it was too late. They should have known before that such a leopard could not change its spots. Again he was chased from the court. Again he went to Madame du Chatelet.

When Madame du Chatelet was really dead, Voltaire was overwhelmed with grief. During all their years together, Voltaire had held her in unbounded admiration. Thirteen years before her death, he had given her his portrait engraved with these lines:

"Bavier 'graved this likeness for you,
Recognize it and his art.
As for me, a greater master
Has engraved you on my heart."

The death of Madame du Chatelet sent him adrift in the world.

He had enemies and spiteful critics throughout France. "To sit high is to be lied about."

Frederick the Great saw his opportunity. He still loved Voltaire. He loved him with an affection that although often rent and clouded by doubts and discord, remained with him to his death. He besought Voltaire to come to Berlin. He offered him honors and a pension, decorations and the society of the wise and great. Voltaire, with no one to deny him, could not resist and went. He reached Berlin in the midst of a great public fete. The populace forgot the king and worshiped Voltaire. The king took him to his palace at Potsdam, fitted him a suite of rooms in royal state and made him his constant companion. All of the king's literary productions he turned over to Voltaire for correction and revision, and after they left Voltaire's hands, they did honor to any prince. But it is not wise for even the closest affinities to be kept constantly together, especially if these affinities are brilliant.

Again a coldness arose between Voltaire and Frederick. In the meantime Voltaire entered into a business speculation which resulted in a law suit, bringing scandal on the court. The breach between them widened until they could no longer stay together. After about three years, Voltaire precipitately fled from Berlin. He fled because he feared arrest. He made his way with all haste to the German frontier, but before he crossed the line, the agents of the king placed him under arrest. He was detained

several days, mainly to get from him the manuscript which Frederick had written while a prince and which severely attacked the Christian religion. It was all right while he was a prince, but would not do after he became a king. Still the world is not so much changed and even Mark Twain in his later days wrote a vigorous attack on Christianity, which he printed for private circulation alone.

Voltaire was soon permitted to go on his way, but he felt humiliated and outraged by the man who had been his friend. Voltaire never saw Frederick the Great after his flight, but they still had the old yearning for each other. Letters were exchanged almost as frequently as before and Frederick the Great paid him one of the noblest tributes at his death. The three years he lived at Berlin produced less than any other part of Voltaire's active years. Too much gayety, too much society, too much admiration, too many quarrels. The genius was for a time reduced to the man. Voltaire himself felt that he had practically wasted the years. He appreciated its tragedy and likewise its comedy. He could laugh at either tragedy or comedy. All his life he could joke and with him there was no subject too serious for a comedy. Voltaire said, "It is because one can be frivolous that the majority of people do not hang themselves." He has often been criticised because he could joke. The ordinary mind cannot understand that a serious purpose and a sense of humor can go together. It is only the sense of humor that can keep a man alive for the serious purpose. The world has never been able to distinguish

between stupidity and seriousness. If the stupidly serious really had any humor, they would die from laughing at themselves.

Voltaire spent a short time traveling through various parts of France, fearing to go back to Paris, and then turned to Geneva. Geneva was then an independent state, afterward annexed to France and later to Switzerland. His flight from Prussia and refuge in Geneva marked a new era in his life. He was sixty years old when he reached this little state. He had been sobered by age and experience. He had learned much of the follies and frivolities of the world. He knew that after all, his was a serious life and his work the greatest ever undertaken by man in any age. He seemed to take new vows to the service of the great cause which was really the greatest of his life, the cause of liberty. From that time on, he was tireless, unremitting, and brilliant in that cause. Wherever he found superstition, unjustice, tyranny, and cruelty, Voltaire placed himself in the arena ready for the fray. Whether his work was history, poetry, drama, novels or pamphlets, it was the same. Probably all his works will never be brought together. His pamphlets were numberless and these pamphlets, more than his more pretentious works influenced France and his age, and through them destroyed old institutions and customs and barbarities and prepared the world for the toleration and liberty that will some day come.

When Voltaire went to Geneva, that state was still held in the mental paralysis of the doctrines of John Calvin. It was two hundred

years since Calvin had piously burned Michael Servitus for the crime of thinking in place of believing. While Calvin had been dead almost as long, the spell of his genius and fanaticism still held the land. Geneva was obsessed by a strange idea—an idea as common now as then—a belief that in spite of civilization, science, philosophy and experience, will not die: the doctrine that men can be changed and made perfect by human laws. The Geneva laws fixed the time at which people should go to bed and get up in the morning, and of course both hours were early; fixed the kind of drink and food and the amount and quality that was proper for a man to take. It regulated the religious creeds and social customs. No matter what one wished to do, he could find out whether it was right or wrong by consulting the statutes of Geneva.

The same obsession rules the human race today. We have changed the diet, the religious, and moral code, the social code, the social customs, but not the fundamental idea that the state should tell us what to do and especially what not to do, and that to disobey is to be a criminal, punished, outlawed, and reviled. Today when the statutes are not sufficiently severe to satisfy the mob, "Mother Grundy" takes up the work and reviles and persecutes and maligns with all the brutality, insolence, cruelty, and ferocity that marked the inquisitors of the ancient world. Of course, theatres and play acting were wrong in Geneva when Voltaire fled from the court of Frederick the Great, but there were two things that Voltaire always de-

termined to do. He was bound to fight hypocrisies and shams and the cruelties of the world, and he was bound to live.

He soon purchased two estates about three miles from Geneva, in the territory of France. He was near enough to Geneva so he could build a theatre of his own and the people could come across the border to see his plays and the barbarous laws of Calvin could not forbid. He was near enough to the French border so he could flee to Switzerland or Geneva whenever the king of France should determine to send him to the Bastile. The estate where he spent the greater portion of his remaining life, he called Ferney, almost on the shores of the beautiful Lake Geneva, with Mont Blanc and the other Alpine peaks in full view, the clear sky and the snow capped mountains almost above him, and the green fields of France and Switzerland around him—an ideal spot in which to live and work and dream. It was not for its beauty that he chose this spot. The love of natural beauty never entered the soul of Voltaire. He knew or cared little for art and nothing for nature. Had he lived today, the spacious, elaborate steam-heated flat would have been his idea of a home. Voltaire traveled all over Europe, but never halted to see a beautiful picture, classical statue, grand cathedral, or any scene of great natural beauty or sublimity.

These estates were old and dilapidated and Voltaire set to work to improve them. He commenced cultivating the soil, planting trees, building a house. He hired gardeners, farmers and servants without end. He seemed to know

how to turn his mind to agriculture, as well as to writing plays and pamphlets. Like most other philosophers, poets and dreamers, he at least said that he thought agriculture was the one thing worth while. Probably like others, he did not mean it. "I have only done one sensible thing in my life," said Voltaire, "to cultivate the ground. He who tills a field, renders a better service to mankind than all the scribblers in Europe."

"You have done a great work for posterity," said a friend one day. "Yes, Madame, I have planted four thousand feet of trees in my park." While many literary men have been farmers, very few of them have made it pay, but Voltaire made it pay. Had he been more religious and less versatile, he could have been the Pierpont Morgan of his age.

Later at Ferney he developed other industries. He imported the silk worm and manufactured silk. He had a large watch factory and the town became a prosperous industrial place. The colony was well paid and satisfied. Workmen sought jobs from all parts of the land, as refugees fled to him for shelter. But still neither farming nor manufacturing was his real work. His pen was never idle.

For years he had been working on a dramatic poem, "Pucelle." It had been read in all the societies of Europe, but never published. It was wicked and ungodly. Women read it in the boudoirs, but not in the parlors. Men kept the copy out of their library, but had it in their private collection. The book was an open secret throughout Europe. Voltaire had always used

every means to keep it from the publisher, but his manuscripts were constantly disappearing. His friends and private secretaries were stealing them and selling them. Most authors have hard work to find publishers. Voltaire had hard work to keep publishers from printing his books. One day a publisher called on Voltaire and offered to sell him a copy of his own book, "Pucelle." He at once said he did not write it; that it must have been the work of some person who had neither poetic art, good sense, or good morals. He denounced the publisher to the Geneva authorities; but it had escaped the printer in Paris, where everyone was reading it. The authorities burned it and a Parisian publisher was sentenced to nine years at the galleys for printing an edition. Geneva pretended to believe Voltaire's statement that he was not its author and Geneva burned it too. At the same time, Paris was going mad over his other plays, which were attracting crowds at the theatres. The work was everywhere received with applause, but the author was condemned to exile.

On November 1, 1755, Lisbon was destroyed by an earthquake. The news reached Voltaire and stirred him to the soul. Thirty thousand people were destroyed almost in the twinkling of an eye. The earthquake was on All Saints' day and the greatest loss of life was in the cathedrals and churches of the place. For months, all his letters contained allusions to this catastrophe, which took possession of his mind. "The best of all possible worlds! If Pope had been there, would he have said, 'Whatever

is is right?' 'All is well,' seems to me absurd, when evil is on land and sea."

Voltaire wrote a searching poem on the problems of life, entitled "The Disaster of Lisbon." At the same time was published his poem on "Natural Law" covering the eternal questions as to the meaning, plan, scheme, and end of all. Voltaire answered these questions as all other thinkers have ever answered them, that upon these subjects man has no guide and no light. But the churches and the authorities read, or at least heard of these two poems. They were promptly burned in Paris and pious Genevans held up their hands in horror at the theology, or rather lack of theology which they taught. But the Lisbon earthquake shocked the world. Even the king of France had serious thoughts, so serious that he caused the private entrance to Madame Pompadour's apartments to be closed and made her a maid of honor to the queen.

About this time, an unfortunate lunatic named Damins made a weak attempt on the life of Louis XV. The orthodox in church and state said that plainly the act was inspired by the New Thought of that day. It was perfectly easy to trace the act of a crazy man to the writings of Voltaire, which the man had never read. True, when the man was captured, he had in his hand a copy of the New Testament. Voltaire was delighted when he got this news. "A testament? I told you so. All assassins have a Bible with their daggers, but have you ever heard of one who had a Cicero, a Plato, or a Virgil?"

The assault on the king threw politicians and statesmen into panic all over Europe and at once they began to make the penal code more barbarous, the prohibitory laws stricter, and the censorship of the press more complete. There was but one way to deal with the act of a crazy man and that was to persecute and torture thousands of innocent ones.

This was two hundred years ago, but every penal code in the United States has been made more savage and barbarous and the people, if possible, more brutal and unreasoning, because an insane man killed the president of the United States. How the world does change!

During many years Ferney was a Mecca for the great and the learned of the world. Voltaire kept open house. He was bound to be active no matter what he thought or tried to do. He knew that constant activity was the only answer to the meaning of "life." As Voltaire put it, "Tranquillity is a beautiful thing, but boredom is of its acquaintance and family."

In his house in Ferney, he installed his niece, Madame Denis, or rather she installed herself. She was uncouth, talkative, and fond of pleasure. She loved to consort with the great, but bored everyone she met. She took possession of his house and life. Much of his company was due to her. Many of his activities were for her amusement and to keep her still; but she at least kept him busy and made him work. A constant stream of visitors poured into Ferney through all these years. He had some sixty servants, besides the other employes of the place, but these were kept busy looking after

travelers and friends. No one was denied admission, whether rich or poor, whether priest or pagan. All were housed and fed. When the hotels were closed at Geneva, the people went to Ferney, where they could get board and lodging free. Voltaire said that for fourteen years he was the innkeeper of Europe. Here he built his theatre and brought the greatest actors and actresses of the day, played himself, entertained his company and his friends and the constant stream of visitors who came from Geneva to see the plays. Even Madame Denis was kept from boredom by the life of Ferney.

In Geneva lived Jean Jacques Rousseau. He too was a rebel, mighty in war. Voltaire was keener, wittier, deeper, greater. Rousseau was more fiery, emotional, passionate. Both were really warriors in the same great cause. From their different places, three miles apart, both sent forth their thunderbolts to wake a sleeping world. When the world awakened and shook itself, churches, thrones, institutions, laws, and customs were buried in the wreck. Some charged the wreck to Voltaire, some to Rousseau.

These two men engaged in the same cause, fighting the same foes, could not agree. Rousseau joined with the clergy of Geneva in defaming Voltaire's theatre and his plays. Voltaire fought back with weapons keener than any Rousseau knew how to use. Two geniuses cannot possibly live so close together. In fact, the world itself is hardly big enough for two at the same time. As Wendell Phillips once said:

"No one hates a reformer as much as another reformer," and the war of these two men was long and bitter. It ended only with death, when both were brought to Paris and placed in the Pantheon, side by side, where they managed to stay in harmony until a frenzied religious mob sacked their tombs, burned them with quick-lime and visited the vengeance upon them when dead which they never could wreak before.

In making his improvements and overhauling the estate at Ferney, Voltaire built a new church. On the estate was one, dilapidated and old, which did not fit the new surroundings, and so long as he was to have a church, he wanted one that would ornament the place. He set to work about this, as he did at everything in life, vigorously and thoroughly. He would have a church that was a church and which would be as orthodox as any in Christendom.

For a long time he had been attending mass regularly every Sunday, taking with him his adopted child and the members of his household and setting a good example to the people on the estate. He would have a church as orthodox and as regular as Notre Dame, so he put himself in communication with the Pope and asked for a bull granting him absolute power over his churchyard, and for some sacred relics for the church. The request was granted and the Holy Father sent a piece of the hair shirt of St. Francis of Assisi, the patron saint. On the same day came a present of the portrait of Madame du Pompadour, and Voltaire re-

marked, "So, you see, I am all right both for this world and the next." He dedicated his church to "God alone" and was fond of saying that it was the only church in the universe that was dedicated to "God alone" and not to a saint. "For my part," he said, "I would rather build for the Master than for the servants." Then he designed for him a tomb attached to the church and jutting out from the wall. "The wicked will say," he remarked, "that I am neither inside nor out."

Later he shocked the holy people by going into the pulpit himself to preach. Not only did he have a church but he had a priest of his own who had lived with him at his house. An easy-going, companionable man, who cared for or paid little attention to religious matters. His name was Adam. For the most part, Father Adam's duties were to play chess with Voltaire, and when he wanted him for a game of chess he would call loudly to him, "Where art thou, Adam?"

He practically forced the priests to listen to his confession and bestow their benedictions upon him, but while he was toying with his own church, consorting with the priests, corresponding with the pope and attending mass, he was always forging his thunderbolts against the church.

For the last twenty-five years of his life, the superstition, the ignorance, and above all, the cruelty of the church, was constantly in his mind. He scarcely wrote a letter, a tract or book, that he did not revert to these over and over again, and in spite of all his contortions

and sumersaults, there probably cannot be found a line of Voltaire which defended superstition, gave countenance to cruelty or barbarism, and did not plead for the enlightenment and freedom of man.

His life at Ferney was one of constant work. All day he was busy with his books, his writings and his farm. The evening he gave up to the pleasures of society and to the Encyclopedia which was carried forward by the wisest men of France. Here he wrote volume after volume of his "Philosophical Dictionary," every page filled with subtle and deadly stabs at the church. Here he poured forth his pamphlets without number, sowing the seeds of revolution and revolt. "What harm can a book do that costs a hundred crowns," wrote Voltaire. "Twenty volumes folio will never make a revolution. It is the little pocket pamphlets of thirty sous that are to be feared." Here too he wrote his letters; letters to all kinds of people, especially scholars and rulers—letters more voluminous than ever came from the pen of any other correspondent in the world Seven thousand of these have been preserved and printed and no one knows how many more are lost forever. These letters, like his pamphlets and his book, were ever urging tolerance, enlightenment, and the freedom of the mind.

Voltaire hated prisons and hated war. He was a bitter foe, but always quick and generous to forgive. With his servants on his place, he was generous and indulgent in the extreme. On one occasion two of the house servants robbed their master. The police discovered it and wer-

hot on their trail. Voltaire bade his secretary to see the servants and urge them to flee. "For if they are arrested," he said, "I shall not be able to save them from hanging." He gave them money for their journey and helped them in every way he could.

His many acts of humanity could not be recorded. His fight for Jean Calas is one of the most heroical of this or any other age. Calas was an old resident of Toulouse. Toulouse, like all the rest of France, was an intensely religious town. The priests and the state religion held full sway. Calas was a Protestant and a respected merchant of the place, all his family were Protestants, except one son, who had joined the Catholic Church. Another son, who like his father was a Protestant, decided to study law, but he could not be admitted to practice unless he joined the established church. He grew despondent and morose and hanged himself. He was discovered in a room of the house, dead, and hanging by the neck. His family and friends sought to conceal the act, as suicide in those days, as now, was a mortal crime. One should have nothing to say either about coming into the world or going out. A suicide's soul would go to hell, but at that time his body would be drawn and quartered and thrown to the dogs. Some one of the people, which means the mob, started the cry that the son was about to become a Catholic and the father had murdered him. This was taken up until the whole city was worked to a frenzy against the helpless old man and his family. The body of the dead was taken from the home and buried in state from

the cathedral with all the rites and ceremonies of the Catholic Church. Calas was arrested, tried, and of course condemned. He was old and feeble and could not have committed the deed even had there been any motive or desire. Of course there was no substantial evidence Some one testified that a neighbor had told them that another neighbor had said that a peddler had seen Calas coming from the room where the son was hanged. Of course the peddler was not found, neither the one to whom he had talked.

In those days, hearsay evidence was a favorite kind. In two hundred years we have banished hearsay evidence from the courts of justice, and today it finds favor only with Madam Grundy, the strongest monarch in the world. Calas was doomed to torture and to death. His wrists were bound to an iron ring fastened to a stone post; his feet to another ring in the floor. They then turned the wheel until every joint in his arms and legs was dislocated. He was brought back to life, asked to confess, but he still refused. They contrived further tortures which still failed to bring a confession. The executioner then bound him to a wooden cross, broke his legs and arms with an iron bar and strangled him. Then they took his body, chained it to a stake and he was burned. His property was confiscated, his sons and daughters placed in Catholic institutions and the widow left to wander where she would.

This revolting affair was brought to the attention of Voltaire at Ferney. Calas was dead, but the system still lived. He took one of the

sons into his home, learned the facts, corresponded with all the notable people of Europe, industriously prepared the case, hired a lawyer and presented the case for review to the parliament of Paris. In this case he enlisted Frederick the Great, Catherine of Russia, and many other illustrious people throughout Europe. For six years his interest never flagged. Calas had been condemned by all the judges, excepting one. This man though a church man like the rest, would not consent. He joined with Voltaire to annul the findings of the court. After six years of constant battle, the parliament of Paris, by unanimous opinion decided that Calas was innocent of any crime. The estate was given back to the family and the children to their mother. Voltaire raised a large amount of money to take care of the family during the trial and to give them an estate after the vindication was complete.

No sooner was this case disposed of, than another equally horrible appealed to him for help. A boy nineteen years old named LaBare was charged, with several other boys, with having torn down a sacred crucifix. There was no evidence that he committed the heinous offense, but he did confess that he had sung some irreligious songs. LaBare was a reader of Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary; also of the great Diderot. This was enough. He was condemned to death. His tongue was pulled out with hot irons, his head cut off, his body thrown into the flames, together with the Philosophical Dictionary, which inspired the horrible deed. In the meantime, his com-

panions had fled to Voltaire Voltaire took up the case, had the judgment reversed, LaBare's comrades saved and the name of the dead boy cleared of the "terrible" crime.

Many other cases almost as revolting were brought to Voltaire's attention and received his help. Of course in these cases the victim was dead, and it was easier to clear a dead victim than a live one. The most barbarous and ferocious of men and women begin to think and feel remorseful when the deed is done.

But the great battle of Voltaire for the memory of those tortured dead no doubt saved many other innocent men from the same cruel fate and went a long way toward ridding the world of the cruelty and barbarism of his age.

Voltaire no doubt realized that his long years of work were probably responsible for the charges of heresy lodged against many of the victims. They had believed what Voltaire had taught. He had written his Philosophical Dictionary full of mockery and profundity; it was audacious in the extreme and a deadly attack upon the superstition of his time. Surreptitiously he had brought it to Geneva and then denied its authorship. "If there is the least danger about it," said Voltaire, "please warn me and then I can disown it in all the public papers with my usual candor and innocence."

The world today, in court and out, acts upon the same reasoning as the judges in France at the time of Voltaire. Those who speak are often held responsible in court and out, for the revolutionary acts of men whom they never saw or of whom they never heard. It is cruel to

charge men criminally with the result of their words and thoughts. No doubt there is much immature talking and hasty writing and will always be where liberty of speech and press prevails. The political, religious, and social views of any age and even of the most radical members of society, were born, long before their time. Those who invented the alphabet and the printing press are indirectly responsible for much of the violence of a changing social state; but in the same way, they are responsible for the progress of the world, for the enlightenment, for the civilization, and for all that makes the present better than the past. Great changes never did and never can come unless accompanied by violence, by cruelty, by suffering and by pain. These are incident to the progress of the race; they are the labor pains that herald the birth of a new civilization and a better social life.

As Voltaire grew older, life flowed on with an easier current at Ferney. In this prosperous and industrious town, the huguenot and the Catholic, infidel and believer, worked and lived together in harmony and peace. He developed liberty and tolerance at home and all around him. He had there the practical realization of what was his dream for the human race.

All his life he was a child filled with sports and fancies, mixing with all the pleasures of the young. Ferney was crowded with a pleasure-loving, joyous throng. With all his other activities, he was a great match-maker. He said himself that he had brought about more than forty marriages, but he never made a

match for himself. All his life he was canny and sly.

He was urged by the Russian ruler to write a history of what Frederick the Great called "that barbarous land," but he early saw the possibility of that vast unexplored nation and the Russian force and genius that was behind it all. Catherine of Russia was one of his friends. She was philosophical, skeptical, industrious, cruel and cold, but she was awake to all the modern thought of the world. She believed in the philosophy of Voltaire and in the main used her genius to develop the future greatness of that new land. Catherine the Great was supposed to have killed her husband who was a weakling, that she might rule in his stead. Some of Voltaire's admirers objected to his intimacy with a woman of that type. "O," he said, "that bagetelle about a husband. Those are family affairs with which I do not mix myself."

Voltaire clearly saw the effects of the new intellectual life that was coming to the world. He knew what his years of toil would mean to France. The unnumbered pamphlets that had fallen over the land for sixty years, thick as the winter snow that falls from the clouds, he was certain would bear fruit. Not only what he had done, but what had been done by Rousseau and Diderot and the other writers and thinkers of his age, was bound at last permanently to affect the world. Then, too, the earth had grown tired of kings and princes who lived upon the unpaid labor of the poor. It had grown tired of the priests and super-

stitions which covered the land with a pall of night. France was awakening. The day was dawning.

Only a few years before the thunderbolt of the French revolution burst with fire and sword upon the earth, he wrote: "Everything I see shows the signs of a revolution which must infallibly come. I shall not have the pleasure of beholding it. The French reach everything late, but they do reach it at last. Young people are lucky. They will see great things. I shall not cease to preach tolerance upon the housetops until persecution is no more. The progress of the right is slow. The roots of prejudice deep. I shall never see the fruits of my efforts, but their seeds must one day germinate."

At Ferney, at the age of eighty-three, Voltaire wrote his last play, "Irene." This play was to be produced in the National Theatre at Paris. With this thought strongly in mind, a longing to see Paris once more began to overwhelm him. Madam Denis was anxious to go back; although she was growing old she yet longed for the chatter of the crowd. She urged Voltaire to go. All his friends urged him to go. "Paris," said Voltaire, "do you not know that there are forty thousand fanatics who would bring forty thousand fagots to burn me? That would be my bed of honor."

Louis XVI was then on the throne. He had most of the faults of the old king, but with these faults he was little short of an imbecile. He hated Voltaire. He knew what the works of Voltaire and Rousseau meant to the world.

"These two men have lost France," said the king. Still, he wanted to go. He would like to put "Irene" on the stage himself, to be present at its rehearsal, to see to every detail of its production; so in February, 1778, he set out for Paris. The people of his little colony were heartbroken at his departure. Although he said he would return in six weeks, at the latest, they never expected to see his face again. His journey to Paris took five days. It was a royal procession that greeted the old man all the way from Ferney to the capital. Men, women, and children turned out at every town to do him honor. This man who had been in prison, repeatedly exiled and forbidden his city, was returning after twenty-eight years to the home of his birth.

He was the intellectual king of France, if not of the world. Morley calls Voltaire's last visit to Paris one of the "historic events of the century." The philosophers, dramatists, members of the Academy, and above all, the people stood around in crowds to worship at his shrine. Nobles and churchmen stood by sullen, insolent and ominous. He was denounced from the pulpit and called "Anti-Christ"; gladly would they have sent him once more to the bastile, but they did not dare. Full well they knew that it needed but a match to start a conflagration which would forever destroy the old regime. His rooms at the Hotel Villette were crowded with the intellectuals of the capital day after day. Here came Dr. Franklin presenting his grandson, a boy of seventeen. Voltaire raised his hand above the boy's head and

blessed him with the words' "God" and "Liberty." Literary men, actors, ambassadors were to do him honor. Madame Du Barry came from her place of banishment to see the intellectual king. Madame du Pompadour had grown old, and died, and Madame Du Barry had taken her place as the favorite courtesan, the most powerful of the women who ruled the court; but on the approach of the revolution she was banished to appease the crowd. All this was too much for old Voltaire. He fell ill and his friends feared for his life. The priest came to get a confession from Voltaire. His confession would be fame enough for any priest.

On February twenty-eighth, when he believed his last hour had come, in the presence of his secretary he wrote down his Confession of Faith: "I die adoring God, loving my friends, not hating my enemies, and detesting superstition." This was dated and signed, and is preserved in the National Library at Paris. For a few days he seemed to recover from his illness. While in bed he corrected his "Irene," added to it, and re-wrote it in part. He arranged for actors and superintended the details of its production. He summoned strength enough to go to the theatre.

Voltaire was always vain in his dress and personal appearance. He rode in a star-spangled coach, covered himself with a red coat lined with white ermine; he wore white stockings and silver buckles. He was small, lean and old. His nose, like a crow's beak, almost met his chin, but on his face was the everlasting smile. Through tumultuous crowds he

drove to the Academy where he was received with wild acclamation—the Academy which had repeatedly refused to make him a member, but which now worshiped his genius and popularity. He spoke to the members, outlined a project for making a dictionary of the French language, a dictionary which is today the foundation of all the dictionaries of Europe.

He went to the theatre to see his play. The building was crowded by a tumultuous, suffocating mob, representing all members of French society. Voltaire was hailed as a king. His bust was placed upon the stage; again and again they called for the old man to speak from the box. A laurel wreath was placed upon his head and the people went mad. When he left the theatre the crowds went with him, following his carriage with shouts, and praise, and tears, until the old man reached his room. Voltaire himself wept like a child: "If I had known the people would have committed such follies I would never have gone to the theatre."

For a few days he seemed to regain his strength. He bought a house in Paris and determined to stay, but in May another attack seized him. The priest came to see him. Some say he made a confession, some say he refused it. Whether he did or not is of small importance. What he did in his dying hours, has nothing to do with the life he lived. One must be judged by his life and not by the agonies of death.

The life of Voltaire was so active and long that there can be no question of what it meant. Then, too, Voltaire knew that to be buried in

consecrated ground, he must die with the benediction of the established church. All his life he had feared that he would be thrown in the gutter when dead. This was doubtless present in the old man's mind to the last. How he died it is impossible to tell. Some, that were with him, say he died in agony; some say he died in peace. The testimony of the witnesses depends largely upon their religious views. The papers were forbidden to notice his death, and the news was kept for a time from the people. On account of the testimony of the priest who said he had received absolution, and Voltaire's written confession of faith, he was accorded an honorable burial in consecrated ground at Romilly-on-Seine, 100 miles from Paris, the burial which all his life he desired. The next day a mandate was sent from the church forbidding that he be laid in consecrated ground, but he was already there.

Thirteen years later, by order of the National Assembly, which was then taking the first steps to overthrow the old regime and usher in the revolution, he was brought back to Paris. I cannot refrain from quoting here verbatim a short account of the return, written by that wonderful Englishwoman, Tallentyre, in her brilliant biography of Voltaire:

> On July 6th, 1791, a funeral car, decked with laurels and oak leaves, drawn by four horses and escorted by a detachment of the National Guard, left Romilly-on-Seine and began its solemn triumphal progress to Paris. On the front of the car was written, "To the memory of Voltaire." On one side, "If man is born free, he ought to govern himself!" on the other, "If man has tyrants, he ought to dethrone them."

As it passed the villages, the people came out to greet it with wreaths of flowers and laurels in their hands. Mothers held up their babies that they, too, might say that they had seen this great day; old men pressed forward to touch and be healed. At night the villages through which the procession passed were illuminated; by day could be seen triumphal arches, girls dressed in white, and garlands of flowers. Out of their misery and wretchedness, the submerged poor recognized him who had wept and clamored for the right of all men and made freedom a possibility even for them.

At nightfall, on July 19th, the cortege reached Paris. The sarcophagus was placed on an altar on the ruins of that tower of the Bastile in which Voltaire had been twice a prisoner.

On the altar was the inscription, "On this spot, where despotism chained thee, receive the homage of a free people."

All Sunday night the sarcophagus remained there. At three o'clock on the sunny afternoon of Monday, July 11th, it was placed on a car designed by David and drawn through Paris, escorted by an enormous company organized, orderly, and representing every rank and condition. Here were the men who had demolished the Bastile, carrying its flag, and in their midst that terrible virago who had led them in the fray. Here were citizens with pikes, Swiss, Jacobins, actors and soldiers. Some carried banners with devices from the dead man's writings. Some dressed in Greek costume, carried a gilt model of the famous statue by Houdin. Among the self-constituted guard were many who, not a month before, had brought back that other king to this capital—from Varennes—with howls, insults and imprecations.

Singers and music preceded the car itself. Supported on four great wheels of bronze, it looked like a magnificent altar. On the summit was the sarcophagus, and on that a full-length figure of Voltaire, reclining in an attitude of sleep and with a winged Immortality placing a crown of stars on his head.

The procession itself consisted of a hundred thousand persons. Six hundred thousand more witnessed it. It first stopped at the Opera House. The operatic company came forward and sang that

song in Voltaire's "Samson," which became, with the "Marseillaise," the song of the Revolution:

"Wake ye people. Break your chains!"

After the Opera House, the Tuileries was passed. Every window was filled with spectators, save one. Behind that, closed and barred, sat the most unhappy of mortals, Louis and Marie Antoinette, awaiting doom.

At last, at ten o'clock at night, and in a drizzling rain, the Pantheon was reached.

The sarcophagus was lifted into the place designed for it near the tombs of Descartes and Mirabeau.

In the Pantheon he reposed in peace until 1814, after the Revolution was over and the Bourbons returned to power, the tombs of both Voltaire and Rousseau were broken open. They were removed in a sack at night, taken to a place outside the city, emptied into a pit and consumed with quick-lime. His ashes met the fate that he had dreaded all his life.

It is hardly necessary to sum up Voltaire. Born in a day of gross superstition, brutal barbarism, the densest bigotry and faith, he wrote his first play at the age of eighteen, and finished his last just before his death at eighty-four. During all this sixty-six years he worked unceasingly, dealing telling, deadly blows at the superstitions which held the minds of men. He died on the morning of the French revolution, a revolution which more than any other man Voltaire inspired. Had he lived a few years longer most likely Voltaire would have died on the guillotine with many other victims of that delirious spasm of liberty, that burned through France and prepared the soil for a civilization and tolerance far greater than the world had ever known.

Voltaire was small in stature, lean and spare of figure, and active in body. His nimble mind was ever ablaze during all his life. Valiantly he fought on every intellectual battlefield. True he bowed and dodged and lied over and over again, that he still might live and work. Many of his admirers cannot forgive this in the great Voltaire. Rather they would have had him, like Bruno and Servetus, remain steadfast to his faith while his living body was consumed with flames. But, Voltaire was Voltaire, Bruno was Bruno, and Servetus was Servetus. It is not for the world to judge, but to crown them all alike. Each and all lived out their own being, did their work in their own way, and carried a reluctant, stupid humanity to greater possibilities and grander heights. Voltaire was emotional and kind; with a loving heart, a sensitive body, and imaginative mind. Voltaire marks the closing of an epoch. His life and his work stand between the old and the new. When he was cold, superstition had not yet died, but had received its mortal wound. Never again can savagery control the minds and thoughts of men. Never again can the prison thumbscrews and the rack be instruments to save men's souls. Among the illustrious heroes who have banished this sort of cruelty from the Western world no other name will stand so high and shine so bright as the illustrious name

VOLTAIRE.

In the National Theatre of France stands the celebrated bust of Voltaire, the work of the great sculptor Houdin. He is little and lean and old. His skin is drawn closely over his bones. His chin and nose almost touch. A mocking sneer is on his lips and a cynic's grin upon his face. Copies and pictures of this bust have been scattered broadcast through the earth, and this is the Voltaire that the world has come to know. This is the Voltaire whose tireless hands and loving heart, and burning brain; whose sneering lips and cynic's smile will work and speak and mock and grin until the cruelty and superstition of the earth have forever fled.

NOTE—In the preparation of this address, I have drawn very freely on the biography of Voltaire written by S. S. Tallentyre, a brilliant Englishwoman. Perhaps I have drawn more freely on this book than one has the right to do, but it may create some interest in the subject, which will call for the reading of the book. Any one who feels enough interest in Voltaire to pursue his study, will find this one of the greatest biographies ever written.—C. S. D.

THE GOOD BRAHMIN

Does Happiness Result From Ignorance or From Knowledge?

VOLTAIRE.

In my travels I once happened to meet with an aged Brahmin. This man had a great share of understanding and prudence, and was very learned. He was also very rich, and his riches added greatly to his popularity, for, wanting nothing that wealth could procure, he had no desire to defraud any one. His family was admirably managed by three handsome wives, who always studied to please him, and when he was weary of their society, he had recourse to the study of philosophy.

Not far from his house, which was handsome, well furnished, and embellished with delightful gardens, dwelt an old Indian woman who was a great bigot, ignorant, and withal very poor.

"I wish," said the Brahmin to me one day, "I had never been born."

"Why so?" said I.

"Because," said he, "I have been studying these forty years, and I find it has been so much time lost. While I teach others I know nothing myself. The sense of my condition is so humiliating, it makes all things so distasteful to me, that life has become a burden. I have been born, and I exist in time, without knowing what time is. I am placed, as our wise men say, in confines between two eternities, and yet I have no idea of eternity. I

am composed of matter, I think, but have never been able to satisfy myself what it is that produces thought. I even am ignorant whether my understanding is a simple faculty I possess, like that of walking and digesting, or if I think with my head in the same manner as I take hold of a thing with my hands. I am not only thus in the dark with relation to the principles of thought, but the principles of my motions are entirely unknown to me. I do not know why I exist, and yet I am applied to every day for a solution of the enigma. I must return an answer, but can say nothing satisfactory on the subject. I talk a great deal, and when I have done speaking remain confounded and ashamed of what I have said.

"I am in still greater perplexity when I am asked if Brahma was produced by Vishnu, or if they have both existed from eternity. God is my judge that I know nothing of the matter, as plainly appears by my answers. 'Reverend father,' says one, 'be pleased to inform me how evil is spread over the face of the earth.' I am as much at a loss as those who ask the question. Sometimes I tell them that everything is for the best; but those who have the gout or the stone—those who have lost their fortunes or their limbs in wars—believe as little of this assertion as I do myself. I retire to my own house full of curiosity, and endeavor to enlighten my ignorance by consulting the writings of our ancient sages, but they only serve to bewilder me the more. When I talk with my brethren upon this subject, some tell me we ought to make the most of life and

laugh at the world. Others think they know something, and lose themselves in vain and chimerical hypotheses. Every effort I make to solve the mystery adds to the load I feel. Sometimes I am ready to fall into despair when I reflect that, after all my researches, I neither know from whence I came, what I am, whither I shall go, or what is to become of me."

The condition in which I saw this good man gave me real concern. No one could be more rational, no one more open and honest. It appeared to me that the force of his understanding and the sensibility of his heart were the causes of his misery.

The same day I had a conversation with the old woman, his neighbor. I asked her if she had ever been unhappy for not understanding how her soul was made? She did not even comprehend my question. She had not, for the briefest moment in her life, had a thought about these subjects with which the good Brahmin had so tormented himself. She believed from the bottom of her heart in the metamorphoses of her god, Vishnu, and, provided she could get some of the sacred water of the Ganges in which to make her ablutions, she thought herself the happiest of women.

Struck with the happiness of this poor creature, I returned to my philosopher, whom I thus addressed:

"Are you not ashamed to be thus miserable when, not fifty yards from you, there is an old automaton who thinks of nothing and lives contented?"

"You are right," he replied. "I have said to

myself a thousand times that I should be happy if I were but as ignorant as my old neighbor, and yet it is a happiness I do not desire."

This reply of the Brahmin made a greater impression on me than anything that had passed. I consulted my own heart and found that I myself should not wish to be happy on condition of being ignorant.

I submitted this matter to some philosophers, and they were all of my opinion; and yet, said I, there is something very contradictory in this manner of thinking, for, after all, what is the question? Is it not to be happy? What signifies it then whether we have understandings or whether we are fools? Besides, there is this to be said: those who are contented with their condition are sure of that content, while those who have the faculty of reasoning are not always sure of reasoning right. It is evident then, I continued, that we ought rather to wish not to have common sense, if that common sense contributes to our being either miserable or wicked.

They were all of my opinion, and yet not one of them could be found to accept of happiness on the terms of being ignorant. From hence I concluded that, although we may set a great value upon happiness, we set a still greater upon reason.

But after mature reflection upon this subject I still thought there was great madness in preferring reason to happiness. How is this contradiction to be explained? Like all other questions, a great deal may be said about it.

THE TWO COMFORTERS

VOLTAIRE.

The great philosopher Citosile once said to a woman who was disconsolate, and who had good reason to be so: "Madam, the Queen of England, daughter to Henry VIII., was as wretched as you. She was banished from her kingdom, was in great danger of being taken at sea, and saw her royal spouse expire on a scaffold."

"I am sorry for her," said the lady, and began to lament her own misfortunes.

"But," said Citosile, "remember the fate of Mary Stuart. She loved (but with most chaste and virtuous affection) an excellent musician, who played admirably on the bass-viol. Her husband killed her musician before her face; and in the sequel her good friend and relative, Queen Elizabeth, who called herself a virgin, caused her head to be cut off on a scaffold covered with black, after having confined her in prison for the space of eighteen years."

"That was very cruel," replied the lady, and presently relapsed into her former melancholy.

"Perhaps," said the comforter, "you have heard of the beautiful Joan of Naples, who was taken prisoner and strangled."

"I have a dim remembrance of her," said the afflicted lady.

"I must relate to you," continued the other, "the adventure of a sovereign princess who,

within my recollection, was dethroned after supper and who died on a desert island."

"I know her whole history," replied the lady.

"Well, then," said Citosile, "I will tell you what happened to another great princess whom I instructed in philosophy. She had a lover, as all great and beautiful princesses have. Her father surprised this lover in her company, and was so displeased with the young man's confused manner and excited countenance that he gave him one of the most terrible blows that had ever been given in his province. The lover seized a pair of tongs and broke the head of the angry parent, who was cured with great difficulty, and who still bears the marks of the wound. The lady in fright leaped out of the window and dislocated her foot, in consequence of which she habitually halts, though still possessed in other respects of a very handsome person. The lover was condemned to death for having broken the head of a great prince. You can imagine in what a deplorable condition the princess must have been when her lover was led to the gallows. I have seen her long ago when she was in prison, and she always spoke to me of her own misfortunes."

"And why will you not allow me to think of mine?" said the lady.

"Because," said the philosopher, "you ought not to think of them; and since so many great ladies have been so unfortunate, it ill becomes you to despair. Think of Hecuba—think of Niobe."

"Ah!" said the lady, "had I lived in their time, or in that of so many beautiful prin-

cesses, and had you endeavored to console them by a relation of my misfortunes, would they have listened to you, do you imagine?"

Next day the philosopher lost his only son, and was entirely prostrated with grief. The lady caused a catalogue to be drawn up of all the kings who had lost their children, and carried it to the philosopher. He read it—found it very exact—and wept nevertheless.

Three months afterwards they chanced to renew their acquaintance, and were mutually surprised to find each other in such a gay and sprightly humor. To commemorate this event, they caused to be erected a beautiful statue to Time, with this inscription: *"TO HIM WHO COMFORTS."*

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TEN CENT POCKET SERIES NO. 351
Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

Memories of Lincoln

Walt Whitman

HALDEMAN-JULIUS COMPANY
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MEMORIES OF LINCOLN.

He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame.
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

FOREWORD.

Whitman did not subject Lincoln to the literary but to the human motive. Lincoln does not become a literary figure by his touch. Does not become a man in a book. After Whitman is done with him Lincoln still remains Lincoln. No way reduced. No way aggrandized. Only better understood. His background does not become a book. His background remains what it was. Remains life. Generic life. As life is where life finds life at the root. I may let Whitman put in a word for himself. Whitman said to me of Lincoln:

"Lincoln is particularly my man—particularly belongs to me; yes; and by the same token I am Lincoln's man: I guess I particularly belong to him: we are afloat in the same stream—we are rooted in the same ground."

To know the Lincoln of Whitman you want to know the Whitman of Whitman. Whitman was literary. But he was not first of all literary. Or last of all literary. First of all he was human. He was not the leaves of a book. He was the bone and flesh of a man. Yes, he was that something or other not bone or flesh which is also of a man—which finally is the man. Simply literary analysis can make little out of Whitman. He does not yield to the scalpel. He is not to be resurrected from an inkpot. His voice falls in with the prophet voices. He was not unlettered. He knew the

alphabet. But he kept all alphabetical arrogance well in hand. The letter was kept in hand. The spirit was left free. You cannot buy a ticket for Athens or Weimar or Paris or London or Boston and reach Whitman. He is never reached in that circle. The literary centers do not lead to him. You have got to travel to him by another route. You go East and find the Buddhistic canticles. You consult the Zoroastrian avatars. And you take the word of Jesus for a great deal. And you may hit Socrates on the way. And you keep on with your journey, touchng here and there in European history certain men, certain influences. Going into port now and then. Never going where men compete for literary judgment. Never where men set out to acquit themselves immortally as artists. Keeping forever close to the careless rhythms of original causes. So you go on. And go on. And by and by you arrive at Whitman. Not by way of the university. Not by way of Shakespeare. Not by way of the literary experts and adepts. But by human ways. To try to find Whitman by way of Shakespeare or Moliere would be hopeless. I do not disparage the other routes to other men. I am only describing this route to Whitman. This route, which is the only route. Whitman chants and prays and soars. He is not pretty. He is only beautiful. He is not beautiful with the beauty of beauty. He is beautiful with the beauty of truth. The pen can easily miss Whitman. But the heart reaches him direct. Whitman is therefore the best route to Lincoln. The same

process which provides Whitman for you provided Lincoln for Whitman. Whitman said to me again about Lincoln:

"There was no reason why Lincoln should not have been a prophet rather than a politician; he was in fact a divine prophet-politician; in him for almost the first time prophecy had something to say in politics. I shouldn't wonder but that in another age of the world Lincoln would have been a chosen man to lead in some rebellion against ecclesiastical institutions and religious form and ceremony."

HORACE TRAUBEL.

The main effect of this poem is of strong solemn, and varied music; and it involves in its construction a principle after which perhaps the great composers most work—namely, spiritual auricular analogy. At first it would seem to defy analysis, so rapt is it, and so indirect. No reference whatever is made to the mere fact of Lincoln's death; the poet does not even dwell upon its unprovoked atrocity, and only occasionally is the tone that of lamentation; but, with the intuitions of the grand art, which is the most complex when it seems most simple, he seizes upon three beautiful facts of nature, which he weaves into a wreath for the dead President's tomb. The central thought is of death, but around this he curiously twines, first, the early-blooming lilacs which the poet may have plucked the day the dark shadow came; next the song of the hermit thrush, the most sweet and solemn of all our songsters, heard at twilight in the dusky cedars; and with these the evening star, which, as many may remember, night after night in the early part of that eventful spring, hung low in the west with unusual and tender brightness. These are the premises whence he starts his solemn chant.

The attitude, therefore, is not that of being bowed down and weeping hopeless tears, but of singing a commemorative hymn, in which the voices of nature join, and fits that exalted condition of the soul which serious events and the presence of death induce.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

I.

WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOORYARD BLOOM'D.

1

When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd,
And the great star early droop'd in the western sky in the night,
I mourn'd, and yet shall mourn with ever-returning spring.

Ever-returning spring, trinity sure to me you bring,
Lilac blooming perennial and drooping star in the west,
And thought of him I love.

2

O powerful western fallen star!
O shades of night—O moody, tearful night!

O great star disappear'd—O the black murk that hides the star!
O cruel hands that hold me powerless—O helpless soul of me!
O harsh surrounding cloud that will not free my soul.

3

In the dooryard fronting an old farm-house near the white-wash'd palings,
Stands the lilac-bush tall-growing with heart-shaped leaves of rich green,
With many a pointed blossom rising delicate, with the perfume strong I love,
With every leaf a miracle—and from this bush in the dooryard,
With delicate-color'd blossoms and heart-shaped leaves of rich green,
A sprig with its flower I break.

4

In the swamp in secluded recesses,
A shy and hidden bird is warbling a song.

Solitary the thrush,
The hermit withdrawn to himself, avoiding the settlements,
Sings by himself a song.
Song of the bleeding throat,
Death's outlet song of life, (for well dear brother I know,
If thou wast not granted to sing thou would'st surely die.)

5

Over the breast of the spring, the land, amid cities,
Amid lanes and through old woods, where lately the violets peep'd from the ground, spotting the gray debris,

Amid the grass in the fields each side of the lanes, passing the endless grass,
Passing the yellow-spear'd wheat, every grain from its shroud in the dark-brown fields uprisen,
Passing the apple-tree blows of white and pink in the orchards,
Carrying a corpse to where it shall rest in the grave,
Night and day journeys a coffin.

6

Coffin that passes through lanes and streets,
Through day and night with the great cloud darkening the land,
With the pomp of the inloop'd flags with the cities draped in black,
With the show of the States themselves as of crape-veil'd women standing,
With processions long and winding and the flambeaus of the night,

With the countless torches lit, with the
silent sea of faces and the un-
bared heads,
With the waiting depot, the arriving
coffin, and the sombre faces,
With dirges through the night, with the
thousand voices rising strong
and solemn,
With all the mournful voices of the
dirges pour'd around the coffin,
The dim-lit churches and the shuddering
organs—where amid these you
journey,
With the tolling, tolling bell's perpetual
clang,
Here, coffin that slowly passes,
I give you my sprig of lilac.

7

(Nor for you, for one alone,
Blossoms and branches green to coffins
all I bring,
For fresh as the morning, thus would
I chant a song for you O sane
and sacred death.

All over bouquets of roses,
O death, I cover you over with roses and early lilies,
But mostly and now the lilac that blooms the first,
Copious I break, I break the sprigs from the bushes,
With loaded arms I come, pouring for you,
For you and the coffins all of you O death.)

8

O western orb sailing the heaven,
Now I know what you must have meant as a month since I walk'd,
As I walk'd in silence the transparent shadowy night,
As I saw you had something to tell as you bent to me night after night,
As you droop'd from the sky low down as if to my side, (while the other stars all look'd on,)

As we wander'd together the solemn
night, (for something I know
not what kept me from sleep,)
As the night advanced, and I saw on the
rim of the west how full you
were of woe,
As I stood on the rising ground in the
breeze in the cool transparent
night,
As I watch'd where you pass'd and was
lost in the netherward black of
the night,
As my soul in its trouble dissatisfied
sank, as where you sad orb.
Concluded, dropt in the night, and was
gone.

9

Sing on there in the swamp,
O singer bashful and tender, I hear your
notes, I hear your call,
I hear, I come presently, I understand
you,

But a moment I linger, for the lustrous
star has detain'd me,
The star my departing comrade holds
and detains me.

10

O how shall I warble myself for the
dead one there I loved?
And how shall I deck my song for the
large sweet soul that has gone?
And what shall my perfume be for the
grave of him I love?

Sea-winds blown from east and west,
Blown from the Eastern sea and blown
from the Western sea, till there
on the prairies meeting,
These and with these and the breath of
my chant,
I'll perfume the grave of him I love.

11

O what shall I hang on the chamber
walls?

And what shall the pictures be that I hang on the walls,
To adorn the burial-house of him I love?

Pictures of growing spring and farms and homes,
With the Fourth-month eve at sundown, and the gray smoke lucid and bright,
With floods of the yellow gold of the gorgeous, indolent, sinking sun, burning, expanding the air,
With the fresh sweet herbage under foot, and the pale green leaves of the trees prolific,
In the distance the flowing glaze, the breast of the river, with a wind-dapple here and there,
With ranging hills on the banks, with many a line against the sky, and shadows,
And the city at hand with dwellings so dense, and stacks of chimneys,

And all the scenes of life and the workshops, and the workmen homeward returning.
Lo, body and soul—this land,
My own Manhattan with spires, and the sparkling and hurrying tides, and the ships,
The varied and ample land, the South and the North in the light, Ohio's shores and flashing Missouri,
And ever the far-spreading prairies cover'd with grass and corn.

Lo, the most excellent sun so calm and haughty,
The violet and purple morn with just-felt breezes,
The gentle soft-born measureless light,
The miracle spreading bathing all, the fulfill'd noon,
The coming eve delicious, the welcome night and the stars,
Over my cities shining all, enveloping man and land.

13

Song on, sing on you gray-brown bird,
Sing from the swamps, the recesses,
pour your chant from the bushes,
Limitless out of the dusk, out of the
cedars and pines.
Sing on dearest brother, warble your
reedy song,
Loud human song, with voice of utter-
most woe.

O liquid and free and tender!
O wild and loose to my soul—O won-
drous singer!
You only I hear—yet the star holds me,
(but will soon depart,)
Yet the lilac with mastering odor holds
me.

14

Now while I sat in the day and look'd
forth,

In the close of the day with its light and the fields of spring, and the farmers preparing their crops,

In the large unconscious scenery of my land with its lakes and forests,

In the heavenly aerial beauty, (after the perturb'd winds and the storms,)

Under the arching heavens of the afternoon swift passing, and the voices of children and women,

The many-moving sea-tides, and I saw the ships how they sail'd,

And the summer approaching with richness, and the fields all busy with labor,

And the infinite separate houses, how they all went on, each with its meals and minutia of daily usages,

And the streets how their throbbings throbb'd, and the cities pent—lo, then and there,

Falling upon them all and among them all, enveloping me with the rest,
Appear'd the cloud, appear'd the long black trail,
And I knew death, its thought, and the sacred knowledge of death.

Then with the knowledge of death as walking one side of me,
And the thought of death close-walking the other side of me,
And I in the middle as with companions, and as holding the hands of companions,
I fled forth to the hiding receiving night that talks not,
Down to the shores of the water, the path by the swamp in the dimness,
To the solemn shadowy cedars and ghostly pines so still.

And the singer so shy to the rest receiv'd me,

The gray-brown bird I know receiv'd us comrades three,
And he sang the carol of death, and a verse for him I love.

From deep secluded recesses,
From the fragrant cedars and the ghostly pines so still,
Came the carol of the bird.

And the charm of the carol rapt me,
As I held as if by their hands my comrades in the night,
And the voice of my spirit tallied the song of the bird.

Come lovely and soothing death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later delicate death.

Prais'd be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious,

And for love, sweet love—but praise!
praise! praise!
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-
enfolding death.
Dark mother always gliding near with
soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of
fullest welcome?
Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee
above all,
I bring thee a song that when thou
must indeed come, come unfalter-
ingly.

Approach strong deliveress,
When it is so, when thou hast taken
them I joyously sing the dead,
Lost in the loving floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss O death.

From me to thee glad serenades,
Dances for thee I propose saluting thee,
adornments and feastings for
thee,

And the sights of the open landscape and the high-spread sky are fitting,
And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night.

The night in silence under many a star,
The ocean shore and the husky whispering wave whose voice I know,
And the soul turning to thee O vast and well-veil'd death,
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.
Over the tree-tops I float thee a song,
Over the rising and sinking waves, over the myriad fields and the prairies wide,
Over the dense-pack'd cities all and the teeming wharves and ways,
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee O death.

15

To the tally of my soul,

Loud and strong kept up the gray-brown
bird,
With pure deliberate notes spreading
filling the night.

Loud in the pines and cedars dim,
Clear in the freshness moist and the
swamp-perfume,
And I with my comrades there in the
night.

While my sight that was bound in my
eyes unclosed,
As to long panoramas of visions.

And I saw askant the armies,
I saw as in noiseless dreams hundreds of
battle-flags,
Borne through the smoke of the battles
and pierc'd with missiles I saw
them,
And carried hither and yon through
the smoke, and torn and bloody,
And at last but a few shreds left on the
staffs, (and all in silence),
And the staffs all splinter'd and broken.

I saw battle-corpses, myriads of them,
And the white skeletons of young men,
I saw them,
I saw the debris and debris of all the
slain soldiers of the war,
But I saw they were not as was thought,
They themselves were fully at rest, they
suffer'd not,
The living remain'd and suffer'd, the
mother suffer'd,
And the wife and the child and the mus-
ing comrade suffer'd,
And the armies that remain'd suffer'd.

16

Passing the visions, passing the night,
Passing, unloosing the hold of my com-
rades' hands,
Passing the song of the hermit bird and
the tallying song of my soul,
Victorious song, death's outlet song, yet
varying ever-altering song,

As low and wailing, yet clear the notes,
rising and falling, flooding the
night,
Sadly sinking and fainting, as warning
and warning, and yet again
bursting with joy,
Covering the earth and filling the
spread of the heaven,
As that powerful psalm in the night I
heard from recesses,
Passing, I leave thee lilac with heart-
shaped leaves,
I leave thee there in the dooryard,
blooming, returning with spring.

I cease from my song for thee,
From my gaze on thee in the west, front-
ing the west, communing with
thee,
O comrade lustrous with silver face in
the night.

Yet each to keep and all, retrievements
out of the night,

The song, the wondrous chant of the
gray-brown bird,
And the tallying chant, the echo arous'd
in my soul,
With the lustrous and drooping star
with the countenance full of woe,
With the holders holding my hand near-
ing the call of the bird,
Comrades mine and I in the midst, and
their memory ever to keep, for
the dead I loved so well,
For the sweetest, wisest soul of all my
days and lands—and this for his
dear sake,
Lilac and star and bird twined with the
chant of my soul,
There in the fragrant pines and the
cedars dusk and dim.

II.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip
is done,

The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! My Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths —for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are
pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has
no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its
voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes
in with object won;
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

III.

HUSH'D BE THE CAMPS TODAY.

(*May* 4, 1865)

Hush'd be the camps to-day,
And soldiers let us drape our war-worn
weapons,
And each with musing soul retire to
celebrate,
Our dear commander's death.
No more for him life's stormy conflicts,

Nor victory, nor defeat—no more time's
dark events,
Charging like ceaseless clouds across
the sky.

But sing poet in our name,
Sing of the love we bore him—because
you, dweller in camps, know it
truly.

As they invault the coffin there,
Sing—as they close the doors of earth
upon him—one verse,
For the heavy hearts of soldiers.

IV.

THIS DUST WAS ONCE THE MAN.

This dust was once the man,
Gentle, plain, just and resolute, under
whose cautious hand,
Against the foulest crime in history
known in any land or age,
Was saved the Union of these States.

LYRICS OF THE WAR.

BEAT! BEAT! DRUMS!

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Through the windows—through doors —burst like a ruthless force.
Into the solemn church, and scatter the congregation,
Into the school where the scholar is studying;
Leave not the bridegroom quiet—no happiness must he have now with his bride,
Nor the peaceful farmer any peace, ploughing his field or gathering his grain,
So fierce you whirr and pound you drums—so shrill you bugles blow.

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!

Over the traffic of cities—over the rumble of wheels in the streets;
Are beds prepared for sleepers at night in the houses? no sleepers must sleep in those beds,
No bargainers' bargains by day—no brokers or speculators—would they continue?
Would the talkers be talking? would the singer attempt to sing?
Would the lawyer rise in the court to state his case before the judge?
Then rattle quicker, heavier drums—you bugles wilder blow.

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Make no parley—stop for no expostulation,
Mind not the timid—mind not the weeper or prayer,
Mind not the old man beseeching the young man,
Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's entreaties,

Make even the trestles to shake the
dead where they lie awaiting the
hearses,
So strong you thump O terrible drums
—so loud you bugles blow.

COME UP FROM THE FIELDS FATHER.

Come up from the fields father, here's
a letter from our Pete,
And come to the front door mother,
here's a letter from thy dear son.

Lo, 't is autumn,
Lo, where the trees, deeper green, yel-
lower and redder,
Cool and sweeten Ohio's villages with
leaves fluttering in the moderate
wind,
Where apples ripe in the orchards hang
and grapes on the trellis'd vines,
(Smell you the smell of the grapes on
the vines?

Smell you the buckwheat where the bees were lately buzzing?)

Above all, lo, the sky so calm, so transparent after the rain, and with wondrous clouds,

Below too, all calm, all vital and beautiful, and the farm prospers well.

Down in the fields all prospers well,

But now from the fields come father, come at the daughter's call,

And come to the entry mother, to the front door come right away.

Fast as she can she hurries, something ominous, her steps trembling,

She does not tarry to smooth her hair nor adjust her cap.

Open the envelope quickly,

O this is not our son's writing, yet his name is sign'd,

O a strange hand writes for our dear son, O stricken mother's soul!

All swims before her eyes, flashes with black, she catches the main words only,
Sentences broken, *gunshot wound in the breast, cavalry skirmish, taken to hospital,*
At present low, but will soon be better.

Ah now the single figure to me,
Amid all teeming and wealthy Ohio with all its cities and farms,
Sickly white in the face and dull in the head, very faint,
By the jamb of a door leans.

Grieve not so, dear mother, (the just-grown daughter speaks through her sobs,
The little sisters huddle around speechless and dismay'd,)
See, dearest mother, the letter says Pete will soon be better.
Alas poor boy, he will never be better, (nor may-be needs to be better, that brave and simple soul,)

While they stand at home at the door he
is dead already,
The only son is dead.

But the mother needs to be better,
She with thin form presently drest in
black,
By day her meals untouch'd, then at
night fitfully sleeping, often wak-
ing,
In the midnight waking, weeping, long-
ing with one deep longing,
O that she might withdraw unnoticed,
silent from life escape and with-
draw,
To follow, to seek, to be with her dear
dead son.

THE WOUND-DRESSER.

1

An old man bending I come among new
faces,
Years looking backward resuming in
answer to children,

Come tell us old man, as from young men and maidens that love me,
(Arous'd and angry, I 'd thought to beat the alarum, and urge relentless war,
But soon my fingers fail'd me, my face droop'd and I resign'd myself,
To sit by the wounded and soothe them, or silently watch the dead;)
Years hence of these scenes, of these furious passions, these chances,
Of unsurpass'd heroes, (was one side so brave? the other was equally brave;)
Now be witness again, paint the mightiest armies of earth,
Of those armies so rapid so wondrous what saw you to tell us?
What stays with you latest and deepest? of curious panics,
Of hard-fought engagements or sieges tremendous what deepest remains?

2

O maidens and young men I love and
that love me,
What you ask of my days those the
strangest and sudden your talk-
ing recalls,
Soldier alert I arrive after a long march
cover'd with sweat and dust,
In the nick of time I come, plunge in the
fight, loudly shout in the rush of
successful charge,
Enter the captur'd works—yet lo, like a
swift-running river they fade,
Pass and are gone they fade—I dwell not
on soldiers' perils or soldiers'
joys,
(Both I remember well—many the hard-
ships, few the joys, yet I was
content.)

But in silence, in dreams' projections,
While the world of gain and appearance
and mirth goes on.

So soon what is over forgotten, and
waves wash the imprints off the
sand,
With hinged knees returning I enter the
doors, (while for you up there,
Whoever you are, follow without noise
and be of strong heart.)
Bearing the bandages, water and sponge,
Straight and swift to my wounded I go,
Where they lie on the ground after the
battle brought in,
Where their priceless blood reddens the
grass the ground,
Or to the rows of the hospital tent, or
under the roof'd hospital,
To the long rows of cots up and down
each side I return,
To each and all one after another I draw
near, not one do I miss,
An attendant follows holding a tray, he
carries a refuse pail,
Soon to be fill'd with clotted rags and
blood, emptied, and fill'd again.

I onward go, I stop,
With hinged knees and steady hand to dress wounds,
I am firm with each, the pangs are sharp yet unavoidable,
One turns to me his appealing eyes—poor boy! I never knew you,
Yet I think I could not refuse this moment to die for you, if that would save you.

3

On, on I go, (open doors of time! open hospital doors!)
The crush'd head I dress, (poor crazed hand tear not the bandage away,)
The neck of the cavalry-man with the bullet through and through I examine,
Hard the breathing rattles, quite glazed already the eye, yet life struggles hard,

(Come sweet death! be persuaded O
beautiful death!
In mercy come quickly.)

From the stump of the arm, the amputated hand,
I undo the clotted lint, remove the slough, wash off the matter and blood,
Back on his pillow the soldier bends with curv'd neck and side-falling head,
His eyes are closed, his face is pale, he dares not look on the bloody stump,
And has not yet look'd on it.

I dress a wound in the side, deep, deep,
But a day or two more, for see the frame all wasted and sinking,
And the yellow-blue countenance see.
I dress the perforated shoulder, the foot with the bullet-wound,
Cleanse the one with a gnawing and putrid gangrene, so sickening, so offensive,

While the attendant stands behind aside
me holding the tray and pail.

I am faithful, I do not give out,
The fractur'd thigh, the knee, the wound
in the abdomen,
These and more I dress with impassive
hand, (yet deep in my breast a
fire, a burning flame.)

4

Thus in silence in dreams' projections,
Returning, resuming, I thread my way
through the hospitals,
The hurt and wounded I pacify with
soothing hand,
I sit by the restless all the dark night,
some are so young,
Some suffer so much, I recall the experi-
ence sweet and sad,
(Many a soldier's loving arms about this
neck have cross'd and rested,
Many a soldier's kiss dwells on these
bearded lips.)

SPIRIT WHOSE WORK IS DONE.

(*Washington City,* 1865)

Spirit whose work is done—spirit of dreadful hours!
Ere departing fade from my eyes your forests of bayonets;
Spirit of gloomiest fears and doubts, (yet onward ever unfaltering pressing,)
Spirit of many a solemn day and many a savage scene—electric spirit,
That with muttering voice through the war now closed, like a tireless phantom flitted,
Rousing the land with breath of flame, while you beat and beat the drum,
Now as the sound of the drum, hollow and harsh to the last, reverberates round me,

As your ranks, your immortal ranks, return, return from the battles,
As the muskets of the young men yet lean over their shoulders,
As I look on the bayonets bristling over their shoulders,
As those slanted bayonets, whole forests of them appearing in the distance, approach and pass on, returning homeward,
Moving with steady motion, swaying to and fro to the right and left,
Evenly lightly rising and falling while the steps keep time;
Spirit of hours I knew, all hectic red one day, but pale as death next day,
Touch my mouth ere you depart, press my lips close,
Leave me your pulses of rage—bequeath them to me—fill me with currents convulsive,
Let them scorch and blister out of my chants when you are gone,
Let them identify you to the future in these songs.

ASHES OF SOLDIERS.

Ashes of soldiers South or North,
As I muse retrospective murmuring a chant in thought,
The war resumes, again to my sense your shapes,
And again the advance of the armies.

Noiseless as mists and vapors,
From their graves in the trenches ascending,
From cemeteries all through Virginia and Tennessee,
From every point of the compass out of the countless graves,
In wafted clouds, in myriads large, or squads of twos or threes or single ones they come,
And silently gather round me.

Now sound no note O trumpeters,

Not at the head of my cavalry parading
on spirited horses,
With sabres drawn and glistening, and
carbines by their thighs, (ah my
brave horsemen!
My handsome tan-faced horsemen! what
life, what joy and pride,
With all the perils were yours.)

Nor you drummers, neither at reveille
at dawn,
Nor the long roll alarming the camp,
nor even the muffled beat for a
burial,
Nothing from you this time O drum-
mers bearing my warlike drums.

But aside from these and the marts of
wealth and the crowded prom-
enade,
Admitting around me comrades close
unseen by the rest and voiceless,
The slain elate and alive again, the dust
and debris alive,

I chant this chant of my silent soul in
the name of all dead soldiers.

Faces so pale with wondrous eyes, very
dear, gather closer yet,
Draw close, but speak not.

Phantoms of countless lost,
Invisible to the rest henceforth become
my companions,
Follow me ever—desert me not while I
live.

Sweet are the blooming cheeks of the
living—sweet are the musical
voices sounding,
But sweet, ah sweet, are the dead with
their silent eyes.
Dearest comrades, all is over and long
gone,
But love is not over—and what love, O
comrades!
Perfume from battle-fields rising, up
from the fœtor arising.

Perfume therefore my chant, O love, immortal love,
Give me to bathe the memories of all dead soldiers,
Shroud them, embalm them, cover them all over with tender pride.

Perfume all—make all wholesome,
Make these ashes to nourish and blossom,
O love, solve all, fructify all with the last chemistry.

Give me exhaustless, make me a fountain,
That I exhale love from me wherever I go like a moist perennial dew,
For the ashes of all dead soldiers South or North.

PENSIVE ON HER DEAD GAZING.

Pensive on her dead gazing I heard the Mother of All,

Desperate on the torn bodies, on the
forms covering the battle-fields
gazing,
(As the last gun ceased, but the scent
of the powder-smoke linger'd,)
As she call'd to her earth with mourn-
ful voice while she stalk'd,
Absorb them well O my earth, she cried,
I charge you lose not my sons,
lose not an atom,
And you streams absorb them well, tak-
ing their dear blood,
And you local spots, and you airs that
swim above lightly impalpable,
And all you essences of soil and growth,
and you my rivers' depths,
And you mountain sides, and the woods
where my dear children's blood
trickling redden'd,
And you trees down in your roots to be-
queath to all future trees.
My dead absorb or South or North—my
young men's bodies absorb, and
their precious, precious blood,

Which holding in trust for me faithfully back again give me many a year hence,
In unseen essence and odor of surface and grass, centuries hence,
In blowing airs from the fields back again give me my darlings, give my immortal heroes,
Exhale me them centuries hence, breathe me their breath, let not an atom be lost,
O years and graves! O air and soil! O my dead, an aroma sweet!
Exhale them perennial sweet death, years, centuries hence.

CAMPS OF GREEN.

Not alone those camps of white, old comrades of the wars,
When as order'd forward, after a long march,
Footsore and weary, soon as the light lessens we halt for the night,

Some of us so fatigued carrying the gun
and knapsack, dropping asleep in
our tracks,
Others pitching the little tents, and the
fires lit up begin to sparkle,
Outposts of pickets posted surrounding
alert through the dark,
And a word provided for countersign,
careful for safety,
Till to the call of the drummers at day-
break loudly beating the drums,
We rise up refresh'd, the night and sleep
pass'd over, and resume our jour-
ney,
Or proceed to battle.

Lo, the camps of the tents of green,
Which the days of peace keep filling,
and the days of war keep filling,
With a mystic army, (is it too order'd
forward? is it too only halting
awhile,
Till night and sleep pass over?)

Now in those camps of green, in their tents dotting the world,
In the parents, children, husbands, wives in them, in the old and young,
Sleeping under the sunlight, sleeping under the moonlight, content and silent there at last,
Behold the mighty bivouac-field and waiting camp of all,
Of the corps and generals all, and the President over the corps and generals all,
And of each of us O soldiers, and of each and all in the ranks we fought,
(There without hatred we all, all meet.)
For presently O soldiers, we too camp in our place in the bivouac-camps of green,
But we need not provide for outposts, nor word for the countersign,
Nor drummer to beat the morning drum.

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